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THE BOOKMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

VOLUME XV.

MARCH—AUGUST, 1902

"I am a Bookman."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

NEW YORK
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Vol. XV

MARCH, 1902

No. 1

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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life



CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN should be addressed to "The Editors of THE BOOKMAN." Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.

Of the new phase to the Bacon-Shakespeare squabble we have nothing to say. Simply let us reprint from the London *Outlook* the following:

He thought he saw a mystery.
A new Rosetta stone.
He looked and saw a cipher which
Has recently been shown.
"The same old dish again," he said;
"I thought we cleaned the bone."

✻

The theory advanced in the February **Raffles and Sherlock Holmes.** BOOKMAN about the footprints of the Baskerville hound has brought to this office a number of letters, some of which contain theories far more ingenious than our own. Our chief regret in the matter is that we did not use the idea in the January number, so that we could have discussed some of the resulting letters in the February issue, because we have an idea that the March installment of *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (these lines are being written on February 10) is going to tell us what it is all about. So we feel that we shall have to take leave of Sherlock Holmes for a little while and turn our attention to another gentleman with whom we occasionally hear him contrasted and compared.

✻

The first time that Mr. E. W. Hornung put an apparent end to Raffles, the

amateur cracksman, it was with a very obvious hesitation. The author seemed



E. W. HORNUNG.



THE CHILDHOOD OF THE GREAT.

Scenes From the Confirmed Great Novelist Orphanage.

Scene I. On a Fair Day.

THOMAS HARDY: "What a pity it is, Georgie, that when we go, there will be no one to live in this beautiful place. What an orphanage it will be when there are no more orphans!"

GEORGE MEREDITH: "Yet it has been a little lonely; I have sometimes thought that we might have played with other boys if the rules had not been so strict. They might have let Stevenson in; he may prove to be a disinherited heir."

THOMAS HARDY: "In that case Time will look after him. But the Age has made no mistake about us. We are confirmed."

(Both Together): "Certainly."

(Later and Confidentially): "Tom, do you think we can write poetry?"

to be saying: "This chap seems to be becoming somewhat of a bore, so here goes. But as it may be convenient to bring him back, I may as well throw in the suggestion that although he undoubtedly jumped overboard he did not necessarily drown. It was much the same way with Sherlock Holmes. Dr. Doyle protested, and very loudly protested, that if he did not kill Sherlock Holmes, Sherlock Holmes would certainly kill him. But when it came to the point, and Professor Moriarty was made to throw the detective over the Alpine precipice, the author saw to it that nobody ever found the body. Nor did he throw out any hint that

all the stories preceding the catastrophe had been told. On the contrary, in the course of former narratives, allusions were made to other stories, among them *The Adventure of the Tired Captain* and *The Adventure of the Second Stain*, with a promise that they should appear in print at a later and more favourable day. Raffles's second "finish," however, was very emphatic and decisive, and, consequently, it is with considerable curiosity that we await his next reappearance.

✱

The birthplace of Robert Louis Stevenson at Number 8 Howard Place, Edinburgh, is for sale, and the price is said to be eight hundred pounds. Just now it is interesting to note that Number 11 Howard Place was for several years the home of Mr. W. E. Henley when Mr. Henley was editing the *Scots Observer*. From Howard Place the Stevensons removed, two years and a half after Robert Louis was born.



Scene II. When the Wind is in the East.

MEREDITH: "It is lucky for some people that no matter what they write afterward they are allowed to remain here after once being admitted."

HARDY: "I would draw the line at orphans who are not able to make themselves understood."—*Marjory MacMurchy*.

Chronicle and Comment

Lord Alingham, Bankrupt, to be published in March, describes the pursuit of an American fortune by a titled Englishman of tattered fortunes,—an ocean liner, an English country house and an American ranch providing the background to the chase. The central figure—scarcely to be called a hero—rather more than suggests a certain young Englishman, conspicuously penniless and very well known in this country; while the uncle of the story might be as easily identified with an elderly person who is very nearly as well known in London as the Tower. Another character in the book who has a familiar prototype in real life is the lady to whom Lord Alingham owes his bankruptcy, and who in the middle of the story flips a coin with him to decide whether she shall sue him for a farthing for breach of promise, in order to break off his projected marriage, or burn his letters and give him her blessing.

The author of *Lord Alingham*, Miss



MARIE MANNING.

Marie Manning, has had an experience much more varied than that of the average young woman. It includes several years' residence in England, ranch life in the really wild West—Colorado, Montana and Wyoming—and four years of newspaper work in New York. Hence the story is based on ground entirely familiar to her, from the yellow newspaper duel which in the first chapter drives Lord Alingham from American soil, before his matrimonial snares are laid at all, to the end of the game and the story in the West. Miss Manning counts her four years of newspaper life, begun under Arthur Brisbane on the *World*, a valuable experience. She is living now in New York, and at work on a story which gives in more detail the humorous side of life on a ranch. *Lord Alingham, Bankrupt*, is marked by a cleverness which at times approaches almost to brilliancy.

Even looking at the matter casually, one is impressed by the close connection which has always existed between law and literature.

Literary
Lawyers.

Although lawyers very rarely write fiction which treats essentially of the experiences which come to them through the practice of their profession, there has never been a time when there have not been lawyers writing novels, and good novels. Scott was a barrister. Balzac



THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
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ROBERT AMES BENNET.



THE LATE HORACE SCUDDER.



THE LATE ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

began life in a law office. Thackeray was qualified to practise. To-day, in thinking casually of our own American novelists, we recall that Judge Grant and Mr. Major, among others, belong to the legal profession. Two lawyers who have written novels, published recently, are Mr. Robert Ames Bennet, the author of *Thyra*, a book permeated with the atmosphere of Norse and Icelandic legend and poetry, and Mr. Frederick Trevor Hill, whose new book has the striking title *The Minority*.

Among recent deaths of literary men were those of Jean de Bloch, who wrote a book on the war of the future which is said to have inspired the Czar to issue his call for the Peace Conference at The Hague; Horace Scudder, sometime editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and Elbridge S. Brooks, who for many years held so warm a place in the hearts of young readers.

It is very seldom nowadays that we hear that a popular novel is to be dramatised, without experiencing feelings of exasperation or downright disgust. This wholesale dramatisation of fiction may be of benefit to some authors and actors, but it is decidedly harmful to literature and the stage and to the general public of novel readers and theatre-goers. Now and then, however, there is an exception to this rule, and Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune* is one of these exceptions. It is rather extraordinary that so little use in dramatic form has been made of Mr. Davis's books and short stories. Almost all of them possess qualities which fit them absolutely for the stage, and yet with one or two slight exceptions these qualities have never been put to use. *Soldiers of Fortune*, in especial, should make an excellent play. Its very faults as a piece of literary work should enhance its value to the playwright, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Augustus Thomas will refrain from depriving Robert Clay of any of his superfluous medals. Some of the episodes of the book are to be slightly changed. For instance, Clay's only love affair is with Hope. The earlier affair with Hope's elder sister, Alice, is to be ignored entirely.

Two recent Beacon Biographies which we note are *Paul Jones*, by Hutchins Hapgood, and *Edwin Booth*, by Charles T. Copeland.

Mr. Hapgood, whose name must be familiar to all readers of THE BOOKMAN,



ROBERT EDISON AS ROBERT CLAY IN RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE."



THE SARGENT PAINTING OF EDWIN BOOTH. THE PROPERTY OF THE PLAYERS' CLUB OF NEW YORK, TO WHICH IT WAS PRESENTED BY MR. E. C. BENEDICT.

That face which no man ever saw
And from his memory banished quite,
With eyes in which are Hamlet's awe
And Cardinal Richelieu's subtle light,
Looks from this frame. A master's hand
Has set the master player here,
In the fair temple that he planned
Not for himself. To us most dear
This image of him! "It was thus
He looked; such pallour touched his cheek;
With that same grace he greeted us—

Nay, 'tis the man, could it but speak!"
Sad words that shall be said some day—
Far fall the day! O cruel Time,
Whose breath sweeps mortal things away,
Spare long this image of his prime,
That others standing in the place
Where, save as ghosts, we come no more,
May know what sweet majestic face
The gentle Prince of Players wore!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.



ing his career as a newspaper man, with wide and varied experience. After being graduated from Harvard in the class of '92 he went around the world, spending considerable time in the East. As a newspaper man he has "covered" all the assignments which fall to the lot of the reporter, from interviewing the weather bureau to handling murder cases; he has written dramatic criticism, book reviews, and furnished the special stories which go to make up the Saturday editions of the evening and the Sunday editions of the morning New York papers. In the issue of this magazine for December, 1900, we told the story of four writers for the magazines and newspapers who used to make their headquarters in a Franco-American hotel not far from Washington Square. Two of these, as we said at the time, were Josiah Flynt Willard and Alfred Hodder, the authors of *Powers That Prey*. It has been said that the investigation which they made into the criminal life of New York City when they were preparing that book furnished a great deal of material to Judge Jerome when he was making his whirlwind campaign last autumn. Mr. Hodder is now the District Attorney's private secretary. Mr. Hapgood was the third of the four and the one who dealt the death-blow to its integrity and its tradi-

tion. Mr. Copeland's *Edwin Booth* is one of the happiest of an attractive series. It treats not only of the career of one of the most amiable and best loved of all great players, but it shows a fine intimacy with Booth's art.

✱

Thomas Nast's felicitous pictorial tribute to the memory of Edwin Booth is of particular interest just now because a life of the eminent cartoonist is in the course of preparation. It is being written by Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, two of whose books, *The Bread Line* and *The Van Dwellers*, were appreciated by Mr. Nast in the humorous sketches which appeared in the December *BOOKMAN*. The subject is one of especial interest to the biographer, because his political opinions were molded when he was a boy by the Nast cartoons in *Harper's Weekly*. One Christmas season, when Mr. Paine was a boy of eight living on a farm in Illinois, there was published in *Harper's Weekly*



HUTCHINS HAPGOOD.

a double-page Christmas picture of "Santa Claus and His Works," showing Santa Claus at his various occupations, with a large view in the centre of his cas-

tle, and the old fellow on an upper battlement, looking out over the world with a spy-glass. This picture impressed itself vividly on the boy's imagination. He



PORTRAIT OF THOMAS NAST. BY MISS BEN-YUSUF.

never forgot it, and thirty years after he referred to it in conversation with Mr. Nast and learned for the first time that it had been drawn by the latter. It was then, one evening in the Players' Club of New York, that the biography was first suggested. Mr. Nast had had frequent requests to write his autobiography, but could not find time for the work. Elsewhere in the present number will be found a short article about Mr. Nast and his cartoons.

Eugene Field,
the Man.

So much has been written about Eugene Field of late years, and so much stress has been laid on his correspondence and personality, that he has come to suggest a sort of American minor Stevenson. His latest biographer, Slason Thompson, cannot exactly be called his Boswell; but "his Balfour" might do very well. However, it would not be wise to carry the metaphor too far. Of Mr. Thompson's *Eugene*

Which I was drawing this chief I' occurs (and, by the way, it looks down to do it) Ballantyne came in. "That's mighty good," said

he; "are you making it for the paper?"

I understood that I have been called out of town again, this time to Kansas

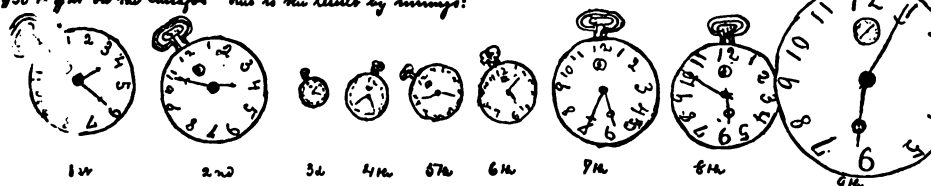
City. Now men! his abominable devotion to the details of his newspaper is simply grinding the life out of him. Mrs. Ballantyne

has arrived from Washington and she will go down to St. Louis with Julia and Mrs. Ballantyne next Monday morning.

My. Later in the fall she will make no quite a visit.

Cowan framed his watch today for \$40. ^{per day}

\$30 to \$21 on the Chicago. This is the result by winnings:



The watch retained its normal size for two winnings, but in the third it shrank so badly as to become barely visible to the naked eye.

In the fourth winnings, however, it began to pick up, and in the 7th it had resumed its natural shape, and in the 9th it was as

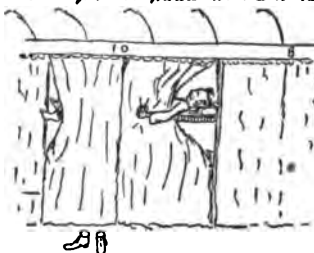
big as a dinner plate and we could hear it tick, although it hung in clothes hung behind a curtain on Dearborn street, 2 1/2 miles

disturb. As we were riding over to the baseball grounds, Cowan's eyes rested upon a vision of female loveliness - a girl he

knew - standing at the corner of Madison and Aberdeen streets. It was all Hawkins and I could do to hold him in the

car. That I am determined to save this young and interesting one, if I can. Peattie and his wife start for Colorado

next Monday. 'Tis now 11 o'clock. Where are you that you are not here to walk with me? Looking in "Lippin 10" and, things



going for fresh air! Well, good bye and bless you, old boy.

Affectionately yours,
Eugene Field.

A CHARACTERISTIC LETTER, WRITTEN BY EUGENE FIELD TO SLASON THOMPSON.

Field it is to be said that it is very seldom that a better equipped man finds a more fitting and congenial subject. Field and Thompson worked side by side for many years, delighted victims of each other's practical jokes; their aims, their ideals were very much the same; they were alike temperamentally; and when the biographer recounts or describes the eccentricities of his friend-hero it is not in the spirit of explanation or apology, but in sheer enthusiastic admiration. This admiration may not always be understood; some of Field's vagaries and buffooneries were rather extraordinary; but in the man behind there was very little that was peevish or unkind or ungenerous. Slason Thompson seems to have put it all down and given us two volumes of the most entertaining reading. It is a book which should appeal even to people who don't like biography.

Field once said very characteristically that he did not like the East. He did not understand it. Its ways, its conventions awed and irritated him. He wanted the elbow room which the West gave him, to be able to go about acting without restraint, to exploit gleefully red flannel underwear, to parade the public streets of a bitter cold midwinter day clad in a linen duster and brandishing a palm leaf fan. He was typical of the Western journalism of his time—the very apotheosis of its wit, its humour, its good nature, its personality, its irresponsibility. When in Chicago he used to complain of the quarters in which his newspaper work was done. Probably he really liked it, and would have felt cheerless and uncomfortable in more elaborate surroundings. The rough pine table at which he wrote his daily column of "Sharps and Flats" was suited to him; a roll-top desk would have been an object to be taken a part with childish curiosity. This spirit of boyish horseplay he carried with him everywhere; into his work, his home, his relations with politicians and celebrities of all sorts. His early life in Denver was one round of whimsicalities; one day he was inveigling a local candidate into amusing difficulties with his coloured constituents; another he was being driven triumphantly through the streets dressed and made up in extravagant caricature of a much-her-

alded visiting lecturer. And he seems never to have changed very much.

One of Field's most extraordinary literary accomplishments was his faculty of inventing the most impossible news stories and writing them up with such apparent sincerity, such solemn-faced gravity and such a minuteness of detail that most readers gulped them gaspingly but without doubt. It is what the French call *pince sans rire*. Once he concocted a most outrageously ridiculous story concerning Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. Had the story been given baldly the hoax would have been obvious to the most gullible of readers; but turned and twisted in Field's dextrous hands, embellished by figures and supported by names and addresses, it was made at last to seem extraordinary but true. Labouchère printed it solemnly in London *Truth*, adding some comment of his own. Field was delighted. Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman was to visit Chicago as a guest of the Twentieth Century Club of that city, and Field found the usual opportunity to give vent to his spirits. He drew a circumstantial and dramatic picture of the excitement which the prospective visit of the poet was arousing in Chicago literary circles. He told picturesquely, yet solemnly, of certain wonderful preparations that were being made, of a grand banquet that was to be. The honoured guest was to be conducted from the railway station by a giant procession, and Field was able to announce authoritatively the following order of march:

- Twenty police officers afoot.
- The Grand Marshal, horseback, accompanied by ten male members of the Twentieth Century Club, also horseback.
- Mr. Stedman in a landau drawn by four horses, two black and two white.
- The Twentieth Century Club in carriages.
- A brass band afoot.
- The Robert Browning Club in Frank Parmelee's 'buses.
- The Homer Clubs afoot, preceded by a fife and drum corp, and a real Greek philosopher attired in a tunic.
- Another brass band.
- A beautiful young woman playing a guitar, symbolising Apollo and his lute, in a car drawn by nine milk-white stallions, impersonating the Muses.
- Two hundred Chicago poets afoot.

The Chicago Literary Club in carriages.
 Another brass band.
 Magnificent advertising car of Armour & Co.
 illustrating the progress of civilisation.
 The Fishbladder Brigade and the Blue Island
 Avenue Shelley Club.
 The Fire Department.
 Another brass band.
 Citizens in carriages, afoot and horseback.
 Advertising cars and wagons.

*,

While the success *à grand tirage* of second-rate novels must always remain something of a mystery, the failure of a story of real merit to obtain a fair hearing is in some instances easier to understand. Here is a case in point. Somewhat more than a year ago a young writer in this city finished his first novel. In some ways it was a rather remarkable first novel, depicting the seamy side of life with an uncommon degree of sombre power, and handling certain aspects of the sex problem with the frank fearlessness which is the rightful privilege of a high order of talent. The young writer took his story to a well-known publishing house, where two readers for the firm, both of them authors of successful novels, reported enthusiastically in its favour.. It was then read by a younger member of the firm, and the result was a flattering letter of acceptance. Shortly afterward the senior member of the firm, who had meanwhile returned from abroad, took the manuscript home one evening and gave it to his wife to read. Just what happened next it is difficult to discover, but the fate of the book seems to have been sealed from this time forth. It was eventually published, in unpretentious garb and under a rather colourless title, in an edition just large enough to cover expenses, and, with few exceptions, it was not sent to the papers for review. The public never really had a fair chance to pass judgment upon it; but the author must since have drawn some comfort from the fact that the English edition, brought out by an enterprising London publisher, has met with cordial appreciation from widely different sources. The American publisher has since been heard to say that he felt from the beginning that the book was bound to succeed sooner or later, and preferred

that the stigma of its success should not rest upon his house.

*,

Although Mr. Arthur Henry, whose unique volume, *An Island Cabin*, is soon to be published, is not the young author referred to in the foregoing paragraph, he is in a position to sympathise with him, since he went through a similar and much more amusing experience about a decade ago. Mr. Henry is the product of a small Illinois village of an unpronounceable name. As a child he was delicate and spent his early years on a farm under close maternal supervision, his education being limited to exactly three months in a public school. As a consequence he has retained the fresh outlook, the boyish exuberance, the joyous irresponsibility of his fourteenth year—an irresponsibility which has survived his rough-and-tumble experiences in an Omaha dry-goods store, and later his apprenticeship on the *Chicago Daily News*, where the only encouragement he received was from Eugene Field, whose clear insight discovered the evidence of dormant talent. Later he drifted to New York and wrote his first novel. It was accepted and the plates cast, when here again the head of the firm returned and interfered. Mr. Henry purchased his plates, found another publisher, and arranged to have the whole edition sent to the American News Company or some similar house for distribution. Then with that characteristic spirit of boyish elation, he could not rest until he had returned home and told the story of his triumph to the appreciative home circle. It was just eight years before it occurred to Mr. Henry to come back to New York and make inquiries about his book. He then learned that his novel, although duly shipped from the printers, had never reached the point of distribution, but had mysteriously vanished *in transitu*. Among his other youthful traits is Mr. Henry's tendency to remember kindly those who at any time have been kind to him, and so it was the most natural thing in the world for him to look up the old lady with whom he had boarded in former years. After greeting him effusively, his former landlady inquired whether he was ever going to remove all those big packing cases which still encumbered her basement. Somewhat bewildered, he in-

vestigated, and of course discovered the whole edition of the missing novel in such an advanced stage of mildew as to destroy their usefulness for commercial purposes.

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One of the many youthful dreams which have survived Mr. Henry's early youth is that of some time owning an island—a little island all his own, on which he could live a luxurious, Robinson Crusoe existence, untrammelled by any of those troublesome conventions and responsibilities which an unsympathetic world insists upon thrusting upon him. Last summer he learned that such islands were to be had for the taking, off the coast of Connecticut, and after a brief investigation found one to his taste. Here he erected an unpretentious little cabin and spent the summer in the company of a few congenial friends, making many naïve discoveries in the arts of fishing and boating, all duly recorded in his forthcoming volume. It matters not that the things he discovered were the common property of mankind long before the Carthaginians sailed the Mediterranean; they were none the less original discoveries with Mr. Henry. He found, for instance, that there was such a thing as a head wind—a wind which at times would perversely blow from the very point toward which he wished to sail. But his discovery went further than this; with the spirit of the true inventor he applied himself to a solution of the difficulty, and at last hit upon a method by which he could sail the boat in a zig-zag path against the wind. In other words, he rediscovered the art of tacking, and has described it quite minutely in a chapter of refreshing *naïveté* for the benefit of future boatmen.

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In winter Mr. Henry lives in New York, where he shares an apartment with Theodore Dreiser, author of *Sister Carrie*. In this connection it is perhaps interesting to note that Mr. Dreiser's novel has recently been taken over from its former publishers by the J. S. Taylor Company, and will be published this spring in more attractive form, and, let us hope, under a new and more significant title. Just at present its author is much too busy over a new novel to carry out the changes which he intends to make

in *Sister Carrie*. Instances where a novelist has rewritten the closing chapters of a book are not numerous, and it is a question whether the result has ever been wholly satisfactory. Even Kipling, when he remodelled *The Light That Failed* to satisfy his literary conscience, plainly expressed his own sense of impotence when he wrote that there were wrongs which admit of no reparation, since they are "as remediless as bad work once put forward." Mr. Dreiser's case, however, is not quite analogous, since his proposed changes in *Sister Carrie* are almost wholly in the nature of amplification. As the story now stands, there are two men whose destinies are closely bound up in that of the heroine. There is still another man whose path crosses her own at the close of the book, but in an abortive manner, which leaves an impression of artistic incompleteness and faulty observation. It is this chapter which Mr. Dreiser has set himself to revise.

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There is probably no real admirer of Mr. Kipling, either the old Mr. Kipling or the new, who, if asked to make a list of the dozen Kipling stories that he liked best, would intentionally omit *Namgay Doola*. It is, as every one knows, a tale which shows the author at his best. From the first sentence to the last it is crammed with character and invention. There, "between the tail of a heaven-climbing glacier and a dark birch forest," is the little *opéra-bouffe* kingdom four miles square (but "most of the miles stood on end"), and the royal elephant which ate up the revenue, and the standing army of five, and the king himself, who would not imprison because, having been once bedridden, he "perceived the nature of the punishment," nor burn a rebel out, "because a hut is a hut, and it holds the life of a man." Then there is the spirited scene of the great deodar logs jammed in the Sutlej, and Namgay Doola, red-headed, blue-eyed, wild Irish from top to toe, leaps on to the timber and clears the dam. Irish of the Irish is all that follows, from the cattle-maiming to the Angelus, when the red-headed brats, standing in a semi-circle before the little oil lamp and the worn crucifix, croon their heart-breaking hymn—

The Origin of
Kipling's
"Namgay Doola."

Dir hané mard-i-yemen dir to weeree ala gee,
which is all that the years have left them
of

They're hanging men and women for the
wearing of the green.

Whether or not Mr. Kipling took the idea of *Namgay Doola* from the story which we are going to reprint makes, so far as credit to him is concerned, no difference whatever. If he did, it is an excellent illustration of how genius can take a crude and unmoving bit of narrative, and through sheer humour, tenderness, imagination and dramatic skill transform it into a fine piece of creative art. It will be worth while to any one who is interested in the making of fiction to take *Namgay Doola* and compare it with the newspaper account which follows:

In the *Glasgow Herald* of August 14, 1889, some time before Mr. Kipling wrote *Namgay Doola*, there appeared the following article:

The Indian mail brings an account of a curious episode in the Sikkim campaign. The story is not only interesting in itself, but it touches on several of those problems of heredity which puzzle and fascinate the scientific student. Among the prisoners taken at the battle of the Jelap was a Thibetan, who had fallen, badly wounded, while defending one of the series of stone walls which the enemy had thrown up to stop the British advance. The man's appearance—his fair complexion, blue eyes, red hair, and robust build—attracted much attention, and the hospital doctor, a keen physiologist, convinced that his patient was of European extraction, left no stone unturned to discover his previous history. The man himself, Namgay Doola, had little to tell. In speech, habits, ways of thought, and dirt, he was manifestly Thibetan. He had been born in Sikkim some five-and-thirty years before; his mother was a Lepchani; his father, Timlay Doola, had had the same physical characteristics as himself; both were now dead, but Namgay had brothers and sisters in Thibet, some resembling himself in colour and stature, others like ordinary Thibetans. As the prisoner's wound healed and he grew strong, the astonishing facility with which he picked up English phrases gave a fresh edge to the doctor's curiosity; but all his inquiries proved fruitless, till one day, on visiting the Pemeancha Monastery, he was struck by the venerable appearance of one of the Lamas, and questioned him as to any recollections that might throw light on his physiological conundrum. The old priest was able to give him some assistance. He told him that very many years before a big, burly, red-headed European, dressed in a red coat and armed with a good gun, had come to Sikkim

from Darjeeling with a Lepcha woman, her brothers and their wives, and had settled down without molestation, till the British forces entered Sikkim in 1860, when they had emigrated in a body into Thibet. The doctor, so far confirmed in his conjectures, next made inquiries at Darjeeling, and more particularly at the Convalescent Depot at Jalapahar. The information obtained at the depot was complete and wholly satisfactory.

Among a batch of invalids sent to Jalapahar shortly after the establishment of the Convalescent Depot there had been a wild, harum-scarum, red-headed Irishman named Timothy Doolan, whose constitution had been broken down by drink and the climate. Tim had been speedily captivated by the charms of a good-looking Lepchani, but the *liaison* had unfortunately not returned in a moral reform. Tim grew careless and dirty in his habits; he often returned to the depot in liquor, and was frequently late at roll-call. It was at last resolved to send him back to his regiment, and he received his marching orders. Next morning, however, Tim was not to be found anywhere. On search being made, it was discovered that the Lepcha woman and her family had left for Sikkim, and a party of sappers was at once despatched on their track. After a pursuit of three or four days the sappers returned, and reported that they had come up with the deserter and the Lepchas on the further side of the Runjeet, but the soldier, who had taken all his equipments with him, had halted and fired on them, and as they were afraid to go far into Sikkim they had returned. This was the last seen of Tim Doolan, who presumably led thenceforward a comfortable loafer's life as Timlay Doola. Further evidence as to the identity of the deserter with the prisoner's father was furnished by a messenger, who brought from Namgay's house in Thibet an old brass breast-plate, used formerly for fastening a soldier's cross-belts, with the number of the regiment on it, a small, well-worn brass crucifix and an old tobacco-stopper. One wonders what thoughts passed through Tim's red head as he gazed on these relics of his past life—whether he ever regretted his soldiering days, or pictured to himself the ancestral hovel in the "ould counthry." When Tim's son was released with the other prisoners he did not at once return with them to Thibet, but lingered about the camp, with a feeling of reluctance to leave it which must have been inexplicable to himself. After a while, however, he departed, with a few presents and keepsakes from the men, and made his way back to his wife and family. Whether Namgay Doola has transmitted to his children any of the peculiarities, physical or psychical, of their grandfather, the narrative does not say; but one cannot read it without reverting to those curious discoveries recorded by travellers, of isolated tribes and communities, in which the presence of the blood of the white man is undeniably manifest. . . . Namgay Doola's facility in picking up English, and his attraction toward the British soldiers, suggest, indeed, possibilities out of which something might be made; but here,

too, reversion is toward a lower, not a higher, condition of life. The instances are sufficiently numerous. . . . The blood of the Doolans will, therefore, in all probability effect little change among the mountain villages of Tibet. Aptitudes, vague longings, quick temper—what may be called unconscious reminiscences of Donnybrook, Father Phelim, Tim O'Hara's wake, the turf cabin and the black bog—may distinguish the Irish-complexioned children from their Lepcha-featured brothers and sisters for a generation or two, and then the red-coated deserter will disappear for ever. And yet, who knows? Inscrutable are the tricks of heredity. Timlay may reappear again and yet again, and the Irish blood spring up in a turbulent mountaineer destined to give trouble to some unlucky viceroy of the future.

A poet who signs the initials "F. B." contributed to a recent number of the *Westminster Gazette* the following addition to Mr. Kipling's "The Islanders":

[The list of British sports to which Mr. Kipling has recently made such graceful allusions is unfortunately very incomplete. The following lines will (possibly) be inserted in future editions.]

The rubber-shod rough with a racquet, the ass
on the asphalted path;
The half-witted hurler of hammers, the lubber
that leaps at a lath;
The ruffian riding in red, and the gaby in gaiters
that shoots;
The fatuous flapper of flies, and the scoundrel
with skates on his boots;
The lout that loafs on the links with his lingo
of "lies" and "the like;"
The blundering bent-backed boulder that
buckets along on a bike;
The bare-legged boobies in boats, each bent on
becoming a "blue;"
The crass-headed crocks playing croquet, the
crapulous cad with a cue;
The maniacs mounted on motors that murder a
man every mile,
(And I think you will freely admit that I've
bettered my earliest style).

It was recently pointed out that Mr. Kipling is not the first poet to attack the worship of sport. The same thing was done a great many hundred years ago by one Euripides in lines of which the following is a translation:

Of all the myriad plagues that harass Greece,
'Tis sure the tribe of athletes is the worst!
They learn not how to make a livelihood,
And would not if they could. . . .

. . . While their bright youth lasts,
They walk admired, the darlings of the crowd:
But when the bitterness of age is come,
Like worn-out garments they are cast aside.
And much I blame the custom of the Greeks,
Who gather from afar to see these men,
Honouring their useless sports, which do but
serve

To whet the appetite of greedy folk.
For grant a man has wrestled well, or won
A foot-race, deftly pitched a quoit, or struck
A ringing blow, how has he served the State?
Why do ye crown him? Will he, quoit in
hand,
Do battle for his country, or go forth
To box with foes who come in armour clad?
When swords are drawn we put these follies
from us.

Amid the flood of criticism and indignant retort that have been called forth in England by "The Islanders," these spirited lines by Mr. W. Monro Anderson, an Australian poet, well deserve preservation:

Lord of the loud-lunged legions!
Prince of the Purple Press!
Are we but pigmy people
Lost in the wilderness?

That we of the Younger Nations
Should call back our fighting men
At the blast of your tin war trumpet,
Or the scrawl of your scratching pen?

Safe in your inky dug-out,
Flinging your gibes about,
What do you know of England
Or the quest that brought us out?

We of the Younger Nations,
Reared on the range and plain,
Scornful out of battle,
Hurl you the lie again.

We of the Younger Nations,
Are we but sickly spawn?
Spoilt little lambs of the Empire
On whom the elders fawn?

Willing and freely we sought it
Out of the range and the plain,
Freely, unbridled, undriven,
As we would seek again.

Lord of the loud-lunged legions!
Scribe of a jaundiced age!
We of the Younger Nations
Were taught from a brighter page—

Have read of the old-time leaders,
How their stirring deeds were done,
How on the fields of Eton
The great war games were won.

So when the war-worn horseman
Comes to his own again,
Back to the fen and moorland,
Back to the rolling plain,

Grudge him not gun nor hunter,
The hound nor the well-kept turf,
Bidding him strut the pavement
Like some war-belted serf,

* * * * *
Bidding him rule the people
By aping some foreign cur
Whose marketplace is silenced
By the clink of the bully's spur.

As there seems to be a good deal of misapprehension as to whether the second and succeeding editions of *The History of Sir Richard Calmady* were "cut," it may interest our readers to know that no chapter and no scene has been cut out, but that for business considerations the English and American editions have now been brought into harmony by the omission of five lines in the former.

Miss Marie Van Vorst was to have published in March a novel entitled *The Sacrifice of Fools*. By one of those coincidences which are growing very common nowadays, the title has already been used, and cannot therefore be copyrighted. For this reason the title has been changed to *Philip Longstreth*.

• Great preparations have been made in

The Hugo
Centenary.

France for the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Victor Hugo, the twenty-sixth of February. They include an impressive ceremony in the Pantheon, with a eulogy by M. Leygues, Minister of Public Instruction, and a parade by the school children; the unveiling of a very elaborate monument to Hugo by Barriat, on the Place Victor Hugo, not very far from the house in which Hugo spent his last years and died in May, 1875; also a popular festival organised by the Municipal Council of Paris, with dances and receptions in the Hôtel de Ville; a gala performance of scenes of Hugo's dramas, with recitations from his

poems in the Théâtre Français, which is also to revive on that occasion the drama of *Les Burgraves*, which has not been performed since 1839, and which is to be presented with a superb cast, including the Mounet brothers, Le Bargy and Mademoiselle Bartet; the inauguration and presentation to the city by the Hugo heirs of the Musée Victor Hugo, situated in the house where Hugo lived until his exile in 1851 on the Place des Vosges, not far from the Bastille, in front of which will be exhibited, among other things, a plaster model of the statue of Victor Hugo by Dalou. Preparations have been made elsewhere also, especially in Besançon, where Hugo was born. The chief American celebration is under the auspices of Columbia University. The place selected is the new auditorium of the Horace Mann School, the only hall of the university with a seating capacity of one thousand. The chairman selected is Professor Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton University. The list of speakers includes Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie and Professor Léopold Mabillean, whose lectures before the Boston Branch of the Alliance Française have met with such success that hundreds had to be turned away every night. Hugo, who was far from indifferent to the spread of his own fame, will have no ground for turning uneasily in his tomb, under the dome of the Pantheon. The world is still listening to his words, and there is no fear lest the publication of his last posthumous volume of verse, *La Dernière Gerbe*, will form the least appreciated feature in the centennial celebrations.

The meeting of the trustees of the Carnegie Institution, held in Washington on the twenty-ninth and thirtieth of January, is an event that will be memorable in the history of American scientific progress. On the date first mentioned, Mr. Andrew Carnegie formally made over to the trustees the deed whereby he placed at their disposal the sum of \$10,000,000, to be used in the furtherance of human knowledge by original research. A fuller statement with regard to this magnificent endowment will be found upon another page, over the signature of Dr. Daniel Coit Gilman, who has become the first President

of the Carnegie Institution. The selection of Dr. Gilman for this most dignified and responsible office gives the fullest assurance that the purpose which Mr. Carnegie had in view will be attained through plans so broad and liberal as to perpetuate not only the name and memory of the founder, but also that of the great scholar and organiser who has undertaken to give effectiveness to this unique foundation. Never, perhaps, before has it fallen to the lot of a single man to shape the beginnings of two such seminaries of science as the Johns Hopkins University and the Carnegie Institution; so that the distinction which Dr. Gilman enjoys is quite unique. It is not thirty years since he assumed the presidency of the infant university in Baltimore, yet to-day that seat of learning is one of the world's centres of original research, famous alike for the renown of those who have taught and laboured there, and for the brilliant and enduring results which they have achieved. It is safe to say that the existence of the Johns Hopkins University, as planned by Dr. Gilman, has changed the whole history of the higher education in the United States, and raised the standard of every other American university to a level such as it might not have attained in a whole century of experiment and unstimulated growth. The influence and example of the group of men whom Dr. Gilman drew about him—Rowland, for instance, in physics, Remsen in chemistry, Sylvester in mathematics, Gildersleeve in Greek, and Haupt in orientalia—have revolutionised American scholarship. The Johns Hopkins University, in fact, first taught our hesitating pundits the full meaning and the true value of scientific investigation, and now the Carnegie Institution comes into being to encourage and develop all the possibilities of such investigation and to disseminate a knowledge of its results. It is ideally appropriate, therefore, that Dr. Gilman should be chosen to give the garnered fruits of his experience and ripened wisdom to this second great experiment. The work upon which he is now engaged is, indeed, the complement of that to which he set his hand some thirty years ago. That events should have so shaped themselves as to render it possible for him to discharge this double task in the cause of

human knowledge is extraordinary. To him has come a most unusual distinction and an opportunity that is quite unique; while, for the higher learning and for science in its broader sense, he has, in accepting this great office, performed a service that will never be forgotten.

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Dr. Gilman is a native of Connecticut, and a graduate of Yale in the class of 1852. He held for a time the professorship of Physics and Political Geography in the same university, acting also as its librarian. He was Superintendent of Schools for the State of Connecticut from 1863 to 1865. In 1872 he was called to the presidency of the University of California, which he held until 1875, when he became President of the Johns Hopkins University, whose organisation was planned by him. This office he held until last year, when he resigned and was succeeded by Professor Ira Remsen. In the autumn of 1900 he accepted the editorship of the *New International Encyclopædia*, concerning which we shall have more to say in our next number, and has lately been engaged in other literary and educational work.

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A few weeks ago, in rambling along our book shelves, we came upon a little volume called *The Imitator*. The author's name was not given, and the imprint was that of the publisher of a periodical of a city of the Middle West. There was something about the book which attracted attention from the first, and after having read it and then turned back to certain pages here and there, we felt that we had found the peg on which to hang some observations about a certain kind of writing that seems to be coming rapidly into vogue. Of late years there has appeared every now and then a novel which has piqued, by reason of its caricatures or portraiture of people whose names and eccentricities are well known to all newspaper readers. The trick is old enough to European novelists, but with us it is sufficiently new almost always to attract some attention. Of recent books of this kind we recall none more daring than *The Imitator*. The disguises under which well-known people are introduced are of the thinnest and

Some Imitations
and
Personalities.

fimsiest, and these people are handled with a great deal of sarcasm and cleverness. *The Imitator* is whimsical, brilliant, absurd. Possibly it is just as well that it is published anonymously.

✱

The opening pages of *The Imitator* should be read because they are so beautifully illustrative of a certain style of writing which should sedulously be avoided. They retail the imaginary conversation of two New York society men who are dining in the cellar of a widely exploited Hungarian restaurant. Orson Vane and Luke Moncreith inhale Egyptian cigarettes, sip curious liqueurs, and pelt each other with laboriously constructed epigrams. They are blasé, bored to death with the ennui of a life of leisure and social functions. Theirs is the sort of conversation which seems to be inseparable from the conventional smart novel. Of course, in real life nobody ever talks so. It would be too absurd.

✱

"If you imitate my manner of a while ago, I shall not say what I was going to say. If I am to be sincere, so must you." He took the scarlet drink the man set before him, and let it gurgle gently down his throat. "It smacks of sin and I scent lies in it. I wish I had not taken it. It is hard to be sincere after a drink that stirs the imagination. But I shall try. And you are not to interrupt any more than you can help. If we both shed the outer skin we wear for society, I believe we are neither of us such bad sorts. That is just what I am getting at: I am not quite bad enough to be blind to my own futility. Here I am, Luke, young, decently looking, with money, position and bodily health, and yet I am cursed with thought of my own futility. When people have said who I am, they have said it all; I have done nothing: I merely am. I know others would sell their souls to be what I am; but it does not content me. I have spent years considering my way. The arts have called to me, but they have not held me. All arts are imitative, except music, and music is not human enough for me; no people are so unhuman as musical people, and no art is so entirely a creation of a self-centred inventor. There can be no such thing as realism in music; the voices of Nature can never be equalled on any humanly devised instruments or notes. Painting and sculpture are mere imitations of what nature does far better."

However, if we find the sort of thing which we have quoted above impossible, it is only fair to say that it is more than redeemed by the many brilliant descriptions and imitations that follow. The plot of the story is based on an offshoot of the old Jekyll and Hyde idea. Orson Vane becomes the possessor of a mirror which enables him to take on for a time the soul of any person whom he can persuade to look into the glass. In this way his body is inhabited in turn by the souls of Reggie Hart, of Spalding-Wentworth and Arthur Wantage, and it is the daring descriptions of his behaviour while under these different influences that give the book, despite its outrageous impertinence, almost a real dignity. It is not parody at all; the actions and the utterances may be exaggerated, but they ring true. Reggie Hart is society's court fool. Spalding-Wentworth is "a man of Western wealth, of Western blue blood, and of prominence in the smart set," an arranger of innumerable golf tournaments, and a writer of books in his own way. Arthur Wantage is an actor, an eminent actor, but one who on the stage or off is always impossible, because of his egotism, his impertinence, his moods. There is no guessing at the identities of these men. Fact and fiction are so closely woven that it is impossible to tell where one ends and the other begins. Perhaps the author is at his best in describing Orson Vane's impersonation of Wantage.

✱

The actor's curtain speech at the end of the season, that speech which always was awaited with so much curiosity, is a little triumph.

"The actor," he said, "who wins the applause of so distinguished a company is exceedingly fortunate. The applause of such a very distinguished company—" he succeeded in emphasising his phrase to the point where it became a subtle insult—"is very sweet to the actor. It reconciles him to what he must take to be a breach of true art, the introduction of his own person on the scene where he has appeared as an impersonator of character. Some actors are expected to make speeches after their exertions should be over. I am one of those poor actors. In the name of myself, a poor actor, and the poor actors in my company, I must thank this distinguished body of ladies

and gentlemen for the patience with which they have listened to Mr. O'Deigh's little trifle. It is, of course, merely a trifle, *pour passer le temps*. Next season, I hope, I may give you a really serious production. Mr. O'Deigh cables me that he is happy such distinguished persons in such a critical town have applauded his little effort. I am sure ever so many of you would rather be at home than listening to the apologies of a poor actor. For I feel I must apologise for presenting so inconsiderable a trifle. A mere summer night's amusement. I have played it as a sort of rest for myself, as preparation for larger productions. If I have amused you, I am pleased. The actors' province is to please. The poor actor thanks you."

The *Academy and Literature*, by the way, in a recent article on "English and French Fiction in the Nineteenth Century," publishes a curious chronological table. We don't agree entirely with the selections, but the idea is certainly new:

1800 to 1830.		1840 to 1850.	
ENGLISH.	FRENCH.		
	1807 <i>Corinne</i> (De Staël).	1841 <i>The Old Curiosity Shop</i> (Dickens).	1840 <i>Colomba</i> (Mérimée).
1813 <i>Pride and Prejudice</i> (Austen).			1842 <i>Mémoires de Deux Jeunes Mariées</i> (Balzac).
1814 <i>Mansfield Park</i> (Austen).			1843 <i>Consuelo</i> . (G. Sand.)
1815 <i>Guy Mannering</i> (Scott).			1844 <i>Monte Cristo</i> (Dumas).
1818 <i>Heart of Midlothian</i> (Scott).			1844 <i>Les Trois Mousquetaires</i> (Dumas).
1818 <i>Persuasion</i> (Austen).			1845 <i>Carmen</i> (Mérimée).
1820 <i>Ivanhoe</i> (Scott).			1847 <i>La Cousine Bette</i> (Balzac).
1822 <i>The Fortunes of Nigel</i> (Scott).		1847 <i>Jane Eyre</i> (C. Brontë).	
1822 <i>The Pirate</i> (Scott).		1848 <i>Wuthering Heights</i> (E. Brontë).	
1823 <i>Quentin Durward</i> (Scott).		1848 <i>Vanity Fair</i> (Thackeray).	
1824 <i>Redgauntlet</i> (Scott).			1849 <i>Le Collier de la Reine</i> (Dumas).
	1829 <i>Mateo Falcone</i> (Mérimée).		
1830 to 1840.		1850 to 1860.	
	1830 <i>Le Rouge et le Noir</i> (Beyle).	1850 <i>David Copperfield</i> (Dickens).	1850 <i>Le Vicomte de Bragelonne</i> (Dumas).
	1831 <i>Notre Dame de Paris</i> (Victor Hugo).	1850 <i>Pendennis</i> (Thackeray).	1850 <i>François le Champi</i> (G. Sand).
	1833 <i>Lélia</i> (Sand).	1852 <i>Henry Esmond</i> (Thackeray).	1852 <i>Olympe de Clèves</i> (Dumas).
		1853 <i>Villette</i> (C. Brontë).	

ENGLISH.

- 1837 *The Pickwick Papers* (Dickens).
 1838 *Oliver Twist* (Dickens).
 1839 *Nicholas Nickleby* (Dickens).

FRENCH.

- 1833 *Le Médecin de Campagne* (Balzac).
 1833 *La Recherche de l'Absolu* (Balzac).
 1834 *Eugénie Grandet* (Balzac).
 1835 *Servitude et Grandeur Militaires* (Vigny).
 1835 *Père Goriot* (Balzac).
 1835 *Mademoiselle de Maupin* (Gautier).
 1836 *Mauprat* (Sand).
 1839 *Les Illusions Perdues* (Balzac).
 1839 *Le Chartreux de Parme* (Beyle).

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
1855 The Newcomes (Thackeray).			1869 Tartarin de Tarascon (Daudet).
	1857 Madame Bovary (Flaubert).		
1859 A Tale of Two Cities (Dick- ens).		1870 to 1890.	
1859 A d a m B e d e (Eliot).		1872 M iddlemarch (Eliot).	1874 Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné (Daudet).
	1860 to 1870.		1874 La Tentation de St. Antoine (Flaubert).
1860 The Mill on the Floss (Eliot).			1882 Numa Roumes- tan (Daudet).
1861 Silas Marner (Eliot).			
	1862 S a l a m m b ô (Flaubert).	1883 Treasure Island (Stevenson).	
	1862 Les Misérables (Hugo).		1885 Bel Ami (Mau- passant).
	1863 Le Capitaine Fracasse (Gautier).		1885 Une Vie (Mau- passant).
	1864 Renée Mauperin (Goncourt).		
	1865 Germinie Lacer- teux (Gon- court).	1889 The Master of Ballantrae	
	1869 Madame Ger- vaisais (Gon- court).	1889 The Ebb-Tide (Stevenson).	
		13 Authors. 38 Works.	7 Authors. 30 Works.

THE POET'S JOY

Through fields of dream his pathways lie,
Far from the world's discordant throng;
There every flower that greets his eye
Hides in its fragrant soul a song.

The brooks his brothers are; the trees
To him their sylvan lore impart;
He finds a message in the breeze,—
A lyric in the rose's heart.

And this the great joy of his gifts:—
Some modest fancy from the sod
To fashion into song to lift
The minds of men up close to God.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THOMAS NAST AND HIS CARTOONS



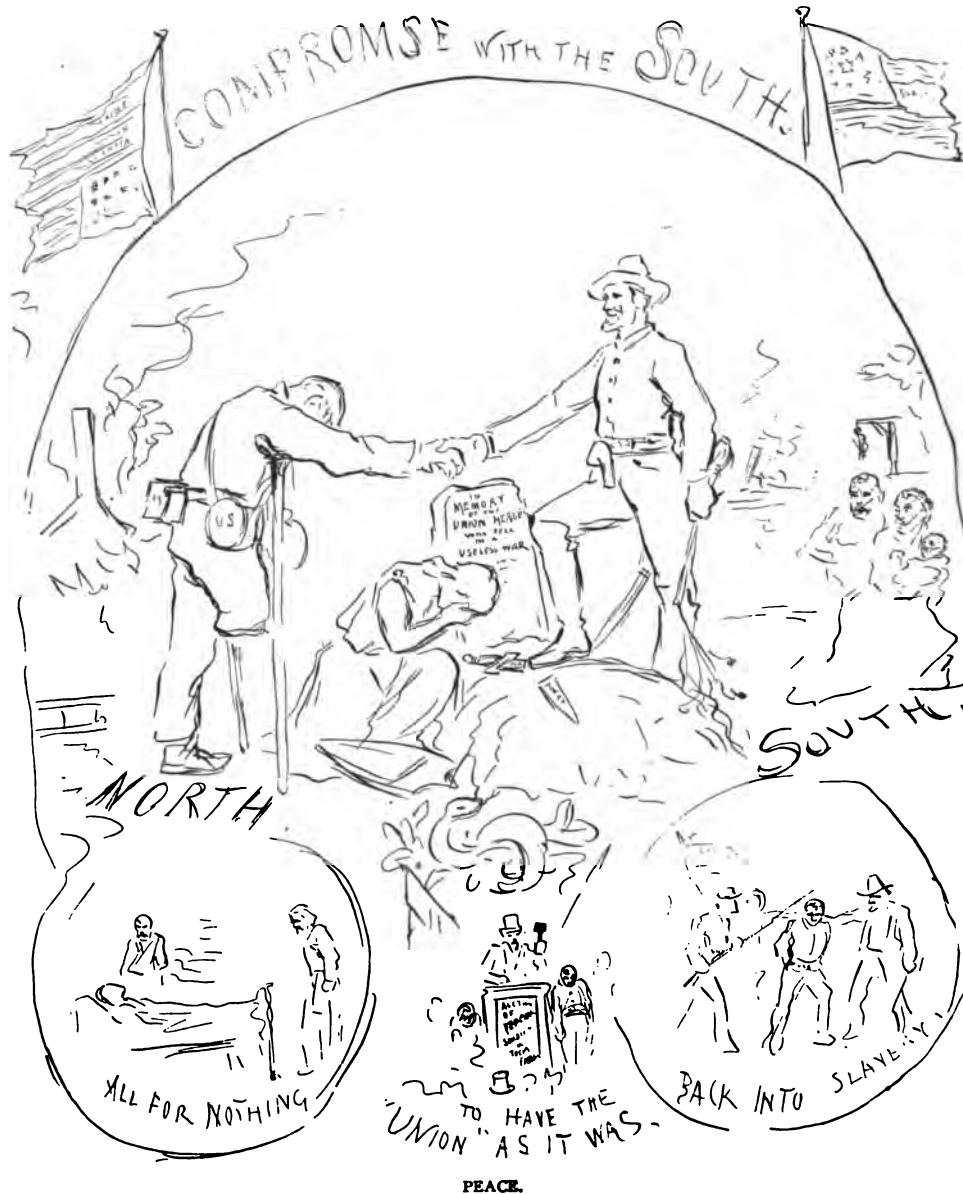
EVERY now and then there appears in the columns of some newspaper or other an allusion to the work or the talent of "the late Thomas Nast." Whenever in conversation the subject of American cari-

cature comes up, those of the older generation, while perhaps willing to concede to some extent the talent of Oppen and Bush and Davenport and Barrett and May and Bradley and the rest, will always end by waving aside the pretensions of any of these to especial pre-eminence, and tell you of Thomas Nast and how splendidly he smashed the

Tweed Ring. Then very likely they will fall to arguing among themselves about the time when Nast died, for it is very certain that this is a point upon which no two men can positively agree.

That Mr. Nast is not dead but very

much alive, that his home is in Morristown, New Jersey, that he is not an unfamiliar figure in the streets of New York, and that he is to be seen several evenings of each week at the Players Club, is, under these circumstances, a very sig-



(Originally Called Compromise with the South.)

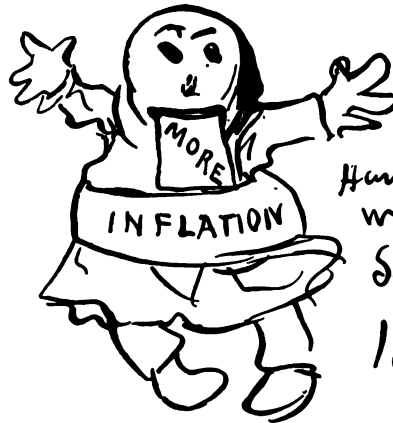
This picture first made Thomas Nast's reputation. It appeared just after the election of 1862, and was circulated by the million as a campaign document.

At that time, however, only the upper part of the picture was used. The lower portion, with its arraignment of the Confederacy, was suppressed. The whole is here presented, we think, for the first time, Mr. Nast having resketched it for this article.—THE EDITORS OF THE BOOKMAN.



Time - an committee.
Harpers weekly -
Feb - 14 - 1874.

THE DONKEY: FIRST USED TO RIDICULE THE INFLATION TENDENCY.



Harpers weekly
Sep. 4.
1875.

The Rag Baby -

THE FIRST "RAG BABY."

LABOR CAP



Harpers weekly
Feb. 7 - 1874.

The Dinner
Pail.



THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE CAP AND DINNER PAIL AS EMBLEMATIC OF LABOUR.



Harpers weekly
May - 25 - 1872.

Th. Nast.

Grant as
William Tell - will not
surrender or bow to the
old hat.

THE GRATZ BROWN TAG TO GREELEY'S COAT.



"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?"



"THE BRAINS OF TAMMANY."

nificant tribute to the power of his former work. When he retired from active cartooning, and laid the pencil aside to take up the brush, the public mind vaguely was conscious that a gap existed somewhere, that a certain force was missing, and naturally groped about until it seized upon the most obvious conclusion. Nast is now in his sixty-second year. He was born at Landau, Bavaria, but when six years of age was brought by his father, who had been a musician in the Bavarian Army, to the United States. As a boy his artistic temperament and talent

developed rapidly, and after a very few months of study under Theodor Kaufmann, he began to furnish sketches to *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. His work was accepted and appreciated from the first. Before he was twenty years of age the *New York Illustrated News* sent him to England to make illustrations of the great international prize fight between Heenan and Sayers. Of the adventures and vicissitudes of this trip, Mr. Nast now talks with much hu-



THE CARTOON WHICH WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR TWEED'S RECOGNITION AND ARREST AFTER HIS FLIGHT TO SPAIN.



THE CLUTCH OF JUSTICE.



morous appreciation. He was in the camp of Heenan and his trainers, and after the memorable battle and the incarceration of the American principal the illustrator found himself penniless, and unable to get money from the New York office. At length he applied to Heenan, and through the generosity of the pugilist was enabled to find the money necessary to take him to Italy to join Garibaldi. During this campaign he not only furnished war pictures to various papers in this country, England and France, but he was entrusted by Garibaldi with several delicate diplomatic missions, which he carried out with great boldness and skill.

His experience of war in Italy was of immense value during the War of Seces-



THOMAS NAST CARTOONED.

sion, which broke out soon after his return to America. With all the intense enthusiasm of his nature, he espoused the cause of the North, and it was publicly acknowledged by President Lincoln and by many members of Congress that Mr. Nast's pictures were the best recruiting sergeants on the side of the Union. Perhaps his most famous picture of this



THIS CARTOON HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN PRINTED. IT WAS DRAWN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE DISASTER IN THE NEW YORK CENTRAL TUNNEL IN 1891.

period was that called "Peace," which created a profound impression throughout the land. It appeared in 1862, just after the election, when all the country was clamouring for peace at any price. The picture represented a Union soldier's grave, over the tombstone of which Co-

lumbia was weeping. At the foot stood a companion of the dead loyalist, stripped of his arms, and shaking hands with a rebel armed to the teeth, and with one foot upon the grave. That picture made Nast's reputation. It was circulated by the million as a campaign document.

After the War he became a political cartoonist, and it was perhaps during the campaign against Tweed and the corrupt politico-financiering coalition which had New York in its clutches that his genius shone brightest. His drawings were triumphs of invention and the satiric art. Week after week, with an amazing fertility, he launched his cartoons against the enemies of the city's welfare, and it was to him above all oth-

ers who took part in that fight that the final overthrow of the Ring was due. To a remarkable degree he possessed the faculty of throwing individuality into articles of wearing apparel and personal belongings. It was he who seized upon Horace Greeley's hat, Oakey Hall's eyeglasses, the tag attached to Greeley's coat for Gratz Brown, the dollar mark and money bag for Tweed's face, and gave these objects a significance throughout the United States.

It is to Mr. Nast's invention that we owe the tiger which stands for Tammany Hall, the elephant of the Republican party, and the donkey which Republican newspapers have used as emblematic of the Democrats. The donkey



THE CARTOON IN WHICH MR. CROKER'S RESEMBLANCE TO THE TIGER WAS FIRST BROUGHT OUT.



THE TAMMANY TIGER IN THE ARENA.

The First Cartoon in Which the Tiger Was Used as Emblematic of Tammany Hall.

came first, but was not at the beginning applied to the Democratic party. Its initial appearance was a cartoon in 1868, representing Andrew Johnson going over a precipice and Uncle Sam trying to save him. Subsequently the donkey was used to ridicule the inflation tendency, and was usually marked "fine-ass committee." As the Democratic emblem, it first appeared on January 15, 1870, in a cartoon marked "Copper Head Press," in which Mr. Nast represented it as kicking the dead lion, E. M. Stanton. It was in December, 1874, however, that the Republican elephant and Democratic donkey together first took definite shape. The idea was suggested to the cartoonist by the New York *Herald's* famous hoax about the animals escaping from the Zoo. The idea of the Tammany Tiger came from the emblem of the "Big Six," the popular name of the Fire Company of which William M. Tweed was foreman. This em-

blem was a tiger's head. The anti-Tammany cartoons began to appear about the end of 1869, and in these the tiger's head was used in various ways. The fully developed beast was used by Mr. Nast for the first time in a cartoon appearing in *Harper's Weekly* of November 11, 1871, representing Columbia crushed by the tiger in the arena with Tweed and his colleagues looking placidly on.

Although during recent years he has apparently held aloof from any active participation in the turmoil of political controversy, Mr. Nast's sympathies and antagonisms are fully as keen and alert as they ever were. There is a battle to be fought now, he believes, just as there was one to be fought thirty odd years ago, and of those who know him it would surprise none to find him, at any time, taking up the old pencil and entering the lists with the men of the younger generation.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

THE GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF THE UNITED STATES

The New York Morning Newspapers. Part II.—The New York Morning Newspapers. The Press During the War—The Construction Period—The Tweed Ring—The Influence of Mr. Dana and Mr. Pulitzer on Modern Journalism.

I.

The South had seceded. Sumter's guns had boomed out in answer to those of Beauregard; the Flag had come down and Major Anderson had marched out with his seventy men. The North had flamed up, and then cooled with a growing realisation of the gravity of the crisis. President Lincoln had issued his call for seventy-five thousand men to serve for the ninety days in which the Rebellion was to be put down. The land was wild with excitement, enthusiasm, hope, anxiety. History was bringing to the surface all the energy of the American people; and nowhere was this energy more striking than in the labours of those whose business it was daily to search out and chronicle these events for the benefit of their fellow Americans.

At the beginning of the War the dominant newspapers of New York were, as has been said in a former article, the *Herald*, the *Tribune* and the *Times*, representing respectively the personalities of the elder Bennett, Greeley and Raymond. Other morning papers were the *Journal of Commerce* and the *Courier and Enquirer*, still preserving their conservative blanket-sheet tendencies; the *News* and the *Sun*, the latter then and for several years afterward belonging to the Beach family; and the *World*. The afternoon papers were the *Post*, the *Commercial Advertiser* and the *Express*. The *World* was then a new factor in journalism. It had been founded the year before on the belief that New York needed and would support a newspaper conducted on religious lines. It excluded all advertisements of a profane nature, and, as the *Tribune* had done at the beginning of its career, it would have nothing to do with theatrical announcements. Its aim was to tone down or to ignore altogether the

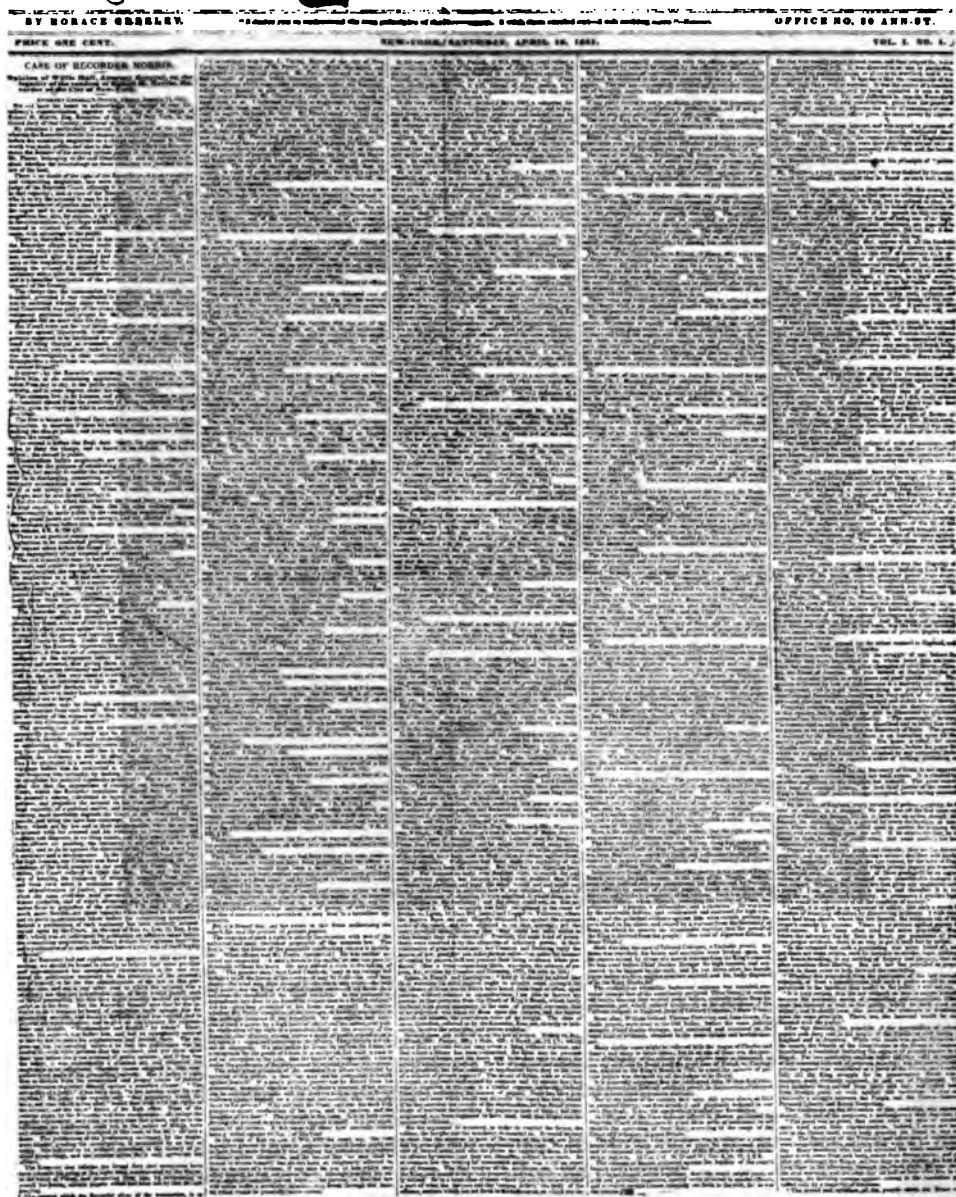
scandalous side of the news—divorces, sensational murder trials and slander suits. The first editor was Alexander Cummings, a Philadelphia journalist of experience and talent; his chief aide was James R. Spalding. But the paper was not a success. Either New York was not yet ready for it or it objected to having its news sermonised. It changed hands, after bringing large financial losses to its original founders, passed under the editorship of Manton Marble, who ultimately became its owner, and became a thoroughly secular sheet; then, until the early eighties, it was noted mainly for its literary character. Grim old Bennett noted the change with huge amusement. The *Herald* used to refer to its three contemporaries as "The World, the Flesh and the Devil." Three months after the outbreak of hostilities the *World* and the *Courier and Enquirer* became one; the *Courier and Enquirer* finally sinking its identity entirely.

In the struggle for news in which the *Herald*, the *Times* and the *Tribune* were the three great competitors, the *Herald*, by reason of its system and the journalistic foresight of its chief, was always at the beginning of the War a little ahead. Two years earlier Bennett had invented interviewing. It was at the time of the John Brown raid at Harper's Ferry. A reporter from the *Herald* was sent to Peterborough to talk with Gerrit Smith, who had been implicated in the affair. This was the origin of interviewing; the talk was published in full, in conversational style, and caused a sensation. Interviewing broadened on the eve of the War and continued throughout the War. For weeks before the beginning of hostilities, several correspondents of the *Herald* were in different places in the South, watching developments and in constant communication with the office in New

York. When the War began, a Southern bureau was established. The chief of this bureau accumulated and filed all information that it was possible to obtain about the Confederate States. The principal instructions sent to the correspondents within the Southern lines were to obtain and forward rebel newspapers at any

price. From these papers were compiled lists of the military forces of the Confederacy. Finally, one morning the *Herald* came out with a report of the rebel army that was so complete and comparatively so accurate that it aroused great excitement in the Richmond War Office. Several of the War Office clerks were ar-

New-York Tribune.



THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE," APRIL 10, 1841.

NEW YORK "HERALD" OF JULY 22, 1861, CONTAINING THE
OF BULL RUN.

rested on the suspicion of treason, and in the North the publication of the report provoked the charge that an intimacy existed between the *Herald* and the Confederate authorities. Everywhere at the front the *Herald* was represented. Its correspondents were at every battle. With each army corps there was a *Herald* tent and a *Herald* wagon.

cession was not so well equipped as the war correspondent of to-day. He had to rely more on his own resources, and there are countless stories which attest his ingenuity and his heroism. One of the conventional tales of war correspondence "beats" during the War of Secession dealt with that newspaper man who, after a great and decisive battle, reaching the



CHARLES A. DANA.

In modern warfare there is no rôle that is more difficult than that of the war correspondent. To cope successfully with his rivals, to serve faithfully his paper and its readers, he must use every resource of mind and body and shrink from no danger. Of the methods of war correspondence of to-day something will be said in a later article. The newspaper man at the front during the War of Se-

wire before any of his competitors, sent off his story, and then, in order to hold the wire until such time as it would be useless to his rivals, coolly dictated to the operator the first chapter of Genesis from beginning to end. A Union soldier was released from Libby Prison, where several war correspondents of Northern papers were confined. When he reached New York this soldier called at the *Her-*

ald office, cut from his coat one of the military buttons and handed it to the editor in charge. The button was hollow, and contained a letter written finely on thin tissue paper describing the condition of affairs in Richmond. Turned into journalese, without undue padding, it

made three-quarters of a column. No one knew whence it came. The incident was typical of the *Herald's* mysterious correspondence. Hudson has much to say about the exploits and heroism of these journalists at the front. Anderson, of the *Herald*, taken prisoner, was confined



NEW YORK "HERALD" OF JULY 22, 1861, CONTAINING THE FIRST NEWS OF THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

in an iron dungeon in Texas, and afterward, with a bullet-hole through his arm, took notes in the thickest of the fight at Spottsylvania. Another *Herald* man, Osborn, the only correspondent on the iron-clads in action, coolly watched the effect of each impact, and subse-

quently, as signal officer in the rigging with Farragut, ran the gauntlet at New Orleans. Browne and Richardson of the *Tribune* and Colburn of the *World*, captured in running the blockade at Vicksburg, were confined for months in Libby, till they escaped to the Union lines



THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE" OF JULY 6, 1863, CONTAINING THE STORY OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.



THE FORMER HOME OF THE NEW YORK "TIMES."



THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE'S" FRONT PAGE, APRIL 13, 1865, THE ASSASSINATION OF PRES. LINCOLN.

through marsh and brush and forest. Cook sat aloft on Porter's flagship, pencil and note-book in hand, and watched the bombardment of Fort Fisher. Shanks at Lookout, and Hosmer at Gettysburg,

wrote their reports in the thickest of the fire. Fitzpatrick and Cadwallader of the *Herald*, and Crounse of the *Times*, were captured by Mosby's band, their notebooks and watches taken from them, and





JAMES GORDON BENNETT.



WHITELAW REID.



GEORGE JONES.



JOSEPH PULITZER.

FOUR GREAT FACTORS IN NEW YORK JOURNALISM DURING THE PERIOD (1861-1884) WITH WHICH
THIS ARTICLE DEALS.

New-York Tribune.

NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, JULY 2, 1881. TRIPLE SHEET.

THE PROHIBITION PARTY.
A TRAIL OFFICE, 100 NASSAU ST.

THE PROHIBITION PARTY, which has been organized in New York, is now in the hands of the Southern newspapers. Sketstfall in the hands of Morgan guerillas; Conyngham and Doyle with Sherman on the famous march to the sea; Carpenter and Ashley with the Army of the Potomac; Knox at Pea Ridge; Brady lost in a canebrake; Dunn dying at his post on the Mississippi; William Swinton of the Times at Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg—these are but a few of the newspaper men who served so well at the front during the four years of the great War.

It is to be regretted that even when the cloud that hovered over the nation seemed darkest there was little cessation in the attacks which New York's great newspapers were almost continually launching at one another. When at the outbreak of the War Bennett seemed to be wavering in his allegiance to the Northern cause, he was subjected to an incessant fire of sarcasm and sneers from

the Tribune. When Greeley's call for an immediate advance on Richmond had indirectly led to the disasters which at first befell the Union arms, Bennett retaliated with those weapons of biting invective of which he was so thorough a master. Almost every day for two years an article or a paragraph appeared in the Herald holding up the Tribune and its editor to popular execration, denouncing them as the authors of the War, and darkly intimating that the time would come when the people would find it expedient to hang the editor upon a lamp-post.* "If," said the Herald, "we decide

*Parton quotes the following specimen of the Herald's attack:
"Deliberately, and with malice prepense, 'that horrible monster Greeley,' as he is called upon the floor of Congress, has instigated this dreadful Civil War for years past, and carefully nurtured and fostered the Abolition sentiment with which he hoped to poison and kill the Republic. Most persons suppose that a de-

THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE" OF JULY 3, 1881, THE MORNING AFTER PRESIDENT GARFIELD WAS SHOT.

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THE FORMER HOME OF THE NEW YORK "HERALD," BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

to hang the Abolitionists, poor Greeley shall swing on the post of honour at the head or tail of the lot. We promise him that high honour." It would be impossible to say just how far such attacks as these were responsible for the assault on the *Tribune* building during

sire for gain has rendered him insane, and that visions of rich plantations, confiscated from slaveholders and bestowed upon him, have tempted him on in his ruinous path. Others regard him as one possessed of a devil. Others still are of opinion that he is in his senses, and is only a bad man made worse by cupidity and disappointment. We do not pretend to decide which of these theories be correct; but it is certain that until recently he has made but very little money by his wickedness. Like the magician's gold, all of his ill-gotten gains brought him ruin. He acknowledged in his *Tribune* that he had lost money by the publication of his paper last year, and he wrote penny-a-line articles for weekly papers

the Draft Riots. During that eventful week in July, 1863, there was a time when the *Times* also was threatened, and Raymond, with characteristic energy, planted revolving cannon in the publication office, and provided a great store of other death-dealing weapons with which to repel in-

in order to make a living. The publication was continued, therefore, only that the paper might be used to secure officers and contracts. It has now no circulation and less advertising, and lives only by illegitimate aid. Its fruit is blood and spoils. Sam Wilkeson of the *Tribune* acknowledged that he kept a *Tribune* contract bureau at Washington. The official correspondence of Secretary of War Cameron shows that the *Tribune* Association has gun contracts." Then follows a vindictive statement of "the Government of the United States in account with the New York *Tribune*"—an account in which the *Herald* alleged to sum up the expenditure in money and blood for which the *Tribune* was responsible.

vasion. The anger of the mob, however, was mainly directed against the *Tribune*. A great crowd gathered in Printing House Square and began shouting against Greeley and his paper. Stones were thrown and an attempt was made to batter in the doors and shutters. Greeley regarded the disturbance with calmness, and at first refused to listen to any suggestion of preparation for de-

the "Wild Animal Hoax" which the *Herald* subsequently printed (in 1874) must be classed the spurious Proclamation, purporting to have been issued by President Lincoln, which appeared in three morning papers of New York on May 18, 1864. This was at a critical period of the War, when foreign intervention on behalf of the Confederacy was feared. At a late hour of the night of May 17



THE NEW YORK "WORLD" OF NOVEMBER 6, 1884.—GOVERNOR CLEVELAND ELECTED TO THE PRESIDENCY.

fense. The mob numbered five thousand, and had finally effected an entrance into the building and sacked the lower floor, when the timely arrival of a squad of police put them to flight. Meanwhile Greeley had been hurried away in a closed carriage with drawn curtains by a friend, Theodore Tilton, who realised the danger though the editor did not.

With the "Moon Hoax," which was printed in the *Sun* in 1835, the "Roorback Hoax" during the Polk campaign, and

there came to the offices of all the New York morning papers the Proclamation in question. In this document the President was made to recommend that a day be set apart throughout the United States for fasting, humiliation and prayer, and to call for a draft of four hundred thousand additional men. The story apparently came through the regular channels, and was written on the conventional "flimsy" (thin sheets of oil paper) used in the office of the Associated Press. It

II.

The political attitude of the great newspapers immediately after the War is suggested by Parton. He wrote that in '65 and '66 all the papers had some party bias. The *World* excluded everything tending to show the South dissatisfied and disloyal. The *Tribune* diligently sought testimony of that nature. The *Times* was committed to a policy of reconstruction. A citizen, therefore, who

Review Copyright Again.

The public this morning a second letter of John Jay Es. upon the general subject of an International Copyright. Mr. Jay's special object is to define more precisely than before, his opinion upon the question of property in his books; and to guard against inferences upon this point drawn from language used upon this point in his former letter. Mr. Jay holds that an author has a right of property in his books, without regard to laws upon that subject:—while the opposite, & we think much the more general & correct opinion is, that whatever right he has is the creation of the law. He has

Facsimile of a Page of Mr. Raymond's Editorial Copy.

wanted to know the truth had to keep an eye on four or five papers. "This," said Parton, "is pitiful. This is utterly beneath the journalism of 1866." Parton's ideal of journalism was high, and there is no doubt that the War had the effect temporarily of increasing the "organ" aspect of newspapers. But it was of short duration, and journalism steadily advanced in the direction of independence and impersonality.

Indeed, the effect of the War on journalism in this direction was naturally great. The newspapers strained every effort to obtain tidings so vitally demanded by the people. Under the tension, enormous journalistic enterprise

was developed. The great newspapers became accustomed to doing things on a great scale, the standard of news gathering was enormously heightened. The really tremendous newspaper feats in the United States have taken place for the most part since 1860. The people became accustomed, during a time when something superlatively important was likely to be reported in every morning's newspaper, to look upon a great sensation as an integral part of a newspaper. If no battle took place the editor felt himself rather defrauded, and hunted around for something extravagant in order to keep up the generally exciting level.

Not only did the War develop the technical resources in the gathering of news and accustom newspapers to undergo greater expenditures and put forth greater efforts, but it also resulted in the greater impersonality, and, at the same time, in the greater sensationalism, of journalism, having thus a good and an evil side. The events of the War, the mere news aspect, were so important that editorial opinions and editorial abuse naturally tended to take a subordinate place. In that way the newspaper became more and more a great institution rather than the expression of one individuality. We have had great editors since the War, but, on the whole, the tendency has been away from that state of affairs when people spoke of "Bennett's paper" or of "Greeley's paper." Few people know who is the active manager of the *Herald*, or of the *Sun*, or of the *Post* to-day.

One of the minor effects on journalism of the War was to increase the price, on account of the increased expenditure, of the newspapers, and to bring into existence the Sunday newspaper. People had to have the news of the great struggle even on Sunday. Clergymen protested, not realising, in the words of Mr. Jones of the *Times*, "that the paper people read on Sunday was made on Saturday, and the paper read on Monday was made on Sunday, so that the ministers ought to have made, in the name of logic, their attack on the Monday rather than the Sunday newspaper."

Soon after the War the careers of the three great editors—Bennett, Greeley and Raymond—came to an end. Raymond, a politician throughout the War, made his greatest mistake when he supported

President Johnson in his reconstruction policy. That cost the *Times*, it is said, a third of its subscribers. Raymond himself admitted that if he had not attended the Philadelphia Convention, for which he wrote the declaration of principles supporting Johnson, it would have been worth \$100,000. Mr. Raymond died in 1869, a short time before the *Times* entered the most important period of its important career—the fight against the Tweed Ring—which was destined to add immensely to its reputation and success.

The last years of Greeley were also marked by political errors. In his impulsive, passionate way he was extremely

stuffing and of the issue of fraudulent certificates of naturalization were carried to a high degree of finish. In a famous letter to Mr. Tilden, Horace Greeley said: "Right well do you comprehend the means whereby the vote of 1868 was thus swollen out of all proportions. There are not 12,000 legal voters living in those wards to-day, though they gave Hoffman 17,443 majority. Had the day been of average length, it would doubtless have been swelled to at least 20,000. There was nothing but time needed to make it a hundred thousand, if so many had been wanted and paid for." Previous to the fraud exposure by the *Times*, Mr. Greeley



MR. RAYMOND'S SANCTUM IN THE OLD "TIMES" OFFICE.

anxious to give the South good terms after the war, and made a trip to see Jefferson Davis, to shake hands with him and to sign his bail-bond. Greeley's greatest error of all, however, was to become, partly in consequence of his friendly *post-bellum* attitude toward the South, candidate for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket in 1872. It was partly due to his overwhelming defeat, it is said, that his mind gave way and his sad death occurred. Some of Greeley's last acts, however, as a journalist were marked by the high-minded fearlessness characteristic of him. At a comparatively early stage of Tammany Hall's developed corruption—in the State campaign of 1868—the system of ballot-box

strenuously opposed the charter of 1870, by which the Ring tightened its corrupt grasp upon the city by committing the entire government into the hands of the Mayor, the Controller, the Commissioner of Public Works (Tweed) and the President of the Park Board. This is a fitting place to leave the great editor.

James Gordon Bennett continued for several years after the War his entirely simple journalistic course; and the pure news tradition—news unmixed with politics—he gave as a legacy to his son, who took active control of the newspaper in the late sixties and carried it on in the spirit of his father.* During the Prusso-

*Mr. Thomas B. Connery, who for many years was the managing editor of the New

Austrian War, the *Herald* published a cable account of the whole of the King of Prussia's speech after the battle of Sadowa, a bit of enterprise that cost \$7000 in gold. H. M. Stanley, the famous explorer, was special correspondent for the *Herald* in the Anglo-Abyssinian expedition of 1868, and the *Herald* had another great "beat." In 1870 Bennett the younger organised, at his own cost, an expedition to search for Dr. Livingstone, the African traveler, and in 1872 the *Herald* announced the discovery of Livingstone at Ujiji. Under the active management of Whitelaw Reid the *Tribune* distanced, in the early seventies, the *Herald* in pure news success. Indeed, during the Franco-German War the *Tribune* led all the New York newspapers in journalistic activity, giving most remarkable cabled accounts of the great battles between the French and

the Germans, the siege of Paris and the conclusion of peace.

The *Times*, slightly depressed by the political errors of Mr. Raymond's later days, came to the front again when it exposed the Tweed Ring. The leader of the *Times* in that period was George Jones, who as business manager was the original associate of Mr. Raymond. Mr. Jones was a man of incorruptible honesty and great independence, a spirit which has always been, on the whole, characteristic of the *Times*. Another factor in the fight was Louis J. Jennings, who became chief editor of the paper in 1870 and held that position until 1876. The details of how Tweed and his associates gradually tightened their grasp upon New York until their corrupt rule cost the city about \$100,000,000 are too elaborate for description here. Briefly, however, the "Ring" entered into complete control in

York *Herald*, has been contributing recently a series of papers on "College Recollections" to the *Fordham Monthly*, a periodical edited by the students of St. John's College, from which Mr. Connery was graduated in the class of 1853. One of Mr. Connery's fellow-students at that institution was Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the younger, and from that time dated their acquaintance and friendship. In a forthcoming paper, of which Mr. Connery has very kindly shown us the proofs, there is a great deal said about Mr. Bennett and the journalism of twenty-five or thirty years ago. Here in part is an estimate of Mr. Bennett:

Early in his public career, as the master of America's greatest newspaper property, it was the vogue to refer to Mr. Bennett as fickle-minded, suspicious, unstable of opinion, whimsical, and dangerous as a cloud-burst from variations of temper. The gibes came mostly from jealous rivals. Of course there was a certain basis in each case for such criticisms. In the first years of responsibilities—thrust upon him suddenly by his father's death—it is true that he was a prey to suspiciousness, but perhaps not more so than would have been the case with most other men under similar circumstances. He was young and not quite prepared for the tremendous task before him. There were plenty of transparent flatterers and sycophants about him—creatures who naturally breed suspicion and distrust—but creatures not to be shaken off in a hurry, for reasons not easily explainable. He did not tolerate them any longer than was prudent and necessary. Gradually, as he was mastering the details of administration, he relieved himself of these sycophants, flatterers and *fainéants*, and then, sure of his strength, enforced his own ideas in no uncertain way. He made it manifest that his will was to rule thenceforth, and that he would not brook mere churlish opposition or pretensions to immunity based upon alleged

privileges enjoyed during the old *régime*. At the same time he made it understood that he would welcome suggestions made in good faith.

Mistakes? Of course he made some, perhaps many. Was there ever a man living who did not? But if he made mistakes, no one was ever more ready to rectify them, whether they concerned persons or policies. And this readiness to make amends is really the explanation for most of what have been called the *Herald's* ridiculous changes of editorial policy, and of the periodical "shake-up" among its employees. The latter process, which used to furnish so much material for the wit and spite of paragraphers, was simply a method of getting rid of the drones and parasites, who, in one way or another, became fastened on the paper during some of its owner's long absences from America—a purely business process, therefore, and by no means the result of mere whim or reckless indifference to the rights of deserving employees. If I am correctly informed, it is a process not seldom employed in these days on other metropolitan journals, and for less excusable reasons than those which influenced Mr. Bennett.

Here is Mr. Connery's story of an episode which took place on a French railway train:

Mr. Bennett is one of the kind who hardly ever lay aside business cares. When traveling he takes with him one of his private secretaries, so that whether in train or yacht he may be able to dictate letters and telegrams to his agents in every part of the world. When he has to rush away by train he secures generally one of the coupé railroad compartments for his special use. On this particular occasion he was unable to negotiate the customary exclusiveness. He found there was only one carriage in which he could secure even a single seat, and in this the parcels racks were already crammed with the luggage of a passenger who

January, 1869, and remained in power until September, 1871. The political despotism exerted by Tweed's creatures over all the avenues of justice and administration was attacked by the *Times* in 1870 and 1871, even before there was anything more than well-grounded suspicion of the gigantic character of the frauds. The *Times* was practically alone in the fight. Its only ally was *Harper's Weekly*, in which were appearing the terrible cartoons of Nast. Many of the other newspapers were bought up by the Ring. To fight single-handed a body of politicians who controlled the machinery of justice was a bold thing to do, but the *Times* was bold. The Ring made many efforts to silence the *Times*, and when it became plain to them that that newspaper must possess incriminating evidence, Controller Connolly sought an interview with Mr. Jones and offered him a large

sum of money to be silent. The sum is said to have been as large as \$5,000,000, and Mr. Jones replied that he didn't think even the devil would bid higher, and continued the fight in the *Times* with more vigour than ever. Finally, on July 29, 1871, the newspaper delivered the knock-out blow. It published in English and German the figures taken from the Controller's books, by which the people of New York could see in detail to what an enormous extent they had been robbed. The most sluggish citizens were aroused by published, incontrovertible facts, such as that \$5,663,646 had been paid out during 1869 and 1870 ostensibly "for repairs and furniture" for the new Court House. The issue of the *Times* sold by hundreds of thousands, and to Tweed's cynical question "What are you going to do about it?" the people replied by measures which finally resulted in the

had been beforehand with him. The passenger, however, was away at the moment, and Mr. Bennett took advantage of the situation to pull all the luggage from the two racks, place his own in one of them, and climb into the other himself, stretching his long body at full length. He then calmly lighted a cigarette and smoked, while the secretary stood guard at the door outside. That this feat is quite practicable to a man of agility will be understood when I state that the racks in French and English trains run transversely the entire length of each car.

Presently the missing passenger—an English gentleman—walked up briskly to where the secretary was standing, glanced into the car, and started back immediately, very much perplexed.

"Gad, I thought it was my carriage," he ejaculated, "and so it is, by Jove! This belongs to me, sir. What in thunder do you mean, sir?" looking up wrathfully at the smoker in the rack, who paid no heed to the interrogatory.

"Hush! take care, sir. Don't excite him," said the secretary, raising a hand warningly. "He's dangerous."

"What! Dangerous! Well, I'll be— Who's the chap smoking there?" demanded the Englishman, angrily.

The secretary, taking the excited passenger's arm, drew him a little away from the door, and whispered in his ear, "He's a lunatic, sir, and at this moment a little dangerous. Please talk low, and don't excite him. Let me explain."

In a few words the secretary, with an air of suppressed excitement, told the passenger that though the lunatic seemed quiet and harmless, any interference with him might provoke a paroxysm likely to be attended with dangerous consequences. "I fear I would not be able to restrain him, sir, and I beg you will make no fuss, though I admit you have ample cause. Of

course, sir, you must not suffer, and if you will allow compensation—"

"Compensation, sir!" screamed the Englishman. "Good Lord! Comp—!"

He broke off suddenly, for, having rushed to the door of the car and looked in, he encountered the savage glare of the supposed lunatic smoking in the rack. The lunatic also varied the performance by grinning horribly, and seemed ready to precipitate himself from the unusual couch.

"I see it is really a case of necessity, sir," said the Englishman to the secretary. "Your friend seems to need careful watching, and I will not embarrass you. But what in thunder am I to do? Ah, well, if you will kindly drop my luggage down here while I hunt up a guard, I'll try to shift to some other carriage."

While conceding the great progress made by modern journalism, Mr. Connery sees signs of a certain deterioration.

Careless editing, recklessness in statement, disregard of private rights, bogus "extras" and worthless illustration. The managing editor is no longer a conscientious supervisor of news; he has become a mere promoter of sensation, of exaggeration and of misrepresentation, when these are necessary to produce spicy reading. In the last story written by poor Stephen Crane he hit off the craze for sensation very strikingly. Having served as special correspondent during our late war with Spain, he was let into the secrets of the trade, and frankly observes, "If the news arrived at Key West as a mouse, it was often enough cabled north as an elephant." What the editors exacted was not the simple truth, but "a whirlwind of blood, death, victory or defeat." He was amazed that "men of sense could go aslant at the bidding of other men of sense, and combine to contribute to a general mess of exaggeration and bombast."

breaking up of the Ring and to the committal of Tweed to the penitentiary.

III.

A few years previous to this period—in 1868—there took place a very important event in the history of journalism. The New York *Sun* changed hands, and Charles A. Dana became its editor and creator, for the *Sun* under him was to all intents and purposes a new paper, although it still retained that local character given it by the weight laid upon police news and stories about town which characterised it at the very beginning.

Mr. Dana was probably the most generally cultivated of all the great editors. He had been a member of the famous Brook-Farm Community, and included among his friends and associates Nathaniel Hawthorne, Ralph Waldo Emerson, William F. Channing and George Ripley. Dana wrote for the *Chimotype* in Boston, and, about 1846, he and Ripley went to New York and joined the *Tribune*, Dana as head of the foreign department at a salary of \$12 a week, and Ripley as literary editor at a salary of \$5 a week. At the same time they edited the New American Cyclopædia; but Dana was a journalist by nature, and he eventually became managing editor of the *Tribune* under Greeley, with whom he finally quarrelled, and consequently left the *Tribune* in 1862, and was appointed Assistant Secretary of War and co-operated with General Grant in the West, where his conduct was marked by the energy and brilliancy which characterised his whole career. After the War he became editor of the Chicago *Republican*, but on the failure of that paper returned to New York, where one branch of the Republican party wanted to establish a newspaper run in its interests. Dana was selected as the editor, the old *Sun* was bought in order to secure the Associated Press rights, and the new *Sun* came into existence, and was published in the building which was the old home of Tammany Hall.

Mr. Dana, long before he became editor of the *Sun*, had published in the *Tribune* as early as 1850 an article on "The Newspaper Press," which expresses in an interesting way his ideas in regard to newspaper style—and no great editor be-

fore Dana had ever laid great weight upon the necessity of a distinctive style consistently maintained in every department of the newspaper. Mr. Dana wrote:

American journalism, like the American national character, is less conventional, more versatile, various and flexible than European. A German, French, or English journalist cannot put his paper to press without one or more regular long editorials, wrought out with due attention to all the rules of rhetoric, in a style smacking often quite as much of the scholar's study as of the crowded and rapid world in which a real editor has his being. The American is more a *journalist*—that is, a writer who seizes upon the events of the day and holds them up, now in this aspect, now in that, flinging on them the most condensed and lively light . . . from necessity he had rather be brief and pointed than elegant and classical. . . . It is remarkable that the only paragraph writers are Americans. . . .

Whether or not this is true of American journalism in general, it is certainly true of the spirit of the New York *Sun* under Dana. Editorially, he knew how, probably better than any other American editor, "to seize upon the events of the day and hold them up, now in this aspect, now in that, flinging on them the most condensed and lively light." He handled the editorial paragraph to perfection, making it sharp, pointed, witty and forcible. He has been credited with uncommon learning, because of the technical editorials which appeared on every subject in the *Sun's* columns. Some of the old newspaper men, however, think that this is a popular delusion. Dana, they say, knew how to make the specialists, with whom he had become acquainted through his editing of the Cyclopædia, do an enormous amount of scholarly work for the *Sun*, and, though he did not claim it, Dana got the credit for it. But this was great editing.

Dana's talent lay in the sharp, bright paragraph. It is even said that he very rarely wrote a long editorial, and that those he did write fell short of the standard of excellence characteristic of his paragraphs.

This dominating principle of unity and point Dana impressed upon every department of the paper. He read, it is said, every line of the *Sun*, and edited it with

great care. Even the technical editorials sent to him he treated with great freedom, cutting them up or sending them back to be rewritten. He made the *Sun* the product of Dana's brain and spirit and style. He stood between his contributors and reporters on the one hand and the public on the other, and Dana-ized news and opinions for the benefit of his readers. He was less personal in one sense, certainly less scurrilous, than the early journalists, of Greeley's type, but the *Sun* was nevertheless a one-man paper. It did not become an "organ" in the old sense, of a medium for one man's political opinions. The way Dana individualised the *Sun* was rather in manner, in style, than in matter. His political opinions were vacillating and whimsical, and important merely for the skill with which they were expressed. What he really did for the *Sun* was to develop on the one hand the "human nature" element which always existed in that paper—the stories about town, etc.—and on the other hand, the witty, succinct and pointed form in which the "human nature" stories were served up. To extend this spirit to the whole paper Dana surrounded himself with bright young college men, who looked up to their editor and imitated faithfully his style—a style which became so deeply impressed upon the paper that the traces of it remained after Mr. Dana died, and remain to-day.

The political attitude of the *Sun* during Mr. Dana's time was marked by the belligerent character noticeable in its columns to-day. Many old newspaper men will say that one of Mr. Dana's weaknesses was vindictiveness. He supported Mr. Tilden, who, partly on account of the valuable service he rendered against the Tweed Ring, became the Democratic candidate for President. When Mr. Hayes was declared elected in the famous struggle of 1876, the *Sun* was outspoken in its condemnation, and day after day published a picture of Hayes with the word "Fraud" written across his forehead. This was the same newspaper, however, which supported Tweed until the exposures were actually made. Mr. Dana was also a bitter opponent of General Grant, and followed him up in the unwearied manner of the *Sun*. Another example was, in more recent years,

the way the *Sun* followed up Mr. Godkin when the latter had his unfortunate interview with the policeman. A remarkable quality of Mr. Dana's abuse was that there was always something left over for the next day. Spirit and style, rather than passion and principle, sum up Charles A. Dana. Less abusive than Greeley, he was colder and far more biting.

The next great event in the history of journalism was in 1883, when Mr. Pulitzer came to New York and took hold of the *World*. Some of the most distinctive features of the newspapers of to-day were introduced by him. Strictly speaking, James Gordon Bennett was the founder of "yellow," as well as other journalism. "Yellowness," however, is generally connective with the reorganisation of the New York *World* under Pulitzer.

The *World* was, previous to Mr. Pulitzer's arrival in New York, a paper of a rather distinctively literary character, but not very successful. It is an old joke that "Mr. Pulitzer found the *World* the best written and the least read of any New York newspaper, and made it the worst written and the most read." But this is not all that Mr. Pulitzer did with the *World*. He made of it a great business enterprise, a great institution, in which the editorial "we" has very little importance. With Mr. Pulitzer the counting-room began to play a more important part in journalism than ever before. With him, too, a step was made toward greater independence in politics. The paper was free at once of an editor who imposed his ideas on the paper and of narrow political limitations. It was run by a business man pure and simple. In getting free of one kind of dependence the tendency was, however, to fall into another and a worse kind of slavery—slavery to sensationalism, to the need of satisfying some of the lowest cravings of human nature. The *World* represented the tendency to become the slave of the mob, rather than of a small set of politicians and financiers.

The new *World* was almost immediately enormously successful. Several things helped it at the beginning. Mr. Pulitzer had to borrow \$250,000, it is said, from Jay Gould, in order to buy a controlling interest in the paper. Realising that Mr. Gould's name would, if connected with the new enterprise, be a bar

to the success of the newspaper, Mr. Pulitzer no sooner got control than he began in the columns of the *World* a bitter crusade against Mr. Gould in order to show people his independence of that distrusted man. It is said that this attack gave the *World* its start, that in a year Mr. Pulitzer had made \$400,000 and was, when the notes fell due, able to pay Mr. Gould. The "crusade," thus commercially tested, became a feature of the "new" journalism, and at the present time "crusades" are apt to be confused in the popular mind with "yellowness."

When the new *World* was started the two most popular papers were the *Sun* and the *Herald*, which felt keenly the rivalry of the new journal. The *Herald* reduced its price to two cents, and Pulitzer shrewdly obtained the support of the newsdealers, who refused to handle the *Herald* at the small margin of profit. The *World* was also helped against its other rival, the *Sun*, by the latter's unpopular support of Butler for the Presidency in 1884.

In Mr. Pulitzer's keen sense for what would interest the people and consequently sell the paper lay his genius. He used to tell the reporters that they must make the basis of their stories a pretty woman, a large sum of money, or an important speculation. Mr. Dana, it is said, was in the habit of telling his *Sun* reporters to lay bare in the paper the physiological details of events as they came out

in the courts. Mr. Pulitzer, however, carried it a step farther. He charged Mr. Dana's method with being shocking; but the *World* told the story in a far more reprehensible way. It suppressed the physiological, scientific accuracy in the reporting of the case, and only gave the emotional, sensational part, the sentimental appeal made to the mob. As a newspaper editor of the present day put it, the *World* gave to scandalous things a literary, though a very low literary, character.

With the New York *World*, however, whatever its defects, came into relatively full existence the newspaper as an institution rather than as a personal or political organ. About that time newspapers were enormously increased in size and in the number of their departments. When a newspaper has every day to "cover" sports, finance, shipping and marine news, suburban news, foreign news, Washington news, general news of the country, local city news, including the courts, the police, society, music, drama, marriages and deaths, it is next to impossible that it should be an "organ" in the old sense of the word. The great personal power of Dana is shown by the fact that he was able, at a comparatively late stage of journalism, to make of the *Sun* a "one-man" paper.

*Hutchins Hapgood
and Arthur Bartlett Maurice.*

JANE AUSTEN AND HER COUNTRY*

Nothing could have more astonished the modest writer of *Pride and Prejudice*, "the most unlearned and uninformed female," she is pleased to say of herself, "who ever dared to be an authoress," than to see a book like this, proclaiming alike by pen and pencil with what affectionate interest every record and vestige of her quiet existence has come to be regarded. "The very inn windows," says Carlyle of Burns, "where he chanced to scribble in idle hours with his versifying and often satirical diamond, have been unglazed, and the scribbled panes sold into distant quarters."

*Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends.
By Constance Hill.

Jane Austen's diamond pointed her pen, but the same feeling which unglazed the Scotch inn windows has produced this charming literary and artistic memorial. Miss Ellen Hill, the presiding genius of the illustrative department, has gone to work in the firm and well-founded conviction that whatever Jane Austen might have seen will be an acceptable sight to us. This is not only an admirable principle for the task professedly undertaken, but it serves an important collateral purpose by depicting and aiding to perpetuate the picturesque features of an England receding into the past. The stair rails, the lamps, the cups and balls, the head-dresses and styles of hair which she



CHAWTON VILLAGE.



CHAWTON COTTAGE, THE LAST HOME OF JANE AUSTEN.



CHAWTON HOUSE.

delights to delineate with a neatness and accuracy not inferior to the sketches of Miss Austen in another field, contribute even more to bring the past before us than the more ambitious views of the parsonages, cottages, theatres and ballrooms which Jane Austen actually trod. It is

gratifying to find that such opportunities of actual contact with our favourite are more numerous than might have been expected. More of Jane Austen's haunts remains than we should have ventured to expect, or admits of restoration from contemporary prints or drawings. Her



ANOTHER VIEW OF CHAWTON HOUSE.



No. 16 Camden Place, Bath.



NO. 4 SYDNEY PLACE, BATH. ONE OF THE HOMES
OF JANE AUSTEN.



THE COBB, LYME REGIS ("PERSUASION.")



CAPTAIN HARVILLE'S HOUSE (BAY COTTAGE)
LYME REGIS ("PERSUASION.")



THE DEANE GATE.

lodgings at Lyme, for instance, those in which she placed the Harvilles, and the Cobb steps, off which Louisa Musgrove took her unlucky leap, all remain as she saw them, and form the subjects of de-

lightful illustrations. Miss Hill, moreover, is no mere copyist, but can combine details into pictures of such merit as the restoration from a mere hint of *A Young Girl of Spirit*, of Miss Austen's



STEVENTON CHURCH.

The church itself—
A little spireless fane
Just seen above the woody lane.

period, or the charming glimpse of the Reading interior with the five young people enjoying their "holiday feast."

What Miss Ellen Hill is in the artistic, Miss Constance Hill is in the literary department of the subject. She professedly does nothing but glean and piece to-

gether; there is scarcely a detail in her book which is not strictly accurate and matter-of-fact; and yet the result is a more vivid portrait of Jane Austen than we have hitherto seen. Probably this is the only way in which so shy and retiring a character can be exhibited. With such



JANE AUSTEN.



MANYDOWN PARK.

subjects, conscious attempts at portraiture become exaggeration; the only way is to let them speak for themselves, and though Miss Austen has not told us much about herself, the little she does say is deeply significant. To us the peculiar charm of her character seems to reside in

the alliance of an exquisite gift of sarcasm with genial good-nature and the constant activity of both. We cannot conceive of her as liable for a moment to any of the failings that tend to ill-nature; and yet, though the woman is indulgent, the pen is merciless. She had the clearest



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE PUMP ROOM, BATH, AS IT WAS IN JANE AUSTEN'S TIME.

Jane Austen often accompanied her uncle, Mr. Leigh Perrot, to the Pump Room, where he had to take "his second glass of water."

"Every creature in Bath was to be seen in the room at different periods of the fashionable hours; crowds of people were every moment passing in and out, up the steps and down; people whom nobody cared about, and nobody wanted to see."—*Northanger Abbey*.

vision of the ridiculous in human character, and she could not depict it otherwise than as she saw it. The alternative would have been not to depict it at all, an alternative which she adopted with regard to many departments of human life which she must have beheld as clearly, but with which she did not choose to concern herself. This reserve has limited the range of her genius without impairing its supremacy. Its most essential characteristic could not be better expressed than by her own description when she speaks of herself as occupied in producing miniatures upon ivory, yet a too strict interpretation of this definition would do her much injustice. When we think of a miniature we almost inevitably think of a single figure, expressive it may be, but evincing nothing of the gift of pictorial drama or narrative which the artist may nevertheless possess. Miss Austen's figures are individually minute, but they are combined into pictures of no inconsiderable compass, and displaying the most essential qualities of great art. A juster comparison would be with Terburg, in one sense a painter upon a miniature scale, but who could and did represent within one small frame a score of diplomats deciding the fate of Europe.

Perhaps the most important point with a bearing on literary history in which Miss Austen's novels can be regarded is as a phase in the evolution by which the novel took the place of the drama in English literature. After Sheridan, its last great master, English comedy had degenerated into five-act farce. Miss Austen filled the void with a comedy which could be enjoyed apart from the theatre. She was not, of course, the originator of this literary form. Miss Burney and others had preceded her, but she far outstripped them, carrying, in fact, the essential spirit of comedy, as far as it can well go, save in the exuberance of *vis comica* incompatible with the delicacy of her methods, and that alliance of ideal poetry with the delineation of manners

which is only possible to the most exalted genius. Neither Shakespeare nor Molière has surpassed Miss Austen in the branches of the comic art which she cultivates in common with them; it is her deficiency in width of range on the one hand, in animal spirits on the other, that assigns her a lower place. It is noteworthy that one of her juvenile attempts in authorship was an unfinished comedy of merit, *The Mystery*.

A few slight particulars may be noted against the inevitable second edition of this delightful book. Miss Austen's brief residence in Winchester might be illustrated by a passage in a letter from Keats to Reynolds, written two years afterward, September 22, 1819. Lydia's elopement in *Pride and Prejudice* curiously resembles the actual elopement of Sir Philip Francis's daughter as described in his recently published correspondence, which took place after the composition of the novel, but before its publication. The phrase "sense and sensibility" occurs without any ironic suggestion in a letter of Lady Sarah Lennox, dated July 20, 1798, eight months after Miss Austen had begun to write her novel, *Your Sense and Sensibility, My Dear Lady Susan*. The identification of the Mr. Blackall who is supposed to have been in love with Jane Austen is not very difficult. If "his brother was a medical man in Devonshire," he must have been a brother of Dr. John Blackall, an eminent physician at Exeter (1771-1860), and a great-grandson of Offspring Blackall, Bishop of Exeter from 1707 to 1716.

Miss Hill gives a charade by Miss Austen's father, which to the date of her publication had remained without a solution:

Without me, divided, fair ladies, I ween,
At a ball or a concert you'll never be seen;
You must do me together, or safely, I'd swear,
Whatever your carriage, you'll never get there.

We venture to interpret, *flambeau*.

Richard Garnett.



A NATIONAL LIBRARY FOR THE UNITED STATES

In a comparison of libraries serving different communities or different areas or different classes of readers, the points of difference between them in scope and function may prove more significant than the points of identity. The functions of any library, in the popular estimation and

by the particular library in question; and the relative emphasis laid upon the several duties of the institution in accumulating or preserving this material or in making it useful—will in itself differentiate it from other libraries whose general titles might indicate absolute identity in



HERBERT PUTNAM.

in fact, are to accumulate, to preserve, and to make useful certain material. But what the material is to be (save that in form it is printed book or manuscript, map, music, or print) involves in itself a consideration of the service to be performed

character. The national library of Great Britain is situated in a city which is not merely the metropolis of Great Britain, but the literary metropolis of the Anglo-Saxon race. It has to serve an area of less than one hundred thousand square

miles, no point of which is distant from it more than five hundred miles. Within this area are other great collections, quasi-public, which, equally with the British Museum, have had the benefits of the copyright law, and like it have been the recipients of gifts of material of importance to scholarship. At Oxford, at Cambridge, at Edinburgh, at Dublin, there are such collections. In the aggregate they cover well the needs of the investigator at each local centre of important research in Great Britain, save as he may need occasionally to supplement them by the easy recourse to London.

The British Government maintains a public record office with admirable equipment, where the public archives are safely housed, scrupulously administered, and, as far as public policy permits, made accessible to accredited investigators. This office is at London, within easy reach of the national library.

The British Museum is nominally one hundred and fifty years old: but in effect (through its acquisition of the Royal Library) more than two hundred years old. From its foundation it has been the recipient of priceless gifts in material, which have in themselves helped to determine its character. It is a library universal in scope. Its dominant purpose is accumulation and preservation. It aids accredited research upon its own premises. But it issues no books beyond them. It does not undertake co-operative work nor, I believe, recognise any administrative duty to the other libraries of Great Britain as such.

Now, the United States is subdivided politically at least twice, and each subdivision maintains libraries accessible to its constituents. There is the State library, there is the municipal library, and in certain sections there is also the county library. The county library, where it exists, is little more than a collection of the more elementary books for the pupils in the county schools, or general light literature for the more popular use of the farm districts. The "rate-supported" municipal libraries, stimulated by the gifts of buildings by Mr. Carnegie and many others, are now dotting the entire country. In the course of a few years no communities of any size or spirit will lack them. They are public, and free. But so far as rate supported their function is to

supplement the work of the school, to serve the general reader, and to respond to such inquiries of a serious nature as may be dealt with by the more general books of reference. Beyond this they may aid the investigator chiefly by putting him in possession of a list of the existing authorities upon his particular topic and by putting him into communication with institutions that may supply the books themselves.

The State libraries were originally established for the convenience of the State legislatures and of the State judiciary. In many States they remain simply law libraries, containing little more than statutes and the common law reports. In certain States (as New York) they have come to include also a large mass of miscellaneous literature: in particular history, and political and social science. They are all free for reference. But for the most part their use is limited to the area of the State capital. In the seventeen States which have established Library Commissions, and particularly in such of these as have established "traveling libraries," the State authorities have undertaken to stimulate interest in the formation of local libraries and to aid it by the loan of books and by direct grant. The service rendered by these is, however, akin in nature to that rendered by the competent municipal library to its immediate constituents: the service to the general reader, rather than the aid of advanced research.

In each political subdivision of the United States there is thus, or is likely to be, organised effort for the supply of ordinary books for the ordinary use. Such effort appropriately belongs with the authorities which supply elementary instruction in the more ordinary secondary instruction in the free schools and the free State universities. It is healthily with them. And to supplant it by interposition of the national authorities would be as little consonant with our institutions as to supplant by federal schools the common schools maintained in each locality in its own behalf.

But there is in the United States an immense activity in advanced research. It is important, it touches every department of knowledge to which books are contributory, and it requires books which cannot adequately be supplied by any of

the local authorities above mentioned. Every university is a centre of such research; in a less systematic degree every community; for in this country the zest for investigation is not merely academic.

Now there are centres where the needs of advanced research are met by university libraries, which from their age or from gifts or from extraordinary exertion in expenditure have become unusually well equipped: the libraries, for instance, at Harvard, at Yale, at Columbia, at Princeton, at Cornell. At one or another of these the student may find all that he needs in philology, in history, or oriental literature, or social science, or theology, or the literature of Dante and Tasso. Some of them possess collections of an interest not limited to academic use—as the John Carter Brown Collection of early Americana—now (by recent happy acquisition) at Brown University. There is at least one community (Boston) whose municipal library* has, from considerable expenditure and some gifts, amassed a collection capable of aiding advanced research in nearly every field of knowledge. In New York there is the consolidated library system, which is to make available to the investigator the resources of collections which are accumulating from great endowments and extraordinary gifts. There is scarcely a department of literature in which these collections are not eminent; there are many in which they are likely to be for the United States pre-eminent. And in Chicago there are two libraries (the Newberry and the John Crerar), established and maintained by endowment, whose deliberate purpose is the aid of research rather than popular use.

A library which is to be maintained at the national expense must take account of all of the foregoing conditions: the great activity everywhere in the formation of local libraries; thousands of these libraries already incessant in the service of the general reader; and certain collections of extraordinary richness available for the special investigator.

Yet these resources in the aggregate fall short of the need and the opportunity:

1. The area directly served by the special libraries is but a small fraction of the total area in the United States occupied with research.

2. While the collections in the several great universities and metropolitan libraries would, in the aggregate, form a library comprehensive in scope, no one of them individually is such; nor within its means can hope to become such; nor if it could become such would have a constitutional obligation to serve the country at large. No local library has the duty of accumulating and preserving *every* publication which represents a product of the press in the United States; nor the particular duty of acquiring and administering that literature which, either written or printed, records the origins and progress of our national life, or directly aids in the administration of our national affairs.

3. The activity among American libraries to-day is not merely in the formation and administration of individual libraries. It is, to a degree not equalled in any other country, an activity in organised effort among libraries for the general multiplication of library facilities, for improvement in methods, for co-operation in bibliographic undertakings, for reduction in cost of administrative processes. All this effort requires the encouragement and direction of some central authority which shall express the interest and responsibility of the country as a whole.

A national library for the United States might, among its other functions, centralise this effort and both aid and direct it; it might endeavour the accumulation of a collection as nearly as possible universal in scope; and it might administer this collection with reference to the needs, not of a section of the country, but of the country as a whole.

Our Federal Government is incessant in investigation. Every session of Congress witnesses the establishment of one or more commissions, which are to acquire information and to report it to Congress as the basis of possible legislation. Every executive department is obliged constantly to make special investigations in aid of particular executive action. And there are maintained at Washington scientific bureaus whose main purpose is investigation and the publication of results. The aggregate expenditure in the maintenance of these is estimated to be over five millions of dollars yearly—a sum far in excess of that expended by

any other country or two countries in the world.

There are department and bureau libraries at Washington. Certain of them (the library of the Surgeon-General's Office, that of the Geological Survey, that of the Bureau of Education) are exceedingly rich in special material. But they cover in the aggregate only a portion of the various departments of knowledge; they logically require a central collection general in scope; they are embarrassed to provide adequately for themselves in space and administration, and they are not as yet in organic relation with one another nor in a relation of co-operation which might increase their efficiency in the aggregate and eliminate unnecessary duplication in material and in processes. Irrespective, therefore, of the needs of scholarship at large, there seems logically to be required at Washington a thoroughly equipped general library to serve the uses of the Government itself.

There are thus various duties which would appropriately belong to a national library in this country. They are not rendered superfluous by the existence and activities of the thousands of other libraries, local and national, but are in some respects the necessary consequences of these.

The Library of Congress has been selected to undertake these duties. In what measure is it likely to be able to fulfil them?

There has been provided for it a building which is the largest occupied by any library in the world. It covers three and a half acres of ground and includes eight acres of floor space. It has present accommodation for over two million volumes, and possible accommodation for over twice as many more. It is being adequately equipped for the preservation of material and for a varied service in the utilisation of it.

It has already a collection which (excluding duplicates) now numbers 800,000 books and pamphlets and over 400,000 other items (maps, manuscripts, music, and prints); the largest single collection on the Western Hemisphere, and in certain respects already the most important. It has for increase (1) without cost: (a) two copies of every book and other article entered for copyright in the United States; (b) Government publica-

tions secured in exchange or through diplomatic sources; (c) miscellaneous gifts and exchanges; (d) the scientific serials acquired by the Smithsonian Institution; and (2) by purchase: such material as it can secure with annual appropriations for increase, which this year amount to \$70,000. With these resources, with the authority of the Government behind it, and with the prestige of its location and building, the Library of Congress is in a fair way to develop a collection as nearly comprehensive in scope as is possible for an American library beginning its deliberate accumulations at the end of the nineteenth century. In certain directions it cannot hope ever to match the great national and university libraries abroad: the material is no longer procurable. In certain other directions it cannot, without gifts from individuals, match even the great metropolitan and university libraries of this country (though its building and present facilities should offer a strong invitation to the owners of private collections who desire to place them where they will be safe, prominent, and active in the widest service).

It may never be rich in "original sources," except those relating to the origins of the United States. Except as it secures gifts it will be less picturesque than many special collections in the books merely curious. It will not make deliberate outlay upon the books merely recreative. But in the vast field of miscellaneous material, which is the quarry of the serious student, the investigator, in whatever department of knowledge, the Library of Congress is certain to be active in acquisition. With respect to this it will be apt to recognise little in the way of limitation except as the contents and activities of all other federal libraries at Washington seem to constitute one by rendering effort on its part unnecessary. During the past year its accessions numbered 76,000 printed books and pamphlets and over 30,000 other items.

The Library has already in part, and is rapidly developing, an organisation suited to large activities. It includes now over 200 employees (exclusive of the force in the Copyright Office and that caring for the building and grounds). It includes nearly a dozen different divisions having functions in connection with particular material or special processes or

special forms of service. It includes individuals of particular learning in certain departments of knowledge, and great skill and experience in handling the literature of these. Besides the force occupied with general administration and the routine service of the reading-room, it has special divisions dealing with documents, manuscripts, maps, music, and prints; it has sixty-seven persons engaged in classification and cataloguing; and others devoted to special research and the compilation of bibliographic aids. It has a fully equipped bindery with forty-eight employees, and a printing office with nineteen.

This organisation has been busy and for several years must to a great degree be busy in getting the existing collections into order; in applying to them modern systems of classification, in giving specific location and notation to each book and other item, in compiling the shelf records, and the catalogues and other apparatus essential to use: the only catalogue of the existing collection being a manuscript catalogue, under authors only, on large slips, in one copy not accessible to the public. There is also a considerable present use to be dealt with on the premises: a use by general and special readers, by Congress, and the departments and bureaus, and by investigators coming to Washington for the express purpose.

But the Library has already begun a service which extends beyond its walls.

(1) It answers inquiries by mail; becoming in an increasing degree a bureau of information on matters bibliographic for the entire United States.

(2) It compiles and publishes lists of authorities on certain topics of current concern. These are distributed freely. They add to the efficiency of every library which they reach.

(3) It has initiated a co-operation among the federal libraries of the District by compiling, editing and publishing a Union List of the eleven thousand serials currently taken by those libraries.

(4) It is printing its catalogue cards. In doing so it strikes off extra sets, to be placed with a public library in each of some score of the centres of research in the United States. It will in this way place at each such centre a statement of what it contains. It is seeking to secure in return information on cards or otherwise as to the distinctive material in the

great collections, both in and outside of Washington. The cards printed by the New York Public Library, the Boston Public Library, the Harvard University Library, the John Crerar Library, are already coming to it. They will strengthen its bibliographic work and its opportunity as a bureau of information: for they will enable it to inform an inquirer, not merely what books exist on a given topic, but where the particular book which he needs may most conveniently be found.

(5) It is in particular to supply to each department library in Washington a copy of every card representing a book in its collection of possible interest to the activities of that department. It will endeavour to secure in return a catalogue of what the department library contains. It will very probably secure this by enabling that library also to print its cards at the Library Printing Office. The mutual information thus secured, combined with reciprocal service in the actual use of the books themselves, may eventually result in the organisation of the federal libraries into a library *system* properly organic.

(6) It is now supplying extra copies of these catalogue cards to other libraries subscribing their cost. In so far as the titles represent books added to the subscribing libraries, the cards will save to these libraries the expense of the cataloguing itself, and of the work of the compositor (if they print their cards) or of the transcriber (if they have been accustomed to multiply copies by transcription). At present the various libraries acquiring thousands of the same books are cataloguing them independently—each library putting out the entire expense. The centralisation of such work in some bureau whose results would be generally available, has been an ambition of librarians for generations. It is possible only in connection with a library which already has a great collection of books, and is including in its current accessions most of the books currently added to other libraries. This is the case with the Library of Congress.

It becomes practicable only when that library adopts and promotes the use of standards in size of card and form of entry. These standards the Library of Congress has adopted. It can be fully successful only when the results pro-

duced can be accepted as authoritative. The present and developing organisation of the library seems likely to ensure such results.

(7) The national libraries abroad and most of the scholarly collections in this country are as far as the general public is concerned, libraries of reference merely. The Library of Congress has thus far been such. Washington is already a centre for research, especially in American history, political and social science, administration, anthropology, and the natural and physical sciences, for which the governmental collections form laboratories. The Washington Memorial Institution—that new organisation for the supervision of post-graduate research in connection with the facilities offered by these collections and by the scientific experts in charge of them and the Carnegie Institution—will bring to the capital an increasing number of men engaged in serious original investigation. But Washington is not, and is not likely to become, the literary metropolis of the United States in the sense in which London is the literary metropolis of Great Britain. The United States (without including possessions not yet active in research) covers an area of three million square miles. An American investigator engaged in research may be three thousand miles from the national capital. Where he needs a book which it is not the duty of his local library to supply, a book which is in the Library of Congress and not immediately needed for use in Washington, a book which can safely be transported, and the local library applies to the Library of

Congress for the loan of it for his use, it may in many cases be lent.

There are conditions and limitations upon any such loans which must be remembered. The National Library is a library of record. It has a duty to preserve for posterity. It must not indifferently imperil a book which cannot be replaced.

As a library for research also its greatest service will be as a library of reference. An investigator coming to Washington must be reasonably certain of finding on the shelves the volume which he needs. The efficiency of the library for research would be seriously impaired by loans which would to any large degree impair the integrity of the collection at any particular moment.

To justify the issue beyond the limits of Washington of a rare book, or a book important for reference use and not a duplicate, there must be a need somewhat extraordinary. It must be on the part, not of an ordinary reader, not of a student whose purpose is merely self-improvement, but of an *investigator*, whose use of the book will tend to advance the *general knowledge*.

But such cases will occur; and under suitable conditions will doubtless be recognised by the library.

On the whole, then, the opportunities of the Library of Congress for rendering the service properly to be expected of the National Library of the United States appear ample, and conditioned only upon adequate development of the resources already at its disposal.

Herbert Putnam.

THE COMING COMEDY OF AMERICAN MANNERS

Very likely, when we have succeeded conclusively in underselling and overbidding the rest of the world, we shall have—since to him that hath shall be given—the real comedy of American manners, in novels and on the stage. “Economic supremacy” may do for us in literary matters what supremacy in force has done for England, what supremacy in æsthetics has done for France. Overwhelming success of any sort gives self-confidence, and in time that tradition of pride which the other great Powers of the world possess. When we have once

fully attained that serene national complacency, “the depth, and not the tumult of the soul,” we may turn to self-analysis in a new spirit.

But for this we must have a stratified self-esteem, layer upon layer—the deep, solid, fertile subconsciousness of national superiority. It takes time to acquire this, and a good deal of strenuous endeavour. Englishmen did not always have it, nor even the French or Spanish. No doubt we shall get ours as the English got theirs, by a mixture of fighting and commercial invasion, the latter, however,

coming first, as befits the age. How else shall we ever have the "national spirit," so justly insisted upon in literature? How else have a novelist who will write as single-heartedly for us as Cervantes wrote for Spaniards, Fielding for Englishmen, Daudet and Balzac for the French? To write great novels a man must feel that, individually despicable though his countrymen may be, collectively they form the society best worth studying and the audience best worth pleasing. He need not, to be sure, admire them, even collectively; he may have "a poet's quarrel" with them. But he must think them interesting enough to know most deeply. The ease, freedom and intimacy of the domestic atmosphere are not more necessary to a good quarrel than they are to a good novel.

Naturally, American literature of fiction—of the play and the novel—has been characteristically a literature for the stranger. Such studies of manners as we have had have mainly been done in a broad and shallow manner, pointed as for the foreigner's eye. The effort has been to exploit the "undiscovered country," to seek out the remote and local note which by a little exaggeration becomes the picturesque, and in short to make the American feel a stranger in his own country. The true novelist, it need hardly be pointed out, will, on the contrary, try to make him feel at home, to deepen his understanding of his neighbour's affairs, and make his own seem more interesting. When we "come to our own," and really possess our own country, the distinguished novelist will not care about taking his Americans abroad, either, and contrasting them with English or European aristocrats, any more than he will insist on presenting them in the guise of wild Westerners or feudal Southerners. He will take them as he finds them, and be content to follow their destinies on American soil, and without the least necessity for italics in their dialogue.

Then we shall have the comedy of American manners—comedy in the broad sense, the "human comedy," but doubtless more in the manner of Fielding than of Balzac. In this direction, at least, our national gift of humour would seem to incline us. This humour would prevent a representative novelist from leaning to the style of Balzac; though

the latter's encyclopædic range may possibly find some emulator among us. A group of novels containing some thousands of really typical American characters, and illustrating American life in country, village, town and city—does it not stir the imagination to think of it? Certainly by the time our novelist with the "ferocious industry" of Balzac and the illuminating humour of Fielding has completed his task, he will have an audience of something under a hundred millions of Americans, more interested in him than in his Russian or French or English contemporaries, and more interested in themselves than in any foreign and (on the whole) inferior nation.

Nay, more than this. When we are the dominant power of the world, when England has become "a pleasure-ground for American millionaires," when France, oblivious of the warnings of her philosophers, which even now are being printed in Paris newspapers, has succumbed to the portentous fascination of American money-getting-and-spending methods—when these things, so confidently predicted, have come to pass, is it not probable that the domestic historians of so wonderful a people will command the attention of the civilised world? Apart from the literary art of our future novelists, their subjects will then have the intrinsic interest for the foreigner that studies of French or English manners now have for us. In like proportion plays of American life will hold the stage. Decadent continental peoples will be forced to study our development, for we shall dazzle their imaginations. And England, in the days when her power declines before ours, will take her fashions in novel and drama from us.

Then, far in the future may arrive the day of American supremacy in the comedy of social life, the satire of wit and elegance. But if "fine society is a fruit that ripens slowly," such comedy is the seed of that fruit; and good satire, for the rest, is always a sign of "that further stage of ripeness less esteemed in the market."

This consummation we need have no keen desire to hasten. Rather let us look forward to the middle period of American fiction, its golden prime, when the geniality of success and leisure shall have mellowed the crude energy of the springing sap.

Neith Boyce.

WIDOWED

Your lonely room is still a sacred place,
The air you breathed is warm in my embrace,
The perfume of your presence lingers still
About the pillow where I lay my face.

I touch your garments lightly, half afraid,
So ghostly are they in the teeming shade!
The candle flickers like a frightened soul
Upon the little altar where you prayed.

Elsa Barker.

BOOKS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

I.

"LETTERS OF JOHN RICHARD GREEN."*

The autobiography of a man who has done notable work under such peculiarly trying circumstances as to make the achievement heroic, and who has passed through deep intellectual and spiritual experiences, must command attention. All designed autobiography is, to a large degree, a self-conscious posing; the truest autobiography is that found in letters written, with no purpose of publication, to a chosen circle of sympathising friends. Such an autobiography of a remarkable man we have in these charming and thoughtful Letters, the record of a life full of inspiration. Nothing has been disclosed in Green's family history to give promise of his career or to account for his personality. He accomplished what he did, and became what he was, by virtue of a conscious culture of intellect and heart, wrought by the severe training of the hardships and disappointments of his life of many trials, yet a life made by him bright instead of sombre.

The circumstances of his childhood were not fortunate. His father, who was the son of a tailor, and who himself was "a registrar and maker of silk gowns for Fellows" at Oxford, died in 1852, when Green was fifteen years of age, leaving but little money, which was by his direction to be spent in the education of his three children. In 1854, Green unexpectedly won a scholarship at Jesus College, and matriculated. Upon gradua-

*Letters of John Richard Green. Edited by Leslie Stephen. The Macmillan Company. 1901. Net, \$4.00.

tion he decided to enter the Church, but was too young for ordination, and the intervening time he devoted to planning a history of the Church of England and to the study of geology. In 1860, he was ordained deacon, and priest in 1861, and he then accepted a curacy under Reverend Henry Ward, incumbent of St. Barnabas, King's Square, Goswell Road.

In the spring of 1863, Green took charge of a derelict parish in Hoxton. In the latter part of the year his health gave way, but he was unable to afford a year's rest which was ordered, and in a few months he took a curacy under the Reverend Philip Gell at Nottingham. In the spring of 1864, he accepted a curacy at St. Peter's, Stepney, and in November, 1865, was appointed to the perpetual curacy of St. Philip's, Stepney, which latter charge he resigned at Easter, 1869, when he was appointed to the librarianship of Lambeth, a purely honorary position, and he ceased from that time to discharge any active clerical duties. During the eight years covered by his clerical work, Green did what would have been an enormous amount of work for even a strong man. He sacrificed himself without stint. In 1866, there was an outbreak of cholera in St. Philip's, and Mr. Gell says:

Within an hour from the first seizure in his parish Green himself met the dying patients in the London hospital, and thenceforward, while the plague lasted, Green, like other clergy in the parishes attacked, worked day and night amidst the panic-stricken people as officer of health, inspector of nuisances, ambulance-superintendent, as well as spiritual consoler and burier of the dead. In this work Green

was helped by the lowest women of the town." As Mr. Stephen says, "It was no uncommon thing to see him going to an infected house between two such outcasts, who had volunteered to help him in an errand of mercy."

He was an eloquent and impassioned preacher. On this subject his friend, Mr. Bryce says: "I shall never forget the impression made upon me by the impassioned sentences that rang through the church from the fiery little figure in the pulpit, with its thin face and bright black eyes." The time spent in the obscurity of parish work was the important period in Green's life—that of his spiritual and intellectual conflict and development. By nature he was deeply religious, after the type of the mystics, a believer in the "religion of the heart"; one who was not disturbed by loss of faith in obsolete dogmas that have been historically associated with religion. Green himself says: "In the union of Mysticism with freedom of thought and inquiry will, I am persuaded, be found the faith of the future." In the struggle between current theological ideas and scientific ideas, with him the theological must ever give way to the scientific. His great fear was lest his inborn affection for the Church or the temptation of material interests might lead him into insincerity and to continue the profession of dogmas in which he had lost belief, and he resolved that if he should be unable at any time to use the words of the Litany, "Christ have mercy upon us," with perfect sincerity he would resign his clerical position. He was keenly alive to the struggle between the old and new ideas in his own mind, and when he found that such a change had taken place that it was no longer possible for him with sincerity to profess the dogmas he once held, he acted upon his resolution and gave up his clerical work.

During these years of unobtrusive labour, by diligent effort he acquired his remarkably fine and characteristic literary style, which he playfully contrasts with that of his friend, Freeman, in the following language: "I was thinking about style the other day, and it seemed to me that David's notion of a procession expressed my notion of style: 'the singers go before, the minstrels follow after; in the midst are the damsels playing on the timbrels.' Now, you give us the singers;

capital 'anthems' they sing, but there is a certain want of the plain prose of the minstrels, and I haven't caught a note of the timbrels. No doubt you will say that I give the world quite enough of the damsels myself!"

His labours in the East End had marked effect also upon the character of his historical work. Mr. Stephen says: "The history might have been written in a very different tone had the writer passed his days in academical seclusion. His interest in the welfare of the masses, and his conviction that due importance should be given to their social condition, determined a very important peculiarity of the work."

Thus ripened in mind and heart, Green set himself to the work he had so long been planning; the writing of his "Little Book," as he called it, entitled, *A Short History of the English People*, which he accomplished in the years between 1869 and 1874. He had always condemned what he described as the "drum and trumpet history," and determined to write something very different. He wished to give in a condensed, intelligible and interesting form the complete history of the growth of the English nation. He had a very clear historical philosophy which gave an important place to the physical environment of a nation. In his view "a State is accidental; it can be made or unmade; but a nation is something real, which can neither be made nor destroyed;" and he says, writing to Freeman:

For whatever you may make of England, it is absolute madness to try and dissociate the "social and æsthetic" from the political here. And I must own, the more I have worked and thought over our own story *as a whole*—and I shall always thank Little Book for making me do this—the more its political history has seemed to spring out of and be moulded into form by the "social and religious" history you like to chaff me about. You see, I shall die in my sins.

The *Short History* was an epoch-making book, and was a success almost without parallel. "The book," says Mr. Bryce, "was philosophical enough for scholars and popular enough for schoolboys." It was written under great physical difficulties. In the year that he began it the discovery was made that he had a serious

lung trouble, and that his life could be prolonged only as the result of a constant battle with disease. Much of the history was written abroad, without the opportunity to consult libraries, and the performance is the more remarkable on that account. The success of the book greatly improved his financial condition, which theretofore had been a source of serious anxiety; but the state of his health, and his marriage in 1877 made it necessary that he should have a more certain source of income than he could be assured of from it. He therefore wrote the *History of the English People*, which appeared in four volumes, and for which he had gathered a large part of the material in the preparation for writing the *Short History*. This he completed in 1880, and it was received with the same favour as its predecessor. Throughout the time he was writing it he had to struggle constantly with his disease, and he wrote while sojourning here and there in quest of health. His *Letters*, written during this period, show a complete consecration of his entire strength to the accomplishment of the work set for him to do, tempered by a spirit of resignation if, because of the failure of his health, he should not be able to complete it. He thus writes to a friend at this time:

To work well we must look to the end; not death, but the good of mankind; not self-improvement in itself, but simply as a means to the improvement of the race. Don't think this too big an end to look to—one must look greatly forward to the great. In the light of it, one sees how the very patience of a thwarted day may be one's "work" to the end.

Green wrote the *Short History* because his ill-health made it uncertain whether he would complete his larger work. He resolved to write a book which, if he lived, would serve as an introduction to a larger work, and ensure that if he should die his labours would not be entirely wasted. Having completed both, he might have taken some rest, but new plans had been formed and he immediately set about writing more fully the early history of England. He began *The Making of England*, but his health was so seriously affected that for many weeks he was unable to sit up or to take solid food. The heroic struggle against death and for time to finish the two volumes,

The Making of England and *The Conquest of England*, has been told by his wife in the preface to the latter volume, and is told again by Mr. Stephen and in these *Letters*. No greater instance of heroism in the accomplishment of a literary task is recorded. At such times as he could sit up and write he would labour at his work. When he was unable to do this, at intervals, he would dictate to his wife or go through references with her help. After the completion of *The Making of England*, for weeks he was unable to leave the house and was only able to see friends one at a time. As soon as he recovered he set to work on the next volume, *The Conquest of England*. His wife acted as his amanuensis. She was disabled by "writer's cramp" in both hands, but, as Green could dictate to no one else, she at last succeeded in doing a little with her left hand. He observed her one day throwing away a sheet upon which she had written some notes for his work with her left hand; he took the sheet and preserved it, saying to her: "Whenever I think I can do no more I look at that and go on." He finished the book in less than a year, and it was in print when he decided to make a change in it. In January, 1883, he undertook this task. His work was slow, owing to the fact that his wife could only use her left hand. A table was placed near his sofa, and he was able to write a few sheets of the new first chapter. He then said: "Now, I am weary and can work no more." He lingered for a few weeks thereafter, and died on March 7, 1883.

Mrs. Humphry Ward recalls visiting him in his latter years, and his wonderful powers of conversation and his striking personality. She says: "Mr. Lecky came—Sir Henry Maine, Mr. Freeman, Mr. Bryce, Bishop Stubbs sometimes, Mr. Stopford Brooke and many more. It was the talk of equals, ranging from the widest horizons, started and sustained by the energy, the undauntedness of a dying man. There in the corner of the sofa sat the thin, wasted form, life flashing from the eyes, breathing from the merry or eloquent lips, beneath the very shadow and seal of death—the eternal protesting life of the intelligence. His talk gave perpetually. Much of the previous talk of the world has not been a giving but a gathering and plundering talk. . . .

But Mr. Green's was talk of the right kind, abundant, witty, disinterested; and his poet's instinct for the lives and thoughts of others, his quick imagination, his humorous and human curiosity about all sorts and sides of things, made pose and pedantry impossible to him."

Green was intensely fond of music. In one of his Letters, he writes: "Freeman gave us a fine preachment over the Abbey and its ruins, and I earwigged the organist at the Cathedral and got him to play me a lot of Mendelssohn's organ music after everybody was gone (the great Cathedral seemed so grand when one was all alone there with the music rolling away down the nave), so I didn't do badly."

He had a keen sense of humour and an appreciation of quiet sarcasm. Knowing the feeling existing between his friend, Freeman, and Kingsley and Froude, he writes to Freeman: "Comfort yourself concerning Charles Kingsley. Like Nebuchadnezzar he has gone to grass—has abandoned history and taken to botany and the sciences." In another Letter he asks him if he has seen Stubbs's "Hymn on Froude and Kingsley," which he then copies into his Letter, and which runs:

Froude informs the Scottish youth
That parsons do not care for truth—
The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries:
That history is a pack of lies.

What cause for judgments so malign?
A brief reflection solves the mystery:
Froude believes Kingsley a divine,
And Kingsley goes to Froude for history!

On the other hand, he chides Freeman for his repeated references to one of Kingsley's historical blunders:

Have you ever counted up the number of your references to that said blunder? And ought there not to be some proportion between sin and punishment? "Blunders" was very good; but there are blunders of taste as well as blunders of fact, you know!

After reading Freeman's *Norman Conquest*, he advises him:

When Edition II. comes, run your pen through two-thirds of the "nows" and three-quarters of the "thens." The first always make me think you have just awoke from a five minutes' nap and set to work again; the second is what I call "the showman's demonstrative."

Few collections of Letters possess the charm of these. There is a ripeness and quality in them that bring Lamb's *Letters* to our mind. Thus he says:

What seems to grow fairer to me as life goes by is the love and peace and tenderness of it; not its wit and cleverness and grandeur of knowledge, grand as knowledge is, but just the laughter of little children and the friendship of friends and the cosy talk by the fireside and the sight of flowers and the sound of music. . . .

The secret of Green's remarkable life and character is to be found in his self-discipline and unusual self-control. In his early diary he records some remarks made by him to a friend oppressed by painful reflections: "Drill your thoughts—shut out the gloomy and call in the bright. There is more wisdom in 'shutting one's eyes' than your copy-book philosophers will allow." He acted upon the principle, and got an extraordinary amount of gaiety from playing at being gay.

The book is a mine of interesting observations by a peculiarly keen, well-balanced and thoughtful mind on a wide range of subjects, and contains no word of bitterness or jealous criticism of others; but above all, it is the record of an heroic and inspiring character and of a truly noble life.

Edward M. Colie.

II.

MR. BROWNELL'S STUDIES IN CRITICISM.*

Lowell, in his nobly suggestive paper on Don Quixote, expresses the belief that "in all really great imaginative work we are aware, as in nature, of something far more deeply interfused with our consciousness, underlying the obvious and familiar, as the living spirit of them, and accessible only to a heightened sense and a more passionate sympathy." When this sense is absent, this sympathy lacking, the fullest interpretation of literature becomes impossible. We must give in order to receive; we must ourselves be deeply touched and highly stimulated if we would touch and stimulate others. Wanting that sympathy which Lowell so

*Victorian Prose Masters. By W. C. Brownell. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York: 1901.

truly possessed, the keenest critic remains, at best, the intellectually quickening analyst, the scientific demonstration arousing admiration, it may be, but never enthusiasm.

And so, we fear, it is with Mr. Brownell. No other recent volume of criticism dealing with the writings of the Victorian prose masters can be compared with the present work, as far as careful study of intellectual processes is concerned. Such essays as those in George Eliot and George Meredith expose not alone the mental mechanism of the authors, but show up also the complementary attitude of mind necessary to their admirers. But how insufficient is the very keenest analysis becomes apparent when Mr. Brownell tells us that he is tempted to call the specifically intellectual interest the only interest that the characters of Eliot possess. The prominence of this interest has naturally escaped no student of the author of *Middlemarch* and of *Romola*, but prominence and entire predominance are far apart, and the critic who finds this the all-engrossing phase of the narratives that run their course in the English town and the Italian city has never really sympathised with Will and Dorothea or throbbed with shame at the degradation of weak human nature embodied and epitomised in *Tito Melema*. George Eliot was more than a moralist and a philosopher; she was, it seems to us, so much a woman. Somehow Mr. Brownell has missed this; has failed to feel the tender sympathy, the "fine sense of wider relations" giving significance to many lesser characters, workings of lesser minds, incidents of lesser excitement. Mr. Brownell *sees* much of this in Eliot; but he does not *feel* it, he does not make *us feel* it; he arouses in us no desire to read Eliot, or Carlyle, or Thackeray, unless it be an intellectual desire, the wish to find out for ourselves whether the critic's conclusions are, in every case, just. Who has read Lowell's essay on Dante, or Arnold's essay on Homer, without being stirred with the longing of reading the poets themselves; and this because Lowell and Arnold felt "the living spirit" of the great men whose works they were interpreting. The perfect critic must not alone state a fact; he must lodge a conviction. It is not sufficient for

Mr. Brownell to quote Eliot's words concerning "the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and the comedy, lying in the experience of the human soul that looks out through dull grey eyes and that speaks in a voice of quite ordinary tones"; not sufficient even to call *that* her truest note if the general effect of the essay is to diminish one's belief in the intensely human note in Eliot's writings. Somewhere there is an error: for, indeed, if Eliot may be justly charged with "an inordinate aggrandisement of the purely intellectual element in human character," implying "an imperfect sense of the completeness of human nature and the comprehensiveness of human life" how is one to reconcile with this the intelligent sympathy with unintellectual human nature and the poetic intuition that led Eliot to understand the suggestiveness of all human life? Mr. Brownell, it seems to us, has been led astray by Eliot's psychological method into over-emphasis on her limitations, because he has not been in sufficient sympathy with the novelist. There is a danger in being too much the critic. One may be impartial without being impersonal; have burning emotions for or against, that shall but give added strength to the honest judgment: as with the Roman general who condemned his son to death. A little more love, a little more enthusiasm would have made the essay on Eliot, so excellent in other respects, safe from the very charges of excessive intellectual interest and imperfect human sympathy which the critic lays at the door of the author.

There is a danger, also, in being too little the critic—a danger of far more moment for American letters than that arising from the over-professional attitude; and as Mr. Brownell holds so deservedly a prominent position among our critics, it is distinctly worth while examining where he falls short. First of all, there is the fact to remember that whereas English criticism, French criticism, German criticism suggest something definite to the cultured mind, American criticism means nothing more than a sum of individual opinions, related, if at all, only through the spirit of kindly tolerance of anything not unclean that animates, almost invariably, our reviews. There is no

widely accepted standard of taste, and little thorough conception on the part of the public of the significance of literature. With the disappearance of the study of the classics from the required courses in the college curricula, the danger that the public will lightly accept the delusive fallacy inherent in the principle *De gustibus non est disputandum* is becoming more and more imminent. Author and bookmaker alike are manufacturing volumes at so swift a rate that neither the average buyer nor reviewer takes time to gauge such productions according to the standards of literary art. If American criticism is to mean anything, the man or the men must arise who shall insist on the vital elements in great poetry and great prose; reach, through the inductive method which is based on past accomplishment and established opinion, a positive point of view; emphasise the unity of art derived as it is from the unity of human life and the universality of certain human emotions and human traits; and, necessarily therefore, condemn all flagrant transgressions against the laws of taste. Such a man or men must have the clarity of thought, the depth of conviction and the charm of style commanding the attention of large numbers if such culture is to spread rapidly. Granting that this is so, the most important question that a critic should ask himself in considering such a work as *Victorian Prose Masters* is, "Has the author added something definite to American criticism? Has he raised its plane? Has he become a standard-bearer?" And in Mr. Brownell's case the answer is that he has added the lustre accompanying a thoughtful work, but that he has not permanently affected American criticism, inasmuch as he has failed to instil any positive convictions regarding the manner in which great prose should be judged. With qualifications that any critic the world over might envy him, Mr. Brownell seems just to miss the mark; as one who fears to risk the heights, though aware of the commanding position which the final effort would ensure. In the essay on Arnold Mr. Brownell well states that the rôle of criticism "is not confined to exposition, to interpretation. It is a synthesis of its naturally more or less heterogeneous sub-

ject. . . . It contributes as well as co-ordinates and exhibits." Yet knowing the functions and the possibilities of criticism, Mr. Brownell does not attempt any comprehensive synthesis; nor, in spite of suggestive contributions that raise his essays to the realm of creative literature, does he attempt any co-ordination emphatically illustrative of general truths. When we consider what opportunities the essay on Ruskin afforded for a concise exposition of the principles governing ethics in art, we cannot be satisfied with the reflection that Mr. Brownell himself understands these principles. The majority of his readers have not a clear conception of the relative value of ethics for art, and the critic should have made clear this value. So, too, in the article on George Meredith, it is not enough that Mr. Brownell comprehends Mr. Meredith's technical lack of art in making Diana betray the confidence of her lover; he should make his readers comprehend the artistic enormity of Mr. Meredith's self-indulgence. Great laws of literature considered in its relation to human life, considered in its function of idealizing human character and action, could be expounded in connection with Diana's inexcusable act of dishonour; but all this Mr. Brownell has been willing to pass by.

It is equally true that this same essay is an excellent piece of work, full of good appreciation of the nature of comedy, of irony and of satire. Indeed, every one of Mr. Brownell's essays is a good piece of work, and for that very reason we have laid stress on the sins of omission, among which the absence of the name of Dickens from the table of contents is the more readily to be understood than condoned. Mr. Brownell's style is not beautiful, not rich or warm, but scholarly and expressive; at times, perhaps, a little involved, necessitating attention without compelling it. For the style of others Mr. Brownell has keen appreciation, and for many readers, we doubt not, his opinions concerning the manner of writing characteristic of the Victorian prose masters will prove the most interesting portions of a volume which, having accomplished much, leaves even more to be desired.

George S. Hellman.

III.

MR. BURROUGHS'S "SONGS OF NATURE."

With his Introduction, Preface, or Foreword, the anthologist of necessity forges for himself as ingenious a shield as he can put together 'gainst the onslaught of the waiting reviewer. Mr. Burroughs, in his *Songs of Nature*, has proven himself an apt pupil of Vulcan, having constructed a breastplate so formidable that the most nimble jousting will find difficulty in penetrating into any vital part.

For must not the pen point glance harmlessly from an editor who frankly confesses:

I have gathered such poems as I myself prefer. . . . This is according to the wishes of the publishers who desired that the collection should be mine in a real sense, and thus carry with it such savour of originality as one man's preferences may give to such a work.

Very well, Mr. Burroughs, very well indeed. Had you stopped right there you had fairly had your reviewer unhorsed. It was most ingenious to admit that

it all comes back after all to one's likes or dislikes.

But further on you are evidently off your guard:

"This collection," you say, "represents on the whole my judgment of the best Nature poems at my disposal in the language."

You have unbuckled your shield—and now we are upon you.

"*The best Nature poems in the language*"—the reviewer has but to cast a glance over the table of contents, take a long breath, and—

But let us pause first to pay tribute to the delightful inspiration of the collection. Let us testify as a mere humble reader for the nonce (instead of a proud reviewer) to its really long-felt want. On the whole, we must confess to a dislike of what we might call "personally conducted tours" through the realm of poetry. It is so much pleasanter to have the complete works of the poets on one's shelves—to be able to wander here and there as the mood calls. Under the exigencies of the summer vacation, however,

the anthologist becomes a public benefactor. Who has not suffered the trial of parting from his books? Who has not made the difficult choice of the few volumes to be put into the trunk, only to discover later that the needed ones were precisely those that have remained behind wrapped in their summer shrouds? This anthology of Mr. Burroughs is pre-eminently a book for the summer vacation—above all, it is an out-of-door book, although we might here venture to express our disappointment that it is not a volume to be readily slipped into the pocket, as can the "Golden Treasury" series, or Mr. Lucas's companionable little volume for Nature lovers, *The Open Road*. It would seem as if a limp cover, smaller margins and a slightly thinner paper would have rendered *Songs of Nature* a thoroughly delightful book to be read in the canoe or along the trail where the full charm and beauty of many of the poems could best be appreciated.

However, it is possible that in making a more substantial volume for the bookshelf, Mr. Burroughs had in his mind the charm of contrast rather than concord—the disposition which would lead one to read of "the spring's largess" and "the green things growing" with feet toasting before a crackling fire, with the comfortable consciousness of a fierce winter storm raging without.

Next, one might be permitted to wonder why the arrangement of the contents is by authors, instead of by themes. It is not to be expected that the reader will sit down to this volume as he would to the anthologies of Mr. Stedman or Mr. Archer, in order to gain a critical conception of the work of a certain poet; but rather (if any serious purpose inspire him at all, which I doubt), to discover how certain phases of Nature have been celebrated in verse. Most likely his desire will be merely to dip into its pages, seeking sweetness here and there as the bee wandering from flower to flower. It seems to me that the arrangement by themes, as in *The Open Road*, is, therefore, a far more satisfactory one. That the editor is not entirely indifferent to this need is evidenced by a separate index of titles grouped together under the headings, "Bird Poems," "Flower Poems," and so on.

And now to it! Let us see what in the

eyes of Mr. Burroughs are "the best Nature poems in the language."

Of the poets that are represented, in many cases the selections made cannot fail to surprise. We think there will be charged both the sins of omission and commission. Among the most conspicuous omissions will be noted Emerson's "Rhodora," its English cousin, Tennyson's "Flower in the Crannied Wall," and Shelley's "Skylark" and "Ode to the West Wind." We are unaware of any possible reason for depriving the lover of Nature poetry of those four poems of royal degree.

Of the poets that have celebrated Nature and are entirely unrepresented, the following will be missed by many of us: Mrs. James T. Fields, John Vance Cheney, Louise M. Guiney, Katherine Tynan Hinkson, Leigh Hunt, Edmund Gosse, Walter Savage Landor, Philip Bourke Marston, George Meredith, Alice Meynell, S. Weir Mitchell, James Herbert Morse, Gilbert Parker, Coventry Patmore, Edgar Allan Poe, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Philip Henry Savage, J. C. Shairp, Robert Louis Stevenson, John Addington Symonds, Theodore Watts-Dunton, Augusta Webster and N. P. Willis; while it is difficult indeed to find rhyme or reason in the omission of Gray, when we might have had his "Ode to the Spring," of Collins, when we might have had his "Ode to Evening," and of Thomas Hood with his "Ode to the Moon." Lord Houghton's "To the River Traun" was most certainly worthy, and Walter Scott's "The Sun Upon Weirclaw Hill;" and surely one is surprised at the neglect of Coleridge. His splendid "Hymn Before Sunrise on the Charnouni" should have been included, and his tender "Lines on Observing a Blossom on the First of February," as well as his sonnet, "To the River Otter," which—without in the least desiring to perpetrate a pun—we are certain does not come within Mr. Burroughs's ban of "sonnets that do not *flow*!"

Then there is Austin Dobson, whose "To Daffodils,"

O yellow flowers that Herrick sung.
O yellow flowers that danced and swung
In Wordsworth's verse . . .

might well have found entrance. We are less ready to advance the claims of his

"Ballad of the Thrush," as possibly Mr. Dobson was guilty of making his bird hop on the wrong branch; and has not Mr. Burroughs warned us that any poem that "*diverged from his observations of Nature*" was to be banished far more rigorously than one which diverged from the rules of metrical form?

Among the poems on the seasons, it seems a pity not to find the beautiful "October" of Mrs. Jackson, who is suffered to go entirely unrepresented, while Elizabeth Akers Allen is given three examples. We quote from this poem one lovely stanza:

The month of carnival of all the year,
When Nature lets the wild earth go its way,
And spends whole seasons on a single day.
The springtime holds her white and purple
 dear;
October, lavish, flaunts them far and near;
The summer charily her reds doth lay
Like jewels on her costliest array;
October, scornful, burns them on a bier.

The complete omission of Emily Dickinson, we can understand only on the ground of copyright, although if the editor's desire was very strong to include "some of our minor poets who are absent for the same reason," the mention of a few names might have been illuminating. Certainly upon the poems of Miss Dickinson, one is not "compelled to expend any force upon the poet's form." While we should have liked to see at least three or four of Miss Dickinson's poems included, perhaps beyond them all we miss her wonderful

There's a certain slant of light,
On winter afternoons . . .

It is also exceedingly difficult to account for the absence of both Christina Rossetti and her brother Dante Gabriel, and of Clinton Scollard, three or four of whose poems might very well have replaced those of Mrs. Oberholtzer, William Gallagher, or any of the two dozen practically unknown poets whom Mr. Burroughs's enthusiasm has lifted into temporary prominence. And how did Robert Bridges come to be overlooked, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whose "Sea-Side Walk" might very well have displaced the examples of one or two of her less celebrated sisters? And how was

it with Richard Hovey, the author of that charming little lyric which Mr. Archer has just termed "conspicuously admirable both in spirit and rhythm," beginning:

I am fevered with the sunset,
I am fretful with the bay,
For the wander-thirst is on me
And my soul is in Cathay.

We should have said that his "Faun" was conspicuously worthy of any Nature Anthology, and since Mr. Burroughs has no prejudice against extracts, at least a portion of his splendid "Spring Song," with so much of the fervent passion of Jefferies and the elemental breadth of Whitman.

And Archibald Lampman? Can it be, indeed, that he belongs to that school Mr. Burroughs "cannot stand at all," with its "painted, padded and perfumed Nature"? And how did so ardent a Whitmanite come to omit Joaquin Miller? His "Longing for Home" would have fit in admirably, it seems to us, and at least a portion of his marvellous "From Sea to Sea."

We cannot resist a couple of extracts:

Shake hands! kiss hands in haste to the Sea,
Where the sun comes in, and mount with me
The matchless steed of the strong New World,
That champs and chafes with a strength untold,—

And away to the West, where the waves are curl'd,
As they kiss white palms to the capes of gold.

* * * * *

Oh heart of the world's heart! West! my West!

* * * * *

. . . What a wild delight
Of space! of room! What a sense of seas,
Where seas are not! What a salt-like breeze!
What dust and taste of quick alkali!

. . . Then hills, green, brown, then black
like night,

All fierce and defiant against the sky!

Two more omissions, and we have done. These we cannot forgive, one, of our American poet, Edward Rowland Sill (when will he receive his due?), the other, that admirable English poet, William Watson. We should like to ask Mr. Burroughs, did he ever read "Among the Redwoods" of Sill, or "Peace," or "Solitude"? We should like to know did he

deliberately reject them, where he included so many poems of inferior merit, or would he reply with Dr. Johnson, "Madame, it was ignorance, sheer ignorance"? And of William Watson, how he could have read the "Song of Three Singers," the "Hymn to the Sea," the "First Skylark of Spring" and "Autumn," and passed them over, we know not.

These lines from his "Autumn" plead their own cause far more eloquently than can any admirer:

Thou retrospect in Time's reverted eyes,
Thou metaphor of everything that dies,
* * * * *

Thou most unbodied thing,
Whose very being is thy going hence,
And passage and departure all thy theme;
Whose life doth still a splendid dying seem.

* * * * *

O Past and Future in sad bridal met,
O voice of everything that perishes,
And soul of all regret.

And here is his little "Song:—"

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears.
April that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes and fears,
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
But the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears.

Possibly the omission of Sidney Lanier is explained by the editor's strictures on "one of our young Southern poets," and in that case one might sympathise with his judgment. Yet possibly we might have excepted his "From the Flats" from the criticism of "involved and difficult form."

So much for the "sins of omission." The "sins of commission" will consist in certain selections being made instead of others, of such poets as are represented at all. First, when only a portion of a long poem is taken, why is it not so stated? Less than one-third of Whittier's "Snow-Bound" is given presumably as the whole. Less than one-sixth of "Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern

Abbey" is called simply "Tintern Abbey," and to add insult to injury the quotation quite inexcusably alike begins and ends in the middle of a sentence! In the cases where this mistake does not occur, it would have been better to decide upon one fixed form, as there is a certain awkwardness in finding on one page ("From Thyrsis") or ("From Childe Harold") and on another merely the rather crude form, "Part of Il Penseroso" or "Part of L'Allegro."

Bryant is generously represented, but many will look for his pretty little fancy, "The Wind and the Stream," and his "To a Fringed Gentian" (but very likely Mr. Burroughs does not like his gentians with the fringe on!) We miss Emerson's popular "Each and All" and Matthew Arnold's exquisite "Self-Dependence" (the selection "Poor Matthias" we fail to find included in either of our editions of his poems), and Campbell's "Lines on Revisiting a Scottish River" might well have been substituted for the rather trite and hackneyed "Beech Tree's Petition." Lowell is represented by two pieces only, and it seems too bad not to have included "In the Twilight" with those magical lines,

O my life, have we not had seasons
That only said Live and Rejoice?

* * * * *

We are sorry that instead of the sonnet of Shakespeare chosen (in which, by the way, there occurs a careless typographical error) it was not the lovely one beginning:

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do
hang

Upon those ruin'd boughs which shake against
the cold,

Bare, ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet bird
sang.

Mr. Burroughs has been a close and appreciative student of Whitman, and we have several characteristic selections, but all are mere extracts from his longer poems. There are two at least of the shorter poems that could have appeared complete and that would have been, perhaps, on the whole, more satisfactory. "Spirit that Formed This Scene," and "With Husky, Haughty Lips, O Sea!" And we think Longfellow's "A Day of

Sunshine" might happily have replaced the somewhat melodramatic "The Bridge."

With so great a poet as Keats, it seems a pity not to have included "On the Sea," "Stanzas," "What the Thrush Said," and, above all, the fine sonnet,

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a
prayer

Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment?
Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided by:
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.

Perhaps the most important test of any Anthology is the treatment given to Tennyson and Wordsworth. In the selections from "In Memoriam" Mr. Burroughs has taken it upon himself to give titles to the quotations—a liberty also taken with Byron. For instance, the stanzas beginning

Calm is the morn without a sound,

appear under the title "Autumn," and "Now fades the last long streak of snow," appears as "Spring." We remember Mr. Matthew Arnold in his edition of Wordsworth has given explanatory titles to some of the sonnets, but we know no authority for taking a portion of another's poem and christening it oneself.

As beautiful as are all of the selections from Tennyson, one must regret the absence of

A spirit haunts the year's last hours,

and of the superb sonnet,

Mine be the strength of spirit, full and free.

We wonder if Mr. Burroughs considered at all the claims of the little known Charles Tennyson-Turner, whose exquisite "The Ocean at the Bidding of the Moon" would have materially enriched the collection? And many of us would have given preference to Frederick

Tennyson's "The Glory of Nature" over his "Skylark."

On the whole (if we can forget our grievance in the case of "Tintern Abbey") Wordsworth is worthily represented with fifteen examples. And yet probably all of his admirers would have been glad to see his two great sonnets, "Composed Upon the Beach Near Calais," and "Most Sweet it is with Unuplifted Eyes" replace the somewhat trite "Up, Up, My Friend, and Quit Your Books."

In the case of John Tabb, Hamlin Garland, Edith Thomas, Helen Gray Cone, Richard Watson Gilder and Bliss Carman, we confess we should have made somewhat different selections. However, we are perfectly aware that we were not asked by any publisher to express our personal likings in a volume to be brought out by them, and, after all, Mr. Burroughs *was*!

Annie Nathan Meyer.

IV.

PROFESSOR MONROE'S "SOURCE-BOOK OF EDUCATIONAL HISTORY."*

Into this convenient volume of some five hundred pages Professor Monroe has gathered a number of translated "selections from literary sources . . . presented as an aid to the exposition of education in its historic aspect." In other words, he has given to the student a manual in which Greek educational theory and practice and Roman educational theory and practice are described, defended or explained by the men of whose life and experience they formed a part. The selections are grouped by periods, and are prefaced by a series of introductions and quasi-commentaries, wherein Professor Monroe sketches for the student the general educational character of each period, with such other information as is at once germane and necessary.

Of the book, it may be said that the part which relates to the history of Greek education is much better done than that which describes the Roman training. One reason for this is found in the obvious fact that Greek education repre-

sents a logical and philosophical development wholly in accordance with the Hellenic character and temperament. If any of its elements were exotic these were so few and so gradually assimilated as not to divert the stream of tendency, nor to involve an intellectual incongruity. Again, the Greek authors quoted by Professor Monroe are those of whom we possess the most extensive remains, who are numbered among the very greatest of writers, and from whom, therefore, it is easy to cite passages which in themselves are really monographs upon education. Finally, these Greek writers have been adequately and idiomatically rendered into English, while many of the Latin authors have not. Professor Monroe has not made his own translations in any case, nor has he even procured the best that are available. In Greek the best is often very good. So far as concerns the reading of Plato and Aristotle and Thucydides for an understanding of them, the English version by Jowett is just as good as the original Greek, and so of Goodwin's Plutarch; and since Plato, Aristotle, Thucydides and Plutarch are the most important of all the sources for the Greek, the fact that they are presented in an adequate English rendering is almost sufficient to make the Hellenic portion of Professor Monroe's book not only the more attractive to the reader but also the more lucid and instructive.

The selections drawn from Latin literature are in themselves necessarily less susceptible of such a presentation as would make at once an intelligible and unified impression on the reader. They are, first of all, seldom drawn from philosophical writers, and they represent a great many sources—sources, too, of widely different character as regards date, authorship, authority, and quality of presentation. Thus, all the Greek passages, with one exception, are from serious prose; of the Latin selections, we find represented comedy, satire, invective (Juvenal), and epigram, biography and didactic verse, as well as philosophical discussion. This variety is by no means to be deplored, for it gives more interest to the subject-matter and throws many curious side-lights on the concrete elements of Roman education; but it does make the student's task more difficult, because he is obliged to corre-

*Source Book of the History of Education (Greek and Roman Period). By Paul Monroe, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company.

late and harmonise a number of distinctly different impressions in order to get a definite conception of what they mean in their entirety.

This difficulty is much enhanced by the wretchedness of the renderings from the Latin, most of which are the queer old *grotesqueries* of the Bohn Library, which strain the resources of the English language in order to disguise or caricature the actual utterances of the Roman authors. It is not that the style is execrable. That could be pardoned in a work of this sort, if only the meaning were made clear, instead of being so obscured as oftentimes to be unintelligible. Take, for instance, this as an equivalent of Juvenal's famous line about the *crambe repetita*: "It is the reproduction of the cabbage that wears out the master's life!" Who on earth would ever guess the meaning? Professor Monroe has furnished the line with an explanatory foot-note, but it would have been far better to translate the original intelligently in the first place and let the foot-note go. In fact, any translation that requires foot-notes to make its meaning clear is no translation at all; yet these two pages (416, 417) have seventeen foot-notes—more than can be found in any dozen pages rendered from the Greek. We fail to see why Professor Monroe should have resorted to the Bohn Library at all in the case of some of the more famous authors, when he could have taken Lonsdale and Lee's version for Horace, Lewis's for Juvenal, and Lewis's again for the younger Pliny; while had he chosen to include Persius (as he might well have done) there was Conington's inimitable and spirited rendering.

Professor Monroe's own prefaces and explanations will be of great service to the student, and would alone make this book a valuable companion to his studies. The information given is most judiciously selected and expressed. It is compact without being dry and lucid without being superfine. Here and there we note a small slip, but nothing that is especially important. His mention of "the acquisition of national hymns" by the Roman children under the Republic (p. 359) shows that he clings to Niebuhr's attractive but quite fanciful hypothesis which was vehemently supported by

Macaulay but which never had any real foundation save a vague allusion in Cicero and a single line of Horace, both of them much overworked by commentators and wholly unconvincing. Professor Monroe mentions also (p. 347) a statement of Plutarch (*Quaest. Rom.* 59) to the effect that Spurius Carvilius (231 B. C.) was the first person to open a school and take fixed fees; but this statement can scarcely refer to an elementary school, since Livy speaks of elementary schools as existing not only in Rome but also in smaller places, such as Tusculum and Falerii, as early as the fourth century B. C., and Plutarch himself elsewhere confirms the statement. Hence the school of Carvilius must have been a grammar-school.

Harry Thurston Peck.

V.

MARY E. WILKINS'S "THE PORTION OF LABOUR."*

To present economic questions under the guise of a novel is not nearly so easy a task as some writers seem to think it is. To be sure, it has been frequently done, but with what success? How many have succeeded in combining feeling with philosophy, have been able to describe throbbing human beings under stress of hard conditions and have yet steered clear of sentimentalism? Most of the so-called "economic novels" are bad novels and still worse economics. Especially is this likely to be the case when the "labour problem" is the one dealt with. It is when he comes to the world-old question as to the why of inequality, of riches, and poverty and labour, that the wary man feels his way. It is a ground where even angels may well fear to tread. In view, then, of these many difficulties, only heightened by her lack of philosophic training, we must admit that Miss Wilkins showed a valiant spirit when she undertook to write of *The Portion of Labour*. The subject is one she has never touched upon before, but must have thought of considerably, for she treats it with a degree of power that can hold our attention even during a long serial publication. This is practically saying

*The Portion of Labour. By Mary E. Wilkins. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.

that, whatever its serious and inevitable faults, the story is a strong one.

Viewed simply as a story, however, *The Portion of Labour* is not up to the standard of Miss Wilkins's best work. Its faults are more glaring, while its good points are no stronger than those of her short stories—*The New England Nun* and others. They were, as we would nearly all admit, whether they pleased or bored us, perfect after their kind. *The Portion of Labour* is not. It is too long, and its canvas is overcrowded with figures. The plot structure is loose. We forget these faults sometimes when we come to single passages of exquisite beauty; but, on the whole, the general picturesqueness of expression, which, with only an occasional flagrant breach of style, is well maintained, cannot hide the fact that the book fails on the side of workmanship. Miss Wilkins will continue to be to most of us pre-eminently a writer of short stories. Her ideas of construction are crude.

The interest of the book, however, lies on its personal side, and here it is strong. Miss Wilkins betrays the fact that she herself is very close to the tired heart of labour, and she shows us conditions in a typical New England manufacturing town as seen by her own eyes. She makes us appreciate the depths of love and pity that lie beneath the coarse and common. She makes our spirits strive with those of the discontented ranks of labour against the barriers of their lot. In her heroine she is particularly happy; for Ellen Brewster is, after all, a thorough child of toil. Like a delicate flower sprung from a rough soil, she is raised by her beauty and unusual delicacy of organisation above others of her blood; but they are true bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. Her first happy consciousness of life is marred by a vague sense of unjust suffering. "I ate the knowledge of it along with my first daily bread," she says herself. What wonder, then, that the same warm imagination which gives her love inevitably to Robert Lloyd instead of to Granville Joy made her as inevitably his judge? There is undoubtedly a strain of fanaticism in Ellen, born equally, perhaps, of her strong, unreasoning prejudices and her warm heart. As a character she is too highly accentuated for a young girl, but even while we criti-

cise we fall beneath her spell. Miss Wilkins draws her most sympathetically. The girl stands to her mind as typical of many other brave spirits struggling upward against a scheme of things which she concedes to be immutable. And she never gets beyond the conviction that inequality is inevitable; that between capital and labour there is fixed a gulf, not deep, but wide, which, though love may sometimes bridge it, must still be there eternally. If the conclusion is less revolutionary than by certain of the more radical chapters we are led to expect, it is nevertheless sincere. Miss Wilkins lays no claim to being constructive. She may ask old questions in new and appealing language, but she has given us no new answers. What she has done is to give us a human and thoroughly enjoyable book.

Miriam Rees Edmondson.

VI.

MISS JOHNSTON'S "AUDREY."*

A reviewer of books becomes at last extremely difficult to please. He reads so many fairly good ones that fairly good ones finally to him are identical with fairly bad ones. They are all in the end a welter of words and a turmoil of type, and he wishes that they had never been written. Then he ought to go away somewhere out of doors and let literature alone for a little while till he acquires again an appetite for reading. In a jaded state of over-reviewing he cannot be fair to a mediocre book. Still, he may have his uses even then. If his condemnation ceases to be authoritative, at least his praise is better worth having, for only something very good indeed can wring it from his pen. When, at the very end of the rush of "holiday books," he comes upon one that can rivet his attention and get firm hold of his feeling, and compel him to put aside important and importunate demands until he has read it through, then it is safe to say that the book in question must at any rate have something in it that is quite unusual.

De nobis fabula narratur. We are the jaded reviewer and Miss Johnston's *Audrey* is the book that took possession

**Audrey.* By Mary Johnston. Illustrated. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.

of us. We mention this rather personal fact as testimony to the exceptional quality of the novel; and, perhaps, we may be thus relieved from the necessity of explaining in too much detail just why the book appears to be so very good. It is, we may say, however, a distinct advance upon *To Have and to Hold* in every essential particular—in construction, in execution, and in style. Those who read the other novel found it just a very entertaining story. It carried them along and kept them wide awake and interested them, even though they knew all the while that Captain Ralph Percy was never in any real danger, and therefore that he was a quite impossible hero; for a possible hero in the same situation would have been pinked and scalped and drowned a dozen times over if he had had the necessary number of lives.

But *Audrey* is not that sort of a book at all. It is just as absorbing, and even more so, but it has a subjective as well as an objective interest, and there are character and characterisation in it as well as stirring scenes of love and strife. The central theme is *au fond* a psychological study of the man who is still young and at heart unspoiled, but who is superficially *blasé* and bored, because he has done everything and seen everything and experienced everything except the profound emotion that comes to one who for the first time loves greatly after having heretofore loved lightly. The man of the world, polished, invulnerable, sufficient to himself in everything—how and from whom shall the supreme stroke come to rend his heart, dissolve his pride, and sweep away all self-control in an overwhelming storm of passion? Who shall be the one woman of his life? Shall it be she whom all would instantly select as his natural mate, some dainty, well-born girl, with the *cachet* of gentility plainly evident in her every word and gesture, no stranger to the great world of fashion, perhaps a little bit *rusée*, but pure and proud and noble and high-bred? Or shall it be the one who has learned little of life, whose simplicity is that of nature itself, and whose fascination is the fascination which owes nothing whatever to experience or art? This is the problem which is back of all the pure romance of *Audrey*, and it makes the book a study in temperamental psychology.

Miss Johnston, alone among the very popular novelists of the day, possesses the gift of style. Some of her pages are wonderfully well written. She has somehow infused into her story the shimmer of Southern sunshine and it tints her scenes with a beauty that often rises to pure loveliness. Listen to these opening sentences:

The valley lay like a ribbon thrown into the midst of the encompassing hills. The grass which grew there was soft and fine and abundant; the trees which sprang from its dark, rich mould were tall and great of girth. A bright stream flashed through it, and the sunshine fell warm upon the grass and changed the tassels of the maize into golden plumes. Above the valley, east and north and south, rose the hills, clad in living green, mantled with the purpling grape, wreathed morn and eve with trailing mist. To the westward were the mountains, and they dwelt apart in a blue haze. Only in the morning, if the mist were not there, the sunrise struck upon their long summits, and in the evening they stood out, high and black and fearful, against the splendid sky. The child who played beside the cabin door often watched them as the valley filled with shadows, and thought of them as a great wall between her and some land of the fairies which must needs lie beyond that barrier, beneath the splendour and the evening star. The Indians called them the Endless Mountains, and the child never doubted that they ran across the world and touched the floor of heaven.

And so, all through the book, there is a most delicious *plein air* effect, an inspiration of health, of strength, of beauty, that never fades away.

Not that *Audrey* is devoid of faults. Miss Johnston here, as in her other books, forgets that even in romance *non omnia possumus omnes*. Romance, indeed, has its limitations and restrictions as well defined as those inherent in the most rigid realism, and they are in fact essentially the same. In realistic fiction everything must be true to life; in romantic fiction everything must for the moment seem so. You may introduce what improbabilities you will, but you are bound in doing so to maintain the illusion. If you do not, then you drop at once from the heights of art to the depths of dullness, and this is true whether you are building a romantic novel or whether

you are telling a mere nursery tale. Now, in the body of her book Miss Johnston holds you well in hand. For the moment, you accept her courtly, cavalier Virginia as the Virginia of historic fact. You do not disbelieve even when Audrey, untaught, ignorant, and primitive, pours forth her indignant eloquence in language which no *grande dame* of the period could have had at her command. But at the last the thing goes wrong. Audrey's sudden loss of love, her implacable resentment, her tenacity of purpose against the man whom she adored and who was all that she had ever had or ever dreamed of having—and this because when in a half-delirium of fever

he had made her seem what she was not—this strains credulity to the breaking-point. And that old, old transformation of an untrained girl into a great actress—surely Miss Johnston might have left that to the twentieth century and not have asked us to believe it of the young eighteenth. It became a mere *cliché* full fifty years ago.

Therefore, let the reader go on through the splendid duel scene in Chapter XXIV., and then let him take our word for it, and close the volume there. It will require self-restraint to do so, but not to do so will only lead to disappointment. For the rest of *Audrey* is a serious mistake.
H. T. P.

THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION

The Carnegie Institution was duly organised in the city of Washington on the twenty-ninth of January. The particulars respecting the meeting of the trustees have already been widely promulgated in the public press. But as these official and unofficial announcements have been made at irregular intervals, it may be helpful to sum up in a few phrases the purposes of the foundation and the methods by which its objects are to be reached.

In the first place, it should be distinctly borne in mind that Mr. Carnegie has not founded a university. In the ordinary use of that word, a university makes provision for the systematic instruction of students by a resident faculty, by appointed courses, and by the incitement of examinations and degrees. All this is lacking in the new foundation.

In the second place, a principal object of the Carnegie Institution is to encourage investigation and research wherever the proper persons can be found and the proper laboratories and instruments can be provided. Whatever may happen in the future, at present there will be no large central building in Washington. Suitable offices have been secured in a dwelling-house near the heart of the city, and the executive officers will, for a time, direct their correspondence from that place.

Third. It is not supposed that the President of the institution nor the Ex-

ecutive Committee will undertake, without assistance, to determine either the direction in which inquiries should be made, or the most competent persons to conduct these inquiries. They will be aided from the outset by the most experienced and wisest men to be found in the country. In astronomy, physics, chemistry, geology, biology, archaeology, economics, and other departments of human knowledge, counsellors will be designated and they will scrutinise all such suggestions as are made to them, and they will still further be expected to make their own suggestions for the guidance of the Executive Committee and through them for the support of the Board of Trustees.

Fourth. As the income of the fund is not yet available, no immediate appropriations will be made. The force of the authorities will be at once directed to the ascertainment of what is now going forward in every department of science in any part of the country. Similar investigation will be made abroad, and when this information is formulated and reduced to a report, the trustees will decide upon further plans of action.

It is an interesting fact that every one of the persons invited by Mr. Carnegie to accept an invitation on the Board of Trustees accepted, with a single exception. Most of them are able and willing to render great service to the institution. The high positions which they have held

and their personal character are a guarantee that the work will be carried forward with deliberation, consideration, and a determination to carry out, in the highest possible manner, the noble purposes of the founder. Among all his generous gifts, there is not one so far-reaching, so hopeful, so unique as this. There is nothing on the face of the globe

to which it exactly corresponds. Especially noteworthy is it that he leaves the trustees free to carry out the plans which he has indicated without any harmful restrictions or needless conditions. Mr. Carnegie has shown himself to be a great man in many relations of life. He has now surpassed himself.

Daniel Coit Gilman.

BALZAC AND MADAME HANSKA*

From the original documents in M. de Lovenjoul's possession. Translated from the French of the Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul by Bradford Colt de Wolf.

XVII.

Neuchâtel, as may be imagined, was not similar in 1833 to the Neuchâtel of to-day. Since then, as in other parts of Switzerland, the natural beauties which gave such a picturesque aspect to the town, have in many instances been sacrificed to the necessities of modern progress. Nevertheless, the general aspect of that part of the beautiful town where our two lovers met has not, until now, been entirely altered.

The Maison Andrié, rented by M. de Hanski for his family, is situated in front of the Hotel du Faubourg or Hotel Fauche, which has since been turned into a private house. This hotel was then surrounded by a large garden, which has now been cut up into building lots.

Behind the Maison Andrié there was and still exists a public promenade leading to a hill which, at that time, formed a promontory in the lake. According to a local tradition, the first meeting between "l'Etrangère" and the novelist took place on this spot, and in all likelihood tradition is correct in the matter. Le Crêt is the name of the little promontory which ended the Promenade du Faubourg, as it was called, and which formed, to the right and to the left, two lovely bays. At present Le Crêt is no longer a promontory, the two bays having been filled up with the earth from an adjoining hill. Five streets have been laid out on this newly made land, greatly to the detriment

of the picturesqueness of this corner of the town. From Le Crêt an excellent view could be had of the Maison Andrié and of the Hotel du Faubourg. Besides the charm of its situation Le Crêt could, therefore, serve as an excellent point of observation for Balzac. This explains why our hero, who had first taken up his abode at the Hotel du Faucon, in the centre of the town, soon moved to the Hotel du Faubourg, so it is stated.

However this may be, the first meeting between Balzac and Madame Hanska has been related in many different ways. But no one knows exactly what occurred on that occasion, and all the accounts of the matter seem rather to have been borrowed from some chapter of a novel than from reality.

According to one of these versions Balzac arrived in Neuchâtel with no more precise indications from Madame Hanska than that of the place and the hour of meeting. He was thus obliged to recognise "l'Etrangère" from among the persons seated on the Promenade du Faubourg.

Madame Hanska, a volume of Balzac's works in hand, is said to have recognised him from afar without difficulty, owing to his resemblance to his portraits, which had already been widely circulated throughout Europe. Overcome with emotion, so the story runs, she dropped her book. He then rushed toward her and with the cry of "Eva!" "Honore!" they fell into each other's arms.

If we are to believe another version of the story, the heroine, on the contrary, was greatly disenchanted at the sight

*An article describing the Balzac collection of the Vicomte de Lovenjoul will appear in a later number of THE BOOKMAN.

of the short, stout and inelegant man. Balzac in any case soon made the beautiful "l'Etrangère" forget her first feeling of disappointment.

Fortunately, we have in our* possession a unique document, which is of exceptional value concerning this first interview between Madame Hanska and the author of *Eugénie Grandet*. This document is precise, and contains the account, from his own hand, of Balzac's first impressions of Madame Hanska, and of the five days he spent with her at Neuchâtel. This document is an autograph letter, almost entirely unpublished, addressed to his sister, Madame Surville; this letter is certainly the most important which has yet seen the light on the beginnings of this celebrated romance. This letter, which we publish here, contains many other unknown details of the highest interest to confirm what we have already said on the subject of the part which woman played in the master's life.

A few fragments of this letter which, by mistake, bear the date of June instead of October, 1833, have been printed in Balzac's *Correspondence*. But some of these passages could not have been written in June, 1833, among them the one in which the author speaks of going, after his work has been finished, "to seek a reward at Geneva." Moreover, there can be no possible doubt in what month this letter, dated Saturday, 12th, was written, for in 1833 the twelfth of the month only fell on a Saturday in January and October. Following is the entire text of this letter, which was certainly written in great haste, for more than one word is omitted, and several sentences lack clearness. In order to make the meaning of the letter more precise we have, according to our custom in such cases, added in brackets the words missing in the original manuscript.†

XVIII.

[PARIS], SATURDAY, 12TH [OCTOBER, 1833].

MY DEAR SISTER: You will readily understand that I could not tell you anything before

*M. de Lovenjoul's.

†This letter, together with several others from Balzac to his relatives, are now in the Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul's possession.—TRANSLATOR.

Eugénie [Sanitas]. But I had all my journey to relate to you.

I found there everything which can flatter the thousand vanities of that animal called man, of which the poet is certainly the most conceited specimen. But what do I say? Vanity! No, that has nothing to do with the case. I am happy, very happy, in thought. Alas! a confounded husband did not leave us for a second during five days! He remained tied to his wife's apron strings; or to my waistcoat! And Neuchâtel is a small town where a woman, a well-known foreigner, cannot take a step without being noticed! I felt much like a caged bird! Constraint does not suit me!

But the essential point is that she is twenty-seven years old, beautiful beyond description, with the most lovely black hair in the world, and the soft, refined skin of a brunette, a sweet little hand, and a simple heart of twenty-seven summers; [in short, she is] a real Madame de Lignolles,* and impulsive enough to throw herself at my neck before every one.

I do not speak of her enormous wealth. For what is that compared to this masterpiece of beauty, which I can only compare to the Princess de Bellejoyeuse, though infinitely more beautiful? [She possesses] a drooping eye which, when it opens, is filled with voluptuous splendour. I was intoxicated with love.

I do not know to whom to relate all this, and certainly it is not possible to do so either to *her*, the great lady, the terrible Marquise, who, suspecting my journey, throws her pride to the winds and orders me to meet her at the Duke of F [itz-James]; nor is it possible to relate it to *her*, the poor, simple and delicious little *bourgeoise* who is like Blanche d'Azay!† I am a father—that is another secret which I had to tell you—and the master of a lovely creature, the most *naïve* person to be imagined, fallen like a flower from Heaven, who comes to see me in secret, and asks neither for letters or attention, and who says: "Love me a year and I will love you all my life!" Nor is it to *her*, the most beloved, who is more jealous of me than a mother of her first-born! She does not love "l'Etrangère," precisely because "l'Etrangère" seems to be my Fate. Still less is it to *her*, who is neither gracious nor womanly.

It was, therefore, to you, my good sister, the former companion of my days of sorrow and of poverty that I wished to relate the story of my present happiness, the secret of which I

*One of the heroines of *Les Amours du Chevalier de Faublas* by Louvet de Couvray.

†Allusion is here made to "The Venial Sin," in *Droll Stories*.

know I can trust you with. Alas! I cannot boast of my conquests to any one, excepting concerning Madame de Castries, who does not fear notoriety! I do not wish to be the cause of any unhappiness, however slight, by my indiscretions. Therefore, burn this letter.

As it will be a long time before we can hope to meet, since I expect to go to Normandy, to Angoulême and to Geneva, where I hope to see her, I had to write you a few lines to tell you that I am happy at last. I am as [joyful as] a child over it.

Heavens! how beautiful that valley of the Travers is, how lovely the Lake of Bienné! . . . It is there, as you may imagine, that we sent the husband to attend to the lunch, and then, under the shadow of a great oak, we exchanged our first kiss of love. Then, as her husband is close upon sixty, I gave her my word to wait, and she to keep her hand and heart for me!

Is it not nice of her to have dragged an unwilling husband from the Ukraine and to journey six hundred leagues to meet a lover who has only travelled some one hundred and fifty, the wretch?

I am jesting; but considering all my business occupations here, my one hundred and fifty leagues are certainly equal to the six hundred of my fiancée. She is really lovely! She intends to fall seriously ill in Geneva, which will necessitate the care of M. Dupuytren, so as to work upon the Russian ambassador's feelings and obtain a permit to visit that Paris which she so strongly wishes to become acquainted with, and which, for a woman, is a promised land of liberty. Nevertheless, the husband was enchanted with me, and next year I shall try to take a three-months' holiday. I will see the Ukraine, and we have arranged for a magnificent and splendid trip in the Crimea, which, as you know, is a primitive country, little visited by tourists, and is, I am told, a thousand times more beautiful than Switzerland and Italy. It is the Italy of Asia.

But how much I have to accomplish between now and then! Pay my debts and increase my renown!

Yesterday I went to see Gérard. Three German families—one from Prussia, another from Vienna and another from Frankfort—were introduced to me. They had been going regularly for the past month to Gérard's house to see me, and tell me that I am the man of the day in their country; that beyond the French frontier my name is covered with glory, and that I have only to persevere another year or

two to be at the head of literary Europe, and replace Byron, Walter Scott, Goethe, Hoffmann!

Well, as they were worthy Germans, I allowed myself to believe all that. It gave me some courage, and I am going to fire a triple volley on the public and on my rivals. During the next fortnight I shall finish *Eugénie Grandet*, write *The Adventures of an Idea* and *The Catholic Priest*, one of my finest subjects. After that I shall seek a reward in Geneva, having paid a goodly portion of my debts.

I have, at last, resumed my winter existence. I am in bed at six o'clock, having already dined, and I sleep until half-past twelve. At one o'clock Augustus* brings me a cup of coffee, and I then work without interruption until one in the afternoon. At the end of twenty days I have accomplished a good deal in this manner!

Good-bye, my dearest sister. If your husband has arrived, tell him that *The Adventures of an Idea* are well in hand, and that he will, perhaps, be able to read them at Montglat, for I may send you the newspaper in which they are to be published, if you remain there until the end of the month.

I am progressing favourably with my work on *The Studies of Manners and Customs in the Nineteenth Century*. Thirty-three thousand francs for the copyright, that will settle my big debts. I will then only have to repay my mother, and then I can take life more easily. I hope to repay you the remaining thousand francs at the end of the month, but if my mother wanted all her interest I would be obliged to postpone payment until the first fortnight in November.

Well, good-bye, my dear sister. If you have any feeling you will answer me. Why on earth are you going to Montglat? However, you are free, and it is from mere curiosity that I ask you. Between brother and sister it is a thing to be forgiven. Much love to you all. You can no longer reproach me with not writing you.

By the way, my pain on the side still continues, but I have such a fear of leeches, of poultices, and of being prevented from finishing the work I have in hand that I am putting off the evil day. If it becomes worse I will see what Doctor Nacquart or magnetism can do for me.

Addio, addio! A thousand messages of love. Correct *The Country Doctor* thoroughly, or rather tell me what passages seem to you

*His servant.

faulty, and if a sentence can be put into one line instead of two, please do it for me. Good-bye, sister.

[HONORÉ.]

XIX.

We do not know if Balzac had really "enchanted the husband," as he boasts of having done in his letter. But we will quote another letter, the one written to Balzac by M. de Hanski himself less than a year after their meeting in Neuchâtel.

by the *Moniteur*. But do explain who this namesake of yours is, this Legitimist deputy from Villefranche? We thought that for all France, as for us, there was but one M. de Balzac, and, with this conviction, I had written you a long letter of congratulations, in which I spoke of a certain cause,* of which, knowing your generous heart, I hoped you would become the champion. But at that very moment my wife brought me your letter, telling me that you were not a deputy. Deeply disappointed, I cursed the fatality which presides over this world; I consigned my beautiful



LA CHEVIÈRE. VIEW FROM BALZAC'S WINDOW.

This letter would seem to prove that, if there was a trifling sum of exaggeration in the great novelist's statement it was, nevertheless, not opposed to the truth.

VIENNA, August 3, 1834.

I have just received, sir, the copy of *The Country Doctor*, the one among all your works which I prefer, and the real worth of which I should like to see recognised by the public. I took the liberty, some time since, to write you at length concerning the impression which this book made upon me; I will, therefore, not repeat myself. But pray accept my thanks for this token of your good friendship. My wife has undoubtedly told you how I was mystified

letter to the fire, and the blue devils soon took possession of me.

But good-bye, sir; my wife is, doubtless, sending you a goodly amount of gossip. I will not, therefore, bore you any more, just now.

I conclude my letter with the renewed assurance of my friendship.

VENCESLAS DE HANSKI.

XX.

Balzac's letter to his sister contains another fact of great interest. We refer to

* The cause mentioned here is that of the Duchess de Berry.

the allusion made of the child recently born to him.

What became of this child—a girl called Mary, if we are not greatly mistaken? There exists no reliable indication, so far as we know, to enable one to answer this question. It is certainly to this child's mother, to that lovely creature who said to the great author: "*Love me a*



M. PION, BALZAC'S TAILOR.

year and I will love you all my life," that his most dramatic and certainly his most popular work is dedicated. It is sufficient to read the words which he dedicates to Marie at the beginning of that book to recognise in her the sweet and touching heroine of this short love poem; for everything makes one suppose that she

did not even obtain in 1833, the year of love asked for, as the price of her eternal affection.

Following is this dedication, which was added to the book for the first time in 1839:

TO MARIE.

May your name, you, whose portrait is the most beautiful ornament of this work, be like a branch of consecrated box, taken from one knows not what tree, but certainly sanctified by religion, and always replaced, when faded, by pious hands for the protection of the house.

DE BALZAC.

Without wishing to dwell upon so delicate a subject, we will remark here that the great Honoré, so it seems, left other heirs, if not of his name, at least of his blood. A son, who died long after him, and a daughter, recently deceased, were not unknown, it appears, to a small number of his friends. Finally he lost, in November, 1846, a little girl, prematurely born. The birth of this child was the cause of one of those hidden dramas, of which the celebrated novelist was the hero; and the rapid development of his heart disease was partly due to this tragic episode.

XXI.

To return to Madame Hanska, Balzac, as he had written to his sister, joined her at Geneva toward the end of December, 1833. It was then that the final understanding was reached between them, the crowning point of which was for the great writer the marriage which he had so long looked forward to, and which took place on April 15, 1850.

This time, when he left Geneva, on Saturday, the eighth of February, 1834, after six weeks of daily intercourse with the Hanski family, he felt that he was thoroughly well acquainted with "*l'Etrangère*," and he turned his steps toward Paris with the most joyous expectations for the future.

M. and Madame de Hanski, on leaving Geneva, first went to Italy and then returned to Russia after a prolonged sojourn at Vienna. It was there that the painter Daffinger made a miniature of the lovely "*l'Etrangère*," which Balzac speaks of constantly with enthusiasm in his letters to Madame Hanska.

We have had the opportunity of seeing this portrait, the only existing real likeness of our heroine. All of her other portraits show Madame Hanska as a middle-aged woman, and not as she was when she fascinated Balzac, then in his thirty-fifth year. This likewise applies to a pastel of the artist Gigoux, exhibited at the Salon of 1852, and which gives a profile view of Madame de Balzac.

Daffinger, on the contrary, has painted Madame Hanska at the age of thirty or thereabouts. She is seated almost full-faced, *décolletée*, dressed in a gown of black velvet, with long sleeves of black crêpe which, by partly concealing her beautiful arms, emphasise the beauty of her superb shoulders. She is holding in her hand a pair of eyeglasses attached to a gold chain around her neck, and her corsage is only ornamented with a simple knot of ribbons, held by a pearl pin. She appears to be of low stature; but, nevertheless, her *embonpoint*, which was just beginning to be apparent, was not yet sufficient to mar the general beauty of the figure; it simply shows that, even then, her physique was inclined to be somewhat massive.

Her features denote great energy and will-power, the eyes are black and piercing, with the vague, uncertain expression of short-sighted persons; the hair, black also, and arranged according to the fashion of the times, in short and thick curls, still further accentuates the determined expression of her face.

But her principal and most characteristic feature is her admirable forehead, of magnificent shape and proportions, an unceasing subject of admiration for Balzac, and one which he constantly makes mention of in his letters. This forehead is indicative of the high intelligence and extraordinary energy of which Madame Hanska gave numerous proofs, as well in her relations with Balzac as under other circumstances. She has left, with those who knew her, the impression of being one of the most remarkable personalities of her time.

XXII.

And now, if at the moment of their lives when we take leave of them, plunged in the intoxication of their happiness and their hopes, we look forward some sixteen years later, we are struck

with the strange events which occurred in May, 1850, at the time of poor Balzac's return to Paris, married at last, it is true, but almost at death's door!

As is well known, he had, in view of his return with his bride, made extensive alterations in his house (since pulled down), in which were heaped up the numerous works of art he had patiently collected during his lifetime. His mother



STATUE OF BALZAC AT TOURS.

had undertaken, in his long absence, to watch over these treasures, and to decorate the house with flowers on the evening that the newly married couple were to arrive in Paris. At her son's request Madame de Balzac was then to return to her own home, and to wait there, on the following day, for the first visit from her daughter-in-law, whom she had not yet met.

It was late when Balzac and his wife arrived in their carriage at the novelist's house. Nevertheless, notwithstanding their repeated rings at the bell, nobody from within appeared to receive them. Yet the house seemed to be inhabited, for

through the windows the rooms could be seen lighted up and decorated with flowers. In spite of the late hour and their fatigue the travellers were, therefore, obliged to find a locksmith, and when they were at last able to enter the house a strange sight awaited them. Between Madame de Balzac's departure and her son's arrival, the servant left in charge of the house had suddenly become insane. He was an Alsatian by the name of François Munch. We have a receipt

zac breathed his last on August 17, 1850, at half-past eleven at night (although the official date of his death is stated to be August 18), this bill was settled, almost day for day, a month after his death.

Statement

of locksmith's work performed for M. Honoré de Balzac, No. 12 Rue Fortunée, Paris, by Grimault, locksmith, Rue du Faubourg-Saint Honoré, No. 175.



LA CHEVRIÈRE. FAÇADE (WEST).

from the director of the insane asylum (where Balzac had him shut up and cared for at his expense), in which the great Honoré is mentioned as follows: *Count de Balzac*. As will be seen later on, his name and titles varied considerably on his creditors' bills.

We also have in our possession, the receipted bill of the locksmith, without whom, as we have just stated, the author of *The Human Comedy*, ill and accompanied by his wife, could not have entered his house on the night of his arrival in Paris. This bill seems to us to be interesting enough to quote entirely, together with the locksmith's signature, the spelling of which we have retained. As Bal-

To wit:

May, 1850.—Opened the lock of the bolt of the *porte-cochère*, opened the said door by means of a crow-bar; closed up the door after the carriage had entered; for which assistance to the coachman was necessary. Considering the amount of time spent and the late hour of night, is worth.....francs 3.50

June.—Performed the same work to take out the above-mentioned carriage, and helped take it to a coach-house, Rue de Faubourg-Saint Honoré, No. 228francs 2.50

Total.....francs 6.00

Received payment.

M. GRIMAULT.

Septembre (sic) 19, 1850.

XXIII.

This arrival, under such strange circumstances, and this drama in his own house were, it must be recognised, ill omens for the beginning of his married life, so long looked forward to by the great novelist. Did he have a presentiment of this, and did this thought react upon his few remaining months of life? This we do not know. But if we are to believe various witnesses worthy of credence, he did not find, in the conclusion of his long romance, all the happiness he had expected.

Without speaking of Madame Surville's absolute silence in the matter in her book, we know from several of Balzac's contemporaries that harmony no longer reigned between the newly married couple at the time of the great novelist's death. Victor Hugo confirms this fact in his posthumous work, *Choses Vues*. The account of Balzac's death in this book is of the highest interest, and all the more important, coming as it does from an eyewitness.

The author of *Hernani*, deeply concerned at the rumours concerning Balzac's health, went in person to ask for news of the sick man. He was received by a servant, who answered in speaking of her master: "He is lost; Madame has returned to her apartments." Then Victor Hugo entered the dying man's room, where, says he, an old woman, the sick nurse, and a servant were standing at the bedside.

At this supreme moment, an old woman—the great man's mother—a sick nurse and a servant were, therefore, alone with him!

A last irony of Fate, and not the most improbable one, awaited the famous writer before he closed his eyes forever. As soon as he had breathed his last, a moulding was immediately taken of his hand, which was beautifully shaped. We possess one of these mouldings, together with the moulder's receipted bill. It will certainly interest our readers to know how this latter spelt the name of the author of a hundred masterpieces, of the

writer whose renown had spread throughout Europe and whose name was known throughout the whole world. This countryman, probably, of his—not his neighbour, for the man in question lived in the Rue Montorgueil—but in any case a resident of Paris, entirely ignored the



M. MARMINIA'S MOULD OF BALZAC'S HAND.

very name of Balzac, and called him, not Count de Balzac, as did the director of the insane asylum, but *Monsieur Bal-saque!*

We shall be less disrespectful toward this individual, whose name, it seems to us, should be retained, and will end our tale with this last piece of information: he was called Marminia!

RECENT VOLUMES OF VERSE*

W. E. Henley, George Gissing, and George Bernard Shaw—somehow or other whenever we think of one of these men the thought of the other two comes instantly to mind. Personally, perhaps, they may be quite unlike each other; yet the impression which each makes upon us in his writings is very much the same. Each is strong and seldom gentle; each is sardonic and seldom really humorous;

**Hawthorn and Lavender*. By W. E. Henley. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Poems. By Arthur Symonds. Two volumes. New York: John Lane.

The Destiny and Other Poems. By Florence Brooks. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

Poems and Inscriptions. By Richard Watson Gilder. New York: Century Company.

each looks upon the sorrows of life with grimness rather than with pity. This time it is Mr. Henley with whom we have to do; and in his latest poems there are displayed the same old qualities over and over again—sometimes strength, sometimes sardonic mirth and sometimes grimness. To be sure, Mr. Henley at times essays the light touch, and turns some not ungraceful lines about roses and sunlight and conventional love; but his true sphere is not in a garden, but facing a storm or tramping through miry streets or sniffing the chloroform of a hospital. In *Hawthorn and Lavender* neither the hawthorn nor the lavender is discernible to any great extent, but rather the bitter-sweet, and the rue that is for



W. E. HENLEY.

remembrance. It is hardly necessary to say much more about this book; for the poems in it are clearly from the same source of inspiration as those which Mr. Henley has given us before. We may quote, however, two that have particularly struck us. The first is entitled "The Sandwich Man," and is a bit of somewhat brutal realism.

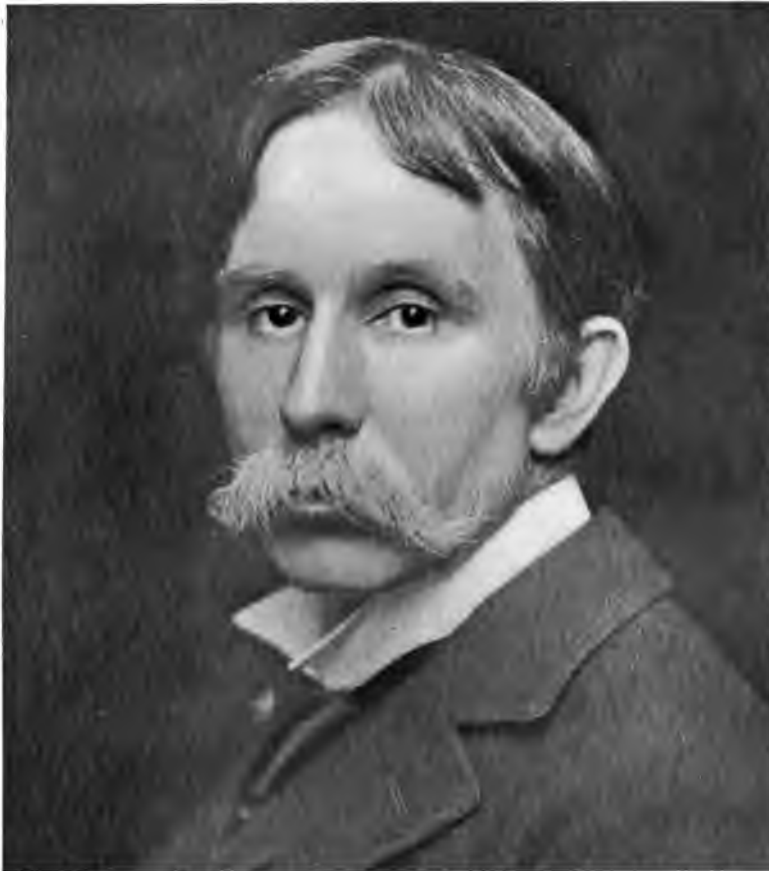
An ill March noon; the flagstones grey with dust;

A living, crawling blazoning of Hot-Coppers,
He trails his mildews towards a Kingdom—
Come
Compact of *sausage-and-mash* and *two-o'-rum!*

And here are some quatrains that will come home to many a man who has lived the life of the world:

IN A HANSOM.

I took a hansom on to-day
For a round I used to know—



RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

An all-round east wind volleying straws
and grit;
St. Martin's Steps, where every venomous gust
Lingers to buffet, or sneap, the passing cit;
And in the gutter, squelching a rotten boot,
Draped in a wrap that, modish ten year syne,
Partners, obscene with sweat and grease and
soot,
A horrible hat, that once was just as fine;
The drunkard's mouth a-wash for something
drinkable,
The drunkard's eye alert for casual toppers,
The drunkard's neck stooped to a lot scarce
thinkable,

That I used to take for a woman's sake
In a fever of to-and-fro.

There were the landmarks one and all—
What did they stand to show?
Street and square and river were there—
Where was the ancient woe?

Never a hint of a challenging hope
Nor a hope laid sick and low,
And a longing dead as its kindred sped
A thousand years ago!

Mr. Arthur Symons, in his sphere, is



FLORENCE BROOKS. PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWIN S. BENNETT.

one of the truest poets that modern England owns. He is the one Englishman who has brought from France whatever is good in the theory and practice of those Symbolists whom he has lately

written of with so much sympathy and æsthetic appreciation. He has the colour-sense and the love of the inevitable word, and his cadences and rhythms are often very beautiful. Yet he is not *déca-dent*, apart from his occasional choice of a subject which recalls Verlaine or Catulle Mendès. His lines are steeped in sensuousness which never sinks to sensuality, and the passion in them is strong and true. What could be finer, for example, than this poem, which he calls "Magnificat":

Praise God, who wrought for you and me
Your subtle body made for love;
God, who from all eternity
Willed our divided ways should move
Together, and our love should be.

I wandered all these years among
A world of women, seeking you.
Ah, when our fingers met and clung,
The pulses of our body knew
Each other: our hearts leapt and sung.

It was not any word of mine,
It was not any look of yours;
Only we knew, and knew for sign
Of Love that comes, Love that endures,
Our veins the chalice of his wine.

Because God willed for us and planned
One perfect love, excelling speech
To tell, or thought to understand,
He made our bodies each for each,
Then put your hand into my hand.

And here is an impression of nature which we quote chiefly because of the exquisite use of colour in its lines. It is entitled "After Sunset."

The sea lies quieted beneath
The after-sunset flush
That leaves upon the heaped grey clouds
The grape's faint purple blush.

Pale, from a little space in heaven
Of delicate ivory,
The sickle moon and one gold star
Look down upon the sea.

We are tempted to quote a dozen other poems, yet these two selections will give a quite sufficient clue to the qualities which Mr. Symons possesses in such perfection. We cannot think of any book of poems lately published that appeals to our individual taste so strongly as does this.

Oddly enough, Florence Brooks represents in her little volume the same *genre* as Mr. Symons. She has strength, originality, and fire, with an understanding of rhythm which one so often misses

in the poetical work of women; for women, when they write verse, often sing it, as it were, to themselves, and eke out defective lines by such primitive devices as stressing particular syllables unduly and by holding the note in catalectic lines. We quote the following, not so much because it represents the author at her best as because of the rarity of Sapphic verse in English:

SAPPHICS.

Bold the heart that burns with the acrid essence
Out of hearts distraught from the simple loving
Felt in sad lone wilds by the simple-hearted
Folk of the fen-side.

Wouldst thou cherish love ever more forever,
Clinging, sighing, singing and crying mutely?
Feel the change, the tremour, the swerve, the triumph,
All for a rapture?

Wouldst thou bring to birth from the core of blooming?
Dead shall be the child of thy arid passion,
Cold the subtle bud shall await the embalming
Of thy forgetting!

Wouldst thou conquer aught of the strange,
sweet future?

Thou shalt wake and wander alone in sorrow,

Know the olden joy and the olden wonder
Under the tempest!

Mr. Richard Watson Gilder's *Poems and Inscriptions* contains sundry verse which closely resembles the verse embodied in his former books. He has, however, in one poem called "The Night Pasture," undertaken the experiment of freeing himself from metrical fetters and writing a sort of rhythmically poetic prose. Here is a little of it:

Then I think, not of myself—but an image
comes to me of one who has passed—
Of an old man bent with labour;
He, like his father before him, for many and many a year,

When the cows down the mountains have
trudged in the summer evening, and after the evening milking.

Of these lines we have nothing in particular to say except to remark (with a certain amount of diffidence) that we should think the writing of them would be rather easy.

Harry Thurston Peck.

THE WRITER WHO DOES NOT CARE

There is no sign in Kipling's writings that he has ever learned anything from his critics or made any concessions to his public's demands. Take it or leave it, has been his attitude from the first. In his own good time, after people had despaired of him, he wrote *Kim*. We then told him distinctly that was the kind of thing we wanted of him, and asked him to do it again; whereupon he undertook the conduct of the British Government through the agency of bad verse. *The Islanders* may be true and statesmanlike, and rifle clubs may be founded on the strength of it, and cricketers may hang their heads for shame. Some say poetry is as poetry does; but not if it save the British Empire shall we ever admit the goodness of this poem or that it is a poem at all. It will be classed in the long run with Kipling's rhymed journalism,

effective but transitory, a matter of a few fiery phrases, much overstraining and many flat lines. As mere literary pleasure-lovers, his readers have a right to complain. Bother his prophecies and devil take his reforms and all those ballads with a purpose, and letters on South Africa, and allegories on steam engines, and monodies on quartermaster's supplies. That is the way they feel about it, blaming not so much the subjects as Kipling's way with them. Critics who praise Kipling's faculty of throwing himself into a subject forget that one unfortunate result has been his total disappearance in it. He paints himself in with his local colour. It has happened again and again. A man among men, but also a piston-rod among piston-rods. Other writers have at one time or another paid some attention to criticism. There was

George Meredith, for instance, whom no one would accuse of pliancy. He was swerved entirely from his early course by adverse criticism. And Thomas Hardy, the only other living novelist of Kipling's rank, was influenced by it to his own and our advantage. But from Kipling, as from a Tammany water main, we must take things as they come, knowing that protests are in vain.

He will not repent, or conform, or edit himself, or study how to please. But there is about him a sort of surly sincerity even at his worst. He at least is interested if you are not. He is pleased with each sudden new intimacy and exasperatingly glib in its jargon and would as lief lose readers as not. Bridge-building or whatever it may be—down he goes in it with a horrid splash of terminology and remains defiantly uninteresting for months at a time. It is not as if he tried to please and failed. It is his mood, not yours. He is merely muttering to himself the technicalities of his hobby, and criticism cannot shake it out of him. In the intervals of something like genius he is merely a pig-headed man. But the course has some advantages. He never does what is expected of him, but he sometimes does more. Whatever his sins are, they are not sins of subservience, and meanwhile he lives his own life. Not that his unliterary activities have any value in themselves. Beyond stirring up rows and coining some quotable phrases, what has he done for politics these last few years? But looked at as a form of diversion, politics have done something for him.

At all events, he has escaped some of the fatal consequences of a literary success. Success is usually the result of a sharpened sense of what is wanted. As a general rule, the successful writer, especially the successful American writer, is a man who is disciplined by demand. The vagaries of self-expression may do for a few privileged characters, but the steady, substantial incomes are for those who do what is expected of them. Taking it altogether, it is the line of least resistance, the happy level and the golden average, and the best rule for the greatest number, and the only safe course *à priori* if you have a family to support. Not that they say one thing when they particularly want to say another. There

is no deliberate heterophemy about it. But people who get on in the world have developed a sort of market nerve and can feel it throbbing in the back of the brain. Of many thoughts it automatically thrusts forward the one that is most presentable, and by an instinctive arithmetic counts votes on every sentence before it is written down. This is the general law of successful literary composition, though not so stated in the books. The uniformity of American fiction, about which so many lose their temper, merely shows that our writers have never felt like risking much for self-expression, and there is no good reason why they should. *Sic vos non vobis* is the motto of all efficient public entertainers. If they had any big peculiar ideas, they would probably let us have a peep at them. Nothing very great is being hidden, we believe. Yet every little while a critic attacks them on the ground that they ought to do better, and that the best selling books are not literature. Aim higher and sell less, he says. It is the theory of concealed genius. Kipling's contemptuous non-conformity would carry most men straight to the poorhouse. Nor does it follow that posterity will like any better the things that the present rejects. The ferocious onslaughts on recent American novels are both illogical and unfair.

Still, people have their harmless little peculiarities, and it has often been noted by observers that American writers of fiction are not nearly so much alike as their books. Natural diversities linger though tucked out of sight by the pen. But it has happened often that once in the public favour they are never quite the same men again. Success, like a flat-iron, smoothes out the little irregularities that might just as well have been left in, and there are whimsicalities about the people that we are apt to miss in their books. Caution and self-repression to the extent of holding back certain matters that might with perfect safety be let go certainly do seem a little over-developed in our writers. What with wondering whether the editor will like it, and whether the public will take to it, and whether the critics will see through it, there is little chance for merely personal preferences of their own. And by the time the habit of pleasing everybody is

formed, the soul has caught a colour that will not come out in the wash. The saddest thing about our young authors is the exchange of possibilities for dead certainties after they have struck their pace. With Kipling, politics serve the purpose of a rotation of crops. But here, if a writer is silent after his third romantic novel, we always know he is working like a beaver on his fourth. Something to do during the uninspired intervals is the great need of the calling. Even Shakespeare's nature felt the want of it—"subdued to what it works in," as he says. Kipling goes in for prophecy and empire-building as a horse goes to pasture, and comes back greatly refreshed. If it had not been for the intervening years of

foolishness he might never have given us *Kim*. That is a cheering thought that ought to come to any one who reads *The Islanders* and wonders why such things need be.

Years ago he gave fair warning he would not work with an eye to his public, and he never has. Not caring at all how we liked it, he has blundered into many things—sometimes a tinker, sometimes a counsellor of nations, always certain beyond human certainty, and almost always wrong. But rested by his many irrelevances and exhilarated years of impudence, he comes back to his work finally, like Kim from his illicit wanderings, and does it better than before.

F. M. Colby.

DRAMA OF THE MONTH

For a long time nothing in the theatrical world has done so much good to New York as the visit of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Where would it be possible to find an influence more exactly what we need? Mrs. Campbell was in this city but three weeks. Her plays received almost the united censure of a press that thinks Björnson and Maeterlinck ridiculous, Suderman dull, and *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* immoral—a press of which the major part looks upon *Zaza* and Mrs. Carter as the highest reach of dramatic art, and of which another fraction represents prosy inertia. Nevertheless, it took but a few days for the idea to spread, among people who care, that Mrs. Campbell was something which must not be missed, and then many were turned away from the theatre every night. There is a public in our largest city which is, in its immediate possibilities, and even in its present desires, far above the level of our theatres and our press. The same people went night after night to see Mrs. Campbell. Some of them liked Björnson best, some Maeterlinck, some Pinero, but all cared. They were in the presence of an art which could make a difference in their feelings and in their ideas. Speaking to them publicly after their enthusiastic reception of Björnson's intense spiritual drama, *Beyond Human Power*, on her last night, Mrs. Campbell said that most of the best things in the world were serious, and that she saw no reason why the

drama should not also be selected for its beauty and truth, its possession of those qualities which give worth to other aspects of life.

There is a satisfying virtue in finished and sincere art that has no precise equivalent, even in the flights of genius. The last time I left Paris it was with but one regret—the departure from a theatre in which an evening could always be spent in a consummate artistic atmosphere. It is not for excitement that we go to the best theatres, not to be "carried off our feet" by sheer power; it is to have three hours in which the mind and taste are encouraged, pleased and corrected, to see a play acted in proportion and with thoroughness, after its own nature. It is in such a spirit that Mrs. Campbell gives up her rare intellect and her vivid temperament to the author whose ideas she is presenting. Some actors have higher flights than she has shown us; none, I believe, in any country, has an art more just, intelligent and sincere, none is more thoroughly transformed to the character she plays or set with less vanity into the drama; none cares more for the harmony of the whole and less for the saliency of her part. To be without vanity in one's work is rare upon the stage. It requires a degree of intellect and a justness of taste that do not come often to actors. It is necessary to the production of the art which satisfies and is without blemish rather than to that which startles

or excites. It is what makes me able to see Mrs. Campbell more often than I could see the most brilliant histrionic genius in the world, if it lacked, as it so often does lack, this sense of proportion, this artistic fitness, representing, after the experiences of life, its most trustworthy values. In anything that is art there must be probity somewhere, truth in feeling or perception, but there need not be integrity throughout, and we often find, in acting as in literature, trickery alternating with inspiration. Mrs. Campbell does not make a gesture or use an expression until emotion and sympathy have made it hers, and she prefers omission to fabrication. Such simplification might lead to barrenness, but the more I see it in this actress the more it appears in the light of harmony and purity, for the methods which she does use are sufficient to paint widely different women with lasting solidity. Indeed, these characters can be classed together only in one way that expresses a limitation; they are all creatures who can be understood by the reason and the æsthetic sense, and most of them have more nerves than floods of passion, irrepressible plays of fancy, or flashes of imagination. America has not seen Mrs. Campbell try rôles in which much sheer power was needed, or unclouded joy; her most distinguished work has been deep, clear, pure and in the minor key. Yet the future may show others truths, for nothing in *Mariana*, *Magda*, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, or *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* could prepare one for the fairy innocence of Melisande or the profound devotion of the pastor's wife in *Beyond Human Power*. All the six characters which Mrs. Campbell has acted here have been played with the perfection of understanding, in detail and in conception, each a composition in perfect tone, and it is the beauty and thoroughness of her art on these high lines that make an admirer court the opportunity of seeing her in parts of elemental size, few in any language, to which there is no top and no bottom, in which the inspiration and the passions are of an intensity, elevation, and extent so vast that the greatest creators, from century to century, find incitement and inspiration in them, and the most gifted interpreters cannot exhaust them. Such parts would settle beyond

doubt the question raised by the climaxes in *Mariana* and *Magda*, in which Mrs. Campbell varied from night to night in strength, but in which she never seemed to reach the last surrender of emotion, which differs infinitely from any mere mood or any mere meaning. This escape of the artist into the realms of absolute feeling, of which there is no better example than Bernhardt in the presence of love and joy and death, on her best nights, in the last act of *La Dame aux Camélias*, while it is the surest proof of genius, is not the most important quality in the theatre. It is not what distinguishes a high condition of the stage from a low one. It is not what makes the theatre in Germany belong to the national intellectual life, while here it is the vilest pastime. Whether, therefore, Mrs. Campbell may show herself next season in expansive parts, she has done already what is the most valuable, in proving herself the embodiment of what makes the theatre an institution worthy to form a regular interest in a serious life. This pure presentation of the author's thought is not the result of Mrs. Campbell's veracious acting alone; it needs her management also, which not only selects in the main actors who have the ability to represent character, but forces those whom she has, whether able or mediocre, to take the right attitude in their work, which is more important than gifts. It is in the approach to their task, rather than in their native talent, that the German actors at the Irving Place so far surpass most English companies.

Never, in my memory, have an actor and her plays been so much discussed in New York. For weeks everybody talked for or against the qualities of Mrs. Campbell, Pinero, Maeterlinck, and Björnson, and the vitality of the subjects was proved by the intelligence of the comment. That more thought has been provoked, both in thinking people and in those unaccustomed to cerebration, by this visit than by any other recent theatrical occurrence is in itself a blessing. My own opinions have been changed in several ways, and always in favour of the author, a characteristic result of Mrs. Campbell's thoroughness of interpretation. Mr. Pinero's reputation in America has certainly been raised by the visit of his most profound exponent. She em-

phasises in the work of the humorous and adroit technician those qualities in which it is incomplete. Reading *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* or *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, or seeing ordinary players in them, one finds clever stage-craft, delightful wit, but in style an absence of ease and purity, in serious characters a lack of the creative touch, of natural eloquence. Mrs. Campbell's art is exactly complementary to Mr. Pinero's. In her there is no mechanical brilliancy. She either cannot or will not make a purely technical effect. She is everything that is not theatrical. Instead of going out into the auditorium, as it were, to take possession of the spectators, she plays for herself, remotely, as if they did not exist, and if they are to feel her performance they must go to her. They must not be passive. They must contribute to the reality of the play. She either loses them, or draws them over the footlights, into the drama, where they care for it, not as if it were a series of feats in a show, but because it has become a living thing, with a reality that might vanish if Mrs. Campbell ever took an inch that did not belong to her, or ever exerted a dramatic effect that grew from no human quality or situation, which she never does. Agnes Ebbsmith in her embodiment becomes a woman so full of actual breath, so near, so living, so much herself, that I doubt my former judgment of Mr. Pinero, and am tempted to believe that much was in his words that my blindness missed. The lean witch is now one of the women whom I know most convincingly; her very intellectual perversions, which she takes for purity—perverse, because they are but the half of healthy truth—gain a sympathy; her struggles for a meaningless ideal attain a meaning. Formerly the woman who feared her sex's instincts instead of rightly using them, who saw emancipation as a raw crusade, who did not know that freedom and intelligence, beauty and purity, are to be found in a harmonious instinctive life, not in suppression—such a woman seemed a neurotic accident, the sickliness of whose nature gave to the drama a centre without importance. The perfect interpretation of the actress brought this picture into a more becoming light. It remained her own distortions as much as Cleeve's pettiness and the world's cruelty that she

fought against, but there was nobility in the fight, and yearning for good, and courage, suffering, and patience. How quietly yet clearly the character unfolds before us. At first Mrs. Campbell is all drab, even her gorgeous beauty subdued to her meaning, her dress dingy, her face tense, suppressing all passions except for the one determined aim, her walk restrained and cold, her being darkly tuned to fanatic phrases. So thoroughly has the woman bent all the forces of her being to one ideal that the surface is all calm. A friend shrinks from her, as from a thing unclean, and on the face of the actress, faithfully reflecting the dramatist, there is nothing but cold acceptance. In every detail Mrs. Campbell's fidelity and intelligence illuminate the text. I never appreciated how fine was the first curtain speech, "It is so easy to mock," until I heard the impassive conviction with which she spoke it. It is with penetrating, sympathetic comprehension that she expresses the attitude of the woman toward animal passion—an attitude both ideal and perverted—meeting a kiss on the lips with a shrinking as if from disease. So just is Mrs. Campbell in such moments, so true to nature, that there seems to be no comment by the performer; the spectator knows not whether the actress feels the strength of Agnes's nature or its weakness. Some of the greatest actors in the world (more especially some of the greatest actresses) put a personal sympathy or bias into everything they do. Mrs. Campbell has a rich, harmonious voice, abundant beauty, an individual, rhythmical, measured enunciation, all traits which might tempt a less artistic nature to rely on so striking a personality at the expense of truth to the play; but Mrs. Campbell uses everything she possesses for the purpose of expressing character and expressing it always in the right key. There is no "view" expressed by her; there is only the portrait. It is like Dutch art in its sobriety and poise. The perfect justness continues through the weary yielding to what Agnes deems the lower side of humanity, the sad donning of a resplendent gown, the tired resignation to a cheaper destiny—then the violent clinging to what is left, the hour of love, so fleeting, and the brave and bitter relinquishment of even that happy moment.

The famous Bible scene is among the most theatrical that Mr. Pinero ever wrote, and in this year's repertory it is not in dramatic climaxes that Mrs. Campbell's large and reasoning mind shows at its best; but in this situation she fills the deed with human feeling, and with an intensity that is satisfying, even though it is not, as it might be, overwhelming.

Paula Tanqueray is often classed in the popular mind with Agnes Ebbsmith, because both happen, in departing from the highway of normal life, to have fractured the seventh commandment. Neither has the beauty of health, and both might exercise the ingenuity of a nervous specialist. But individually they are an absolute contrast—and here another tribute seems to be wrung from me by the memory that before this engagement I never realised how different they were. One is strenuous, inelastic, half noble, worthy, even in her errors, of respect; the other has vulgarity in its worst sense, cheapness of soul, instability, surface passions, envy, caprice. Doubtless her life has despoiled her good qualities and increased her vices, but she must have been paltry from the beginning. Mr. Pinero has an eye for practical ironies, and he knows, as playwrights have shown before him, that such disintegrated natures, weak to begin with and burned to ashes, like Augier's Olympe and The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, are in stable society poisonous and incurable—the contradiction of "honour and faith and a sure intent"—and the death of the man who tries to reconcile them with domestic life. Not the breaking of commandments is the essential fault, as a multitude of happy and steady households may demonstrate; it is the instability, the sick frivolity, the moral unrest, the diseased nerves; and this must be remembered if we are to measure the gulf between Agnes and Paula, on one side of which Mrs. Campbell enacts the jaded trifle as unswervingly as on the other she portrays the distorted enthusiast. It is a complete portrait of laxity contrasted with a faultless picture of fanaticism.

Magda, too, has been put into the same group by the same inadequate measurement, but her relationship to the others is entirely superficial. When an artist in modern life wishes to show a woman breaking the ties of convention, whether

through weakness or through strength, he naturally falls on one infraction, since her treatment of a law long ago made for her is significant of her attitude toward the world, as man's courage is a test of the soundness of his whole moral nature. Magda is neither on a side track, like Agnes, nor degraded, like Paula. She is strong and selfish, wise with experience, affectionate and yearning as a woman and an artist, full of self-love, as the people of the stage are almost forced to be. Sudermann has drawn the dramatic contrast with impartiality. The sister represents tenderly the beauties of the private life. The father represents these virtues harshly but with elevation. Magda is as just an embodiment as literature offers of the gifted woman as public performer—of the woman as artist, we might say, except that an entirely different set of laws apply to the artistic nature working for itself and to the same nature living in the glare and excitement of the public sight. Sudermann, building solidly, has presented the two modes of life, with the resulting characters, with such justice that eager arguments have again been waged over the respective merits of the stern colonel and his flamboyant daughter. Mrs. Campbell, apparently not as cordially sympathetic to Sudermann's spirit as she is to the four other authors, especially when it comes to exploiting the playwright's stage technique, yet gave to her Magda the dominating merit of individuality. Magda's ennui in the family circle and contempt for the Philistines was wholly unlike Paula's; but her emancipation had nothing in common with Mrs. Ebbsmith's. Of course it is the dramatists who have drawn different women, but the intellectual charm of Mrs. Campbell's work is that it can never be separated from the author's, although she is capable of furnishing distinction if the author be without it. *Mariana*, by Echegaray, is a mere melodrama, almost too inconceivably commonplace to be fathered by the author of *El Gran Galeoto*; but into the familiar lay figure of the Spanish woman before whom all men are ninepins Mrs. Campbell puts much that draws us to her with its truth. In the first scenes her acting of moods, of feminine caprice raised to a high power, shows how intimately her temperament can comprehend that al-

most morbid nervous sensibility which in this play is supposed to be interesting; as, indeed, she can *understand* almost anything (perhaps anything—that remains to be seen)—in the range of drama. Understanding, however, is one thing, and emotional realisation is another. In both Mrs. Campbell is distinguished; but the climaxes of suffering in *Mariana* could be done with more power; and of this, as of all the parts that she has played here, it may be safely declared that none could be acted with more intellectual comprehension. In two gifts, then, she is unsurpassed; in the intelligence that sees the meaning of dramas and characters, and in the nervous organisation that grasps and sympathises with all the currents of feeling that play over the surface of nervously disorganised women. That is so much that it makes my interest in her poignant, and it is no diminution of it to keep in reserve until next season a judgment about the free imagination that transcends particulars, or uses them only to feed its flame. This gift, proverbially granted by the gods alone, is not one of intelligence only. It is, perhaps, as near of kin to character and temperament, for it is thought glorified by feeling.

... thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be!
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.

* * * * *

Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud!
We in ourselves rejoice!

And thence flows all that charms our ear or
sight,

All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.

Coleridge thus helps me on to that drama in which Maeterlinck, in his own strange way, retells the ever-fascinating story of Francesca da Rimini. The path of thought leads hither, because in the Belgian mystic we have much beauty and intelligence, and also some conflict with immutable standards of greatness. Simple, sensuous and impassioned, there has been no better definition than Milton's of what poetry should be; and it is not a requirement that can be met by the weary or the decadent. Yet Maeterlinck's dramatic poem is beautiful, not with the simple and living beauty of the Italian love tale, rather with a beauty that is con-

scious and even artificial, and yet with so much charm and meaning that we might well name only the joy given by a drama that is sensitive and breathing throughout; for over the noble Southern romance the Belgian thinker has thrown his own feeling for life, and wrapped each of his incidents in the veiled, sad commentary of an imagination which is, perhaps, more reflective than creative. In three viewings I enjoyed it more each time, for with familiarity the background of poetry and commentary and ideal detaches itself more easily from the phantasms moving through the foreground. When every pool and cave and ring and strange occurrence has its kinship with our own existence, the drama gains a richness which, hastily seen, it could not have. Mrs. Campbell's *Mélisande*, unless it might have at times something more of happiness, is without a flaw, a charmed dream, remote, haunting, exquisite in its poetry of the unreal, like a faint picture in smoke, or a strange design in tapestry, or like one of those flat paintings into which Puvis de Chavannes put a new spirit. Her skill wins admiration when she depicts the tawdry details of pride and diseased nerves, but it gains love when innocence, beauty and love are what it reflects. Surely Maeterlinck and Björnson have brought out, rather than her other authors, the fairer depths of her fine, artistic soul. She lives exquisitely into the fairy land of *Pelléas and Mélisande*, and becomes entirely a poet, in this poetry of culture, with its pale, delicate background of complex life. She lives profoundly into the human devotion of Clara Sang, which is poetry also, with less of weary refinement, with a more unjaded spirit, with more of the simple and intense feeling which is the heart of genius. Mrs. Campbell lies in her bed through the whole of the long first half of the play, and in the second half she appears but for an instant at the close, blindly groping for the man she loves, dying for him then, uplifted, happy. This pure love of a man, this sincere and noble passion ruling every complication that crosses it, would be wholly new to one who had seen the five other plays. The love of Clara Sang is of no kin to the neurotic caprices of Paula, the melodramatic desperation of Mariana, the serious madness of Agnes, or the tender

outlines in which we dimly see the soul of *Mélisande*. It is, perhaps, the noblest portrait of the six, for, not technically as difficult as the others, it is the most pure and simple. Who is there, besides Mrs. Campbell, who would produce this piece of true literature and insist on acting it in city after city against the protests of managers, teaching thousands of mere amusement-seekers to love it and to know the life-giving virtues of art from the dead machinery of an average play? Who else is there who would revive *Pelléas and Mélisande* again and again? She devotes herself to men of talent in the modern world, careless of the popular indifference, and forces us, thinkers

and philistines alike, to see deeper into them, and to see with a more sympathetic eye. She is too large a person, too sincere an artist, to see her own glory apart from the understanding of the author. She distorts nothing, she leads her actors to play not as her subordinates but as equal interpreters of the whole, and, despising the sale of gaudy counterfeits to the world, she cares to spend her years in the service of the art which makes life more abundant. To the credit of our nation, therefore, will be whatever encouragement she takes away from America, in money, in affection or in fame.

Norman Hapgood.

FUEL OF FIRE

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

PROLOGUE.

First by the king and then by the state,
And thirdly by that which is thrice as great
As these, and a thousandfold stronger and
higher,
Shall Baxendale Hall be made fuel of fire.

It fell upon a day, (so the ancient chronicles tell us)—before men had discovered that Mershire was a land whose stones were of iron and her foundations of coal—that Guy, the eldest son of Sir Stephen de Baxendale, went out hunting in the merry greenwood which lay between Baxendale Hall and Silverhampton town. And because Guy was too young to take such heed to his own steps and the steps of his steed as an older and wiser huntsman would have done, the horse put his foot into a rabbit-hole, thereby bringing himself and his rider to the ground. In much fear and trembling the retainers picked up the unconscious form of their young master and bore him to Gorsty Hayes, a forester's lodge in the heart of the wood, which is still standing to this day. There he was nursed back to consciousness by Vivien of the Glade, the forester's fair daughter, much famed in those parts for her skill in discovering healing herbs and distilling soothing potions from the same.

It was many a long day before Guy of Baxendale was sufficiently recovered to be taken home to the Hall; for his leg was

broken and his whole body badly bruised. And when at last he did go back, he left his heart behind him in the safe keeping of Vivien of the Glade: for even in those far-off times Love flew where he listed and no man ordered his goings, just as he does unto this day, and will do so long as this round world of ours shall run its course in the light of the sun.

Then there was war in the house of Baxendale. Guy had made up his mind to wed the fair daughter of the forester; while Sir Stephen and Dame Alice, his wife, had made up their minds with equal firmness that no son of their noble name should mate with a daughter of the people.

Long before William the Norman planted his indomitable foot upon English soil, the Baxendales had taken up their abode in the heart of the Mershire forests, and there had builded themselves a stronghold against their enemies. It was rumoured that one of them had fought on the side of Ethelfleda, Queen of Mercia, in the great battle between the Danes and the Saxons; and that the queen had delighted to honour him for his bravery on that day of blood. Be that as it may, the family had long ruled over their own fair lands in the centre of the Mershire forests, and had accounted themselves as being made of different flesh and blood from the common people, which men are sadly prone to do when they have handed down their lands from father to son for many generations; until

God sees fit to teach them Himself that He is no respecter of persons.

Therefore, it was a bitter thing to Sir Stephen and Dame Alice, his wife, when their first-born son set his heart upon Vivien, the forester's daughter. But Guy clave to the woman and refused to let her go, for the which should all succeeding Baxendales honour him; as a man who is not ready to leave his father and mother in order to cleave to his wife is not of the clay out of which the best husbands and fathers are fashioned by the Hands of the great Potter.

While the battle was waging fierce and strong—Guy swearing that he should wed the girl whether or no, and his parents swearing that he should not—a rumour got wind in the neighbourhood (started, men said, in the first place by Dame Alice herself) that the healing skill of Vivien of the Glade had its origin in the sin of witchcraft. Then alas, and alas for Guy of Baxendale and his ill-fated love! The rumour grew apace, until women refused so much as to look at Vivien's fair face, and even brave men crossed themselves if they had to ride by Gorsty Hayes after nightfall. And at last it came to pass that the girl was seized by soldiers and carried to Baxendale Hall, where she was condemned by several worthy justices of the peace to be burned alive at Silverhampton market-place, as a punishment for her evil deeds, and a warning to any like-minded persons who might be tempted to follow in her unholy footsteps.

So in Silverhampton market-place she was burned alive, close to the strange old Druidical pillar whereof no man knows the history even unto this day. And just as the fagots were beginning to crackle she broke through the rope that bound her right arm, and pointed with her forefinger to the thickly-wooded hill on the other side of the valley, where Baxendale Hall nestled among the trees—the home of the great family who had done her to death for the sole crime of being lowly-born. And as she pointed to their house she raised her voice and cursed them as they had cursed her:

First by the king, and then by the state,
And thirdly by that which is thrice as great
As these, and a thousandfold stronger and
higher,
Shall Baxendale Hall be made fuel of fire.

Then the tongues of flame leaped up and fawned upon her like dogs of war let loose by fiendish hands; higher and higher they leaped, until the voice of cursing faded into a shriek of agony, and then died away in the silence of the eternities. And the people stood round

and gazed upon the awful sight, thanking God—in their blindness and ignorance—that they were not as this woman was; while the old church of St. Peter uplifted its ancient tower above their heads, an unheeded witness to Him Who would fain have gathered them all under His wings as a hen gathereth her chickens, but they would not; and Who would fain have taught them—in this His temple made with hands—the things that belonged to their peace, but which as yet were hid from their eyes.

Thus perished Vivien of the Glade, because she had succeeded in winning the love of Guy of Baxendale. But her curse lived on, and was fulfilled to the letter.

As for Guy, he forgot his sorrow in the fierce joy of fighting in the Wars of the Roses, the love of war being stronger in some men than even the love of woman. Then late in life, when he was alike too old to fight or to love any more, he took to wife a well-born damsel, some thirty years younger than himself, who bore him a large family of sons and daughters. In a ripe but cheerless old age he was gathered to his fathers, and Hugh, his son, reigned in his stead. But until the day of his death Guy of Baxendale never again entered Silverhampton town. He turned on his heel and shook the dust of the place off his feet on the day when the woman he loved was martyred underneath the old stone pillar, in the very shadow of the church which brought—to those who had ears to hear it—the message of peace upon earth and goodwill toward men. And he never set foot therein again.

But his children and his grandchildren married in their own class and lived happily ever after—at least, until they were removed to that strange world where rank and wealth count for less than nothing and love and duty for so much. If they found it impossible to live happily in a world where it was accounted better to be a saint than a Baxendale, no one knows; but it is somewhat difficult for even a chronicler to imagine.

Nevertheless, because human nature is stronger than pride of birth or social ambition—is stronger, in fact, than anything else on earth except the grace of God (and sometimes for a while apparently even stronger than that)—it came to pass, when Henry the Eighth was king, that again a Baxendale lost his heart to a daughter of the people. Once more, as of old, his parents interfered between him and the soul that God had given him, for the sake of the glory of their ancient

house. And because Richard Baxendale—like his ancestor Guy—swore that he would marry the girl he loved, though she was only Agnes Tyler, daughter of a wool merchant in Silverhampton, Agnes was sent to the convent of Greyladies, there compelled by her father to take the veil: for how could a plain Mercia wool merchant defy the wishes of the great Sir Wilfred Baxendale?

So Agnes possessed, her sweet soul in patience within the thick stone walls of Greyladies, and passed her time in praying for Richard Baxendale, that he might do honour to his knighthood on earth and finally obtain the heavenly crown which is promised to him that overcometh. There, year after year, she watched the daffodils cover the earth, and she thought upon those golden streets through which Richard and she should one day walk together: and she saw the wild hyacinths carpet the woodlands, and thought upon the pavement of sapphire before which Richard and she should one day kneel. She prayed also for his wife and his children; for her love was not of the earth earthy, and there was no thought of self to be found therein. As for the wool merchant, her father, he commended himself in that he had killed two birds with one stone, so to speak, in pleasing God and Sir Wilfred equally, by taking his daughter from the one in order to give her to the other: and he felt that he had thereby conferred an obligation upon both of these powers which neither of them could lightly discharge. It is always so satisfactory to a man when he can serve God and Mammon at the same time! There was no doubt that the wool merchant of Silverhampton was an excellent man of business; and there was also no doubt that two of the parties involved—namely, himself and Sir Wilfred—were completely satisfied with the arrangement. Whether the third power concerned in the transaction concurred in the approval manifested by the other two is a more doubtful matter, and one whereof the chronicler knows nothing: but Will Tyler himself knows all about it by this time, and probably realises at last the disadvantages of a divided service.

When Agnes was safely out of his reach, Richard took to wife the Lady Anne, daughter of the Earl of Mershire; and by her had three fine sons and four fair daughters. But his heart was always in the convent of Greyladies, some five miles from Baxendale Hall.

It was when Sir Richard's hair was thinning and his beard was turning grey that the Reformation altered the whole political aspect of

England, and Henry the Eighth appropriated to himself the religious house of Greyladies, and all the properties appertaining thereto. The convent was sacked, and the nuns fled to Baxendale, taking with them as much treasure as they could carry; for Sir Richard, being but a simple English gentleman, could not understand how even kings should rise superior to the Eighth Commandment, and yet go unpunished.

The king's soldiers, in the king's name, commanded Sir Richard to give up the treasures of the convent, or else they would burn Baxendale Hall to the ground; but he laughed in their faces, and swore that the nuns who had fled to him for safety should find it there until his death.

Then the king's soldiers, in the king's name, set fire to the Hall. The Lady Anne and her children escaped; but Sir Richard stayed with the nuns whom he was defending, like the brave knight he was, and perished with them in the final crash.

Tradition says that just at the end—when all hope or chance of life was over, and death was waiting for them both—Sir Richard threw back the veil which for so long had divided him from Agnes, and kissed her once more full upon the lips, as he had been wont to kiss her long ago in the merry greenwood between Baxendale Hall and Silverhampton. If this were so, no one saw it save the God Who made them man and woman before they were knight and nun, and therefore would not go back upon His own handiwork: and their souls are in His keeping until this day.

Thus perished Sir Richard and the woman he had loved, and thus was fulfilled the first part of the curse of Vivien of the Glade.

A third time it came to pass—since history has a habit of repeating itself—that a Baxendale sought a low-born bride. The Hall had been rebuilt for close upon a century, when Walter Baxendale, one of the most loyal subjects of King Charles the Martyr, set his heart upon Charity Freemantle, a pretty Puritan maid. But now it was the lady's father who objected, not the swain's, for Walter had lost both his parents while he was yet a boy. Joshua Freemantle swore a great oath that none of his household should touch the accursed thing: whereby he meant that none of his pretty daughters should be joined in wedlock with a supporter of the Royalist cause.

Again, as of yore, there were sweet stolen meetings in the woodlands lying west of Silverhampton town—meetings which turned the mossy paths into veritable highways of Para-

dise and the sun-dappled glades into fairy-land itself: when the shouting of the captains was drowned for a while in the hush and the hum of the summer, and the sound of war could no longer be heard because of the murmur of lovers' vows and lovers' kisses.

Then came the battle of Worcester, and the triumph of the Parliamentary army; when Charles fled for safety to Boscobel, and there was hid in an oak-tree from his would-be murderers. Cromwell's men suspected that the fugitive monarch was in hiding at Baxendale Hall; and they commanded the master thereof to deliver into their hands the king to whom he had sworn allegiance; a thing which Walter Baxendale would not have done if he could, since he was a loyal knight and true, and could not if he would, as the king was not at Baxendale at all, but had ridden on to Boscobel.

But in the midst of the search for King Charles, Joshua Freemantle—one of Cromwells' most fanatical followers—came upon his daughter, Charity, in Baxendale Wood, folded in the arms of her devoted cavalier, who had just come back to her alive and unhurt from the field of Worcester. In a moment of frenzy, Freemantle fired at the man he hated, as men never hate save in the throes of civil warfare; but Charity, seeing what was coming, flung herself between her father and her lover, and so was slain in her lover's stead.

Then Sir Walter and Freemantle engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle, the one being inspired by the love of woman and the other by the love of religion—two of the strongest forces that ever impelled men to shed blood like water.

For many minutes the deadly combat lasted, first the one seeming to get the upper hand, and then the other. But Baxendale's heart was broken, and it is hard work fighting with a broken heart; so it came to pass that the fanatic proved too strong for the knight and finally overthrew him, running him straight through the body with his sword. So Walter and his love lay dead together in the woodland where they had so often plighted their vows; and who shall dare to say that those vows were not fulfilled in that Paradise whereof the forest of Baxendale had been but a foretaste and a type?

Joshua Freemantle then rode on to the Hall, followed by a small company of Roundheads and filled with the passion of war and the frenzy of religious zeal. With the soldiers' help he burned the house to the ground, thinking (poor, misguided soul!) that he was

thereby doing God service, just as he thought he had saved his daughter's soul alive by slaying her in Baxendale Woods rather than let her mate with a son of Belial (as he considered all who were not supporters of Cromwell). He, also, had much to learn when at last he went to his own place and found how terribly he had misrepresented the God Whom he had sincerely, though ignorantly, worshipped.

It was not until after Richard Cromwell's death, and the restoration to the throne of King Charles the Second, that the property was given back to Hubert Baxendale, Sir Walter's younger brother. In the meanwhile it lay—a desolate and neglected ruin—silent save for the cawing of the rooks by day and the screeching of the owls by night. But then Hubert claimed it as his brother's heir at law; and the king at once recognised his claims, and restored the large estate of Baxendale to its rightful owner.

For some years Hubert Baxendale saved up his revenues in order to rebuild the Hall, and by the time that James the Second was sitting upon his brother's throne, a fine red-brick house had grown up on the old site of Baxendale Hall—a house which was destined to be enlivened by the laughter of several generations of Baxendales before the third part of the ancient prophecy came true.

Thus perished Sir Walter Baxendale and the woman of his choice: and thus was fulfilled the second part of the curse of Vivien of the Glade.

CHAPTER I.

"A merry heart goes all the way,"
As Shakespeare once was pleased to say.

"It strikes me, Nancy," remarked Anthony Burton, looking critically at his cousin, "that Laurence Baxendale is inclined to be sweet upon you. I wonder at the fact, I confess; but my eagle eye cannot help perceiving it."

"I doubt if he has the sense," replied Nancy; "but it would do him all the good in the world."

Anthony tilted his straw hat still further over his eyes: "Your lack of humility, my dear child, is only equalled by your lack of justification to be anything else but humble. What there is in you to induce any man, not bound to you by the ties of relationship, to think about you twice, I fail to imagine; but the fact remains that our friend Baxendale does think about you twice; and facts have to be reckoned with."

"Twice?—and the rest," said Nancy laconically.

"Now, if he thought twice about Nora I should find more excuse for him," continued Anthony, turning his attentions to his younger cousin; "Nora—though far from being all that I could wish—has certain claims to good looks."

"Thank you," responded Nora.

Nancy's good humour remained unruffled: "Yes, there is no doubt that Nora is much better looking than I am. I've discovered that it is a universal law of nature that of two sisters the second is always the better looking and the taller, from the days of Leah and Rachel downward. If there are any brains going about, the elder sister generally fixes upon them: but as there are no brains going about in our family this doesn't affect us."

"Speak for yourself, my dear," demurred Anthony; "Nora and I are simply bursting with brain-power. But we do not despise you for your inferiority in this respect: we merely pity."

But Nancy was not attending: "I'm very glad you've noticed that Mr. Baxendale is rather taken with me, for I'd got an idea that way myself; and it is a comfort to find it confirmed even by such an idiot as you, Tony."

"Allow me to tender you a hearty vote of thanks for the kind—the too kind—terms in which you are pleased to refer to my intellectual endowments," murmured Anthony.

"But he tries dreadfully hard not to admire me—that's the best of the joke. It entertains me most enormously to see him struggling to defend himself against my charms."

"I know exactly what you mean, Nan," cried Nora; "when you say anything funny he tries all he knows how not to laugh, but to be properly shocked."

"Yes; doesn't he? And that makes me try to be all the funnier. And it is a pity it takes him like that; for he really has got a very nice sense of humour if he'd give it its head and not curb it with proprieties."

"Still, I don't see why he shouldn't admire you if he wants to," Anthony continued. "As I remarked before, I should never want to admire you myself; but if I did feel any inclination in that extraordinary direction I should have no conscientious scruples against indulging it to the full."

"I once knew a man," said Nancy, "who divided the girls he made love to into those he made love to on Sundays and those he made love to on week-days: and he said nothing would induce him to make love to me on

a Sunday—his mother wouldn't like it—though he'd devote the six other days entirely to the pursuit with pleasure."

"Then I shouldn't have let him," interrupted Nora; "I'd have been made love to by him on Sundays or not at all. I wouldn't let a man pick and choose his times and seasons in that rude way."

"I didn't; and the result was he didn't do it at all."

"I expect that is generally the result when you are concerned," sighed Tony.

Nancy laughed. "Is it? That's all you know about it."

"But why doesn't Baxendale want to admire you? That's what I can't see."

"I suppose he couldn't afford to marry," replied Nora wisely, "unless he married a much richer girl than one of us."

"Oh! I don't think it's that," argued Nancy; "Mr. Baxendale is just the sort of man to marry the most unsuitable woman he could find. You see, he is high-principled and honourable and conscientious; and honourable, conscientious people always have scruples against knowing the right men and marrying the right women."

"Then what is his objection to you?" persisted Tony. "If you aren't rich enough, aren't you poor enough?"

"I don't believe it is money at all: money would never enter into the counsels of such a man as Laurence Baxendale. He thinks I am common: that's where the shoe pinches."

"Confound his cheek! Where does the commonness come in, I should like to know?"

"Oh! he thinks it is awfully low not to have strolled into England with William the Conqueror and sat still here ever since. He is the sort of man who expects you to be always taking your ancestors about with you, and getting them to give you letters of introduction, don't you know. He never moves without taking a lot of ancestors about with him, just as some people never move without taking a lot of servants."

"I know the sort."

"I thought he'd have had a fit the other day when I said that somehow we'd mislaid our great-great-grandfather, and though we'd searched for him diligently in the rag-bag and the waste-paper basket, we couldn't lay our hands on him anywhere. He didn't in the least see that it was funny."

Nora shook her pretty head. "How tiresome of him! I can't bear people who don't see when things are funny."

"Well, he generally does see when things

are funny—that is one of his principal charms in my eyes. But he regards family and birth and blood and all that sort of thing as far too sacred to be trifled with or lightly spoken of. I'm thankful that I belong to a new family that has no curse, but gas and water laid on."

"There is good reason for your *Te Deum*," agreed Anthony.

"You see, Mr. Baxendale has a curse and everything else that is correct and uncomfortable and aristocratic; and he thinks it dreadfully plebeian of us to be making iron. In fact, he is one of the people who thinks it is dreadfully vulgar to make anything but mistakes; and of those they make plenty."

"I've never quite grasped," said Anthony, "why he and his mother have suddenly come down to live under the shadow of their uninhabited ancestral home."

"Oh! I've it all out of Faith Fairfax," answered Nora. "You know the Baxendales are frightfully poor; and when old Mr. Baxendale died Lady Alicia went to live with her brother, Lord Portcullis. Laurence was tremendously clever, and went to Oxford with a sort of scholarship, which they called a Post Office Order of Merton, or something like that."

"I knew he was clever," said Nancy, "or else he wouldn't admire me."

"When he left Oxford he became tutor to Lord Drawbridge, Lord Portcullis's eldest son: and this went on till Drawbridge went to school and Lord Portcullis married again."

"Till both their Lordships went to school, in short," concluded Anthony.

"If they can't afford actually to live at Baxendale Hall like to be near it, I suppose," Nora said.

"Not the rose, but near the rose: though what's the fun of living near the rose if you can't possess it, I don't know," said Tony.

"Neither do I," agreed Nora. "If I can't buy a thing for my own, I hate seeing it in the shop windows."

"I believe that Faith Fairfax is in love with Mr. Baxendale," Nancy said slowly.

The other two looked up with interest.

"What makes you think that?" asked Nora.

"Because she always knows where he is, and always pretends that she doesn't."

"Now Faith would be a suitable match for our friend," Tony remarked; "she'd have property enough to set Baxendale Hall on its legs again, and propriety enough not to knock Laurence off his."

Nancy nodded: "I know that; and that would be just the reason why he would never

fall in love with her. Trust him for invariably going against his own interests when he has the chance."

"I think it would be rather dull to be in love with Mr. Baxendale," said Nora; "it would be like going to an oratorio every day of one's life, or lodging in a cathedral."

"What rubbish!" Nancy exclaimed: "besides, oratorios and cathedrals are very nice in their way."

"Of course they are, Nancy, dear: I only said it would be rather dull to be married to one."

"Well, I don't agree with you. Mr. Baxendale is an ideal sort of person, with high aims and sound principles, and everything else *en suite*. And though it would be horrid to have ideal people for one's relations, I think they are the most satisfactory sort to fall in love with."

Nora looked doubtful: "But why?"

"Well, you see," explained Nancy, "falling in love is an ideal sort of thing; and if you fall in love with a person and then found he was sordid and commonplace, it would be like seeing an angel and then finding the angelic robes were made of cheap calico. Now, Mr. Baxendale is tiresome and trying and absurdly fastidious: but he would always be more or less ideal. I don't mean he is ideal in the sense of being faultless—anything but; he is ideal in the sense of always seeing the right course and—as far as in him lies—of following it."

"Faith is ideal, too," said Nora softly.

"Faith is an angel," Nancy agreed emphatically.

"And not an angel in cheap calico, either," added her cousin.

"No; Faith is just perfect," Nancy continued; "but all the same, it would do Mr. Baxendale far more good to fall in love with me than with her."

"I should have thought ideal people ought to fall in love with ideal people," suggested Tony, "on the approved principle of 'a hair of the dog that bit you;' and in that case Baxendale and Miss Fairfax seem made to order for each other. It would be a match, not only striking on the box, but striking from every possible point of view."

Nancy shrugged her shoulders. "A hair of the dog that bit you is supposed to be curative, you silly; and love is the one disease that is the worse for being cured. I think that Laurence and Faith would cure each other of perfection by their own perfectness: and then where would they be, stupid?"

"Goodness—or badness—only knows!"

"Now it is an education for any one to fall in love with one of us Burtons," Nancy went on. "I've noticed it often."

"So have I," her cousin agreed; "and that has led me to make the educational process as easy and pleasant as possible to such young ladies as appeared to me worthy of the training and likely to do it justice."

"You see, we are so healthy-minded that we cure any tendency to morbidness at once: and we are so natural that affectation cannot exist within our borders. Then we are funny; and as a rule the curse of love is seriousness. Love as a tragedy is a bore; but love as a comedy is a delight to the actors, and is worth ten-and-six a stall to the audience. Now, no one could regard a love affair with one of us in the light of a tragedy: could they?"

"They certainly could not," replied Anthony; "unless, of course, we accepted them."

"Still, I am not sure that this is altogether a virtue," Nora remarked sadly. "I believe people enjoy a love affair more if they can cry over it; and we never can."

"That's the worst of us," said Nancy, with a sigh; "we spoil half the fun of life by laughing at it. If we could only cry over things, and not see that they are funny, we should enjoy them a million times more. I'm sure we should. It spoils a love affair to see the funny side of it; and yet I always do."

"Mr. Baxendale wouldn't see the funny side of a love affair," said Nora.

"Oh! yes he would—that's just the sort of thing he would see the joke of. It's only solemn things—such as truth and honour and the Church and the Baxendales—that he takes so seriously. As a matter of fact, I believe he is too superior a person to fall in love at all: he would think it *infra dig.* for a Baxendale to love an ordinary woman; and that is why it would do him such a world of good to fall in love with me. It is extremely good for people to be obliged to do what they consider *infra dig.*; it knocks the nonsense out of them."

"It seems to me," remarked Anthony, "that there is a good deal of nonsense to be knocked out of Mr. Laurence Baxendale, and that our beloved Nancy would enjoy the job."

"I really believe I should," agreed Nancy.

"The worst of Mr. Baxendale is that he is so frightening," said Nora; "he says such sarcastic things."

"Oh! I'm not frightened of him," replied her sister airily. (But she was.)

"I always feel he is despising us and making

fun of us," Nora went on; "he has such a dreadfully sneering way with him."

"I don't care whether he sneers or not," Nancy persisted.

"But I thought you were under the impression that he admired you," suggested her cousin.

"So he does; but he doesn't approve of me: that's all the difference, silly."

"I wonder if he ever laughs at his mother," remarked Nora. "She is so deliciously vague that it must indeed be a privation to be prevented by the Fifth Commandment from thoroughly enjoying her."

Nancy shook her head: "No, I feel sure he doesn't: Mr. Baxendale is the sort of man that the Commandments would have great weight with. And, by the way, here he comes in the flesh round the corner of the terrace, so I can begin the knocking-out process at once." And the three young Burtons hoisted themselves up out of the garden-chairs in which they were lounging, and went to meet a slight, fair, aristocratic-looking man who was being piloted by a footman across the lawn.

It was a summer's afternoon, and Anthony and his cousins were sitting in the garden of Wayside, the Burtons' house, about three miles from the manufacturing town of Silverhampton. Mr. Burton, the girls' father, was an iron-master, as his father had been before him; and he and Anthony drove every day to the works, which lay in the dark valley on the other side of the ridge which divides, as by a straight line, the great Black Country of the Midlands from the woods and hills and meadowlands of West Mershire.

Mr. Burton had married a Miss Farringdon—a distant cousin of the Farringdons of Sedgehill—and they were blessed with two sons and two daughters: Nancy, who had wit, and Nora, who had beauty, respectively aged twenty-two and eighteen; and two small boys, Arthur and Ambrose, who were enjoying life and neglecting their education at a preparatory school.

Anthony, the only child of Mr. Burton's late brother, had inherited his father's share in the works, and was now his uncle's sole partner. His mother died when he was born; and since the death of his father, when Anthony was only ten years old, the latter had made Wayside his home, and had been treated by Mr. and Mrs. Burton exactly as if he were a son of their own. To Nancy and Nora he had always been as the kindest of brothers; and although he teased them in brotherly fashion, he was—also in brotherly fashion—

ready to fight their battles to the death, and to knock down any other man who should venture to tease them as he did.

The Burtons were a light-hearted race who had never known either great riches or uncomfortable poverty, and so were innocent alike of the responsibilities of the one and the anxieties of the other. They had never been rich enough to be economical, nor poor enough to be extravagant; so they took life easily, and extracted pleasure from the most unpromising sources; and—as is the custom in this too-sorrowful world—were popular in proportion to their cheerfulness. Mankind, as at present constituted, dearly loves the people who make it laugh.

Wayside, the local habitation of the Burtons, was a red-brick house on the highroad leading from Silverhampton to Salopshire, and thence to the western sea. It was approached from the road by a long, solemn drive bordered by specimen shrubs, which Nancy said had a depressing appearance, because evergreens always gave her the blues; but the house itself was cheerful and comfortable enough; and the garden at the back faded away into fields, which, in their turn, ended in some of the prettiest lanes in England. As a child Nancy thought that these lanes led straight into fairyland; as a woman she knew that they did; but this fuller knowledge only came after she had trodden those green and mysterious ways in company with the man of her choice and sundry others. There was nothing narrow or exclusive about Nancy: her power of making friends was only equalled by her capacity of turning these friends into lovers on the slightest provocation; and if the friends declined to be thus transformed, no bitterness was excited in Nancy's breast, as it might have been in the breast of a more sentimental and serious-minded young woman. Everything was fish that came to her net: and if it was not fish, it was fowl or good red herring, which did quite as well as far as she was concerned. If men fell in love with her she enjoyed their love: if they were only friends with her, she enjoyed their friendship: and she regarded either as the best joke in the world for the time being. Nora to a great extent moulded herself upon Nancy; for if Nora was the beauty, Nancy had the stronger personality.

Nora Burton really was extremely pretty, with dark brown hair, large blue eyes, and a bright pink colour: she was tall and slender, and carried herself like a queen. Nancy always described herself—and with much truth

—as “a Colonial edition of Nora;” she was shorter and paler, with darker hair; and her eyes were smaller than her sister's, though quite as blue. The boys were more like Nora—a merry, good-looking little couple. All the Burtons were endowed with a very saving faith in themselves, and a very sincere admiration for each other: and—which is the secret of all true family (and conjugal) happiness—they appreciated and applauded one another's jokes to the full. Even the love which beareth and believeth all things staggers now and then when its attempts at wit are greeted with the stony stare of the unamused; but the Burtons knew better than to put their family affection to so severe a test.

As Nancy crossed the lawn to greet Laurence Baxendale she found time *en route* for an *aside* to the footman, bidding him fetch his mistress and tea; then she devoted herself to charming her guest to the utmost extent of her powers, as was her invariable habit whether the guest happened to be male or female.

“Come and sit down,” she said; “I have told Frederick to bring out tea and mother at once, as I feel sure you must be dying for one or the other.”

Baxendale bowed: “Thank you, Miss Burton. Naturally both will be welcome; but it would be invidious, wouldn't it, to point out which will be the more so?”

“We have just been talking about you,” Nancy observed, as the four young people seated themselves.

Laurence winced: he was one of the few people who hate to be talked about. But this of course was inexplicable to Nancy, who would rather have been abused than not mentioned at all. “Indeed? What have you found to say about me?” he asked.

“We have agreed that you rather like a cathedral or an oratorio: and that we are decidedly frightened of you.”

“I should not have thought that you would be frightened of me,” replied Laurence, who was frightened out of his wits at Miss Burton, and the terrible doubt as to what she might say. “I am a most harmless creature.”

“Oh yes, you're harmless enough: but you are so dreadfully truthful and upright; and that is what makes you so cathedrally.”

“I never feel like a cathedral,” Laurence protested.

“And you don't look like one. Elephants always look like walking cathedrals, don't you think?—when you see them strolling about at the Zoo; just as if they were built of grey

stone which had been exposed to the elements for centuries."

"I can't say, Miss Burton: I don't know that I have ever seen a walking cathedral."

"But you've seen a circulating library: and that's something of the same sort. But, as I was saying, you don't look like a cathedral—you only shed a gentle and cathedrally sort of influence: and that is because you are so truthful and upright."

"It is generally supposed to be the best policy, isn't it? So, at least, I've always been told."

"Then you have been brought up on proverbs," said Nora, joining in the conversation; "and they are invariably misleading."

"Of course they are," added Nancy; "if you let yourself be guided by proverbs, you will believe that the better you behave the better-looking you will become: which—as Euclid wisely remarked—is absurd."

"Then aren't you truthful and upright," asked Laurence, endeavouring to divert the conversation from himself and his moral excellencies.

Nancy laughed: "Not we! We never tell the truth, unless we are convinced that it is funnier than fiction; and we always take what doesn't belong to us, if we happen to fancy it."

"From hearts down to postage stamps," added Anthony under his breath.

"But none of us has ever stolen on a large scale except mother," Nancy went on; "did you ever hear the tale of mother in the boot shop, Mr. Baxendale?"

"No; please tell it me."

"Well, one day at the seaside I went with mother to buy a new pair of boots. She tried on several pairs, in the orthodox fashion, and finally settled upon a pair that was faintly less uncomfortable than the others; whereupon we left the shop. All the way home we saw people looking at us and giggling: and though we feel we are worthy of all notice we see nothing in our appearance to excite mirth. Therefore we wondered."

"Naturally," said Laurence.

"At last, one woman—braver than the rest—stopped us and said to mother, between paroxysms of laughter, 'Are you aware, madam, that you have a bunch of baby's shoes hanging behind you?' It turned out—would you believe it?—that when mother sat down to be tried on, a bunch of children's shoes had caught on the fringe of her mantle; and she had walked with them dangling behind her all up the street. You know the sort;

ankle-straps in every conceivable shade of leather. Of course we nearly died of laughing: and that is the only time any one of us has ever been actually convicted of shop-lifting. But here is the thief herself."

Tea and Mrs. Burton arrived simultaneously; and the former was dispensed by Nancy with much enlivening conversation wherein the others joined. Which Baxendale, in spite of his efforts to the contrary, enjoyed to the full. And when a man has to make an effort not to enjoy the conversation of one particular woman things are pretty bad with him.

At last he rose: "I wonder what o'clock it is. I seem to be staying an unconscionable time—like Charles the Second; but to me it has appeared short—as I daresay it did to him."

Nancy looked at her watch-bracelet: "I am not a very good guide as to time, because my watch is always either ten minutes too slow or three-quarters of an hour too fast, and you never can be quite sure which."

"There must be something wrong with its internal arrangements," said Mrs. Burton with her pleasant laugh; "which perhaps accounts for your being late for everything, Nancy, dear."

"Maybe: anyway I must admit that punctuality is the one virtue which I don't happen to possess."

"Can I do anything toward the watch's recovery?" asked Laurence, holding out his hand for the pretty toy.

"No, thank you. When it is worse than usual I just give it a stir-up inside with a hairpin."

Laurence smiled: "That is a bit drastic, isn't it?"

"But it always does it good. For at least a week after the hairpin treatment it never loses more than five minutes in the day, or gains more than thirty: but after that it drops back into its old evil ways again, just as we all do the next week but one after a really stirring sermon."

"I am afraid sermons never stir me up at all—whatever hairpins might do," said Laurence.

"Oh! but they stir up Nancy," cried Nora; "sermons I mean, of course—not hairpins."

Nancy nodded: "I should just think they do. They give me thrills all down my spine—just as the National Anthem and falling in love do—and make me really an exquisite character for about four days. Once for a week, after Mr. Arbuthnot had preached about unselfish

ness, I went for a walk with Nora every day: and another time, after he'd preached against vanity and love of dress, I let Tony go for a whole afternoon with his tie wriggling up over the back of his collar, and never told him of it."

"And I was not behind you in virtuous behaviour," added Anthony: "that very same sermon led me to leave a smut, which had settled upon our dear Nancy's ineffective nose, unwept, unhonoured and unsung for at least four good hours by Shrewsbury clock. And it was on a day when she was particularly fancying herself, too."

Nancy tossed her head: "What a goose you are, Tony! All the same, I wonder how you could resist the pleasure of finding fault with me when there was any just ground for such fault finding."

"I admit it was difficult, my dear young cousin: a less self-denying man could not have withstood the temptation. There are some things which are absolutely necessary to a man's well-being and peace of mind; and one of them is pointing out the faults of his female relations."

"Another is pointing out, in a photograph of any place which he has visited, the hotel where he happened to stay," said Nancy: "no normal human being—either man or woman—can help doing that."

"And if we can put a cross opposite our own particular bedroom window, delight reaches the point of ecstasy," added Laurence.

Anthony gazed at Nancy in mock admiration: "My dear young friend, you are too clever by half: if you get much sharper you'll cut yourself."

"Well, I haven't yet, anyhow: though I've often been tempted to cut you."

"There you are, at it again," sighed Anthony: "when shall I persuade you to be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever? It would be such a pleasant change if you would! And, besides, you'll never get a husband if you go on scintillating like this; men don't want a blaze of fireworks on their own hearthstones."

"They'll want me right enough, whether I hearthstone or whether I firework," retorted

Nancy, who never could resist squabbling with Tony when she had the chance.

"In that case," replied her cousin, "they'll soon find out their mistake—at least, the fortunate (or rather the unfortunate) one whom you select will. The beautiful firework so fiercely sought will become an intolerable nuisance by being confined to the domestic hearthstone. I'm sure I pity the poor fellow, whoever he may be. When I meet him I shall hug my single blessedness, feeling how far my high failure overleaps the bounds of his low success."

Mr. Baxendale turned to Nancy: "Do you know I think your cousin is rather wasting his sympathy?"

"No, I'm not," Anthony contradicted him: "you don't know her as well as I do."

"Which is my misfortune rather than my fault."

"That may be; but it is a most fortunate misfortune for you. She'll make a strict wife, won't she, Nora?"

"Not she," replied the younger Miss Burton: "of course she'll expect the man to do things her way instead of his own, but that will only be good for him."

"And though I shall expect the man to do things my way instead of his own, I shall never expect him to say, or even to think, that it is a better way than his own: that's where lots of women make such a mistake."

"Wise Nancy!" exclaimed Mrs. Burton.

"Well, all the same, I return to my point," said Anthony, "and that is that Nancy is becoming too clever to get a husband at all."

Nancy merely made a face at him, without taking the trouble to reply.

"You silly children!" cried Mrs. Burton, rising from her chair and shaking Laurence's outstretched hand. "Well, if you must go, good-bye, Mr. Baxendale. I am afraid you will imagine that I have a most frivolous family."

"I shan't think any the worse of them on that score," Laurence politely expostulated.

But he did—in those days before Nancy had taught him how wise it is to be silly sometimes: and how dull it is (when once one has been silly) to become wise again.

(To be Continued.)



HERE AND THERE

During the past few weeks Americans have been favoured quite gratuitously with a vast amount of innocent diversion provided by the

Our European
Friends.

Foreign Offices of the principal European powers. Seldom has such a diplomatic Donnybrook been put on view. The open publication of confidential despatches, questions and answers in Parliament, inspired and semi-official assertions and denials and tremendous unofficial buzzing in an atmosphere made thick with portentous and mysterious hints of what would happen if the whole truth should ever become actually known—all this because each of the great nations of Europe is so anxious to assure us that it and it alone was our good, good friend when Spain was trying so hard to do us up! Our countrymen little dreamed, in those interesting days just after the *Maine* had been destroyed, that unless some power or other (name not yet quite definitely known) had taken a firm, strong stand in our behalf we might have had to face the possibility of a collective note, a note actually deprecating a policy to which the American people, without reference to party, was absolutely and irretrievably committed! It is awful, the thought of that collective note—the letter which never came; but somehow or other, Americans are not very much impressed by it in retrospect any more than they are very deeply interested in the pleas that are now put forward with such agitation by the various claimants upon our gratitude.

The reason why they are not much impressed by the thought of the collective note is a very simple one indeed. They know perfectly well that no note of any kind from any conceivable combination of powers would have led to anything more serious. The collective note would have remained a collective note. Only that. And in the second place, even had such a diplomatic demonstration been intended to convey a lurking threat, that fact would not have altered by a single jot the course on which the nation was united. So far as the little affair with Spain was concerned, we went into that

not because we enjoyed it, or because there was any particular glory in it, but because, as President McKinley said to the diplomatic corps at the time, a prolongation of Spanish misgovernment in Cuba had become unendurable. We were only half stirred by the call to arms when Spain alone was our antagonist. But had any other power or powers ventured even one inch beyond the limits of the most discreet reserve, then all our good American fighting blood would have been really up, and we would have sacrificed, if necessary, untold treasure and a million lives, to show the world just how Americans receive dictation.

Yet, as a matter of fact, there was never the remotest possibility that any foreign power would interfere. When the assembled diplomats expressed to President McKinley in the most guarded, deferential way their hope that war would be averted, they were putting out a feeler, to see how he would take it. And when he answered them in a manner equally urbane and in language equally polite, but meaning, when properly translated, that they were to mind their own business very strictly, as we intended to see the thing through in our own way—then they knew that they had been diplomatically snubbed, and that the game of interference was all up. They wrote no end of letters back and forth among themselves, and they wasted much good money in cabling voluminously to their governments; but that was purely professional and the proper thing. It had no real meaning. And when they all met, at Lord Pauncefote's decanal invitation to talk things over, it must have been a most amusing scene. Everybody looked into everybody else's eyes, and nobody had very much to say. No doubt each one of them would have liked his neighbour to suggest the belling of the cat; but this particular cat was a very large and very active animal, and its claws were very sharp; and no one seemed to have much stomach for the task. Therefore, they said some vaguely complimentary things to one another, and adjourned in a thoughtful, quiet sort of way. A little later and the reverberation of Dewey's distant guns inspired them with a won-

derful affection for the United States, which has endured down to the present moment.

Moreover, Americans are not the least bit anxious to discover who their friends were in the early days of the Spanish War, because that is something which they discovered at the time. And they discovered it not on the basis of what "a prominent diplomat" or "an official too highly placed to be named" has subsequently said, but on the much more satisfactory basis of a few cold facts. The great powers of Europe are five in number—Austria, Germany, France, Russia and Great Britain. Now, Austria—that is, German Austria—while always most scrupulously correct in her diplomatic attitude, is necessarily no friend of the American Republic, and small blame to her. For, in the first place, Austria is the country where "humanity commences with the baron"—the most haughtily and intensely aristocratic country in the world, and therefore representing everything in the way of caste prejudice, against which the fundamental theories of our Republic are a protest. But more than this, in some curious way, it has happened that time and again America's policy has crossed the path of Austria's pride or Austria's ambition, and has brought them both to open humiliation. From the days of Kossuth, whom the whole American people honoured for his gallant struggle against Austrian despotism, from the time when Daniel Webster wrote his intentionally arrogant letter to Baron Hülseman, from the time when an American naval officer, Captain Ingraham, took Koszta from the deck of an Austrian man-of-war, the very name of the United States has been hateful to the ears of Austria. We toppled over the pinchbeck Franco-Austrian empire in Mexico. We forbade all interference while Juarez caused the Austrian Maximilian to be shot at Queretaro. And finally, when we turned our arms against the tyranny of Spain, we were making war upon a country of which the Regent was an Austrian princess and the King a child in whose veins ran the blood of the haughty Hapsburgs. And so Austria was not our friend; nor could Americans expect her friendship.

Then there was Germany. In Germany there are very many who look to the American Republic as a sort of promised land, a land of hope, a land where men of German blood have found a chance that was denied them in the country of their birth. But those who think in this way are not of the ruling class, the military caste, the Junkers, the Agrarians, the stiff-necked sticklers for the petty privileges which console them for the loss of self-respecting independence. And so it came about that Germany—official Germany—was wholly Spanish in its sympathies. How the wasp-waisted officers in the cafés of Berlin made merry over our impromptu armies! How they jeered over the notion that our raw levies, hastily dispatched to a strange country, quite destitute of siege artillery and with obsolescent rifles and old-fashioned smoky powder could cope with the disciplined and seasoned veterans of his Majesty, the King of Spain! How all the journalistic organs of the *Hochwohlgeboren* preached about our greed, and carefully explained our unmilitary characteristics, and caricatured us in the similitude of pigs! And then, when we began winning victories, how venomous was the mood which succeeded to the earlier derision! There is no doubt that Admiral von Diederichs at Manila quite accurately translated into action the feeling which animated his superiors. Perhaps it is just as well that Admiral Dewey cut the cable when he did; for had the American people known from day to day precisely what was going on, and how far the presumptuous insolence of Diederichs carried him, another and a greater war might possibly have followed on the heels of that with Spain. Even now the whole story of those critical weeks has not been fully told; but the men who served with Dewey know it, and this knowledge utterly nullifies and makes ridiculous the German Kaiser's sentimental pose to-day.

And France! Of all the hatred that was lavished on our country in those months of war, the hatred of the French was the most malignant and intense—the more so, possibly, because it was so impotent. This feeling was partially inspired by a sort of sentimental belief in

the solidarity of the so-called Latin races, and it was sedulously fostered by persons who had invested largely in Spanish bonds; but it could not have attained to such a pitch as it actually did, had it not been rooted in a very deep dislike of the United States and of the American people. The French, more than any other nation in the world, are influenced and also represented by their newspapers; and not one single newspaper in the city of Paris showed the slightest symptom of friendship for this country. It was not merely that they held the war to be on our part one of pure aggression. Some of our own newspapers held this view. But the French journals not merely denied the merit of our case against Spain, but they showed a malignant hatred of everything American. Their gutter sheets reeked with every possible form of abuse, vituperation, and coarse slander. They invented hundreds of lying stories and gave them an enormous circulation. Even the *Figaro* published the absurd tale that when the Spanish cruiser *Viscaya* visited New York just after the destruction of the *Maine*, its commanding officer, Captain Eulate, ordered the ship's guns to be trained upon the city in order to intimidate the mobs which the *Figaro* described as assembling on the water front and yelling insults at the Spanish vessel. Later, after the war had begun, these purveyors of mendacity published spurious reports of Spanish victories, just as some thirty years before they had gulled all Paris into believing that the German army of invasion had been routed by MacMahon and that the Prussian Crown Prince had been made a prisoner. Only one French newspaper, *Le Temps*, made so much as a pretence of maintaining a judicial attitude; and this was only a pretence, for *Le Temps* also was absolutely hostile toward both the government and the people of the United States.

That this feeling in the French press was precisely the same feeling as that which animated the French people, every American who was in France at that time has exceedingly good reason to know. Americans lived there in an atmosphere of the intensest hostility—and this hostility was exhibited, not by any single set or faction or class, but by every Frenchman,

from the noble of the Jockey Club and the rich *bourgeois*, down to the cabman and the *garçon de café*. As soon as an American was known to be such, he experienced treatment ranging from studied incivility to open insult; and those of our countrymen who adopted the somewhat absurd but very harmless practice of wearing an American emblem were more than once threatened with actual violence. The malignity of all this was equalled only by its pitifulness; since France, the nation, was impotent to do us any harm collectively, even had not Russia, our traditional friend and France's master, forbidden any governmental action. All that was possible for France to do was to leave its rabble free to yelp at the heels of casual American tourists. Decidedly, therefore, France was not our friend.

Finally, there was England. In England there is always one thin stratum of society which dislikes intensely all that is American. The members of this set during the Civil War sported ostentatiously the Confederate emblem, and during the Spanish War its women, with equal ostentation, wore the Spanish colours. The men read with avidity the jeering articles prepared for them by such literary caterers as Frank Harris and Mr. Morley Roberts, and they comforted themselves for a time with the belief that the Yankee fleets were going to be blown out of the water and the Yankee coast towns laid under contribution by the Spanish squadrons which were—on paper—so superior. But this particular stratum of the English world no longer counts; for it long ago ceased to be representative of either the heart, the intellect, or the conscience of the English people. Great Britain as a whole was unreservedly our cordial friend. Its press defended our interference in Cuba, just as in 1859 it had defended the interference of France in Italy. And English sympathy went to further lengths than words alone. Not in our generation will it be discreet to tell the whole story of how, in every quarter of the world, whenever an American representative met an English official, he found in him an ally. What the consuls of Great Britain did for us in Sicily, from which island came the sulphur that we use in the manufac-

ture of powder, what the Governor of Hong-Kong did for us when Dewey's fleet lacked adequate provision, and what Sir Edward Chichester did for us off Manila at the critical moment when German guns were on the point of being trained upon our vessels—these things are partly known to all, and they form only a few of the innumerable illustrations of what England's feeling really was for us in the days of war; though perhaps the most significant of all the proofs that England stood our friend in 1898 is to be found in the one impressive fact that after the war had ended, the Spaniards' hatred of the English was

more intense and more implacable than their hatred of Americans.

Herein is found the reason why diplomatic documents and semi-official *communiqués* and *démentis* cannot at this late day disturb or alter the opinion which Americans entertain as to the question of their international friendships of four years ago. We know how other nations felt, and we know what England did; and if the time shall ever come, as we trust it may not, when England shall be sore beset by foreign foes, she will then learn in the hour of her extremity that Americans have memories and are not ungrateful.

H. T. P.

NOVEL NOTES

MARGARET WARRENER. By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50

Here is a novel of emotion from the Boston point of view. Miss Brown has become identified with New England life, and when she came to the writing of a sex novel it was quite natural that she should choose Boston for her background. Margaret Warrener, beautiful and talented and distinctly feminine, becomes the wife of a man who apparently loves her with an ardour equal to her own. For him she gives up the stage and with him goes to Boston. They live in a studio building and soon become intimate with a Bohemian set. Among them there is one Laura Neale, a journalist of the most masculine type. She is an epicene sort of person, turning every experience of life into newspaper copy, and betraying her best friends in cold type. She is the strongest creation of the author, her hateful personality dominating the book and making the reader feel an actual loathing for her. One man says to her:

You are a curious compound of sexual differences that means power of a certain sort. Your personal magnetism is tremendous. Your brain is big enough to estimate and use it. But that magnetism has no particular value to you except as force. It has no sacredness whatever. You have accepted it as something God Almighty gave to you to earn your bread with, as he gave the tigress claws to clutch. You simulate emotions you don't in the least feel, except in an elementary way. You are a merchant trading in charms.

It is for this woman that Llandaff tires of Margaret. For no reason whatever his love dies, and before Margaret's very eyes he makes love to Laura. He is hypnotised by her physical strength, her business-like power, and her lack of sex. Llandaff is another disagreeable type. Cruel to his wife, a mere weakling and plaything of fate, a failure in everything that he undertakes, his death at the close of the story comes as a relief. Even when he is suffering in a hospital Laura shows not even a glimmer of feeling. To offset these two miserable specimens the author brings forth Margaret, whose wonderful love and devotion redeem the story. Just once does she force a scene with her husband. After that she lives on in the same building, effacing herself for his sake, crucifying her love every day, and going to him only when his need is great. It is a pitiful story. But Margaret learns the great lessons of life, and in the end she triumphs.

The story also tells of other lives. There is Brownell, one of the *nouveaux riches*, whose cab smells of patchouli; Teresa, called the Child, whose little love-story with a world-weary man is well told; and Brandon, the playwright, in whose play Margaret returns to the stage. There is much that is natural in the book, but the action of Llandaff is quite improbable. Miss Brown has failed to give to her book the touch of reality. As a novel it suffers by comparison with her other work.

Flora Mai Holly.

THE BOOK MART



EASTERN LETTER.

The January list of publications proved to be a very light one, comparing unfavourably both as to size and quality with those of recent years. In fiction the number of new titles was exceedingly few, and contained no novel of special note. Under the grouping of miscellaneous books there was a more numerous output, but these entered to but a slight degree into the sales of the month. The most noticeable titles were *The Apostles' Creed*, by A. C. McGiffert; *American Mural Painting*, by Pauline King; *Richard Wagner*, by W. J. Henderson, and *Studies of Trees in Winter*, by Annie Oakes Huntington.

Sales, as a whole, kept up remarkably well, the demand for the more popular titles in fiction of the holiday season just passed continuing strong. *The Crisis*, *The Right of Way*, *D'ri and I* and *The Cavalier* selling fully as well as when first issued, while *The Man from Glengarry* and *The History of Sir Richard Calmady* seemed rather to increase in popularity.

The sale of novels was the only remarkable feature of the month, but miscellaneous works were in fair demand, particularly for libraries, from which source an increased activity was noticeable with the opening of the year.

January in the book trade, while not a dull month in point of sales, is looked upon by the dealer as somewhat irregular. It is one of special clearance sales, of stock-taking, rearranging of goods, replenishing after the holiday demands and preparation for the coming spring business, and the present month has been no exception in these respects.

Few signs of the coming spring business are as yet noticeable, but in a short time the customary call for European guide-books may be expected, and somewhat later the annual revival in the sales of out-of-door works may be looked for. The Easter trade will come earlier than usual, and in addition to the customary novelties for the season there is a growing tendency for books of a more substantial character appropriate to the occasion.

The announcements for early publication are both numerous and interesting. From the point of sale *Audrey*, by Mary Johnston, to be published in the latter part of this month, is undoubtedly the most important. Other works of fiction will be *Kate Bonnet*, by Frank R. Stockton; *Dorothy Vernon*, by Charles Major; *The Rôle of the Unconquered*, by Test Dalton, and *The Colonials*, by Allen French.

The success of the American Publishers' Association with net books has warranted them in placing the new fiction issued by its

members from this date under regulations for the maintaining of prices profitable to the dealer, and it is expected that with the successful accomplishment of this that the legitimate sales of books in all departments of literature will be materially increased.

The best selling books of the month just past are as follows:

The Right of Way. Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.
The Crisis. Winston Churchill. \$1.50.
The Man from Glengarry. Ralph Connor. \$1.50.
D'ri and I. Irving Bacheller. \$1.50.
The Cavalier. George W. Cable. \$1.50.
Lazarre. Mary Hartwell Catherwood. \$1.50.
Circumstance. S. Weir Mitchell. \$1.50.
Blennerhassett. Charles Felton Pidgin. \$1.50.
Tarry Thou Till I Come. George Croly. Net, \$1.40.
The Eternal City. Hall Caine. \$1.50.
The History of Sir Richard Calmady. Lucas Malet. \$1.50.
In the Fog. Richard Harding Davis. \$1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, February 1, 1902.

Steadiness and uniformity were the chief features of the opening month of the year. Business, as is usual in January, seemed somewhat quiet at first compared with the busy days of December, but as a matter of fact the volume of trade was quite up to, if not beyond, the average. The leading novels sold very well, but the demand was more marked for current books outside of these, such as the many books of fiction of secondary grade and the vast army of miscellaneous and standard books that sell all the time.

Receipts of new books were light last month, and few titles of especial interest were published. A good sale, however, was met with for *Schley and Santiago*, by G. S. Graham, stimulated largely no doubt by the recent visit of the admiral to the middle west. In fiction the principal books received from a selling point of view were *The Fifth String*, by John Philip Sousa, and *The Second Generation*, by J. Weber Linn.

Several of the fall books which, owing to the enormous output of that season escaped notice then, came into especial prominence last month. Chief among these were *The House With the Green Shutters*, by George Douglas, and *If I Were King*, by Justin Huntley McCarthy.

The recent decision of the American Publishers' Association limiting the discount at retail upon fiction published after February 1

has been well received by the trade, and the resolution is hailed pretty generally as another step in the right direction.

Judging from the different publishers' lists of books for spring publication which have already come to hand, it is evident that the output will be much in excess of the ordinary. Each year more books are published in the spring, and it is now generally recognised as a good time to put forth even important books. Already the demand is being felt for the books which are likely to command exceptional sales, such as *Audrey*, by Mary E. Johnston; *Dorothy Vernon*, by Charles Major, etc.

The Right of Way continues to sell largely, and so does *The Crisis*. *The Man from Glengarry* is also going very well, and so is *The Tempting of Father Anthony*, *D'ri and I*, *Lazarre* and *The Cavalier*. Outside of these there was little that is remarkable in the sales of leading books, although most of them are selling as well as can be expected. Miscellaneous books were in good request, as heretofore noted, especially *The Making of an American* and the more important of the heavier books published last year.

The outlook for future business continues to be bright, and there is every reason to expect a good spring trade. There is plenty of confidence among the trade now on account, perhaps, of business having been fairly good of late, and a disposition exists to buy liberally of books for which a fair sale may be expected.

The best selling books during January were:

The Right of Way. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.

The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. \$1.50.

The Man from Glengarry. By Ralph Connor. \$1.50.

D'ri and I. By Irving Bacheller. \$1.50.

Lazarre. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. \$1.50.

The Cavalier. By G. W. Cable. \$1.50.

The Tempting of Father Anthony. By G. Horton. \$1.25.

The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. \$1.50.

Graustark. By G. B. McCutcheon. \$1.50.

Blennerhassett. By C. F. Pidgin. \$1.50.

Marietta. By F. M. Crawford. \$1.50.

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. \$1.50.

Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. \$1.50.

Tarry Thou Till I Come. By G. Croly. Net, \$1.40.

ENGLISH LETTER.

DECEMBER 21, 1901, TO JANUARY 20, 1902.

With the issue of the present report the record of another year's trade is closed, a year in which, although a large amount of business has been transacted, has yet proved far from satisfactory. The war, with its uncertainties and many calls upon the public purse, has continued to bear hardly upon the book trade, for to a very large percentage of people books are distinctly a luxury and one of the first to be foregone when an increased outlay is necessary for necessities. The week before

the Christmas Festival was certainly a very busy one, and much activity was necessary to deal with the orders from both town and country; but, with probably the exception of the 6s. novel, the usual intensity in the demand was considerably less than was anticipated.

As is usual, a period of slackness since that time has prevailed, and for a few weeks the issue of any works of importance has ceased. In 6s. novels, *The Green Turbans*, by J. M. Cobban, and *The Yellow Fiend*, by Mrs. Alexander, have been the most prominent. There has been a steady demand for several of the already popular works.

With the expiration of copyright in several of the works of Darwin an increased demand has been experienced, and Mr. J. Murray's cheaper reprints have been especially in request. The Shakespeare-Bacon controversy has caused the appearance of several works upon the subject, and the December issue of the *Nineteenth Century* was early exhausted.

The best selling books of the month:

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Count Hannibal. By S. J. Weyman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The Green Turbans. By J. M. Cobban. 6s. (Long.)

The Visits of Elizabeth. 6s. (Duckworth.)

In Spite of All. By Edna Lyall. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

History of Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Methuen.)

Love, Courtship and Marriage. By E. J. Hardy. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

Light Freights. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)

History of the Great Boer War. By A. C. Doyle. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)

The War in South Africa. By A. C. Doyle. 6d. (Newnes.)

Rhodesia, and After. By S. H. Gilbert. 5s. net. (Simpkin.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

JANUARY 10 TO FEBRUARY 10.

NEW YORK.

American Book Company:

Selections from Irving's Sketch-Book. C. T. Benjamin.

Appleton and Company:

The Strength of the Weak. C. C. Hotchkiss.

Book-Binding and the Care of Books. Douglas Cockerell.

A Fool's Year. E. H. Cooper.

Armstrong and Company:

The Church's One Foundation. Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll.

Buckles and Company:

The Lovely Mrs. Pemberton. Florence Warden.

- Dewey Publishing Company:
The New Age Gospel. John Hamlin Dewey.
- Dillingham Company:
The Rôle of the Unconquered. Test Dalton.
- Doubleday, Page and Company:
The Colonials. Allen French.
- Funk and Wagnalls Company:
The Colour of His Soul. Zoe Anderson Norris.
- Harper and Brothers:
Cecil Rhodes. Howard Hensman.
- Hinds and Noble:
How to Attract and Hold Audiences. J. B. Esenwein.
- Houghton, Mifflin and Company:
Correggio. Estelle M. Hurl.
- Jenkins:
En Son Nom. Edward Everett Hale.
First Year Latin. W. W. Smith.
- Macmillan Company:
Japan. Mortimer Menpes.
Tales of Passed Times. Charles Perrault.
The Newcomes. W. M. Thackeray.
The College Student and His Problems. James H. Canfield.
What is Shakespeare? L. A. Sherman.
Who's Who? 1892.
A Sketch of Semitic Origins. G. A. Barton.
The Second Generation. James W. Linn.
The English Chronicle Play. F. E. Schelling.
Pendennis. W. M. Thackeray. (Three Volumes.)
The Care of Destitute, Neglected and Delinquent Children. H. Folks.
Mental Growth and Control. Nathan Oppenheim.
The Language and Metre of Chaucer. Revised by F. Kluge, translated by M. B. Smith.
- Mansfield and Company:
New Glimpses of Poe. James A. Harrison.
- Markley:
The Americanisation of the World. W. T. Stead.
- New Amsterdam Book Company:
Beyond the Great South Wall. Frank Savile.
- Offices of the Studio:
Modern Design in Jewellery and Fans. Edited by C. Holme.
- Putnam's Sons:
Henry V. Charles L. Kingsford.
Swiss Life in Town and Country. Alfred T. Story.
The Art of Life. R. De Maulde la Claviere. Translated by G. H. Ely.
- Christus Victor. Henry Nehemiah Dodge.
- Wales. Owen M. Edwards.
The Basis of Social Relations. Daniel C. Brinton.
- Revell Company:
Musings by Camp-fire and Wayside. W. C. Gray.
- Russell:
If I Were King. Justin Huntley McCarthy.
- Scribner's Sons:
A History of Architecture. Professor B. Fletcher.
Robespierre. Hilaire Belloc.
The Apostles' Creed. Arthur Cushman McGiffert.
The Medici and the Italian Renaissance. O. Smeaton.
- Silver, Burdett and Company:
I Promessi Sposi. Mortiz Levi.
- Taylor Company:
Lachmi Bai. Michael White.
- Wessels Company:
Philip Freneau. Mary S. Austin.
- Whittaker:
Spiritual Development of St. Paul. Rev. George Matheson.
- William Beverley Harrison:
First Message. Theodore Roosevelt.
- BOSTON, MASS.
- Birchard and Company:
Lyrics. John V. Cheney.
- Ginn and Company:
Elements and Notation of Music. James M. McLaughlin.
Herbarium and Plant Description. W. H. D. Meier.
Handbook of the Trees of New England. L. L. Dame and H. Brooks.
- Knight and Millet:
Studies of Trees in Winter. Annie O. Huntington.
- The Gorham Press:
The Watchers of the Hearth. Benjamin Sledd.
- United Society of Christian Endeavour:
Adventures in Tibet. William Carey.
Fifty Missionary Programmes. Belle M. Brain.
- MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
- Minnesota Tribune Company:
The Minneapolis Tribune Cartoon Book for 1901. R. C. Bowman.
- CHICAGO, ILL.
- Dramatic Publishing Company:
Francesca Da Rimini. George H. Boker.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Bowen-Merrill Company:

Such Stuff as Dreams. Charles E. Russell.

The Fifth String. John Philip Sousa.

Conkey Company:

Schley and Santiago. George Edward Graham.

Sergel Company:

The Revolt and the Escape. V. De L'Isle Adam.

The University of Chicago Press:

Constructive Studies in the Priestly Element in the Old Testament. William R. Harper.

DETROIT, MICH.

National Educational Association:

Journal of Proceedings and Addresses of the Fortieth Annual Meeting.

CLEVELAND, O.

Burrows Brothers' Company:

The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents. R. G. Thwaites. (Volumes LXII. and LXIII.)

SEATTLE, WASH.

Homer M. Hill Publishing Company:

Eastern Peru and Bolivia. William C. Agle.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Whitaker and Ray Company:

Pandora. Mrs. Salzscheider.

The Wolves of the Sea and Other Poems. Herbert Bashford.

Robertson:

In the Footprints of the Padres. C. W. Stoddard.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Kingsley-Barnes and Neuner Company:

The Herald's History of Los Angeles City. C. D. Willard.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Gies and Company:

Small Potatoes. Floyd Isbell.

GROSS POINT, ILL.

Songs and Other Fancies. Henry D. Muir.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Neale Publishing Company:

The Goldsmith of Nome. Sam C. Dunham.

Government Printing Office:

Report of the Librarian of Congress for the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1901.

A List of Books on Samoa and Guam. A. P. C. Griffin.

Report of the Librarian of Congress for the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1901.

Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1899-1900. Volume II.

Eighteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology. J. W. Powell. Part II.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Bell and Sons:

Rembrandt. Malcolm Bell.

Giotto. F. Mason Perkins.

Methuen and Company:

A Report on Canada. The Earl of Durham.

TROY, N. Y.

Pafraets Book Company:

The House of Cæsar. Seymour Van Santvoord.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1519 Clio:

William. W. W. Handlin.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between January 1 and February 1, 1902.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
4. The House With the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Lion's Whelp. Barr. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) \$1.50.
6. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) \$1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) \$1.50.
3. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

4. Count Hannibal. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Thoughts for Every-Day Living. Babcock. (Scribner.) \$1.00 net.
6. The Pines of Lory. Mitchell. (New York Life Pub. Co.) \$1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
6. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Pines of Lory. Mitchell. (New York Life Pub. Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
5. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) \$1.50.
6. Clementina. Mason. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Trees in Winter. Huntington. (Knight & Miller.) \$2.25 net.
2. Marietta. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Count Hannibal. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Old-Time Gardens. Earl. (Macmillan.) \$2.50 net.
5. One of My Sons. Green. (Putnam Sons.) \$1.50.
6. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Benefactress. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) \$1.50.
6. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) \$1.40 net.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Circumstance. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

2. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. Tristram of Blent. Hope. (McClure.) \$1.50.
5. By Bread Alone. Friedman. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Annie Deane Slade. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
4. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) \$1.50.
5. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) \$1.50.
2. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) \$1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
6. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
3. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) \$1.50.
3. A Lily of France. Mason. (Griffith-Rowland Press.) \$1.10 net.
4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
3. Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Crisis Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.

5. Blennerhassett. Pidgin. (Clark Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS.

1. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
5. Farm Rhymes. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Strategems and Spoils. White. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Count Hannibal. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. My Lady Peggy Goes to Town. Mathews. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.25 net.
5. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) \$1.75 net.
5. A Drone and a Dreamer. Lloyd. (Taylor.) \$1.50.
6. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Velvet Glove. Merriman. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Potter and the Clay. Peterson. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) \$1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Sylvia. Emerson. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. A Summer Hymnal. Moore. (Coates Co.) \$1.25.
5. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Portion of Labour. Wilkins. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Count Hannibal. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$1.50.

2. The Velvet Glove. Merriman. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan.) \$2.00 net.
5. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner.) \$4.00 net.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Jaconetta. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) 85 cents.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) \$1.40 net.
4. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Benefactress. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Velvet Glove. Merriman. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PENN.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Circumstance. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
4. Marietta. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) \$1.60.
4. Marcus Whitman. Mowry. (Silver Burdette Co.) \$1.50.
5. McLoughlin and Old Oregon. Dye. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Life of Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) \$1.40 net.
3. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Portion of Labour. Wilkins. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan.) \$2.00 net.
6. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. In the Footprint of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) \$1.50 net.
2. God Wills It. Davis. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Marietta. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. California Violets. Hibbard. (Robertson.) \$1.00 net.
5. Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum. Irwin. (Elder & Shepard.) 25 cents.
6. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) \$1.50.
4. The House With the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
3. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) \$1.75.
5. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Copp-Clark Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Westminster Co.) \$1.25.
3. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Morang Co.) \$2.00.
4. Johnny Courteau. Drummond. (Putnam Sons.) \$1.25 and \$2.50.

5. Marietta. Crawford. (Crawford.) \$1.25.
6. Mark Everard. Magee. (McLeod & Allen.) \$1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) \$1.75.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Lives of the Hunted. (Thompson.) Scribner.) \$1.75.
4. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON.

1. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) \$1.50.
6. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) \$1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINT
A book standing 1st on any list receives	10				
" " 2d " " " "	8				
" " 3d " " " "	7				
" " 4th " " " "	6				
" " 5th " " " "	5				
" " 6th " " " "	4				

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.....	265
2. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.....	129
3. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.....	111
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.....	110
5. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.....	100
6. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.....	97

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don't break.

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bers are hunted out, so that each incident may be restudied, each phrase reweighed, and each apparent clue retested in the light of the new chapter. All the past literature on Sherlock Holmes is again gone over; even the other stories of Dr. Doyle are quoted and turned inside out for purposes of comparison. Why were Sir Henry's shoes stolen? Was the Barrymore episode merely a blind to throw the reader off the scent? Who cut out the words from the *Times* and pieced them together into a letter of warning? Who was the man in the cab? Was there a real hound? Who was Stapleton? And how much of the story is Fletcher Robinson's and how much Conan Doyle's? Discussion waxes hot. Both Editors are violently stirred. Both talk at the same time—interminable, impatient, dogmatic, delighted. They go out at last to finish the argument at dinner. Midnight finds them still comparing Lecoq, Dupin, and Sherlock Holmes, and insisting on the inaccuracy of each other's quotations. It is exhilarating to the last degree, and naturally it has all got to be reflected, sooner or later, in the pages of the *THE BOOKMAN*. Hence, the May number, as we said in the beginning, will be distinctively a Sherlock Holmes affair. To tell the truth, we wish it were out now, as we are simply

consumed with anxiety to read it ourselves.

A firm of Chicago publishers has written to us saying that possibly we do not realise that they are going to publish the "book of the year for 1902." We are obliged to confess that we don't.

With a keen appreciation of what seems to be wanted in the conventionally personal literary expression of the present day, Mr. Hamblen Sears, whose forthcoming novel, *None But the Brave*, is written along startlingly novel lines—it is a romance of the American Revolution—relates that he had a vision when he was two and a half days old that literature was his forte. But unlike others gifted with a similar appreciation, he says that he believes the vision to have been what he calls "a fake." So there is much hope for Mr. Sears. He was born in Boston in 1865, went through the Roxbury Latin School, and passed his examination at Harvard for the class of '88. Then he went into business for two years, entered Harvard with the class of '90 and went through the University, getting his degree in three years, eventually being

Hamblen
Sears.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THOMAS HARDY IN HIS STUDY.

graduated with the class of '89. After leaving Harvard he went to Europe, studying at the University of Berlin one year and in the École des Sciences Politiques in Paris for another. While at Harvard Mr. Sears was President of the *Advocate* and on the staff of the *Crimson*.

conversation than any other financial venture ever launched. It does not matter so much just what the general opinion is, for we suppose that there is no decided general opinion. Some people are speaking of the service in terms of unstinted enthusiasm, while others are grumbling



HAMBLEEN SEARS.

He also won wider distinction as fullback of the Harvard eleven.

Apart from its significance as a business enterprise, the Book-lovers Library has another, and, to us, a much more important interest. It has probably been responsible for more

**The Booklovers
Library and
its Originator.**

because they did not receive the book they wanted the week before last. But the point is, that they are all talking about it. In rural libraries, on sea-shore pavilions and the verandas of summer resort hotels—everywhere, the idea and the service have been discussed. Perhaps to some it is growing a little monotonous. As the subject of conventional small talk,

it seems to have completely superseded the weather. People no longer begin a conversation with the remark that it is a fine day; they ask you what you think of the Booklovers Library.

he has fixed this idea ineradicably in the public mind. Some years ago he went to work on a plan for the Government to make through the Post-Office a great circulating library of the Congressional



SEYMOUR EATON.

Were the Booklovers Library to cease to exist to-morrow, it, nevertheless, would have served to place its originator, Mr. Seymour Eaton, among those few men who succeed in placing a pet idea before the public. He has done more than this:

Library. Out of this plan grew the Booklovers of to-day. Mr. Eaton was born about forty years ago on a farm in Canada. Despite scant advantages in his early youth, he succeeded in fitting himself for a broader life, serving the usual

apprenticeship as a school-teacher. For the last fifteen years he has been engaged in educational and newspaper work in this country. Some of his text-books have had extraordinary sales. He has contributed frequently to the magazines, acted for five years as the managing director of the Drexel Institute, and was for four years on the literary staff of the Chicago *Record*. He is now librarian of

the Booklovers Library Incorporation, and is its largest stockholder. His home is in Lansdowne, a little country place just outside of Philadelphia.

✱

As a supplement to the *Vicomte de Louvenjoul's* story of Balzac and Madame Hanska the accompanying illustrations should be of interest.



THE BALZAC MUSEUM OF THE VICOMTE DE LOUVENJOUL.

We intended printing the accompanying portrait of Miss Marguerite Linton Glentworth (Gladys Dudley Hamilton) several months ago, but the portrait was held over from month to month, owing to technical reasons. However, it is not too late. Some years ago *THE BOOKMAN* had something to say about Miss Glentworth's earlier work. Several "small-boy sketches," written when she was exceedingly young, were noticed and highly praised by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Her book, *A Twentieth Century Boy*, published last autumn, is founded almost entirely on fact.



MARGUERITE LINTON GLENTWORTH.

During the past few months there have been two subjects over which the writers for literary periodicals seem temporarily to have lost their balance. First there was Mrs. Gallup and her cipher, and then the centenary of Victor Hugo. Fortunately, the cipher seems to be sinking into a state of innocuous desuetude, and Mr. Dooley may rest happy in the belief that very soon there will be more room in the



THE VICOMTE SPOELBERCH DE LOUVENJOUL IN HIS STUDY.



JULES VERNE AS HE IS TO-DAY.
The maker of romances in the garden of his house at Amiens.

papers for "the baseball news." The same applies, in a different way, to Victor Hugo.

■

It is undoubtedly a good thing to do honour to the memory of a great man, and Victor Hugo was a great man; but, somehow, to listen to the eulogies of those who have just been acclaiming his name the loudest, one would think that they had just discovered that he was a great man. Occasions of this kind always provoke suspicions of insincerity. The utterances of the statesmen who spoke at the ceremony in the Pantheon at Paris remind us of Numa Roumestan. M. Georges Leygues said of Hugo: "He is epic, like Homer, and tragic, like Æschylus. He has the harmony of Pindar, the freshness of Theocritus, the *verve* of Juvenal," and ended with: "In the name of the French Republic, I salute the memory of the glorious poet who made thought more free, the fatherland greater, and humanity better." From M. Hanotaux's speech: "He died. A shiver, a murmur ran from individual to individual throughout the city, over the land, and across the entire world. The world rose up extending to him its laurels." All of which may be comparatively true and suited to the occasion; but we should like to know just how many hours in every year M. Hanotaux and M. Leygues devote to rereading Hugo's works. French critics have been writing about the poet in similar strain, and some English ones have caught a little of the fever. But after all, there is something fitting about it. There have been greater novelists than Hugo, greater poets, greater dramatists; but there never was a man who in his own lifetime enjoyed so much of the glory of literary greatness.

■

Victor Hugo, according to the London *Academy*, had a double. This was a hawker of pencils in the Latin quarter, and for some years enjoyed no small measure of reflected glory in virtue of his remarkable physical resemblance to the poet. The big forehead, the disordered hair, and the bushy beard of the later Hugo were his also. So striking, indeed, was the likeness, that he was able to extend his income considerably by posing as model for most of the Hugo portraits of commerce painted in Paris in the sev-

enties and early eighties. Even cheap photographers found him sufficiently realistic for their purpose. He had his part, too, in creating the Hugo legend. In those days, as is well known, the poet was often to be seen travelling on the top of an omnibus, even during the most inclement of weathers. A *bourgeois*, on reaching home at night, would tell his wife proudly: "To-night I came along with Victor Hugo!" Then, in response to his spouse's exclamation of astonished incredulity, he would explain the momentous incident thus: "Yes, it was quite by chance—on the top of the omnibus. He shook hands with me!" It was the hawker of pencils. In the evening, Victor Hugo's double, discarding his wares, used to frequent the *cafés* of the Latin quarter. There it was his custom graciously to accept refreshment of credulous strangers, who next day would be sure to boast to their friends that they had "stood drinks to Père Hugo." The double, too, was sometimes a marital excuse for unwontedly late hours. "How could I help it?" the aggrieved wife would be asked. "I was at the *café*. Victor Hugo came in and I offered him a 'bock.' Then we talked literature. And you can understand that with a man like him it was not for me to get up and go first." When Victor Hugo died, his double suffered more than most. And he was debarred from the consolation of delivering a funeral oration.

■

The famous Paris prison of Saint Lazare is to be torn down. In a literary way
The Passing of Saint Lazare. Saint Lazare was a sort of French Marshalsea; but while the debtors' prison in the Borough of Southwark was described only by Dickens in *Little Dorrit* and Smollett in *Roderick Random*, Saint Lazare has been used by a large number of French novelists. With it is indissolubly associated the idea of Manon Lescaut, who was incarcerated there at one period of her tempestuous career. Balzac introduced it into several of his books; it was the scene of some of the most dramatic chapters of Eugene Sue's *Les Mystères de Paris*. Like L'Abbaye and La Force, Saint Lazare played a considerable part in the Reign of Terror. Muller's picture "L'Appel des Condamnés" represents a

scene at St. Lazare, and not, as is generally believed, at La Force. Every one knows the poem which André Chénier wrote there before his execution. André's companion in prison and on the scaffold, Antoine Roucher, the poet of "The Months," wrote this pathetic quatrain under a portrait taken in prison for his family:

Ne vous étonnez pas, objets charmants et doux,
Si quelque air de tristesse obscurcit mon visage.

Lorsqu'un savant crayon dessinait cette image,
On dressait l'échafaud et je pensais à vous.

Saint Lazare, as its name denotes, was originally a leper house.



The New Vagabond Club of London is a literary organisation, of which the chief end and aim seems to be the giving of dinners to

**The Cadi and
the Tribute.**

people of more or less distinction. And, of course, for these dinners it is found necessary to collect from the members a certain annual tax. As in many other clubs, some members of the New Vagabonds are occasionally absent-minded and neglect to send the necessary subscription without having their memories prodded by the secretaries. For the use of the secretary, an English contemporary has suggested the following delicious "Parable of the Cadi and the Tribute," which should serve effectually as a gentle hint to delinquent subscribers:

As the Cadi, musing on the mutability of things, sat under a lofty plane tree, he was aware of a distraught-looking Kyatib Effendi (Mr. Secretary) wandering wildly adown the road and repeating with frenzied gestures the ill-omened words, "Tenandsix! Tenandsix! In the name of the Prophet, tenandsix!" Whereupon, moved to compassion for this Son of Misfortune, the Cadi sent unto him a messenger and inquired, "Wherefore, O afflicted of Allah, dost thou wring thy hands and murmur, 'Tenandsix'?"

And the Distraught One, sitting humbly at the feet of the Dispenser of Justice, and sharing with him the Chibouk of Consolation, gave sorrow words: "Know, O Cadi, that I am the Kyatib Effendi of those children of pilgrimage, the Vhaga-el-Bhonds, who journey even unto the Mecca of Ihnk-el-Slingar. These sons of

Phar-el-Graphia pay not their annual tribute of tenandsix to the Pashas of the Chom Mhit Tee. Thrice, in the name of Allah, the All Merciful, have I appealed to these Sons of Shaitan, and thrice have but the desert winds replied. Hence, do I wander adown the Road of Distress crying aloud to the Prophet, 'Tenandsix! Tenandsix!' and no man healeth my pain." Then he heaped the Ashes of Grief on the Beard of Neglect, and wept bitterly, even as the pelican weepeth in the wilderness when its young returneth not for the food of forgiveness.

"In the name of Allah, O Son of Affliction, go in peace," replied the Cadi. "Write yet again to these Vhaga-el-Bhonds and, Inshallah, thou shalt gather in their tribute. For the last time, ere thou blottest them from the face of thy tribe, appeal unto their heads. Should they fail thee, O Mudheap of Misery" (he motioned significantly toward the Bestower of Blows, the Bastinadoer-in-Chief), "bring them to the seat of judgment and we will appeal unto their soles. Go in peace."

And the Son of Affliction, known among Giaours as Burgin Effendi, departed in peace from out the presence of the Cadi, and sitteth for the last time in the third Garden of the Rose Berries, awaiting the tribute of the Vhaga-el-Bhonds ere they be blotted out by the Finger of Fate.

Which, being interpreted, O guilty ones, meaneth that subscriptions (November, 1901, to November, 1902, 10s. 6d.) are long overdue.



It has very likely been noticed that whenever in these pages anything general on the subject of fiction is written we are wont to

**The Novel and
its Art.**

hark back to certain novelists of the middle of the nineteenth century. There are times, no doubt, when some readers may find it just a little monotonous; but what would you have? It will be a great many years before Dickens and Thackeray shall have ceased to be the foundation on which every Englishman or American must build up his knowledge of fiction. It is through them, especially through Thackeray, that one enters into the wider realm of the novel. We do not pretend to deny that Balzac is the master of either. Nevertheless, while to the educated American or Englishman not to have read Balzac is a misfortune, to have read

Balzac and not to have read Dickens and Thackeray is almost a literary crime.

A great many hundred thousands of words have been written to show that the two giants of Victorian fiction were not supreme as artists; but it is very seldom that any one succeeds in seizing upon and riddling their limitations so tersely and yet comparatively so completely as the writer of a recent paper in the London *Academy*. This writer has found Thackeray's most vulnerable side, and shows with a great deal of cleverness that the author of *Esmond* could never have been a complete artist because he was always in his writings a sentimentalist. In a recently printed letter about the origin of Colonel Newcome, Thackeray said that, of course, he had to "angelicise" the old gentlemen at the club. Why? Because he hated to look a fact squarely in the face. With a great deal of justice, the writer of the article to which we allude finds an object of attack in the introduction to *Pendennis*. Everybody remembers how in this introduction Thackeray smugly apologises for the episode of Fanny Bolton. He tells how, since the author of *Tom Jones* died, no writer has been allowed to describe, to the extent of his powers, a man. He seems to be entirely unconscious of the fact that *Pendennis* himself is most open to this very criticism. There is a great deal of cause for doubt as to whether Mrs. Rawdon Crawley was guilty or not guilty; in *Pendennis*'s case no possibility of doubt exists. We fail to see how any one can read the book intelligently and then cherish even the faintest idea that *Pendennis* was other than perfectly innocent. And yet very curiously when Taine came to write of the book in his *History of English Literature* he saw nothing but the certainty of the young man's guilt. Why? Simply because it did not dawn upon him that Thackeray could be guilty of what was to Taine's mind so inartistic a blunder.

The writer finds a reason for Thackeray's limitations as an artist in his limitations as a critic. Thackeray was an educated man and a cosmopolitan; he lived in Paris; he read French literature. Yet with all his cosmopolitanism he did not disdain the usual sneer at "French

novels." He wrote coldly of Balzac's *Peau de Chagrin*, "which possesses many of the faults and many of the beauties of the school. Plenty of light and shade, good colouring and costumes, but no character." He found *Marion Delorme* pitiful and rather sickening; he said flatly, "The new French literature is essentially false and worthless." This was in 1840, and the new French literature included Hugo's *Notre Dame*, Balzac's *Eugénie Grandet* and *Père Goriot*, Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin* and Stendhal's *La Chartreuse de Parme*. His stand for realism was at best half-hearted; a lamentable retrogression from Richardson and the Fielding whom he professed so much to admire. In Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* he could see little that was not debasing and bad. Not only did Thackeray seem to think that the full delineation of sin was outside of the province of the novelist, but that the paths of high virtue were also forbidden to him. He says in *Pendennis*: "A veil should be thrown over those sacred emotions of love and grief. The maternal passion is a sacred mystery to us." The maternal emotion, argues the writer in the *Academy*, had no business to be a mystery to him. It was not a sacred mystery to Balzac when he wrote his description of the baby's bath in *The Two Young Brides*. The creator of Becky Sharp was nearly always sentimental about women. It was "The women," and then, "God bless 'em!" The "Women—God bless 'em" frame of mind does not make for either dignity or veracity in fiction.

The announcement of a new encyclopædia is always a very interesting and important event. It is interesting because the making of a really great encyclopædia is a stupendous piece of work, involving the co-operation of a large body of highly trained and scientifically qualified experts, and because it represents in one way or another so many and such varied forms of effort—organisation, selection, knowledge, literary skill and critical judgment. It is important, because encyclopædias have performed, and are still performing, a remarkable educational function in disseminating exact knowledge upon an almost in-

A New
Encyclopædia.

infinite variety of subjects. No one can estimate the influence which has been exercised by such famous works of reference as those which bear the names of Brockhaus and of Meyer in Germany, of Larousse in France, and of Chambers in England and America. These encyclopædias are really libraries; and to thousands upon thousands of families they have been the only libraries available. The ideal encyclopædia is on that combines four things: first, accuracy of statement; second, comprehensiveness of scope; third, lucidity and attractiveness of presentation; and, fourth, convenience of arrangement. Any work of the sort which fails conspicuously in one or more of these four particulars, falls short, to that extent, of the ideal. Of the various encyclopædias which have a history, Brockhaus lacks the attractiveness of literary form. Larousse is not sufficiently accurate in details. The *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, in discarding the alphabetical arrangement, became inconvenient to use. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* omitted so many topics of general interest as to oblige its purchasers to supplement it by some more popular if less monumental work. Of course, to an American, all foreign encyclopædias, even the newest edition of Chambers with all its excellences, are defective in practical use; for they necessarily omit a whole mass of subjects in which Germans, Frenchmen or Englishmen feel no interest whatever, but which to our countrymen are not only important but indispensable, as a part of that general information which all intelligent American men and women should possess.

These remarks are suggested by an announcement lately made to the effect that Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will issue within a few weeks the first volume of *The New International Encyclopædia*—a work which has been in active preparation for about four years. In view of what we have said above, it may be of some interest to set forth sundry facts regarding this extensive and elaborate undertaking; since very few persons who make use of an encyclopædia ever realise the enormous amount of minutely patient care, of thought, of time, of labour, and of money which goes to its preparation and completion. Indeed, the story of how

an encyclopædia is really made would be a very fascinating narrative if told by one who had gone through the actual experience and could thus relate it with the clarity which comes from knowledge at first hand.

When the *New International* was first taken under consideration, much attention was given to the feasibility of undertaking it in connection with the firm of Brockhaus and Company of Leipzig, so as to utilise the exceptional resources of that house and thus secure the use of its accumulated material, both textual, pictorial, and cartographic. Every one knows that the Brockhaus *Realencyclopædie* was the source from which the original edition of Chambers was largely drawn, and that by constant revision and correction it has been brought, for German readers, to something very like perfection. Nevertheless, a careful examination of that famous encyclopædia showed that the care and labour necessary to enlarge and adapt it for American use would be so great as to make the plan inadvisable. Even the illustrations though unusually fine, are in most instances too essentially German in their details, and this is especially true of such illustrations as relate to arts and industries of every kind. Hence, the project of foreign co-operation, although the assent of Herr Brockhaus had been gained, was soon abandoned, and it was decided to prepare a work that should be essentially original and likewise American in its authorship. To this end the development and execution of the project were placed primarily in the hands of three editors, who have made themselves jointly responsible for the whole. These three editors are Dr. Daniel Coit Gilman, President of the Carnegie Institution and late President of the Johns Hopkins University; Professor Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia University, and Professor Frank Moore Colby, formerly of the New York University.

President Gilman's genius as an organiser needs no exploitation, and his intimate acquaintance with every department of science, history, and education is admirably supplemented by his knowledge of men and of affairs. Professor Peck's long and diversified editorial experience

has been one of encyclopædic comprehensiveness. Professor Colby of late has become particularly well known by his accurate and skilful editing of the *International Year-Book*, for which he has been solely responsible ever since that very successful annual was first estab-

lished. To his charge was committed the carrying out of all the complicated details involved in the preparation of the forthcoming encyclopædia, and he brought to the task a rare combination of administrative ability, sound judgment, and critical acumen. These three editors, then, in



PRESIDENT DANIEL COIT GILMAN.

constant consultation with the publishers, at last elaborated and have now developed in a tangible form the conception of an encyclopædia which unites those qualities already specified as essential—scientific accuracy, broad comprehensiveness, practical convenience, and attractive lucidity of exposition.

After the work of selecting the titles had been completed, the subjects were divided and distributed under one hun-

dred departments, each department being placed in charge of a contributor qualified alike by special knowledge and by the possession of a clear, attractive style. The encyclopædia is intended first of all for the general reader, and the articles have been written from the general reader's point of view, so as to be free from vexatious technicalities while at the same time representative of the most modern scholarship. In every detail it has been endeavoured to compact really valuable



PROFESSOR HARRY THURSTON PECK.

information, instead of loosely assorted and often irrelevant facts. The statistics, for instance, have been handled in a scientific manner in order to exhibit comparisons which are significant and which possess an interest for every intelligent reader. Further special features of the work are to be found in the inclusion of the etymology of words as well as their pronunciation; the fulness of the gazetter department; the carefully selected information regarding municipal organization and the management of public utilities—this information being now

for the first time systematically given in an English encyclopædia; a large number of articles bearing upon sociology; and remarkable completeness in the department of biography, which was committed to the supervision of a separate editor. No other reference book in the English language has treated so great a number of names, and the treatment has been unusually full. Another department of great interest and value is that which has to do with what may be called miscellaneous information, and which covers a range of topics not heretofore given in a



PROFESSOR FRANK MOORE COLBY.

general encyclopædia. Under this head will be found, for instance, the titles of famous books, including works of fiction, the names of important characters in fiction, the explanation of political nicknames and popular allusions, and, in fact, all the class of subjects which the reader has usually been obliged to seek in "readers' handbooks" and similar compilations. It will be found that the illustrations contained in the *New International* are immeasurably superior to anything hitherto attempted in encyclopædias published in the English language, and that the coloured plates in particular surpass even those contained in Brockhaus and in Meyer. These illustrations, by the way, were not gathered together in a haphazard fashion and merely for the purpose of providing the volumes with a certain number of attractive pictures, but they were suggested by the various contributors, or prepared with their co-operation and also in many cases with the co-operation of the governmental departments in Washington, where all the plates relating to natural history have been examined and verified by Government experts. Altogether it will be seen, even from this incomplete enumeration of the special features of the encyclopædia, that it is likely to attain a very special place among those books of reference which not only possess a lasting value but which represent an historical tradition. Its editors have, in fact, profited alike by the merits and by the defects of the works which have preceded it, so that the results achieved embody at once the experience

of the past and an intelligent conception of the requirements of the present.

A word should be said with regard to the contributors. In their selection of these, the general editors have very wisely refrained from seeking to give a meretricious importance to the book by assigning articles merely for the purpose of including in the list of contributors men whose names are very widely known. First of all, it was sought to ensure the very best possible treatment of the subjects by able men whose work should possess both freshness of treatment and scientific authority. The question of their relative conspicuousness in the public eye did not enter as a primary consideration. Nevertheless, it will be found, as a matter of fact, that the *New International* does number in the list of those who have made it, many who are eminent even from a purely popular point of view. The great universities of the country are all represented, and so are the scientific departments of the United States Government. Some of the most famous names in contemporary American literature are there, while art, invention, jurisprudence, and political life are likewise represented by those who have won distinction in these different fields of intellectual effort and æsthetic achievement. The appearance of the first volume of this very elaborate and extremely useful encyclopædia is, therefore, as we have already said, an event of undeniable and exceptional importance from every point of view.

ABSENT.

Thou art so far away, Beloved, so far,
 The ocean lies between my place and thine,
 And to my anxious heart it seems
 A menace lies, a flaunting danger sign,
 In every gleaming wave which luring leaps
 About the sail that drives to farther side.
 I may not touch thy hand nor search thine eyes
 For look of love that there was wont to bide,
 I may not serve thee nor in tender wise
 Beguile thee, wearied, to refreshing rest;
 Thou art beyond my reach, but sudden, swift,
 My prayer, by way of Heaven, on loving quest
 May go, and as a shield upon thine arm,
 Be quickest, surest guard from earthly harm.

Annah Robinson Watson.

DRAMATISATIONS OF SCOTT

It is a question whether Charles Dickens or Sir Walter Scott, in the relative position of authors of dramatised novels, contributed more to the stage. Nearly all that these men wrote was seized upon by the dramatic hacks of their period. All except seven of Scott's romances were made over into plays, and the theatric appetite seized even upon two of his poems.

Scott loved the stage, though it did not engross him as it did Dickens and Bulwer. He made translations of plays from the German, *Goetz von Berlichingen* and *The House of Aspen*; and he composed four original plays: *The Doom of Devorgail*, *Halidon Hill*, *Auchindrane* and *Macduff's Cross*. I cannot find that any of them was produced, except the last. It was a one-act play in stirring



THE LANDSEER PAINTING OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

In this painting even the most untrained eye will see the influence of Landseer's study of animals in his portraits of human beings.



ELLEN'S ISLE, "THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

blank verse, and was given at St. George's Hall, London, December 8, 1887. *Dramatic Notes* thus describes it:

The history is told of Maurice Berkeley claiming sanctuary at the foot of "Macduff's Cross"; he is pursued by Lindesay, who challenges him to combat for having years before killed the latter's brother. But a monk comes forward, who proves to be the supposed de-

ceased, for, after recovering from his dangerous wound, he had entered the Abbey of Lindoes, and died to the world.

In another, and most interesting, way he testified his admiration for the gentlemen of the drama. We have it in the words of Charles Matthews, the celebrated comedian, and friend of both Scott and Dickens:



THE TWEED NEAR ABBOTSFORD.

Now I come to the crowning honour conferred by him upon the theatrical profession. On the establishment of the fund for the relief of decayed actors in Edinburgh, Sir Walter was asked to take the chair at the first dinner given in aid of the subscription list of the new charity; and here, in the presence of some three hundred gentlemen—here, at a meeting of poor actors, after twenty years of mystery—the Great Unknown, the Great Magician, the Wizard of the North, confessed

his secret, and for the first time openly avowed himself the author of the Waverley Novels!

The ethics of dramatisation seem never to have troubled him. It might be supposed that his long-sustained incognito prevented a public protest, but there is no conspicuous evidence that I can find to indicate the fretful attitude of Dickens. He assisted Daniel Terry in some of the many dramatisations his friend made,



CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN AS MEG MERRILIES, "GUY MANNERING," ACT II., SCENE IV.



ABBOTSFORD.

even to the extent of writing verses for the songs in the musical pieces, and so quickly were his characters and his scenes transferred from his manuscript to the stage that he once complained laughingly: "I believe my Muse would be Terry-fied into treading the stage even if I wrote a sermon." It is amazing how quickly those playwrights metamorphosed Scott's text. Eyre made a poetic version of *The Lady of the Lake*, which he confesses was "arranged, written and copied in the short space of ten days." Dibdin confessed apologetically to having completed the acted *Kenilworth* in two days; and, in spite of his industry, another version saw the light first. Indeed, Dibdin made it a kind of boast that he could produce a dramatic version of any novel in something under forty-eight hours, says Cook, and his competitors did not require much more time in the concoction of their plays on the same subject.

My resources have supplied no hint of an early English dramatisation or production of *Marmion*, which was the first of Scott's poems to be published. It appeared in print in 1808. This was six years before *Waverley*, the first of the *Waverleys*. In America, however, the always alert management of the Park Theatre secured a dramatic version, called *Marmion; or, The Battle of Flodden Field*. This was produced April 13, 1812, probably the occasion of the first acquaintance the American stage had with Scott. The author was James Nelson Barker, a fact carefully concealed until after the first night. Speaking of this production, Oscar Wegelin says in his *Early American Plays* (Dunlop Society):

From the prejudice then existing against American plays, it was announced as the production of an English author, Thomas Morton, "received with unbounded applause in London." It was enthusiastically received, and had a long lease of popularity.

Marmion was among William B. Wood's favourite plays, he having acted twelve of its various characters at different times. A notable revival was made at the end of February, 1846, at the Bowery Theatre "with equestrian accessories." If an untraced early English version

existed, at least a more conspicuous attempt to put *Marmion* upon the stage of Scott's native land at a comparatively recent date was Robert Buchanan's five-act version, which was seen April 8, 1891, at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow.



Kenilworth.

Varney. Nay, then, thus I rush on thee, and destroy thee and thy hopes for ever!

Act II. Scene 3.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Theatres Royal, London.

	Orvent Garden. 1821.	Drury Lane. 1834.	Drury Lane. 1837.
Earl of Leicester . . .	Mr. Vandenhoff	Mr. Cooper	Mr. Cooper
Varney . . .	Mr. Abbott	Mr. Younge	Mr. Warde
Lord Hunston . . .	Mr. Norris	Mr. Thompson	
Earl of Sussex . . .	Mr. George	Mr. Baker	Mr. Diddear
Lord Burleigh . . .	Mr. Crumpton	Mr. Cathie	
Sir Walter Raleigh . . .	Mr. Johnson	Mr. Brindal	Mr. Hooper
Tresilian . . .	Mr. Connor	Mr. King	Mr. Brindal
Michael Lambourne . . .	Mr. Comer	Mr. Harley	Mr. Bedford
Anthony Foster . . .	Mr. Farley	Mr. Mathews	Mr. Mathews
Giles Gostling . . .	Mr. Barnes	Mr. G. Smith	Mr. Shuter
Goldbread . . .	Mr. Heath	Mr. Hughes	Mr. Hughes
Queen Elizabeth . . .	Mrs. Fancit	Miss Sloman	Miss Huddart
Amy . . .	Mrs. Vining	Miss Phillips	Miss Taylor
Janet Foster . . .	Mrs. T. Hill	Miss Kenneth	Mrs. Humby

Lords and Ladies, Yeomen of the Guard, Soldiers, &c.

COSTUME.

The Lady of the Lake had been produced in London at the Surrey Theatre two years before America's first view of Scotch drama. Here at the onset Thomas Dibdin comes into this record, and is as assiduous in dramatising Scott as Stirling was in making Dickens over for the

stage. His version was cast in the metre of the original, using almost exclusively the text of the original poem. Another version done at this theatre preserved almost the identical text, but reduced the number of scenes, thus strengthening the unities. Only a little later Edmund John Eyre made quite a different version for the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, with more original matter. This theatre acknowledged the dramas founded on Scott as the national Scotch drama, and so proclaimed them. Its production here is a part of the history of each of them. One version of *The Lady of the Lake* acted here was known as *The Knight of Snowden*. It was at one time an occasional piece in the répertoire of many of American theatres, the rôle of Blanche of Devon being a favourite with the mother of Joseph Jefferson (fourth).

Waverley appeared in 1814, shrouded in the mystery of its authorship. It was dramatised, but seldom acted. The earliest American record of this play that I can find is a presentation at the New Bowery Theatre at the end of June, 1829. It was last acted in Great Britain, September 11, 1871, at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

The very next book, *Guy Mannering*, proved the most dramatic of all Scott's works, and until the last ten years it has been almost continually on the stage. Several of the greatest dramatic careers are linked with the characters of Meg Merrilies and Dominie Sampson, and distinguished actors have from time to time illuminated nearly all the parts.

The Park Theatre was the scene of the first American production of *Guy Mannering*, September 18, 1816. It was revived occasionally without attracting unusual attention until, in the season of 1840-41, at this very same theatre it was reproduced to give an English actor a chance as Harry Bertram. Mrs. Chippendale was to have played Meg Merrilies, but she took sick during the day, and an actress doing "general utility business" was called upon, and was told she might read it on the boards if she could not commit it by night. But this woman did commit the part before night; and, though study, dress and interpretation were the inspiration of half a day, if not literally of the moment, she made a success which has remained among the fixed

triumphs of theatrical history. She was Charlotte Cushman.

Of course she had appeared in other rôles in this play before. Indeed, her second rôle after she went on the stage was Lucy Bertram. Miss Stebbins gives Miss Cushman's own account of the experience of that famous night:

"I had not thought I had done anything remarkable," she says; "and when the knock came at my dressing-room door, and I heard Braham's voice, my first thought was, now what have I done? He is surely displeased with me for something—for in those days I was only the utility actress, and had no prestige of position to carry me through. Imagine my gratification when Mr. Braham said: 'Miss Cushman, I have come to thank you for the most veritable sensation I have experienced for a long time. I give you my word, when I turned and saw you in that first scene I felt a chill run all over me. Where have you learned to do anything like that?'"

Vandenhoff called Meg "her great fortune-teller and fortune-maker." Those who saw her in her répertoire place her Nancy Sykes, Lady Macbeth and Meg Merrilies in a trinity above anything else she did, but they do not place Meg first.

About fourteen years ago Fanny Jauschek took up Meg's staff. The greatness of her conception received instant recognition, some critics even placing it above Cushman's. They are twin glories in dramatic history.

The part of Dominie Sampson has inspired some of the ablest comedians of the last century. Though Mr. Liston was the first to play the character, Jefferson II., the grandfather of our Joseph Jefferson, was seen in the part at Covent Garden during the first year of the play's life. Mr. Barnes first played the pedant in America, and it was afterward played by William E. Burton.

The year after *Guy Mannering* brought *The Antiquary*. Isaac Pocock prepared a stage version which was seen at Covent Garden. The public evidently did not take kindly to it, for it was withdrawn and not again put up. The next four years presented the most popular of the Great Unknown's novels. *Waverley* was a craze in 1820. The enterprising managers dragged out *The Antiquary* again to help sate the appetite. But Daniel

Terry was called in to redramatise the story. Of his work, Terry says in a modest preface:

It became necessary that the Drama should be *compiled* anew;—any other term, where no claim is made upon invention, but where Plot, Incidents, Characters, and even the very Dialogue are already supplied by the Novelist, would be absurd:—the task of compressing Tales of three volumes into Plays of Three Acts, is one of merely technical and mechanical drudgery, which no one would willingly undertake who could do better things; and he who performs it must be content to resign the title of *Author*, for the humbler but juster appellation of *Compiler*.

The Antiquary was done at the Park, New York, May 17, 1822, and that seems to have finished its American career, for we do not hear of it again. There is another play, *The Antiquary*, which appears in Dodsley's *Old Plays*; and, though it was not from Scott, having been written nearly a century before the Scotch *Antiquary*, it was the work of one Marmion, Shakerley Marmion. The scene is laid in Pisa.

Old Mortality and *The Black Dwarf* were both written the same year as *The Antiquary*. Dibdin hurried the former onto the stage of the Surrey, and into a subsequent oblivion from which it seems never to have been recalled, except in the single instance of W. E. Suter's not more successful version, seen at Sadler's Wells, September 13, 1869. Of the dramatisation of *The Black Dwarf*, I can find no English record; but Ireland notes its presentation in New York on May 3, 1843, at the New Chatham.

Scott's next five books proved the most fruitful of dramatic material of any he wrote, saving *Guy Mannering*, which went before, and *Kenilworth*, which came after. During 1818-20 he published *Rob Roy*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *The Legend of Montrose* and *Ivanhoe*.

The Park Theatre, June 8, 1818, was the scene of the first American production of *Rob Roy*; thus New York saw the play before Edinburgh. One of the most notable revivals of record is that of December 14, 1826, at the Chatham, when the cast included J. B. Booth as Rob Roy, H. Wallack as Rashleigh,

Maywood as the Bailie, Mrs. Blake as Di Vernon, Mrs. Entwistle as Helen, and Mrs. Wallack as Mattie. Helen was a favourite rôle with Mrs. Duff, with Charlotte Cushman, who also played Madge Wildfire in *The Heart of Midlothian*, and with Madame Ponisi, who played it at Niblo's Garden as late as 1859.

Daniel Terry lost no time in transferring *The Heart of Midlothian* to the stage of Covent Garden, where it was seen April 17, 1819, with Macready as Robertson. Dibdin's version at the Surrey was far better. Just one month later it was given first in America at the Park; but it could scarcely have been the same version, for the casts seem to show different characters thrown into prominence. It was, of course, a play for actresses rather than actors. Effie, Jeanie and Madge were, as parts went then, great parts. Dion Boucicault later made a dramatisation of this book, the only occasion in which his name is linked with Scott in the capacity of adapter, and called his version *Effie Deans; or, The Heart of Midlothian*. It was produced at Laura Keane's Theatre, January 9, 1860, and enjoyed a run of fifty-four nights. Boucicault appeared as Counsel for Defence, Charles Wheatleigh as Counsel for the Crown, Charles Fisher as David Deans, Mark Smith as Argyle, Mr. Levick as Reuben Butler, Agnes Robertson as Jeanie Deans, and Laura Keane as Effie Deans.

The Bride of Lammermoor came next. It was first known on the stage by its original name, though its latest version was called *Ravenswood*. However, it is best known in the theatre by reason of the opera on this subject, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, by Donizetti. This work was first sung in America at the Park Theatre, November 17, 1845. There have been few dramatic versions of *The Legend of Montrose*, none important. One version was called *Montrose; or, Children of the Mist*; another used only the sub-title. The Park Theatre was the scene of the first American representation of this story, May 13, 1822.

The consideration which must have most affected playgoers of the period as the Waverley novels appeared was who would make the text over for the stage. Dibdin, Terry and Pocock were waiting,



scissors and paste-pot at hand, eager for the fray. Tom Dibdin first accomplished the stage rendering of *Ivanhoe*, which came before the footlights fairly damp from the press. His play was presented at the Surrey, January 20, 1820; and March 2 following another version came out at Covent Garden. Where both plays are so artificial, and with no other means of judging, a comparison of the casts indicates that it would have been better to see the second production. It must have been a feast with Kemble as *Ivanhoe*, Macready as Sir Reginald, Mrs. Faucit as Ulrica, and Miss Foote as Rebecca. However, from Dibdin's account in his reminiscences, the pictorial display, especially of the tournament scene, must have been splendid. There was a third version of this novel at Drury Lane, running concurrently with the other two. it was called *The Hebrew*. A version called *The Maid of Judah* brought a notable opportunity to Mrs. Wood. Andrew Halliday made several of the later dramatisations of Scott's novels, among them *Ivanhoe*, which was given in 1870 at Drury Lane with Phelps as Isaac, the

Jew of York, and Adelaide Neilson as Rebecca. The Anthony Street Theatre, New York, gave *Ivanhoe* first in America, June 19, the first year of its life. E. L. Davenport appeared as *Ivanhoe* in a celebrated revival at the Bowery Theatre in February, 1846, "with the accompaniment of a full equestrian corps, which rendered it one of the most brilliant spectacles yet seen."

Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote an important opera on Scott's *Ivanhoe*, which was produced December 15, 1888, at the dedication of the Royal English Opera House. Messrs. De Koven and Smith found the inspiration for their light opera, *Rob Roy*, in the Waverley novel. *Amy Robsart* and the story of *Kenilworth* were the inspiration of a grand opera by Isadore de Lara, first seen in London at Covent Garden, July 20, 1893. The story of *The Heart of Midlothian* was used for a pretentious opera in four acts, called *Jeanie Deans*, which was written by Joseph Bennett, composed by Hamish M'Cunn and produced at the Prince of Wales, Liverpool, February 22, 1872.

From the romantic and heroic nature of Scott's novels they adapted themselves

Cast of the Characters.

As Performed at the Surrey Theatre, January 20, 1820.

John, Prince of England	Mr. Clifford.	
Pilgrim	Mr. Watkins.	
Lucas de Beaumanoir, Grand Master of the Templars	Mr. Fawcett.	
Prior Aymer	Mr. Adcock.	
Cedric, a Nobleman of Saxon descent	Mr. Grant.	
Unknown Knight	Mr. Ridgway.	
Athelstane the Unready, a Knight of Saxon lineage	Mr. Andrews.	
Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert	Knights of Norman Origin.	Mr. Bengough.
Sir Philip de Multoalstn		Mr. Copeland, junr.
Sir Reginald Frontebauf		Mr. Cordell.
Sir Waldemar Fitzurse		Mr. Walker.
Sir Maurice de Bruce	Outlaws.	Mr. Gordon.
Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, or Robin Hood, under the name of Locksley		Mr. Payne.
Friar Tuck		Mr. W. S. Chatterley.
Midge the Miller		Mr. Leonard.
Isaac of York, a Jew	To Cedric	Mr. Huntley.
Wamba, Fool		Mr. Fitzwilliam.
Gurth, Vassal		Mr. Wyatt.
Oswald, Chamberlain		Mr. Branton.
Marshal of the Tournament, and Damien		Mr. Frith.
Reuben		Mr. Drewell.
Warden		Mr. Jonas.
Lady Rowena, a Princess of Saxon De- scent, and Ward of Cedric	Mrs. W. S. Chatterley.	
Rebecca, Daughter of Isaac	Miss Taylor.	
Ulrica, a Wild Saxon Woman	Mrs. Brooks.	
Elgiva, Attendant on Rowena	Miss Becca.	

Knights, Outlaws, Officers, Seracens, Ladies, Nuns, &c.



more readily to opera than did Dickens's novels. But for the same reason they were oftener burlesqued, for it is easier to make fun of romance and heroism than of the essence of humour itself. There have been many burlesques of Scott's stories.

Joseph Jefferson once played Sir Brian in a burlesque of *Ivanhoe*, prepared by the Brough brothers, and Henry J. Byron was the author of a facetious extravaganza, *Ivanhoe*, "in accordance with the spirit of the times," given during the Christmas holidays, 1862, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool. Stuart and Boucicault presented a burlesque on the same subject at the Winter Garden, March 5, 1860, with Mrs. Wood in the

principal rôle. F. C. Burnand, of *Punch*, wrote a burlesque of *Rob Roy*, entitled *Robbing Roy; Scotched not Kilt*, which was performed at the Gaiety, November 11, 1879. There was first performed at the Prince of Wales Theatre, September 25, 1865, a burlesque, by Henry J. Byron, entitled *Lucia di Lammermoor; or, The Laird, the Lady and the Lover*, "founded on Donizetti's popular opera, and, consequently, very unlike the romance." *Kenilworth* had already been burlesqued in one act a few years before at the Strand in 1858, by Andrew Halliday and Frederic Lawrance. These are but a few of the frequent comic versions of the romances. They were rather punny than funny.

Paul Wiltach.

THE NATIONAL ANGLE

People who think we are, as a nation, no longer sensitive to criticism, should follow the comments on Professor Münsterberg's *American Traits*, a little volume of essays dealing with our faults of character in an entertaining way. It is written, the author tells us, "from a German point of view," though there was not the least need of his mentioning it, and it is not what you would call a serious contribution to political science, but is, perhaps, the better reading on that account. Like most of these comparative race studies, it draws its material mainly from the writer's patriotic heart. He likes his own land better, and emphatically tells us why, as if anybody could not give reasons for a thing like that. It is matter for toasts, poems, flag-raising, and *hochs*—a sheer animal preference for one's own; yet critics have taken it as seriously as if it were an attempt in pure philosophy. They blame him for not having a judicial mind; though why an expatriated gentleman, terribly homesick, no doubt, should be expected to have one, it is not easy to make out. Yet they argue it out with him painfully, as if there were some logical process for rebutting his German blood. We are still very touchy, and these comparisons of foreigners do still most unaccountably flutter us, and there is invariably a little chorus of *tu quoques* and a sort of patriotic huff and a long ingenuous wrangle over things no more debatable than a taste in wives and children. No visitor can take notes on us, even now, without starting one of these queer controversies, and (self-esteem being the most voluble of the emotions), there is no small amount of printed matter taken up with them first and last. Great masses of mankind are weighed one against the other, as in the hand of Allah, and "these to Heaven and I care not, and those to Hell and I care not;" and the nativity of the umpire determines which is which. German ideals, says Professor Münsterberg, without the least tremour of indecision, are higher than American ideals; to which an American writer retorts excitedly, "But you must admit in common fairness that American ideals are broader at the base." No one knows what they mean exactly, or how they found it out. But we all do know where their hearts

are—honest folk, perched each on his national angle and crowing with all his might. Not to say a word against the national angle. *Præter omnes angulus ridet*—or ought to, whosoever it is. But why this solemn show of reasons for things that were bred in the bone?

It is a most beatific bias, and a man ought to be proud of it; and for our part, were we ever to embark in such a controversy, we should go in singing the battle-cry of freedom, knowing perfectly well we could never be quite fair-minded toward other people's fatherlands, no matter how hard we tried. Nor would we disguise the fisticuffs of self-vindication under any show of comparative philosophy; and in reply to the man who sized up our country in a sentence, we should dispose of Germany in four scorching words—that is, if we did anything about it at all, which, on second thoughts, is doubtful. There may be philosophers who fish all their patriotism out of comparative statistics; but it is not the usual way, and most of our foreign observers bring their conclusions with them as part of their racial physique. So it was with Professor Münsterberg, whose mind sweeps all history and forms of government and spans two continents in a flash. His book is a series of lover's comparisons, and we are the other girls. Very telling comparisons, some of them. "Whenever a genius is needed, democracy appoints a committee," says he. *Ach Gott!* the land where geniuses are as common as committees. *Liebt' Heimat land; liebt' Heimat land!*

Were the writings on America stripped of all national prejudices and personal whims, they would be about as lively as a school atlas; and for all our anger at Dickens fifty years ago, we know if he had written fairly we should not have read him at all. A man cannot always be in a battle mood about his country. There is some fun to be had at her expense. The heights of oratorical tradition are not for every-day use, though we can climb up to them after dinner when there is a big enough crowd. They are chiefly for the people who have some vested interest in bombast, and it often happens that the grandest public tributes are saluted with private grins. Foreigners never make allowance for the

great, fatuous platform-change that comes over certain of our people whenever they rise to speak. "Build, build," said a Western Senator some months ago; build and expand and plant the flag on all the archipelagoes and seize all the canals in this hemisphere and turn the Pacific Ocean into an American lake. "This," he concluded, "is not enthusiasm; it is geography." Being used to the thing, we know, of course, it was neither. but the mere chest notes of a Senator, a harmless, hyperbolic Senator, in a mood of the utmost publicity, in a pause of his private faculties, trying his best to please. "We must be cracked up, sir," said Mr. Hannibal Chollop, "this country must be cracked up," and Senators still live in the Chollop tradition. Nor is Mr. Chollop the only type in *Martin Chuzzlewit* that recent speeches recall. Neither General Choke nor the Hon. Lafayette Kettle could have outdone that speech in Congress a few weeks since with its reference to the German prince as "that little Dutchman," and to the "truckle-ency" of foreign courts. It was the very language of Dickens's burlesque Americans. Foreigners judge us by it—all of us. "We have heard," says our latest observer, "through the whole scale, from the editorials of the yellow press to the orations of leading Senators, the voice of that aggressive temper which waits for an opportunity to show American superiority to the world by battles and not by arbitration." He notes among our characteristics "a bumptious oratory, a flippant superficiality of style, a lack of æsthetic refinement . . . a constant exploitation on the part of immature young men with loud newspaper voices," and so forth. And he bears down on it all with argument, page after page of it, to prove that Columbia is not really the gem of the ocean and the only land of the free. It is like rebuking a brass band. That is the way with foreigners. They are forever trying to knock the wind out of the national superlative—a thing that the gods could not do.

Thence come these absurd discussions with a class of people that the rest of us know better than ever to reason with. Private thinking seldom takes this line. One's personal friends neither talk like editorials nor feel like Senators, and one may travel all day long without meeting the "typical" American who figures in the books. Foreigners do not realise that the great liturgy of buncombe stops at the private door, and that even its high priests are none too serious about it after the reporters go. We see the flag too often to be stirred by every flap of it, and we meet too many fellow-citizens to be sentimental about them all, and the Pilgrim Fathers are rarely mentioned, and the guns of Manila never boom in private conversation, and nobody congratulates you on freedom of worship, trial by jury, or the mounting exports of steel, and you go to sleep without dreaming of island empires, and you wake up without disparaging Germany. These awful burdens are borne only by public characters aiming at the lowest wit of the greatest number, as practical statesmen will, and undershooting it often, we are bound to say. Publicity exacts of them a show of more emotion than they ever privately feel. They must keep their love of country at honeymoon heat, poor things! And never was a land so complimented down to the last detail. Hosanna to the American potato! it is forging ahead each year. Yet it is wasteful to write a serious book against it, for the people who would be likely to read it do not need the reproof. And it is a great mistake to rouse those tedious patriots who let drive at the writer's country in revenge. And, finally, how do the pundits in race traits manage to gather so quickly the souls of all the peoples in the hollow of their hands, and why is it that the conclusions of such detached philosophers invariably follow the flag? It is a whimsical sort of writing, the more whimsical the better, and ought never to be measured by its approach to absolute truth.

F. M. Colby.



A BALLADE OF PROTEST

(To the Address of Master Rudyard Kipling, Poetaster.)

For long, unjoyed, we've heard you sing
Of politics and army bills,
Of money-lust and cricketing,
Of clothes and fear and other ills;
Meanwhile the palm-trees and the Hills
Have lacked a bard to voice their lay;
Poet, ere time your lyre-string stills,
Sing us again of Mandalay!

Unsung the East lies glimmering,
Unsung the palm-trees toss their frills,
Unsung the seas their splendours fling,
The while you prate of laws and tills.
Each man his destiny fulfils:
Can it be yours to loose and stray;
In sophist garb to waste your quills?—
Sing us again of Mandalay!

Sing us again in rhymes that ring,
In Master-Voice that lives and thrills;
Sing us again of wind and wing,
Of temple bells and jungle trills:
And if your Pegasus ever wills
To lead you down some other way,
Go bind him in his olden thills—
Sing us again of Mandalay!

Master, regard the plaint we bring,
And hearken to the prayer we pray;
Lay down your law and sermoning—
Sing us again of Mandalay!

Henry Louis Mencken.



A FABLE FOR BEGINNERS

(With Apologies to Miss Carolyn Wells and Miss Josephine D. Daskam.)

There was once a Young Woman who had Literary Aspirations, in consequence of which she wrote Stories, Long Ones and Short Ones. And she sent these Stories Here and There, To and Fro. But so often as they went To, bulky with Hope and Return Postage, so often they came Fro accompanied with Circulars, Various in their Polite Expression of the Regrets of the Editor Men. So great grew the Number of these Circulars that the Young Woman with Literary Aspira-

tions conceived a Plan for Papering with them A Room for the Encouragement of Young Authors, what time she should become a Successful Author, able to indulge in Eccentricity and rich enough to afford to Encourage Competition.

But one day there came back from the Amiable Mentor a Manuscript accompanied by an Autograph Letter from the Editor, which Letter Much Puzzled the Young Woman. It was written with a Pen, and unlike the Circulatory Material

heretofore received, it said That Her Work was Uncommonly Good, that It Showed Genius, That They had kept it Long, Hoping to find a place for it, but Regretted that they Could Not.

At first the Young Woman felt a Thrill of Pride, and she showed the Letter to Admiring Friends, who told her that the Future Was Assured, and that this Letter Was Better Than An Acceptance. And the Young Woman Began to Think that it was Even So; she was Set up and

Went about with Her Nose In the Air, Looking Down upon People Who had received only Typewritten Circulars. But One Fatal Day she showed the Letter to a Wise Friend. The Wise Friend looked first Grave, then Gay, and he spoke thus: "My Dear, you have here an exemplification of the Proverb, 'A Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath, but Fine Words Butter No Parsnips.'"

Wilmetta Curtis.

ARTISTIC, LITERARY, AND BOHEMIAN LONDON IN THE SEVENTIES

BY J. HENRY HAGER. WITH DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR LUMLEY.

II.

It must not be imagined that there existed in London any one circle, or "set," where every one at all distinguished in

music, literature or art could be found. On the contrary, owing to the great size of the metropolis, jealousies, more or less petty (*Tantane animis cælestibus iræ?*), and for various other reasons, literary



AN ARTIST'S SOIRÉE AT THE HOGARTH CLUB, LONDON, 1878.

and artistic society was, and is, divided into innumerable cliques. Still, a stranger might gain a very fair idea of English men and women of letters by frequenting the receptions of Lady Duffus Hardy and Hepworth Dixon; and of British artists by having his name placed on the visiting-list at Townsend House, Regent's Park, the residence of Alma (now Sir Laurence) Tadema, who, Londoners claim, is the "double" of President Roosevelt.

Lady Hardy dispensed a generous hospitality at her house in Maida Vale. Her husband was Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, Deputy Keeper of the Public Records. He was a man of many accomplishments, an expert linguist, and a charming talker. Lady Hardy wrote several novels, and her daughter, Iza, the only member of the family now living, followed her example. Indeed, so meritorious has her work in this direction been considered, that she enjoys a Crown annuity of £200 a year.

At Tadema's Tuesday-night gatherings were sure to be found not only many of the risen stars in the firmament of art, but those lesser luminaries that were just appearing above the horizon, Sir Laurence being most generous to the younger members of the guild. Himself a sturdy Dutchman, he had married one of the charming daughters of the manufacturer of Epps's Cocoa, while Edmund Gosse had wed the other. The sobriquet "Grateful and Comforting" (used in the advertisements in describing that beverage), which Society had insisted on giving them, followed the sisters into married life. Owing to his achievements as an artist, Tadema's was naturally one of the art centres of London, and the visitor was not surprised at meeting there nearly all the leading wielders of the brush and pencil. Let me recall some of those whose fame, although clever artists, is less *répandue* on this side of the Atlantic:

Val Prinsep, rich, talented, popular, would have been chosen president of the Royal Academy, as Leighton's successor, had not Sir Edward John Poynter, the rival candidate, had in his favour the influence of the Royal Family, owing to his having taught the Princess Louise.

Poor Frank Holl, R.A., whose epitaph might truthfully have been written "Worked to Death," and who died at the

early age of forty-three with a reputation as a portrait painter second to none; S. Luke Fildes, who had made already a name as a worker in black-and-white, standing as he did at the head of the book-illustrators, and was about to prove his superiority as an artist in oils; and W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., both sailor and painter, choosing to depict river or sea-side life, being attracted chiefly by the hurry and bustle of the Thames and the Tyne, what time he was not depicting Dutch scenes and skies, must not be forgotten. In 1877, when scarcely thirty-three, Fildes built a home in Melbury Road, Kensington—that "posy of artists' dwellings" where he was surrounded by his fellow Academicians—Leighton, Watts, Colin Hunter, Val Prinsep, W. H. Thornycroft, Marcus Stone and Sir William B. Richmond.

Valentine Bromley was the victim of accident. An admirable artist, an Adonis in all physical attributes, married to a charming woman, and idolised by his friends, whose name was legion, he seemed to possess everything necessary to make life "one grand, sweet song." But the fates decreed that this was too much felicity for one poor mortal to enjoy *ici bas*, and so his wife, who was the daughter of the Scotch art critic, Forbes Robertson, and a sister of the London actor and manager of that name, was smitten with smallpox. They had been married but a brief period. She was removed from their residence for better care and treatment. When convalescent she was brought home, but, as it seems, while there was still danger of contagion. Her husband caught the disease, which, taking on its most malignant form, soon proved fatal. So loathsome was the corpse of this idolised young man, that it had to be removed for burial in the middle of the night.

George Henry Boughton has been referred to so often as an American, and classified with American artists who have taken up their residence in England, that the public are apt to lose sight of his English birth. As a matter of fact, he has not resided in this country, where he was brought as a child, since he was twenty. He was born in Norfolk. During his long novitiate as an A.R.A. (he was not elected an R.A. until 1896), he was the gracious and useful friend of all

American artists, who regarded him as in some sort a fellow-countryman. Rather tall, thin, with a grey moustache and a kindly smile, Boughton was ever ready to give aid and advice to young men, for whose benefit he drew largely from his varied experience.

As prominent members of the Savage Club, and ideal types of the Bohemian artist, Alfred H. Tourier and A. B. Houghton must be given exceptional prominence. Both enjoyed an enviable reputation through their achievements in the field of Painting, but both were sworn foes of the ordinary conventions of Society and the "starchiness" of certain art circles. Their career on Hampstead Heath may be taken as a case in point. Having rented an abandoned Jewish synagogue as a studio and for living purposes, in that charming spot, near the residence of Du Maurier and the homes of several other well-known artists, these irrepressible Bohemians set to work, sketches being finished, to "loaf and invite" their souls in so boisterous a manner, turning day into night and night into day, that a universal wail of despair and disgust went up from the entire neighbourhood and the landlord was forced to give his too vivacious tenants notice. On the front of the building they had painted in enormous letters the misquotation, more conspicuous than reverent: "Man cannot live by bread alone!" It was intended in this way to arrest the attention of the passing Hebrew picture-dealers, to whom, as being ignorant of the New Testament, they argued, it should appeal with all the force of novelty when the latter failed to buy with the alacrity that artists appreciate.

Houghton was sent to America by the London *Graphic* to make sketches of the country and the people for that journal; but his work, although commendable from an artistic point of view, was so un-

friendly to "the States" that the *Graphic* was compelled to recall the artist and suspend the publication of his drawings.

In the neighbourhood of the British Museum a little colony of workers in oils and in black-and-white had their studios, that of Arthur Lumley of New York, fronting on Great Russell Street, on which the Museum is situated. Mr. Lumley resided eight years in London, and his work on the *Illustrated News* and *Graphic*, besides his essays in oils, brought him not only many encomiums, but the support and friendship of some of the leading artists of the day. He was a member of the Arts, the Langham, the Hogarth, the Savage and other clubs. He was a frequent visitor both at Lady Hardy's receptions and at Townsend House, and his candidature at the clubs named was endorsed by such men of light and leading as George H. Boughton, Alma Tadema, Charles Keene, Hubert Herkomer, Sir James D. Linton, President of the Royal Institute of Painters, Henry Blackburn, the art critic, Fred Barnard and others.

A near neighbour of Mr. Lumley was the lamented Randolph Caldicott, whose brilliant career came to an untimely close while on a visit to this country. He was one of the London *Graphic's* most clever illustrators, and his work on that journal and in the literature of the day had achieved for him a very high rank. Modest and genial, with a great future before him, he was stricken down at the comparatively early age of forty. Another *Graphic* man, and an excellent all-round artist, was the Frenchman, Godfrey Durand, who returned subsequently to Paris, where he died. Miss Louise Starr, a portrait painter of more than ordinary ability, worked not far away. Her father was an American, and her mother was an Englishwoman. She still exhibits at the Royal Academy.



Spenser's Faerie Queen

Book I. Canto 1.

Stanzas VIII. to XV.

VIII.

By this the dreadful Beast drew nigh to band,
Halfe flying and halfe footing in his baste,
That with his largenesse measured much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge waste,
As mountain doth the valley overcaste.
Approaching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible and vaste.

IX.

And over all with brasen scales was armd,
Like plated cote of steele, so couched neare
That nought mote perce; he might his corse bee harmd
With dint of swerd, nor push of pointed speare:
Which as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight;
So shaked he, that horror was to beare:
For as the clashing of an Armor bright,
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the knight.

X.

His flaggy winges, when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the penne, that did his pineons bynd,
Were like mayne-yardes with flying canvas lynd;
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage fynd,
The cloudes before him fledd for terror great,
And all the heavens stood still amazed with his threat.



Spenser's Dragon

souls of the fathers of Cythera owing to my riches and power. I have piloted all my life. In my black vessel, which bore on its bow a red and monstrous dwarf, guardian of my treasures, watching the seven Cabeiri who sail in the air in their sparkling bark, finding my way by that immovable star which the Greeks in consequence named after me the Phœnician, I have furrowed all seas and touched all rivers. I went to get gold from Colchis, steel from Chalybes, pearls from Ophir, silver from Tartessus. In Turdetania I got iron, lead, cinnabar, honey, wax and rosin, and reaching the limits of the world I ran through the fogs of the ocean as far as the dismal island of the Britons, whence I returned, old, grey-haired, rich from the tin that the Egyptians, Greeks and the inhabitants of Italy bought of me for its weight in gold. The Mediterranean was then my lake. I founded along its shores, still savage, hundreds of settlements, and that famous Thebes was but a citadel where I kept gold. I found in Greece savages armed with stag-horns and stone hatchets. I gave them bronze, and it is through me that they learned all the arts."

One felt in his looks and in his words a hardness that wounded, and I replied without kindness:

"Oh! you were an active and intelligent trader. But you had no scruples, and you acted on occasion like a very pirate. When you landed on the shores of Greece or some island, you took care to spread out by the water-side rich stuffs; and if the girls of the shore, led by an overpowering attraction, came alone, unknown to their parents, to gaze at the longed-for things, your sailors seized those maidens, who screamed and wept in vain, and threw them bound and shuddering in the bottom of your vessels in the care of the red dwarf. Did you not thus, you and yours, steal young Io, the daughter of King Inachus, in order to sell her in Egypt?"

"It is very probable. That King Inachus was the chief of a little savage tribe. His daughter was white, with pure and delicate features. The relations between savages and civilised mankind have been the same for all ages."

"That is true, but you Phœnicians have committed unheard-of thefts in the world. They did not fear to rob the sar-

cophagi and to despoil the Egyptian subterranean burial grounds to enrich their cemeteries of Gibal."

"In good faith, sir, are those the kind of reproaches to make to a very ancient man, of whom Sophocles already called the antique Cadmus? We have scarcely been conversing five minutes in your study, and you quite forget that I am your senior by twenty-eight centuries. You see in me, dear sir, an old Canaanite, whom you must not wrangle with about a few cases of mummies, and one or two daughters of savages stolen in Egypt or in Greece. Admire rather the strength of my intelligence and the beauty of my industry. I spoke to you of my sea-trips. I could show you my caravans going to fetch from Yemen incense and myrrh, from El Harran gems and spices, and from Ethiopia ivory and ebony. But my activity did not limit itself simply to trade and barter. I was a skilled manufacturer when the world around me slept in barbarism. Metallist, dyer, glassmaker, jeweller, I showed a genius in those arts of fire so marvellous that it seemed magical. Look at the bowls I have chiselled, and admire the delicate taste of the old gem-maker of Canaan! And I was not less clever in agricultural pursuits. Out of that narrow strip of land hemmed in between Lebanon and the sea I made a delightful garden. The cisterns that I dug are still to be found. One of your masters has said, 'Only mankind in Canaan could build presses for eternity.' Know old Cadmus better. I caused all the nations along the Mediterranean to pass from the stone age to that of bronze. I taught your Greeks the principles of all the arts. In exchange for wheat, wine, and the skins of beasts which they brought to me, I gave them bowls in which the doves kissed each other, and earthen figurines which they have since copied and arranged according to their taste. Finally I gave them an alphabet, without which they could neither have made permanent nor clear those ideas of their which you admire. That is what old Cadmus has done. He did it not from charity of the human race nor from a desire of vainglory, but from love of lucre and with an eye to a tangible and certain profit. He did it to enrich himself, and with a wish to drink wine in his old age out of gold bowls on a silver table, in the

midst of white women dancing voluptuous dances and playing the harp. For old Cadmus believes in neither goodness nor virtue. He knows that mankind is bad, and that more powerful than mankind—the gods—are worse. He fears them; he tries to appease them by bloody sacrifices. He does not like them in the least. He likes only himself. I paint myself as I am. But consider that if I had not sought the violent pleasures of the senses, I should not have worked to grow rich. I should not have invented the arts which still give you pleasure at the present time. And then finally, dear sir, not having had sufficient wit to become a business man, you are a scribe and write after the fashion of the Greeks. You ought to honour me as an equal of a god, I to whom you owe the alphabet. I am the inventor of it. Naturally I only created it for the usefulness in my business and without foreseeing at all the usage that later literary nations would put it to. I had to have a system of notation that was simple and rapid. I would willingly have taken it from my neighbours, having the habit of taking everything that suited me from them. I do not pride myself on originality; my language is that of the Semites; my sculpture is somewhat Egyptian and somewhat Babylonian. If I had known of any good writing about me, I should not have taken the trouble to make an invention of that kind. But neither the hieroglyphics of the people that you nowadays call Hittites or Hetæri, nor the sacred writing of the Egyptians fitted my wants. Those were complicated and slow writings, more suited to be spread out on walls of temples and on tombs than to be compressed on the tablets of a trader. Even shortened and cursive, the writing of Egyptian scribes still kept as in its first attempt, heaviness, intricacy and indecision. The entire system was bad. Hieroglyphics simplified still remained hieroglyphics, that is to say, a thing that was terribly confusing. You know how the Egyptians mixed in with their hieroglyphics—whether complete or abbreviated—signs representing ideas to signs representing sounds. By a stroke of genius, I took twenty-two of those innumerable signs and I made of them the twenty-two letters of my alphabet. Letters—that is to say, signs—each

corresponding to but one sound, and furnishing by their joining a prompt and easy means of faithfully painting all sounds! Was it not ingenious?"

"Yes, certainly it was ingenious, and still more than you think. And we owe you an invaluable present. For without the alphabet there could be no exact recording of talk, no style, no starting a delicate train of ideas, no abstract thought, no subtle philosophic thought. It would be as absurd to imagine Pascal writing the *Provinciales* in cuneiform characters as to believe that the Zeus of Olympia had been sculptured on a seal. Invented in order to keep commercial books, the Phœnician alphabet has become the world over the necessary and perfect instrument of thought, and the history of its transformations is intimately bound up in that of the development of the human intelligence. Your invention is infinitely beautiful and precious, though still imperfect. For you did not think of the vowels, and it was the ingenious Greeks who found them. Their share in the world was to bring everything to perfection."

"The vowels—I will tell you—I have always had the bad habit of slurring and mixing them up. Perhaps you perceived it this evening; old Cadmus speaks a little from the throat."

"I forgive him. I would almost forgive him the rape of the maiden Io, since, after all, her father Inachus was only the chief of savages, carrying as sceptre a stag's horn carved with the end of a piece of flint. I would even forgive him for having taught the poor virtuous Bœotians the phrenetic dances of the Bacchantes. I would forgive him all for having given to Greece and to the world the most precious of talismans, the twenty-two letters of the Phœnician alphabet. From those twenty-two letters all the alphabets of the universe have been drawn. There is no thought on this earth that they do not put down and preserve. From your alphabet, divine Cadmus, came the Greek and Italian writings, which gave birth to all the European writings. From your alphabet again came all the Semitic writings from the Aramian and Hebrew to the Syrian and Arabian. And this same Phœnician alphabet is the father of the Hyinjarite and Ethiopian alphabets and of all the al-

phabets of the centre of Asia, Avestan and Pali, and even the Indian alphabet, which gave birth to Sanskrit and to all the alphabets of Southern Asia. What luck! What universal success! There is not at this moment on the face of the earth a single writing which is not derived from Canaanite writing. Whoever in this world writes one word is a debtor of the old Canaanite merchants. At that thought I am tempted to do you the greatest honours, Sire Cadmus, and I do not know how to acknowledge the favour you have done me in passing a short hour of the night in my study—you, Baal Cadmus, inventor of the alphabet."

"My dear sir, calm your enthusiasm.

I am fairly satisfied with my little invention. But my visit need not flatter you particularly. I am bored to death since, having become a vain shadow, I no longer sell either steel or powdered gold, or elephants' teeth, and on this earth where Mr. Stanley follows from afar my example, I am reduced from time to time to converse with a few savants or curious people who are willing to take an interest in me. I think I hear the cock crow. Farewell and try to get rich; the only good in this world is riches and power."

Thus he said and disappeared. My fire was out, the sharpness of the night began to take hold of me, and I had a very bad headache.

Edith V. B. Matthews.

THE GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF THE UNITED STATES*

The New York Evening Newspapers.

I.

NEW YORK IN 1800—JOURNALISM FOLLOWING THE REVOLUTION—ESTABLISHMENT OF THE "COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER"—ESTABLISHMENT OF THE "EVENING POST"—ALEXANDER HAMILTON AND WILLIAM COLEMAN.

Whenever the New Yorker of the present generation attempts mentally to reconstruct the city as it was in the first years of the last century, he is likely to be met at every turn by certain contradictions which are bound to prove more or less baffling. It is not easy to reconcile the fierce turmoil of political controversy in the days of Hamilton and Burr with what we conceive to have been the spirit of the old Knickerbocker society. From many books dealing with this period and from letters and newspapers we can get glimpses of the old life, the old people, the old streets and fashions. But the New York of 1800 in its entirety is very remote, very hard to reconstruct; and of the old Knickerbocker society one is tempted cynically to believe that there

never could have been any society so very good and so very dull as this society has been painted by its historians. Almost without exception the books dealing with the older New York fail to give any real idea of what the city was like. They are almost all reminiscent. Men in the sere and yellow of autumn have taken up their pens leisurely to tell of the town that they knew in their golden spring. The memories of old lanes and cow-paths, of early street calls and quaint houses and costumes, they succeed admirably in bringing back. But the ghosts of the old hatreds, heartaches, passions, jealousies, scandals—the ghosts of real lives—seem gone beyond recall.

Topographically, the New York of 1800 can be described with a very few strokes of the pen. The city's limits to the north did not extend beyond Murray Street. The principal business streets were Water and Pearl (the latter was then known as Queen) Streets, thoroughfares narrow and poorly paved, in some places not paved at all. Broad Street was the main avenue. The upper part of Wall, then one of the widest

*See page 113.

streets in the city, was occupied by fashionable residences. The City Hall then stood at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets. Nearly opposite was the dwelling of Alexander Hamilton. In the later years of the eighteenth century the town's social supremacy had been held by the houses along Great Dock Street, that part of Pearl Street between Whitehall and Coenties Slip; but this supremacy was now taking its first stride toward the north and west.

Although it is the purpose of these papers to deal only with those journals which are still in existence, it may be as well, since this article is of necessity rambling and cursory, to say something about those events in the history of American journalism which led up to the existing conditions in New York in 1800. Thirteen years before the first issue of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, the oldest of the existing journals of the metropolis, there had been launched in Philadelphia the *American Daily Advertiser*, the first daily newspaper of the United States. In the following year, 1785, appeared the second American daily journal, the *Daily Advertiser* of New York. The

idea spread rapidly and daily newspapers sprang quickly into existence in all parts of the young republic. One of the most striking features of New York journalism of the years following the termination of the Revolution was a series of essays written in favour of the new constitution and printed under the title *The Federalist*. These papers, which have been compared to the letters of Junius, have been ascribed to various sources, but it has been popularly believed that most of them were

written by Alexander Hamilton. The first number of *The Federalist* was published in the *Independent Journal* of October 27, 1787. The following year the name of this paper was changed to the *New York Gazette*, under which title it existed until 1840, when it was merged with the *Journal of Commerce*. The following year, 1789, another *Gazette*, the *United States Gazette*, was established in New York, but when, in 1790, Congress removed to Philadelphia, the paper went with that body. It became the special organ of Hamilton, who was then the Secretary of the Treasury, and his friends.



ALEXANDER HAMILTON, THE FOUNDER OF THE "EVENING POST."

Although the *Commercial Advertiser* as such dates only from 1797, the journal on which its existence was based was founded four years earlier. In 1793 Noah Webster, the great lexicographer, was a lawyer living in Hartford, Connecticut. It was a time when the battle was raging fiercely between the Republican and Federalist parties, and as Webster was considered the man needed to aid the Federalists journalistically, he was induced to come to New York, and on December 9, 1793, he issued the first number

of a daily paper, which was called the *Minerva*. One of the first numbers of the paper contained an article on slavery, "intended to demonstrate that the labour of slaves in any country is less productive than that of freemen." The change of the paper's name in 1797 in no way affected its policy. Mr. Webster remained the editor, unaffected by several changes in the business management, until 1803, when he retired in favour of Zachariah Lewis, who remained in occupation of the chief editorial chair until

1820, when he was succeeded by Colonel William L. Stone.

On the 16th of November, 1801, there was printed the first issue of the existing *Evening Post*. The paper was established as a result of a schism in the Federalist Party. It was founded as the organ of Alexander Hamilton, the leader of the party's younger element, and the prime movers in the venture were Hamilton and John Jay, who was then the Governor of New York. The name was

inspiration, but the great working factor of the paper as well. He wrote many of the editorials himself and dictated others to Coleman. Like Greeley and Bennett and Raymond, his industry and fecundity were phenomenal. In addition to his great labours in the political arena at a time when his party was weakened and disrupted by dissensions within its own ranks, he found time to do, in connection with the *Post*, more than the work of an active journalist, writing on stages, in



PARK ROW AT THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

not new. An *Evening Post* had been established in 1746, edited by Henry de Forest. It lived a year. A second *Evening Post* had been founded in 1794—very curiously as the journalistic organ of Aaron Burr, Hamilton's great enemy and political rival. Hamilton's first selection as editor of the *Evening Post* was Theodore Dwight, the Federalist, who, however, declined to accept the chair. Then he turned to William Coleman, a Massachusetts lawyer, who had been one of his most trusted lieutenants, and Coleman became the *Post's* first editor. At the beginning Hamilton himself was not only the in-

boats, and even on horseback. It was Hamilton's excellent scholarship that marked the *Post* and drew to its columns a picked class of readers from the community.

Just as at a later period in journalism the epithet "Little Villain" was applied to Raymond, and "Mephistopheles" to Greeley, so Hamilton at a time when journalism was even more personal was known as the "Little Lion," and Coleman as the "New England Wolf." Although the latter had begun with the desire to keep the *Post* clear of "personal virulence, low sarcasm, and verbal contentions with printers and editors," and

with the design "to inculcate just principles and religion" in politics, as well as morals, he soon found that the fever of political excitement burned too fiercely to allow him to carry out any such purpose. Philip Hamilton, the son

Hamilton, it was first accredited to Coleman, and was responsible for many slurs on the subject of the latter's valour. Coleman had become entangled in a journalistic war with two prominent Republican editors—Cheetham of the



NOAH WEBSTER, THE FOUNDER AND FIRST EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK "COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER."

of Alexander, was killed in a duel by Echert, on November 24, 1801. The *Post* printed an editorial denouncing the practice of the code as savage and murderous. The article excited great comment at the time. Although it was afterward believed to have been written by

American Citizen and Duane of the *Aurora*. In the battle Coleman proved himself vigorous and emphatic. He alluded to Duane as "a low-bred foreigner," and in referring to Cheetham he wrote of "the insolent vulgarity of that base wretch. Once he fired the following:

Lie on, Duane, lie on for pay,
And, Cheetham, lie thou too;
More against truth you cannot say,
Than truth can say 'gainst you.

Coleman was a poet of no mean order, and it was to his taste and influence that much of the literary flavour of the *Evening Post* during the first quarter of a



WILLIAM COLEMAN, THE FIRST EDITOR OF THE "EVENING POST," 1801-1829.

century was due. In almost every issue he printed verses from American as well as English writers. One of the first notable examples of this kind was an "Ode to the Lark," by Dr. John Wolcott, of London, better known by the pseudonym of "P. Pindar," which appeared in the *Post* of December 16, 1801, just one month after the publication of the paper's first issue. In May, 1802, the *Post* issued a memorial on the death of Martha Washington, which contained a leading article by Coleman and poems in four languages. In 1804, Thomas Moore was in this country, and from him the *Post* contained a manuscript poem. As has been said, it was in these early days that the literary tone which has been found always in the *Post* throughout its career was first heard.

The poem directed at Cheetham and Duane was merely an episode in the controversy which resulted in Coleman receiving a challenge from Cheetham.

Arrangements for a duel were made, but the two principals were arrested, and the meeting did not take place. The arrest threw some doubt on Coleman's courage, and one Captain Thompson, a harbour master of New York, declared openly that the *Post* editor would not fight. In reply Coleman promptly sent a challenge to Thompson. The meeting took place on a moonlight night in the summer of 1803 at what was then the Potter's Field, land which is now occupied by Washington Square. Four shots were exchanged, and Thompson was mortally wounded. With great generosity, the dying man refused to disclose to the authorities the name of his antagonist, or to give any account of the affair. He said simply that the meeting had been conducted honourably and fairly, and that as the fortunes of war had gone against him he did not wish that his adversary should be molested. Coleman returned to the *Evening Post* office after the duel, and brought out the paper in its usual way, with the exception that it was a half hour late. There were no more aspersions cast on his courage.

Apropos of the gathering, using and disseminating of news at that time, Frederick Hudson has called attention to the manner in which the *Post* handled President Jefferson's annual message in 1801. The message was first printed in the paper on December 12. It was five days later before any notice was taken of it, and then this was done by "Lucius Crassus" in a communication. Probably this delay was due to the fact that Hamilton and the leaders of the party had to be consulted carefully before comment could be made on so important a matter as the first message of the chief of the opposing party. But it was typical of the journalism of the time. Other public matters were treated in the same way. Much time was taken for consideration and reflection. This was part of the discipline of the party press.

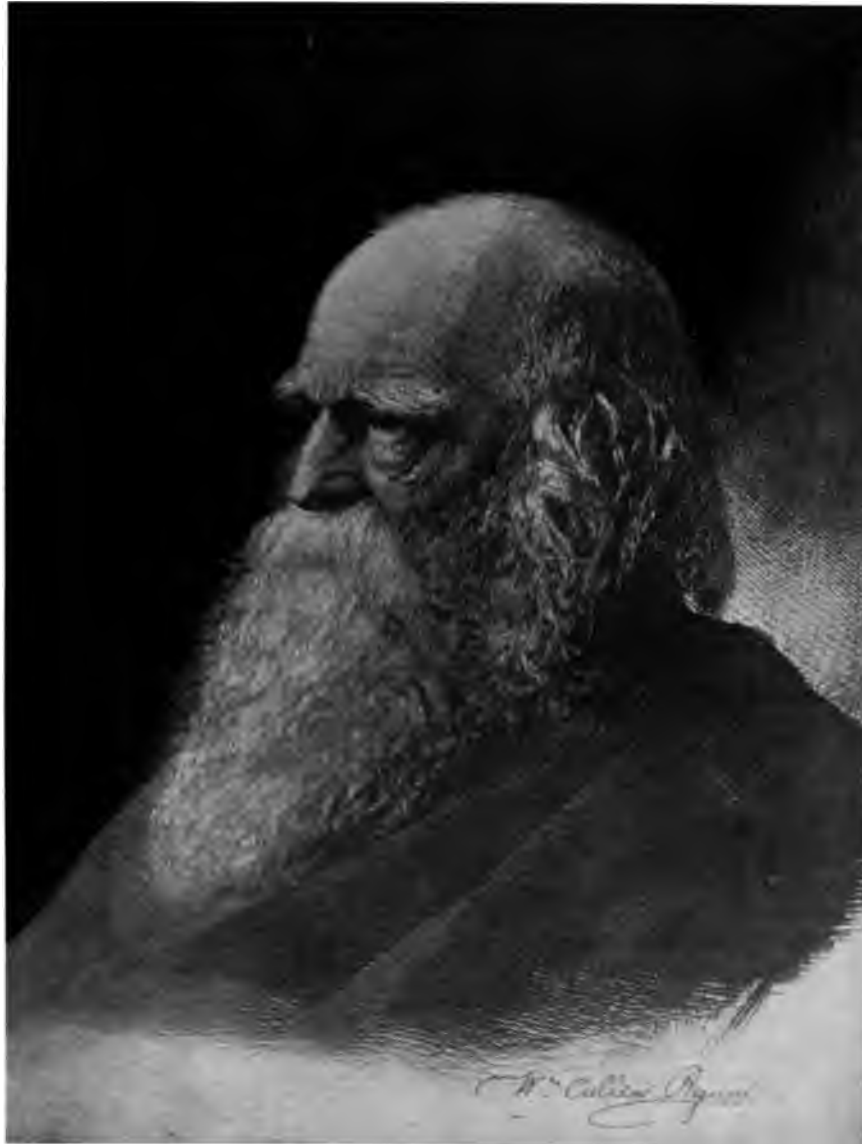
When on the morning of July 11, 1804, Hamilton was mortally wounded by Aaron Burr on the duelling ground beneath the hills of Weehawken, the Federalist Party tottered to its fall. Hamilton's had been the strong hand and guiding genius which had held together the party's conflicting elements. The campaign of the following autumn re-

sulted in the re-election of President Jefferson by an enormous majority. Jefferson received one hundred and sixty-two votes; Pinckney, the Federalist candidate, only fourteen. The years 1808, 1812, and 1816 were repetitions of 1804, and in 1820 the Federalist Party passed out of existence. But uncompromisingly the *Evening Post*, under Coleman's guidance, maintained the tradition of its founder. But it was a fight for a cause hopelessly lost.

II.

JOURNALISTIC MANNERS IN THE THIRTIES—LITERARY SIDE OF THE EVENING PAPERS—BRYANT EDITOR OF THE "POST"—THE "COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER" UNDER COLONEL STONE—THE STARTING OF THE "NEW YORK EXPRESS"—NEWSGATHERING METHODS.

Look through the files of the New York newspapers of the thirties, and



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, EDITOR OF THE "EVENING POST," 1829-1878.

very likely you will come to think that underlying the invention and rather malicious exaggeration of Dickens's description of our journalism and journalists in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, there was a very material stratum of truth. Indeed, one would not have a great amount of trouble in suggesting prototypes of Colonel Diver, the editor and proprietor of *The Rowdy Journal*, and "Mr. Jefferson Brick, my war correspondent."* The

of the War of Secession. In the thirties, the press, in its morals and methods, and above all in its manners, mirrored our worst national faults. The influence of those years affected even great editors like Greeley and Bennett to the end of their lives. Greeley, for instance, in 1870 was in many respects an anachronism. He had progressed, he had seen petty journalism become great journalism, and had done much to bring about the



ERASTUS BROOKS.

period was one in which American society, in its scheme of evolution, was temporarily at its worst. Another such period was that which followed the close

change, but there was something of that early atmosphere which he never quite put away.

*"There is to-day's *Rowdy*, sir," observed the colonel, handing him a paper. "You'll find Jefferson Brick at his usual post in the van of human civilisation and moral purity." . . . "Why, it's horribly personal," said Martin. The colonel seemed much flattered by this remark; and said he hoped it was. "We are independent here, sir," said Mr. Jefferson Brick; "we do as we like." "If I may judge from this specimen," returned Martin, "there must be a few thousands here rather the re-

verse of independent, who do as they don't like." "Well, they yield to the mighty mind of the Popular Instructor, sir," said the colonel. "They rile up sometimes; but in general we have a hold upon our citizens, both in public and in private life, which is as much one of the ennobling institutions of our happy country as—" "As nigger slavery itself," suggested Mr. Brick. "Entirely so," remarked the colonel. "Pray," said Martin, after some hesitation, "may I venture to ask,

In 1830 duelling was not so much practised or discussed as it had been in the first decade of the century; but there was no lack of originality in editorial abuse; and incidentally there were occasional horsewhippings and cudgellings of editors which gave New York, then a city of two hundred and fifty thousand people, something to talk about for a day

into society. There was very little difficulty in placing the responsibility for some particularly offensive article. To do him justice, it must be said that his personalities seem to have been not entirely malicious. A certain irresponsibility of utterance, a certain frankness, were in the air. A typical illustration of this was Bennett's announcement of his



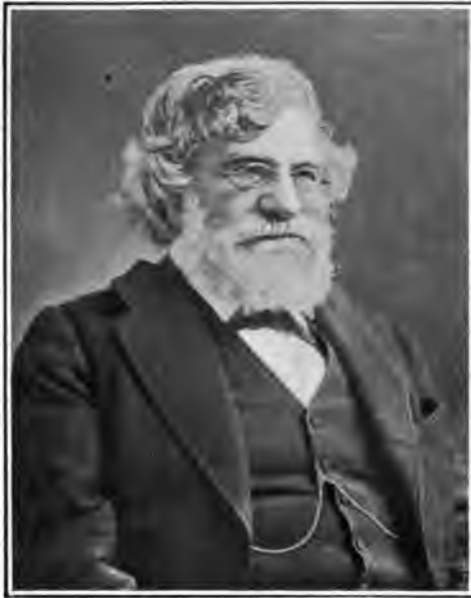
EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN.

or two. The editor of that day enjoyed only an alleged anonymity, being to a great extent his own newsgatherer, going into Wall Street, into the clubs, and

intended marriage. He had been the leader of the "personal department" in New York since the establishment of the *Herald*, and at the time was engaged in

with reference to a case I observed in this paper of yours, whether the Popular Instructor often deals in—I am at a loss to express it without giving you offence—in forgery? In forged letters, for instance," he pursued, for the colonel was perfectly calm and quite at his ease, "solemnly purporting to have been written at recent periods by living men?" "Well,

sir," replied the colonel, "it does, now and then." "And the popular instructed; what do they do?" asked Martin. "Buy 'em," said the colonel. Mr. Jefferson Brick expectorated and laughed; the former copiously, the latter approvingly. "Buy 'em by hundreds of thousands," resumed the colonel. "We are a smart people here, and can appreciate smartness."



PARKE GODWIN.

that bitter newspaper war in which almost all the morning and afternoon papers were arrayed against him. One morning, when the fight was hottest, there appeared in the leading column of the *Herald* an article under the following caption:

TO THE READERS OF THE "HERALD"—
DECLARATION OF LOVE—CAUGHT AT
LAST—GOING TO BE MARRIED—
NEW MOVEMENT IN CIVILISATION.*

*I am going to be married in a few days. The weather is so beautiful, times are getting so good, the prospects of political and moral reform so auspicious, that I cannot resist the divine instinct of honest nature any longer; so I am going to be married to one of the most splendid women in intellect, in heart, in soul, in property, in person, in manner, that I have yet seen in the course of my interesting pilgrimage through human life.

... I cannot stop in my career. I must fulfil that awful destiny which the Almighty Father has written against my name, in the broad letters of life, against the wall of heaven. I must give the world a pattern of happy wedded life, with all the charities that spring from a nuptial love. In a few days I shall be married according to the holy rites of the most holy Christian church to one of the most remarkable, accomplished and beautiful young women of the age. She possesses a fortune. I sought and found a fortune—a large fortune. She has no Stonington shares or Manhattan stock, but in purity and uprightness she is worth half a million of pure coin. Can any swindling bank show as much? In good sense and elegance

From the worst excesses of the journalism of this time the evening papers were comparatively free. Their history has not been the history of journalistic enterprise and invention, and for their influence they have been dependent mainly upon the editorial tone. Take, for example, the *Evening Post*, and read in its history the influence of Hamilton and his lieutenant, Coleman, of William Cullen Bryant, of John Bigelow, of Parke Godwin, of Carl Schurz, and of Edwin Laurence Godkin. Almost all of these were men of great parts and qualities, and great editors, but not essentially great editors in their relations toward the gathering of the news, as were Greeley and Bennett and Raymond. Their success was due primarily to the literary quality which they were able to impart to the paper; they held to the *Post* that small circle of cultured and influential readers which Hamilton had won for it at the beginning.

It was in 1826 that William Cullen Bryant began that connection with the *Post* which was to last through so many years. He himself has written very graphically of the New York at that time. The city had grown a little beyond Canal Street, and on each side of Broadway a

another half a million; in soul, mind and beauty, millions on millions, equal to the whole specie of all the rotten banks in the world. Happily, the patronage of the public to the *Herald* is nearly twenty-five thousand dollars per annum, almost equal to a President's salary. But property in the world's goods was never my object. Fame, public good, usefulness in my day and generation, the religious associations of female excellence, the progress of true industry—these have been my dreams by night and my desires by day.

In the new and holy condition into which I am about to enter and to enter with the same reverential feelings as I would heaven itself, I anticipate some signal changes in my feelings, in my views, in my purposes, in my pursuits. What they may be I know not—time alone can tell. My ardent desire has been through life to reach the highest order of human excellence by the shortest possible cut. Associated night and day, in sickness and in health, in war and in peace, with a woman of this highest order of excellence, must produce some curious results in my heart and feelings, and these results the future will develop in due time in the columns of the *Herald*.

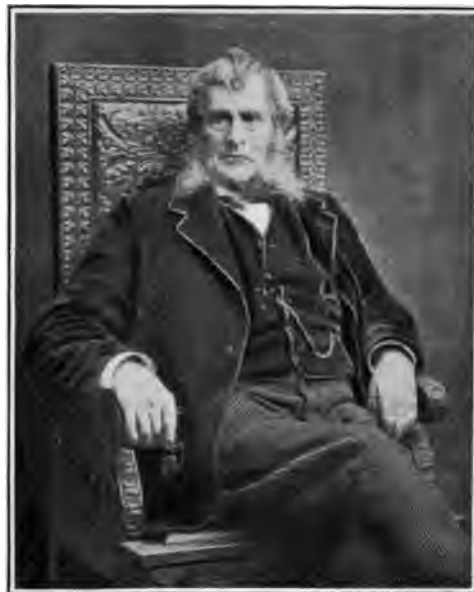
Meantime, I return my heartfelt thanks for the enthusiastic patronage of the public, both of Europe and of America. The holy estate of wedlock will only increase my desire to be still more useful. God Almighty bless you all.

James Gordon Bennett.

line of dwellings with occasional vacant spaces had crept up as far as Fourth Street. Preparations were being made to sweep away the Potter's Field and replace it with the Washington Square of the present day. Workmen were opening the street now called Saint Mark's Place, and a dusty avenue had just been made through the beautiful farm of old Governor Stuyvesant, then in the possession of his descendants. Immediately after Mr. Bryant joined the staff the *Post* began to agitate the question of Free Trade, and as a result gradually assumed a position of hostility to the administration of Mr. Adams, by which the doctrine of Protection was zealously maintained. In the election of 1828 the paper took the field in favour of General Jackson, who had announced himself as favouring a "judicious tariff," and with Jackson's election the *Post* became for the time frankly Democratic.

When, in 1829, Coleman died, Bryant became the editor-in-chief, with William Leggett as co-editor. Although at first Leggett had no settled opinions politically, and stipulated that he should not be asked to write articles on political subjects, he soon found himself a zealous Democrat and an ardent supporter of Free Trade, and for the next few years he and Bryant were among the staunchest champions of General Jackson's administration. It was an administration in which crisis followed crisis, political feeling rising to a frenzy when the President withdrew the funds of the Government from the United States Bank. The money market was in a panic, many sane business men thought that the business and trade of the country were in danger of coming to an end, and looked for universal ruin. There was even talk of marching in arms to Washington and putting down the administration. At this time the *Post* stood its ground, vindicating the action of the administration, and deriding both the threats and the fears of the Whigs.

In 1820 the *Commercial Advertiser* had come under the control of Colonel Stone, who had before been editor of the *Albany Daily Advertiser*. Colonel Stone, though in no sense a great editor, was a man of strong personality and considerable literary talent. He was one of that literary coterie which used to meet in a



JOHN BIGELOW.

room, known as "The Literary Den," in the rear of the shop of Charles Wiley, the bookseller. The great attraction at "The Literary Den" was J. Fenimore Cooper, then at the height of his fame, and generally alluded to as the "Sir Walter Scott of America," a title which Mr. Cooper, who had a very good opinion of himself, did not in the least appreciate. Others who haunted "The Den" were the *Post* editor, Mr. Bryant, James K. Paulding, Fitz Greene Halleck, Chancellor Kent, Durand, the artist, Morse, the inventor, and Mordecai M. Noah, who was at one time one of the editors of the *Courier and Enquirer*. Under the leadership of Cooper these men formed what was called the "Bread and Cheese Club," which met at the Washington Hotel on Broadway at the corner of Chambers Street. Colonel Stone years afterward was one of the editors who became involved in the suits for libel brought against several New York newspapers by the author of the *Leather Stocking Tales*.

The first number of the *New York Express*, which afterward became the *Evening Express*, and to which we can trace in direct line the *Mail and Express* of to-day was issued on the twentieth of June, 1836. Its first editors were James Brooks and John Townsend. Brooks be-

longed to the Henry Clay faction of the Whigs, and it was announced that the political character of the *Express* would be "decidedly Whig." At the beginning *Hudson's Prices Current and Shipping List* was merged with the *Express*, and a few months later the new paper absorbed also the old *Daily Advertiser*. The *Express* had a distinctive character from the beginning. It made special features of its strangers' lists and its shipping news, al-

day would probably carry the accounts of European affairs for Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. To this package the Associated Press agent also added the editions of the leading European newspapers, especially the London newspapers, and when the vessel reached New York the American newspapers had the news of a half week to present to their readers. Subsequently, however, a new method was introduced. The pack-



CYRUS W. FIELD, THE FOUNDER OF THE "MAIL AND EXPRESS."

though it never spent great sums of money to obtain news, as did the *Herald*. The writers of the previous articles of this series have suggested how primitive the methods of gathering intelligence were at this period. It was, of course, years before the laying of the Atlantic cable. The agent of the Associated Press in London gathered in a package all the European news of events which took place between the sailings of the different steamers. At that time the steamers sailed at intervals of three or four days, and the boat leaving England of a Satur-

day made up in London were enclosed in air-tight tin tubes. To the top of each of these tubes there was attached a flag by means of a rod. As the steamer passed Cape Race the tubes were thrown overboard. At this point a small steam vessel went out from the land, picked up the tubes, carried them ashore, and the news that they contained was arranged and telegraphed from Cape Race to New York.*

*The subject of the transmission of news by means other than the mail and telegraph is always interesting. Before the electric wire

Soon after the *Express* was established, John Townsend retired from its staff, and his place was taken by Erastus Brooks, a brother of the paper's originator. The brothers were absolute antitheses in action and temperament, and each became prominent in his own way. As an almost direct result of a public controversy with Archbishop Hughes as to whether the Bible should be used in the public schools, Erastus was elected to the State Senate. On the appearance of Know-Nothingism the *Express* became one of the organs of the new party. When Know-Nothingism went out of existence, the paper drifted into the Democratic ranks.* It remained a Democratic newspaper until it was merged with the *Mail* by Cyrus W. Field. After it passed from the control of the Brookses it was purchased by John Kelly, and used as an organ of Tammany Hall.

III.

HISTORICAL PRE-EMINENCE OF THE "POST"—THE FINANCIAL CRASH OF 1837—POLITICAL QUESTIONS—THE "POST'S" LITERARY CONTRIBUTORS—DURING THE WAR OF SECESSION—THE CAREER OF THE "EVENING MAIL"—FOUNDATION OF THE "MAIL AND EXPRESS."

In attempting to trace the development of the New York afternoon newspaper

came into use, news was signalled from point to point by the semaphore. Carrier pigeons were used in the days of the Crusades. They have been known to fly at the rate of one hundred miles an hour, but they are not reliable on distances exceeding four or five hundred miles. In connection with balloons, pigeons were much used during the siege of Paris. On one occasion a carrier pigeon from Bordeaux, the seat of the Gambetta government, carried into the beleaguered city a newspaper four and three-quarter inches square, with two hundred and twenty-six despatches microscopically photographed upon it, giving the news of the day in all parts of the world. The paper was read by the aid of a powerful microscope and the magic lantern. The New York *Herald* at one time seriously considered bringing balloons into requisition for the transmission of news.

*Hudson in his *History of Journalism* relates the following anecdote: James Brooks has had the Know-Nothing policy of the *Express* violently attacked in Congress because of his zealous Democracy now. One of its contributors for many years was a son of the well-known Theodore Dwight. He was a

from the end of the eighteenth century down to comparatively recent times, one inevitably follows as a main thread the career of the *Evening Post*. This is due to no particular partiality for that journal or belief in any of the principles which it has at various times championed, but because, historically speaking, only the *Post* sums up the idea of afternoon journalism. Were one writing of the present day, matters would be vastly different. But such papers as the *Evening Sun*, the *Evening World* and the *Evening Journal* are of comparatively recent origin, the *Mail and Express* dates only from the early eighties, and the *Evening Telegram* is a product of post-bellum days. The *Commercial Advertiser*, true, has in the hundred and five years of its career been regarded with consideration and respect, but there have been long periods when it has been comparatively impotent as a factor in swaying or moulding public opinion, and of course it has had no such history as has had the *Evening Post*. Of those other papers which have flourished at various times during the nineteenth century one need only say that they have ceased to exist. Further remarks would be superfluous.

The *Post*, like the *Herald*, foresaw the factitious nature of the prosperity which preceded the great financial crash of 1837. Disaster came, and thousands were

small man physically, with bright black eyes and an active intellect; he was always a fluent writer. On one occasion the *Express* was severe in its remarks on the famous Empire Club, of which Isaiah Rynders and John S. Austin were the master spirits. One of the members of the club called at the office of the *Express* to seek satisfaction for its strictures. He met Mr. Dwight, and with eye full of fire and fight, said:

"I am a member of the Empire Club. Are you the editor of this paper?"

"Have the kindness to be seated," mildly answered Mr. Dwight; "I will send for him."

Calling a messenger boy, he despatched him for James O'Brien, the manager of the engine-room of the establishment. O'Brien, standing nearly seven feet in his shoes, and with breadth of shoulders in proportion, soon made his appearance.

"Mr. O'Brien," said Mr. Dwight, with a twinkle in his eye, "this gentleman is a member of the Empire Club, and desires to see the editor. Will you please receive his message?"

The member from the Empire Club thought discretion the better part of valour, and prudently retired.

ruined; the banks stopped payment, and the New York Legislature passed a stop law absolving them from the engagement to pay their notes in specie. Meanwhile the fortunes of the paper itself were at a low ebb. William Leggett had retired from the co-editorship in 1836; but certain changes instituted by him shortly before his severing his connection with the paper had resulted in the withdrawal of much profitable advertising. It was some years before the *Post's* former prosperity was entirely restored. Leggett, it may be noted here, as well as Bryant, was a poet, and in the course of a violent political controversy between the *Courier and Enquirer* and the *Post*, the former paper referred to the editors of the latter as the "chanting cherubs of the *Post*," a title which they retained for years. Another newspaper engagement about 1840 between the *Post* and a Democratic morning paper called the *Times* resulted in a challenge being sent to Mr. Bryant to Dr. Holland, the editor of the latter journal. The challenge was not accepted, and nothing further was heard of the matter.

During the unfortunate presidential term of Mr. Van Buren—a term in general respects somewhat similar to the second term of Mr. Cleveland—the *Post* was unswerving in its support of the administration, believing the financial depression to be reaction from the speculation which had taken place from 1832 to 1836. In 1840 the paper was engaged in the unsuccessful attempt for Mr. Van Buren's re-election. About this time Parke Godwin, Mr. Bryant's son-in-law, became one of the proprietors of the *Post*. He was the journal's managing editor from 1845 till 1865, and afterward, in 1878, became its editor-in-chief, holding that position until the accession of Carl Schurz in 1881. Among the questions in which the *Post* was controversially engaged while Mr. Tyler was in the presidential chair were those of another national bank—this subject had again come up in Congress—of the scheme of high tariffs, which resulted in the tariff of 1842, and of the admission of Texas to the Union. It was this last question which had so much to do with bringing on the war with Mexico.

The literary flavour which marked the columns of the *Post* in the middle of the

last century was strongly emphasised by Parke Godwin in the delightful chapter of reminiscences which he contributed to the paper's "hundredth anniversary" number last autumn. One of the early correspondents was Sainte-Beuve, who wrote a good deal for the paper "before the Atlantic cable had made European letters of less importance." Walt Whitman was on the regular local staff at various times doing reportorial work. He also wrote a number of letters from Washington at the beginning of the war. Artemus Ward was another *Post* reporter. Bret Harte was on the staff for a long time, and, according to Mr. Godwin, was "remarkably regular at the office on pay days," but not so punctual on other occasions. Among other literary men attached to the paper were James K. Paulding, Charles T. Lewis, afterward the managing editor, Sidney Gay, Charles A. Briggs, and Charles Nordhoff. In its attention to literature the *Post* vied with the *Tribune*, whose book department was conducted by George Ripley. Strange as it seems now, there was a time when to print a review of a book of importance before one's rivals was regarded as an actual newspaper "beat." For instance, if a new volume of poems by Tennyson had been published in England, the incoming steamers were anxiously awaited by the literary editors of the different New York papers. If the book reached the newspaper offices an hour or two before the time of going to press, it was eagerly seized, certain poems selected, clipped and pasted, running comment written in between, and the whole thrown into type and featured prominently on the first page with as much dignity as if it had been the story of a great news event.

In 1852 the *Evening Post* was favourable to Pierce, and it supported Lincoln both in 1860 and 1864. The position taken by the paper upon the anti-slavery question was, in the years immediately preceding the war, not entirely a popular one, and tended to alienate many upon whom it was dependent for financial support. After the first year of the war, however, its advertising columns began to be sought by the bankers and speculators who had bonds to sell. The Government was favourable to the paper and made use of it. When President Lincoln

made his first visit to New York after his inauguration, he offered the consul-generalship at Paris to Mr. Godwin. Mr. Godwin said that he would accept, but afterward persuaded the President to transfer the appointment from himself to John Bigelow, who went to Paris as consul-general and afterward became our minister to France.

The *Evening Mail*, which in after years was merged with the *Evening Express* and made the present *Mail and Express*, was noted at first for the brevity, conciseness and accuracy of its news. Its sharp, terse paragraphs were the paper's especial feature. After the war, the *Mail* was sold by its original founders to Robert Johnson, and Major Jonas M. Bundy became the editor-in-chief. Major Bundy had served on the *Milwaukee Sentinel* and the *Milwaukee Wisconsin*, and for a time after the war ended was a writer for the *Evening Post*. In 1866 the circulation of the *Mail* was over ten thousand, but gradually the paper's fortunes sank to a low ebb. In November, 1877, it was so loaded with debt that it was sold at

sheriff's sale. A new company was formed which secured the franchise and charter, and under the new administration the "evening" was dropped. As *The Mail* it appeared for more than a year, but with very little success. Trouble between two of the stockholders, Dr. W. Hanford White and Clark Bell, brought the paper into the courts, and publication was suspended in April, 1878. In June of that year another new company was formed. A year later Cyrus W. Field obtained control, and the old name of the *Evening Mail* was resumed. Major Bundy was retained in editorial charge, the paper, as the champion of Civil Service Reform, attaching its fortunes to an independent wing of the Republican Party. It was a strong Conkling organ during the Stalwart-Half-Breed fight, and gained rapidly in influence and circulation. In November, 1882, the *Express* was bought from John Kelly by Mr. Field for the sake of its Associated Press franchise, and the two papers became one.

Beverly Stark.

A PAYING HOPE

The poets since the world began
Have tuneful tribute paid
To hope that in the heart of man
Eternal home hath made.

But though through life this virtue blest
Accompanies you and me,
I think the Hope that's paid the best
Accompanies Anthony.

Jennie Betts Hartswick.

NINE BOOKS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

STUDIES OF THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE.*

- I. PROFESSOR SCHELLING'S "THE ENGLISH CHRONICLE PLAY."
- II. "THE WORKS OF THOMAS KYD."
- III. PROFESSOR SIERMAN'S "WHAT IS SHAKESPEARE?"

Every literary worker is prepared to furnish a list of books which he would

*The English Chronicle Play. A study in the popular historical literature environing Shake-

speare. By Felix E. Schelling, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Works of Thomas Kyd. Edited from the original texts, with introduction, notes and facsimiles by Frederick S. Boas, Professor of English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

What is Shakespeare? An Introduction to the Great Plays. By L. A. Sherman, Professor of English Literature in the University of Nebraska. New York: The Macmillan Company.

like to read if only they had been written. Every student of the stage, for example, would welcome a *History of Scene-Painting*, in which there should be a consideration of the rude beginnings of the art in Greece—if, indeed, the Greeks possessed even the rudiments of scenic decoration; in which the splendid developments of the art in Italy during the Renaissance should be fully set forth; and in which should be described the later elaborations of the past century, since the improvement of artificial lighting made possible many decorative embellishments not earlier imaginable. Every student of the English-speaking stage cannot but wonder how it is that no one has yet attempted to write a history of the English drama. Many books there are that bear on the subject and that consider one or another of its aspects; but there is no single work tracing the long development of the drama in our language, from the earliest folk-play of the Middle Ages to the latest problem-play of the twentieth century.

Of the books bearing on the subject and covering certain portions of the ground to be traversed, there is scarcely a single one which is the work of a writer who accepts frankly the fact that a play is something devised on purpose to be performed by actors in a theatre and before an audience. Whosoever shall undertake this alluring task must needs have a working knowledge of the actual theatre as it is to-day and as it was at each of the successive epochs of the dramaturgic art; and he must be capable of seizing and of making plain the influence of the changing conditions of the play-house upon the work of the playwright. He must also be able to show how the changes in the audiences, in the beliefs and in the feelings of the peoples that speak English have also had their effect upon the dramas which were prepared to be represented before them.

Professor Ward's careful and scholarly *History of English Dramatic Literature*, welcome as it is, especially in its enlarged second edition, does not really respond to its title. It is rather a collection of biographical criticisms of the successive contributors to dramatic literature than a true history of the drama itself. But this defect Professor Ward's useful work shares with most histories of literature in

our language, nearly all of which are unduly biographical, their authors not having profited by the example set by M. Brunetière and M. Lanson in their severally excellent histories of French literature, wherein the memoirs of the writers considered are relegated to the foot-notes. A true history of the English drama would give scant space to the mooted questions in the lives of Marlowe and Massinger, and it would explain clearly the peculiar organisation of the Elizabethan play-houses, which were nearly all of them under the control of actor-managers, a fact which could not but have its influence upon the plays written for them. Such a history, besides showing how the form of the acted drama was conditioned by the changing circumstances of the theatre, and how the tone of the acted drama was modified by the changing temper of the audiences, would try to estimate the various influences which came from without and which the acted drama sometimes welcomes and sometimes rejected—the influence of the university plays, the influence of the court masques, the influence of the translations of Seneca, and of other translations from the Italian and the French.

Perhaps the time has not yet come when a history of the acted drama of the English language can be undertaken with any hope of a satisfactory execution. Perhaps it had best not be attempted until the work of research has been still further pursued by the specialists who are investigating and accumulating the materials which the historian must needs have ready to his hand. Perhaps, indeed, it ought to be postponed until the rise and fall of each of the several dramatic species have been carefully traced by competent inquirers. Just as in the history of the Italian drama we find flourishing a very important species, the comedy-of-masks, which had a sturdy vitality and which Molière accepted as a model for certain of his earlier plays—just as in the history of the French drama we find two closely related species, the *tragédie-bourgeoise* and the *comédie-larmoyante*—just as in the history of the German drama we find the striking *Storm-and-Stress* plays—so in the history of the English drama there are various species quite as sharply individualised and quite as worthy of detailed investigation.

Among these various species in the English drama are the chronicle-play, the tragedy-of-blood, the romantic-comedy, the comedy-of-humours, the court-masques, the heroic-play, the sentimental-comedy, the ballad-opera. Each of these has a history of its own; each had its hour of popularity; and each attracted the attention of able writers. None are more important than the chronicle-play and the tragedy-of-blood, and none deserve more thoughtful consideration. The tragedy-of-blood has not yet had its full history recorded; but it is dealt with at length in this new edition by Professor Boas of the plays of Kyd, who was the chief practitioner of the species. The chronicle-play is now for the first time discussed by itself, as a species, in the book of Professor Schelling. What Professor Schelling undertook to do was well worth doing; and it is a pleasure to declare that Professor Schelling has done it very well indeed. He has a firm grasp of his subject, he perceives its importance, and he does not allow himself to stray from his main theme. He reveals not only the scholarship, the minute acquaintance with the mere facts—which must ever form the foundation of any such inquiry—but also the insight, the power of co-ordinating his information, without which all the results of research are but as dust and ashes. He has the learning, which is a condition precedent to his endeavours; and he has also a robust common sense. His criticism is never fantastic, and his judgments are never arbitrary; and how much of the writing about the Elizabethan drama is extravagantly fantastic and offensively arbitrary? He is sane, practical, helpful; he bears in mind always when analysing a play that it was written primarily to be acted and only secondarily to be read. He does not neglect mere literary merit—always a matter of minor importance in the acted drama (as Aristotle himself perceived and declared); he is always alert to detect and to point out the dramatic skill of the men who were writing chronicle-plays.

Dramaturgic skill, the play-making faculty, the gift of the born playwright—this is what we find only now and again in the earliest specimens of the chronicle-play. And we have no right to expect this skill to be abundantly displayed when

we consider the humble pedigree of the species. Far back in the dimness of the Middle Ages some ingenious priest at Easter or at Christmas had caused certain lines of the dialogue (which is abundant in the gospel-narrative) to be spoken by other officials of the church; and in time one or another episode came to be shown in action. Then these several scenes were combined into a Christmas cycle and an Easter cycle. After a while these two cycles were joined together to form a passion-play, enriched by the addition of other episodes presented in dialogue and action. To this passion-play were prefixed certain significant scenes from the Old Testament, prefiguring the coming of Christ, and thus the mystery came into being. The mystery was a dramatisation of the Bible story, and it was soon paralleled by the miracle-play, which was a dramatisation of the adventures of some wonder-working saint. And so by degrees what had been but a single brief dialogue in Latin, acted by the priests, in the church, as part of the liturgy, became a long play in the vernacular, acted by laymen, outside the church and without any relation to the ritual. And in the course of its development, as it gave up the Latin of the clerks for the speech of the people, and as it passed from the control of the priests to the hands of the laity, this dramatised narrative took over the realistic farce of the strolling players, and so fitted itself to represent the comic as well as the serious aspects of life.

The mystery was an acted panorama of the incidents in the life of Christ, and the miracle-play was an acted panorama of the episodes of some saintly legend. Substitute for the Saviour or the saint a character of history or of lay legend, and we have the chronicle-play, which was an acted panorama of the chief events in the career of a hero, whether real or fictitious. Its construction was as clumsy as that of the mystery, the method of which it borrowed; and its movement was as lumbering. It was little more than a string of straggling episodes, now serious and now humorous; it was frankly without unity. But even in its earliest period it was a convenient form for the dramatist, as it allowed any admixture of the comic and the tragic, of the romantic and of the realistic, of alarms and excursions on

the one part and on the other of broad buffoonery and gross horse-play. Inorganic as it was, it could be developed and improved; it could be made more dramatic by heightening those episodes in which the hero is seen in the thick of the struggle,—for a strife of some kind, a contention, a rivalry, an exercise of determination, is ever the essence of dramatic interest.

The species was popular with the playwrights and with the public; but it was formless and unliterary. Mr. Bullen was not overstating the facts when he declared that "the plays of Greene and Peele are important only as showing how poor was the state of dramatic art" at Marlowe's advent; and Professor Schelling is right in asserting that "the unifying artistic motive that crystallised this amorphous mass into a form of beauty came in the first instance from Marlowe, and secondly from Shakespeare himself. With Marlowe it took a concentrated and tragic form, which Shakespeare at first followed. But it attained at last in the hands of the master dramatist a comprehensiveness in which comedy and tragedy become reconciled and the whole range of human life is represented in its political and social relations" (p. 63).

The earliest chronicle-play which attains to a high literary level is Marlowe's *Edward II.*; and here "in place of a series of events, connected solely because they all happen to one protagonist and alternated with scenes of mere comic diversion, each scene and character is grouped about the central idea, the struggle of Edward and his barons" (p. 68). Edward II. was the model followed by Shakespeare in the *Henry IV.* plays, and in *Richard III.*, whether or not he had Marlowe for a collaborator. With *Richard III.* the species stands fully established; "we have emerged from the epic chronicle into the domain of tragic history, from the kaleidoscope of shifting colours muddled together by chance to the carefully painted portrait of a unified personality" (p. 92). In the *Henry IV.* plays, with the dominating figure of Falstaff, and even in *Henry V.*, there is a reversion to the more loosely-knit earlier form; the struggle is less sharply presented, and there is, therefore, a loss of dramatic interest: "The substitution of an interest in character, however absorb-

ing in the main historical thread, and in the interwoven strand of comedy, by no means suffices to remedy this defect" (p. 122).

But there is no need to follow Professor Schelling as he traces the later modifications of the species and as he describes the legendary chronicle-play and the biographical chronicle-play. It remains only to note that his treatise is furnished with all scholarly apparatus—a table of extant plays, a list of plays on English historical subjects, and an adequate index.

One of the interesting points that Professor Schelling makes clear is that the chronicle-play was a species beloved of the populace, and rarely performed at court or at the universities. The drama is of necessity democratic; it must depend on the people; and courts and universities cannot nourish it or direct its development. A drama can live and grow only in the theatre itself; and performances at court or at college are sporadic and therefore unimportant. The theatre must have established itself firmly before it attracts the poets, who alone can raise the acted drama to the level of literature; and fortunately the establishment of the theatre is not dependent on courtiers or on scholars; it is ever the work of the plain people. The attempts of amateurs at the court or at the university had no direct influence on the actual theatre, where professional playwrights were producing plays to be acted by professional actors before audiences that knew what they wanted. And yet the amateur efforts of scholars and courtiers have often had an indirect influence upon the actual theatre; and this is true both in France and in England. The French and the English imitation of Seneca, stiff with frigid rhetoric and stuffed with cold horrors, was performed only by amateurs, and never reached the real theatre. But the practical playwrights who were writing for the real theatre heard of it in time; and sooner or later they availed themselves of whatsoever it contained that could be utilised to advantage on the stage. This is what Hardy did in France, as M. Rigal has recently made clear; and this is what Kyd did in England.

Professor Boas is not overstating the case when he calls the *Spanish Tragedy* perhaps the most popular of Elizabethan

plays, and when he declares that Kyd was "a born dramatist, with a genius for devising impressive situations and flamboyant phrases, and for exploiting to the full the technical resources of the contemporary stage" (p. 31). Kyd was well fitted to introduce a dramatic species, which appealed to the taste of the populace while including "loftier elements borrowed from classical tradition." The formless chronicle-play to which Marlowe gave the unity of a dominating personality, Kyd filled with an Italianate story of crime and revenge, and peopled with Senecan ghosts and with characters possessed of a Senecan relish for the horrible. The result of his skill was the peculiar and striking species of play known as the tragedy-of-blood, of which the most famous example is the *Spanish Tragedy*. In the days before newspapers, the tragedy-of-blood satisfied those baser likings of the lower orders, which are in our time pandered to by yellow journalism. But the tragedy-of-blood also served as a stepping-stone from the feebler chronicle-play to the true tragedy.

Now for the first time are the complete works of Kyd collected, and indeed it would have been impossible to elucidate them until within the past decade. Professor Boas, to whom we are already under obligation for a useful volume on Shakespeare's predecessors in the drama, has edited the whole body of Kyd's extant writings, prefixing a biography of the playwright which is far fuller than any earlier attempt. He gives us also fragments of Kyd's lost works; and he has supplied the plays and other writings with the most elaborate annotation they have yet received. He is perfectly justified in his hope that he has done "something to restore permanently to his rightful place a notable figure in the history of the English drama" (p. 10).

Professor Boas sets forth the reasons why he thinks that Kyd did not write either the *First Part of Ieronimo*, or the first draft of *Titus Andronicus*, which was worked over later by Shakespeare. While relieving Kyd's fame of these two burdens, Professor Boas increases the early playwright's reputation by crediting him with the authorship of the original play of *Hamlet*, a tragedy-of-blood, with its ghost and its revenge motive, and its frequent murders and suicides—a trag-

edy-of-blood the plot of which Shakespeare borrowed that he might purge it of most of its more violent horrors and that he might make it serve him as a vehicle for his soul-searching philosophy. The editor adduces evidences of Shakespeare's minor borrowings from Kyd, and expresses his own opinion that the author of *Hamlet* and *Richard III.* is indebted to the author of the *Spanish Tragedy* almost as much as to the author of *Edward II.*

Professor Sherman's *What is Shakespeare?* is a most extraordinary production. Not a few of the countless books about Shakespeare are to be classed among the curiosities of literature; but not many of them are more freakish or abnormal than this. After having possessed ourselves of its theory, we are tempted to retort to the query in its title by asking "What is Mr. Sherman?" The answer would be that the author of this elaborate work is a professor of English literature, who seems to have no understanding of the drama as a form of art. Apparently he is a sincere student of the works of the greatest dramatist of all time, and yet he has never apprehended the obvious fact that Shakespeare's plays were written, not for us to read now, but for the audiences who saw them performed in the theatre three centuries ago. There is no evidence in this laborious dissection of certain of Shakespeare's plays that the critic ever himself saw any of them acted or that he ever made an attempt imaginatively to visualise a possible performance.

Apparently Professor Sherman holds it to be a misfortune that Shakespeare was a dramatist, and he informs us that "to interpret a play we must expand the situations and dialogue into such phases and denominations of life as the novel uses" (p. 5.). Therefore he has made it his task to take certain of Shakespeare's plays, and "to test their spirit and purport just as if they had been written in the shape of novels" (p. 8.). Announcing his intention of choosing for this purpose one of Shakespeare's "creations that he had put his heart into," Professor Sherman selects—not *Hamlet*, not *Othello*, not *As You Like It*, not *The Merchant of Venice*—but *Cymbeline*! Now, *Cymbeline* is, perhaps, the last play which would be picked out for analysis

by a critic enamoured of dramaturgic craftsmanship.

Professor Barrett Wendell is right in calling attention to the "perverse complexity" of *Cymbeline*, and in asserting that "until the very last scene the remarkably involved story tangles itself in a way which is utterly bewildering." Of course, *Cymbeline* is not without evidence of Shakespeare's power; but it is one of the poorest of his plays, one of the most arbitrary in its motives, and one of the least effective on the stage. Therefore, it should be one of the last of Shakespeare's works to be called to the attention of the eager student. To set out its plot in one hundred pages at the very beginning of his book is to go contrary to Professor Sherman's avowed purpose of making the approach to Shakespeare easy and alluring. In fact, it is difficult for any one who is really appreciative of what is best in Shakespeare to read these five-score pages with any other feeling than blank amazement.

To put this book into the hands of young Americans possessed of healthy and active minds, and to tell them that this is the best way to prepare themselves to enjoy Shakespeare, is to run the risk of giving them an instant and violent distaste for the writings of the great dramatist. If there are readers in doubt as to the proper method of approach to the works of the playwright who wrote so as to be understood by the plain people that thronged the theatre when his plays were first performed, these readers may be recommended to get the late Richard Grant White's *Studies in Shakespeare*, and to avail themselves of the advice there given "On Reading Shakespeare." And if there are any readers of Professor Sherman's absurd suggestion that Shakespeare probably himself played Shylock and Benedick, "though we can agreeably conceive him his own best Romeo, Mercutio," etc. (p. 256), such readers may be recommended to get the late George Henry Lewes's *Actors and the Art of Acting*, and to inform themselves about "Shakespeare as an Actor," as he appeared to that very acute dramatic critic, who was not only a philosopher, but also on occasion both actor and dramatist.

Brander Matthews.

IV.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S "ULYSSES."*

Mr. Phillips has endeavoured to weave a number of episodes from the *Odyssey* into a dramatic form. How far the result may justify the undertaking only the acted play can prove: the most theatrically-minded critic must, in reading, set aside theatrical limitations and use the term *dramatic* in that wider sense permissible when the reader's mind is the stage. Even from this larger standpoint it is doubtful if Mr. Phillips has justified his choice of a subject; since the story of Ulysses, as handled by him, remains rather a series of more or less dramatic incidents than a dramatic whole. The temperament of Ulysses makes this inevitable: it would be hard to imagine a more centrifugal hero. He was an adventurer in the fine old sense, taking good and evil "with a frolic welcome," animated by no definite purpose, making for no fixed goal, but living life for life's sake with the thoroughness though without the self-consciousness of the modern Cyrenaic. Such a character might, by its action on others of different mould, produce situations full of dramatic possibilities, as, for instance, the hero's parting from Calypso or his return to Ithaca. Each of these situations contains the germ of a drama; but when they are used episodically their dramatic value is lost, and they become merely heterogeneous fragments of experience. Mr. Phillips might reply that this was what he intended them to be, and that the episodic nature of his hero's adventures was typical of such a temperament—that to centralise the diffused emotions of the "fluid" Ulysses into a single dramatic crisis would have been to recast the hero of the *Odyssey*. To say this, however, is to admit the dramatic unfitness of the subject; and this Mr. Phillips is far from admitting. He declares, indeed, that the story of Ulysses seems to him to "afford matter for telling dramatic presentment," and adds that he has tried to weave his hero's adventures "into the fabric of a properly-knit play;" but he would doubtless not quarrel with the critic who should prefer to extol his work as a

*Ulysses: A Drama. By Stephen Phillips. New York: The Macmillan Company.

poetic narrative rather than to condemn it as a drama.

Viewed in the former light, it is seen to be full of detached beauties, even of detached dramatic effects, though there are intervals of weakness and inadequacy, where the dramatic and the poetic inspiration seem to fail simultaneously. It will doubtless generally be admitted that the two scenes in which Mr. Phillips has been least successful are those on Olympus and in Hades. His muse, Antæus-like, draws fresh strength from contact with the earth, and it is to be regretted that he did not discard the whole Olympian machinery and deal with the purely human side of the story. The poem might have lost in picturesqueness, in a masque-like effect of quaintness, but would have gained, one feels, a deeper beauty and significance. At all events, Mr. Phillips has not justified his attempt to walk with the immortals. The prologue on Olympus is the weakest part of the play. The author has chosen to make his gods speak in rhymed pentameter, a doubtful vehicle for majestic speech, but one probably selected to give what the Germans call a "humoresque" touch to the scene. Mr. Phillips, perhaps mistrusting his ability to report "that large utterance of the early gods," has preferred to present his divinities in a serio-comic aspect: a permissible alternative, had it been successfully carried out. Unhappily, Mr. Phillips is deficient in both humour and irony, and that "smile of the universe," which was evidently intended to play over the scene, somehow fails to make itself visible: like a recalcitrant stage-moon refusing to rise at the right moment. Here and there, indeed, the prologue rises to poetry; but this is when Mr. Phillips drops the ironic masque and lapses into the elegiac or the introspective key. Such a line as

Mocked by the green of some receding shore

is among the gifts for which one must ever be grateful to Mr. Phillips; but, placed as it is, it produces the effect of having been drawn from its original context to eke out Athene's rhymes. Lines of this quality are, moreover, infrequent, and the verse of the prologue moves chiefly on the level of:

Who hath so suffered, or so far hath sailed,
So much encountered, and so little quailed?

or (in Zeus's address to Poseideon):

In thy moist province none can interfere—
or (worse yet) in the description of Calypso:

All his wisdom swoons beneath the charm
Of her deep bosom and her glimmering arm.

These examples will probably suffice to show that the rhymed pentameter, always difficult to use in dialogue, is not Mr. Phillips's native element.

The first act opens with a page or two of decidedly prosy prose; but with the appearance of Athene, the words fall into the stately beat of Mr. Phillips's blank verse. Mr. Phillips has been criticised for writing lines which resist all attempts at scansion; but when the pedants give up trying to scan English verse by Latin feet, and measure it instead by accentual stress, his lines will be found to present few difficulties. Athene's opening speech is a good example of his more complex rhythms, and one may conceive that the Latin measuring-rod must fly into splinters in contact with such uncoercible lines as:

When he leapt among them, when he flashed,
when he cried,
When he flew on them, when he struck, when
he stamped them dead.

Those who refuse to test English verse by the rules of Latin prosody may maintain that in such measures Mr. Phillips is at his best, and that his courage and originality in the use of rhythm are his surest safeguard against a certain effeminacy—a leaning to the Tennyson of the *Idylls* rather than of the *Ulysses*.

The first scene of the first act undoubtedly contains some of the best verse in the play, and not only its finest line, but, perhaps, on the whole, the finest line the author has ever written: when Athene, striving to turn Telemachus against the suitors, replies to his whining

Goddess, I am but one and they are many—
with the godlike cry:

Thou art innumerable as thy wrongs!

The scene shifts to the sea-cave of Calypso, where the blandishments of the enchantress are interspersed with lyrics unfortunately reminiscent of an opera

libretto: as when the nymphs declare in chorus:

Alas! we have seen the sailor asleep
Where the anchor rusts on the ooze of the deep.
But never, never before
Have we seen a mortal dance on the long sea-shore.

One hastens on to escape the pursuing remembrance of Ariel's song.

There are high imaginative touches in the leave-taking between Ulysses and Calypso, and here again Mr. Phillips is at his best in Calypso's cry:

And now I do recall
Even in your wildest kiss a kiss withheld.

Indeed, the whole scene is effective in verse and movement, and provokingly suggests how well it might have served as the nucleus of a drama.

Mr. Phillips, however, hurries us on to Hades; and here, it must be owned, one is inclined to address to him the warning which Charon gives Ulysses:

Back to the earth or fear some monstrous doom!

Mr. Phillips's doom is that of inadequacy; a fact the more to be regretted as there is one profoundly imaginative touch in the scene—where Ulysses, as he passes in turn "the woes" of the mighty doomed, recognises his own sufferings in each, and cries out:

There is no torment here that is not mine.

In the second part of *Faust*, where Mephistopheles tells Faust that, to evoke the phantom of Helen, he must descend to the *Mothers*, the hero shudders at the mysterious word, and the reader feels the recoil of the shudder. This is the effect which Mr. Phillips has failed to produce: he does not transmit his *frisson*. *Facile est* can no longer be said of the literary descent into Avernus: two great seers have been there, and we carry the reflection of their vision in our eyes. Compared with that dark, unbottomed infinite abyss, Mr. Phillips's Hades seems chiefly the product of stage-mechanism and lime-lights, and one is glad, for a different reason, to emerge and behold the stars.

The third act opens on the seashore of

Ithaca. Athene reappears with a fresh stock of rhymed couplets; but her rhymes happily giving out, she murmurs some beautiful lines over the sleeping Ulysses. There follows an episodic scene of no great merit in the swine-herd's hut, and the action is then transferred to the banquetting-hall of the palace of Ulysses. It is the day on which Penelope is finally to choose between the suitors, and these in turn press their claims, while Ulysses, an unheeded beggar, crouches in the ashes by the hearth. This scene is dramatically the finest in the play; but precisely for this reason one most resents the intervention of Athene, whose promise to tell Ulysses when he is to arise and smite reduces the climax to a purely mechanical effect. There remains, however, much to praise, especially in Penelope's answers to the suitors; and the whole scene moves at a stirring pace, with a fine accord between rhythm and action.

Mr. Phillips's explanatory note seems, by its very tone of self-defence, to admit the dramatic inferiority of his subject, and it is almost superfluous to say that as a play *Ulysses* will not bear comparison with *Herod*. Unfortunately, the same must be said of it as a poem. There are still those who question whether Mr. Phillips has ever crossed the line dividing rhetoric from poetry. If, as Flaubert says, continuity constitutes style as constancy makes virtue, then Mr. Phillips has not, perhaps, established his claim to take rank among the poets; but assuredly he has written poetry. There are lines in *Ulysses* that prove it, though they are less frequent than in *Herod*. There are fewer passages where imaginative passion has moulded speech to its own glowing shape, where the mystical fusion of word and meaning has taken place; but the existence of one such line suggests the possibility of others, and encourages the optimistic reader to hope that Mr. Phillips may yet be capable of sustaining life permanently on Parnassus.

Edith Wharton.

V. WASHBURN HOPKINS'S "INDIA, OLD AND NEW."

VI. WASHBURN HOPKINS'S "THE GREAT EPIC OF INDIA."

To a Milton "the wealth of Ind" was a synonym for showers of barbaric pearls

and gold, or all the lavish riches of the East. To many a one beside Shakespeare India has been a wonderland of magic, the land whence came the little favourite of the fairy queen Titania; and to readers of Kipling to-day the name perhaps most vividly calls up a picture of the home of that fascinating waif, Kim. But of late, alas, we have been forced too often to think of this mighty empire swayed by England's rule, the domain of the Kaiser-i-Hind, as a land of problems, a scene desolated by plague and famine, an abode of pestilence-stricken multitudes. These latter phases of India's life, however, are not of recent date alone, as the scholar knows. The paradox of riches and plenty beside poverty and sickness in that huge country with its teeming millions is as old as the days of the Buddha. Yet India is a land that gives and has given treasures to the West, and not least among the gifts from the wealth of Ind has been the knowledge gained from opening to the Occident the great storehouse of its ancient language and literature.

Properly to understand India we must know its past as well as its present; everything that contributes to this is of importance. For that reason we may welcome a book under the title *India, Old and New*,* which happily combines the knowledge of a distinguished Sanskrit scholar with the observation of one who has visited the land of the Hindus and kept his eyes and ears open. The author, Dr. Hopkins, is the successor of the renowned Whitney at Yale University, and this book forms an interesting and useful volume of essays which are supplemented by a second volume, more technical in its nature, called *The Great Epic of India*.*

The title, *India, Old and New*, conveys at once some idea of the character of the former of the two books, and it deserves to attract the attention of a considerable number of readers, as more persons to-

day, than ever before, are interested in subjects relating to the East. The introduction to the book in a manner shows how Sanskrit came to exercise a charm for such a man as Salisbury, that pioneer of Oriental studies in America, a sketch of whose life is given, or why it should have won the heart of a Whitney.

On the subject of the Veda as a literary monument and on the antiquity of the Rig-Veda itself, we may be interested in knowing that so cool-headed and sound a scholar as is Dr. Hopkins, continues strongly to put forward the view—and justly, in the opinion of the present writer—that the Veda is not so old as used to be thought, and that its age is to be brought down out of the hoary past into a period not far remote from the Homeric hymns. Such an attitude will no doubt call forth discussion on many sides, especially among the Hindus themselves, or by those who view age as a special merit in literature as in wine. To the Veda, moreover, the Yale professor rightly traces back the sources of the lyric poetry of India. Abundant translations are given in the essay on this theme. The renderings from numerous Vedic hymns are aptly done—better, it seems, than the translation of some of those cameos of later Sanskrit poetic thought, or the verses in the *precieuse* style of an Indian lyrist like Bhartrihari. Another chapter devoted to giving a literary idea of the epics presents in brief form the main points of those enormous heroic poems.

From literature to religion is the step in the second part of the book, and some suggestive thoughts are brought forward as to the origin of gods in India, both in ancient and in modern times. But most important in this respect is the chapter on "Christ in India." In a careful and scholarly piece of argumentation, judiciously weighed and laid down, the author deals with the question of possible or impossible points of connection and relationship between Buddhism and Christianity, and he shows how ill-founded are some of the extravagant claims of the influence of Krishna-worship in India upon early chapter of itself would carry the book.

The student of sociology and economics will gain much information from the essays on guilds and on land-tenure in India—both of which studies have

**India, Old and New*. With a memorial address. By E. Washburn Hopkins, M.A., Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. London: Edward Arnold. Yale Bicentennial Publications.

The Great Epic of India. Its character and origin. By E. Washburn Hopkins. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Yale Bicentennial Publications.

been previously published elsewhere—and from two up-to-date monographs which are devoted to the famine and the plague, and which embody largely the results of personal observation by the author while in India. This particular portion of the book is to be commended to those who have governmental problems to face in the Orient.

Space does not allow an adequate review of the other volume, *The Great Epic of India*. It is an elaborate work of research and learned criticism, supporting the view of the composite origin of the *Mahabharata*, or the gigantic *Iliad* of India. In this monstrous poem of some two hundred thousand verses, Dr. Hopkins finds as many eras and as many evidences of various authorship as Wolf once found in Homer or Müllenhoff sought to point out in Beowulf. How far this is right, or in what details it may be wrong, must be discussed by specialists and scholars who have long been familiar with the general theory which Hopkins so ardently upholds in opposition to the German Sanskritist, Dr. Dahlmann, who sees more unity and singleness of purpose in this huge poem, which is one of the great epics of the world's literature.

A. V. Williams Jackson.

VII.

CLARA MORRIS'S "LIFE ON THE STAGE."*

This book of reminiscences by Miss Clara Morris is one of the most natural and spontaneous things that we have ever seen. It is frankly egotistical, often trivial, and still oftener crude in its modes of expression and in the point of view which it reveals; but, nevertheless, and perhaps in part because of these very qualities, it is well worth reading. Miss Morris must have written it very much as she would have talked it; and pretty nearly everything that came into her head at the time appears to have gone into the book. Those who are looking for bits of anecdote which have some permanent importance will find them in the chapters which relate to John Wilkes Booth, to Edwin Booth, and to the old Daly company; but, after all, it is not these things

which give the book its interest. What one cares for most is its frank revelation of personality, and the realistic details of a life which began with hardship and disappointment and ceaseless work, and finally reached the climax of an undoubted triumph.

Those who remember Miss Morris as she was in the days when she was acting under Mr. Daly's management and afterward under the management of Mr. A. M. Palmer, will never deny that she was an actress of undoubted power. There was very little training of the right sort evident in her work. She missed a great many of the niceties which an artist would have understood instinctively. She was not beautiful, and in her voice and manner there was a good deal which suggested the Middle West of thirty years ago. Nevertheless, she did manage to attain emotional effects which were irresistible. She had the thrill in her, and somehow or other she could communicate it to her audiences in the most extraordinary way.

This book is a genuine actor's book. Miss Morris talks shop all the way through it; and there are any number of wonderfully interesting anecdotes illustrative of stagecraft which it takes an actor to appreciate properly. The author tells us all about her stage frights, the intrigues of the green-room, the petty disappointments and small meannesses of other actresses, the eccentricities of some of the men whose names belong to the permanent history of the American stage, and she likewise sets down impartially all the compliments and all the criticisms that were ever made upon her own acting. Some of her strictures upon former comrades of hers who are still living are delightfully indiscreet, and perhaps some of the things which she says about persons who have lately died—Mr. Daly, for instance—are not in the best of taste. But, after all, everything in the book is characteristic of its author. One gets more knowledge of stage life as it really is from such a book as this than from many that are more pretentious. It may be commended also with considerable confidence to any young woman who may happen to be stage-struck; for the general impression left by it is one of immensely hard work, of a life spent for the most part amid sordid surroundings,

*Life on the Stage. By Clara Morris. With portrait. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

and of successes which in spite of their momentary brilliancy brought no great recompense of a material sort. Miss Morris evidently has an irrepressible fund of good spirits. Had the case been otherwise, she could hardly have gone through what she did, nor would her narrative itself have been anything but depressing.

R. P.

VIII.

MRS. WHARTON'S "THE VALLEY OF DECISION."*

There is a type of artistic temperament that seems to find a sensuous satisfaction in vast canvases and themes of epic magnitude. And since, in a certain sense, the novelist has a far wider canvas than the artist upon which to paint his picture, he runs a proportionately greater chance of overestimating his strength. He is not limited by any single hour or day or year; he is not bounded by the visible horizon; he may cover a whole epoch in the history of an individual or a family or a nation; or he may concentrate himself upon a single crucial moment in the life of a man or a woman. The value of what he does depends not upon the breadth of the canvas, but upon the inherent truth of the perspective, the accuracy of the line and colour, the subtle and indefinable sense of proportion underlying the whole conception. Yet the temptation to strive for something big and broad and impressive, to paint humanity in the mass, to study not individual lives, but the complex development of a race, has led astray more than one of our promising younger writers. It is the sort of task which demands a long apprenticeship. Kipling embodied in *Kim* the thoughtful deliberation of a dozen years. Zola was content to toil for more than twenty before he attempted to sum up the motley life of the French metropolis in a single volume, *Paris*. Tolstoy waited almost to the end of his career before trying to epitomise all Russia in his *Resurrection*, and even then, in spite of its acknowledged power, more than one critic questioned its right to the title of novel. Yet it is just this sort of colossal

task that the author of *The Touchstone* serenely set herself in *The Valley of Decision*; and the fact that the resulting novel is entitled to a modicum of honest and cordial praise is in itself a recognition of her versatility and her genius.

Mrs. Wharton was fortunate at the outset in her choice of a subject. She has attempted to sum up the life of Italy in the latter half of the eighteenth century, that crucial *settecento*, which has aptly been compared to the closing act of a tragedy. It was that period of fallacious calm following the war of the Austrian Succession, when beneath the surface all Italy was seething with undercurrents of discontent against the old established order of things; when "the little Italian courts were still dozing in fancied security under the wing of Bourbon and Hapsburg suzerains;" when clergy and nobles still clung tenaciously to their class privileges and united in their efforts to repress the spread of learning; when throngs of the ignorant and superstitious still crowded the highroads to the shrines of popular saints, and a small but growing number of enlightened spirits met in secret conclave to discuss forbidden new doctrines of philosophy and science. It is a vast subject, and one full of epic values—a subject which it is easy to imagine a Balzac or a Tolstoy treating in the bold, sweeping, impressionistic way that it demands. But it is not easy to imagine what an introspective writer, a Bourget, or a Henry James, could make of such a theme, and still less an avowed disciple of Mr. James, such as Mrs. Wharton has hitherto shown herself. That the resulting volume shows so much comparative excellence is a pleasant surprise. She has brought to her task a considerable amount of erudition. She is saturated to her finger-tips with the historical facts of the period—the motley and confusing tangle of petty dukedoms, the warring claims of Austria and of Spain. She has given us not merely a broad canvas but a moving panorama of the life of that restless time, presenting with a certain dramatic power the discontent of the masses; the petty intrigues of the Church and the aristocracy; the gilded uselessness of the typical fine lady with her *cavaliere servante*, her pet monkey and her parrot; the brutal ignorance of the peasantry; the disorders and license of the Bohemian

*The Valley of Decision. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

world—all the various strata and substrata of the social life of the times. The book is less a novel than a sort of cultured *Sittengeschichte* of the epoch, as minute, as conscientious and as comprehensive as a chapter from Gibbon's *Rome*, yet lacking those little, vital, illuminating touches which help to make us see. Her most obvious fault seems to be her avoidance of the concrete and the specific. She delights in indulging in generalities. She leaves a mental impression of crowds and movement and the turmoil of hurrying, bustling human life; but when we search in our memory for further impressions, we find them misty and uncertain. The people, the scenes, the incidents, are often not necessarily Italian at all. She is seldom definite enough in her descriptions to be. Much of the time we miss even the sunshine, the blue sky, that redolence of warmth and colour and superficial gayety which is the very essence of Italy—which fills every page of Stendhal's *Chartreuse de Parme*, is woven into the woof and warp of *Romola*, and goes far toward redeeming even the tawdry sensationalism of such a writer as Ouida. There are times when one cannot help feeling that Mrs. Wharton has something in common with her hero, who, she tells us, "had lived through twelve Italian summers without sense of the sun-steeped quality of an atmosphere that even in shade gives each object a golden salience. He was conscious of it now only as it suggested fingering a missal stiff with gold leaf and edged with a swarming diversity of buds and insects." When she does pause to describe nature, it is usually from a purely æsthetic point of view, with the professional delight of an artist at a grouping of rocks, or trees, or hills which would make an effective picture—"a scene which Salvator might have painted;" or a bend in the road where "the roadside started into detail like the foreground of some minute Dutch painter." And it is characteristic that these descriptions are always of the briefest character. It is only when she becomes interested in some matter of æsthetic or philosophic interest that Mrs. Wharton becomes verbose. It is worth while to quote, even at some length, a characteristic passage of this latter type, for which such passages constitute a formidable proportion of the pages

of these two volumes—pages which are apt to remain unread, if not uncut, by a large number of readers, both those who read frankly for amusement, and those who look upon the novel as a serious and important human document:

In the semi-Parisian capital, where French architects designed the king's pleasure-houses and the nobility imported their boudoir-panelings from Paris and their damask hangings from Lyons, Benedetto Alfieri represented the old classic tradition, the tradition of the "grand manner," which had held its own through all later variations of taste, running parallel with the *barocchismo* of the seventeenth century and the effeminate caprices of the rococo period. He had lived much in Rome, in the company of men like Winckelmann and Maffei, in that society where the revival of classical research was being forwarded by the liberality of princes and cardinals and by the indefatigable zeal of the scholars in their pay. From this centre of æsthetic reaction Alfieri had returned to the Gallicised Turin, with its preference for the graceful and ingenious rather than for the large, the noble, the restrained; bringing to bear on the taste of his native city the influence of a view raised but perhaps narrowed by close study of the past; the view of a generation of architects in whom archæological curiosity had stifled the artistic instinct, and who, instead of assimilating the spirit of the past like their great predecessors, were engrossed in a sterile restoration of the letter.

Considered in its aspect of a novel, a story of human interest, the shortcomings of *The Valley of Decision* are somewhat more intangible, yet none the less they make themselves felt. The characters are clearly and conscientiously drawn, the drama in which they play a part deals with vital questions of life and liberty and human happiness; and yet they leave us cold; they fail for the most part to touch the keynote of responsive sympathy. The explanation is somewhat hard to find; it lies, in part, at least, in the author's obvious willingness to subordinate her characters to the exposition of her main theme, the picture of Italy as a whole. With this end in view it must be granted that her plot is cleverly chosen. She has conceived a petty dukedom, Pianura, in the north of Italy, owing allegiance to Charles Ferdinand on the one hand, and attached by marriage to the house of Hapsburg on the other. The hero, Odo Valsecca, is of the Old Order, heir-presumptive to the throne of Pianura, and kept from the succession only by a sickly cousin and the latter's dying child. In his

character Odo represents the conflicting tendencies of the times. He is in sympathy with the new ideas of progress and liberty, and has brief flashes of energy and enthusiasm. But they soon burn themselves out, for he is fundamentally lethargic and indifferent, inheriting the fatal taint of his house. The heroine, Fulvia Vivaldi, represents the new order. She is the daughter of a professor of philosophy, who pays by exile the penalty for his temerity in following up the forbidden learning. Under Fulvia's influence Odo becomes an enthusiastic disciple of the new philosophy, and he is on the point of sacrificing all his prospects and accompanying her to France, when the death of his cousin unexpectedly makes him Duke of Pianura. To both of them his duty is plain. He must accept the burden, and devote his life to giving the people that liberty to which they are entitled. For Fulvia there are two alternatives. She may continue her way alone to Paris, or she may remain at Pianura in a capacity which she will not accept.

"The Regent's mistress?" she said slowly. "The key to the treasury, the back-door to preferment, the secret trafficker in titles and appointments? That is what I should stand for—and it is not to such services that you must even appear to owe your power. I will not say that I have my own work to do; for the dearest service I could perform would be to help you in yours. But to do this I must stand aside. To be near you, I must go from you. To love you, I must give you up."

So Odo returns alone to Pianura and in course of time marries his cousin's widow, of the House of Hapsburg, with whom he might eventually have been fairly happy. But three years later Fulvia changes her mind, comes back to him, and accepts the very conditions which she previously found such excellent reasons for refusing. No doubt, had Mrs. Wharton chosen, she might have given us a luminous picture of the mental transition through which her heroine passed during these three years of self-inflicted exile. But she has not chosen to do so, and the result is an impression of inconsistency, a feeling that the Fulvia who went away and the Fulvia who returned are not one and the same person. Apparently, the only real necessity for her return was to pave the way for an effective and tragic ending. Fulvia spurs Odo on to give the people the liberal constitution for which

they are not yet ready, and in the midst of the resulting riots receives in her heart the shot intended for her lover.

This, in hasty outline, is the plot of *The Valley of Decision*, and, frankly speaking, it is the least essential and least interesting aspect of the book. What really do count are her vivid pictures of life, the human interest of brief but crucial moments, her wonderful intuition in analysing complex emotions—in short, the same qualities which to a greater degree stamped the appearance of her earliest volume as a literary event. In taking up these volumes for a second time, one is apt to turn back to one of just a few brief scenes luminous with comprehensions—such a passage as this, for instance, describing an incident in Odo's youth, when, as a boy of twelve, on his way to Turin, his lot fell in for a single night with a company of strolling players:

The pretty girl who had pillowed Odo's slumbers now knelt by his bed and laughingly drew on his stockings. She was a slim, brown morsel, not much above his age, with a glance that fitted like a bird, and round shoulders slipping out of her kerchief. A wave of shyness bathed Odo to the forehead as their eyes met; he hung his head stupidly and turned away when she fetched the comb to dress his hair.

His toilet completed, she called out to the abate to go below and see that the cavalier's chocolate was ready; and as the door closed she turned and kissed Odo on the lips.

"Oh, how red you are!" she cried, laughingly. "Is that the first kiss you've ever had? Then you'll remember me when you're Duke of Pianura—Mirandolina of Chioggia, the first girl you ever kissed!" She was pulling his collar straight while she talked, so that he could not get away from her. "You will remember me, won't you?" she persisted. "I shall be a great actress by that time, and you'll appoint me *prima amorosa* to the ducal theatre of Pianura, and throw me a diamond bracelet from your Highness's box and make all the court ladies ready to poison me for rage!" She released his collar and drooped away from him. "Ah, no; I shall be a poor strolling player and you a great prince," she sighed, "and you'll never, never think of me again; but I shall always remember that I was the first girl you ever kissed!"

She hung back in a dazzle of tears, looking so bright and tender that Odo's bashfulness melted like a spring frost.

"I shall never be duke," he cried, "and I shall never forget you!" And with that he turned and kissed her boldly and then bolted down the stairs like a hare. And all that day he scorched and froze with the thought that perhaps she had been laughing at him.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

IV.

CLINTON SCOLLARD'S "THE CLOISTERING OF URSULA."*

Some books remind us pleasantly, yet firmly, that we never entirely outgrow the artless enjoyments of childhood. This is one of that class. The reviewer admits (with all the more frankness because of what he intends to say next) that the sight of *The Cloistering of Ursula*, when he took it up to read, with its gay, vermilion binding, its felicitous romantic title, and the introductory rigmarole about being the hitherto unpublished memoirs of the Italian Marquis of So-and-So, caused a slight sinking of the heart. Indeed, however much one despises the narrowness of those persons who prefer one sort of subject matter in their novels to the exclusion of every other, it is no sin to assert that, while a great many spirited romances of the lady and the sword have been written (and enthusiastically received) not all of them have been actually enthralling, and that with each addition to their number the chance that the old story in its new form will prove potent in securing and holding the attention becomes smaller. All the more remarkable is it, then, to find one in which the interest is as lively as the theme demands.

Just as in the Golden Age you were not merely absorbed, but, perhaps, set a-tin-gling in every nerve by the humble narrative of Archie's escape from the den of the counterfeiters—an exit made with the staccato accompaniment of pistol shots, an episode punctuated with the possibilities of sudden death—so again you may find in the sanguinary but fortunate adventures of Andrea Uccelli a similar means of making the hours fly by like minutes while the book lasts; that is, if you are not an irretrievably mature person.

The story is very well written. The style is flowing throughout, and is without affectation other than the harmless use of a few old English phrases put in to impart a flavour of old Italian to the sup-

*The Cloistering of Ursula. By Clinton Scollard. Boston: L. C. Page Co. \$1.50.

posed translation. The author tells his story without digressions concerning the conditions of the time or the scenery of the place, suggesting much of both, nevertheless, in a cleverly unobtrusive way. He takes a certain amount of pains with his characters, moreover, to let you know the kind of people they are, yet at the same time is very much alive to the fact that the complexities of ordinary human nature are not under examination upon this occasion: the plot is the thing—the prolongation of the distresses and perils of the hero to the limit; then the happy consummation. All in all it is a clever book.

It concerns itself with the rivalry between two powerful noble houses in the ancient city of Lorennia. The feud speedily becomes bloody, and as the outcome of a wholesale slaughter of his family by the opposing faction, Andrea burdens himself with the task of revenge single-handed. Ursula, the heroine, is an object of inspiration and of tender care to him throughout. Her heart was at one time set upon entering a sisterhood, but it is no serious breach of confidence to declare that in the last chapter she consents to select Andrea's ancient garden seat as the scene of her cloistering.

The most strenuous aspect of the novel is revealed in the following passage:

Both men were bleeding from many wounds. Their arms were tightly pinioned and their legs partially secured. There was an aching hush of apprehension, then some one not visible screamed a word of command, whereat the two prisoners were seized by the powerful men guarding them, lifted in air, and hurled head foremost downward. An instant later their bodies lay, masses of crushed flesh and bone, on the uneven pavement of the piazza.

Then, to add to the grisly horror of the scene, men with long, glistening knives leaped out of the throng. Upon the breathless corpses they flung themselves, gashed their hearts out, and pinned them, reeking with blood, high upon one of the doors of the Palazzo Pubblico.

This is the vengeance of the Uccelli upon the Neri.

Carl Hovey.

FUEL OF FIRE

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

CHAPTER II.

BAXENDALE HALL.

Upon a hill the old house stood,
Commanding stream and field and wood.

Baxendale Hall, which was built for the third time—having been twice destroyed by fire—in the reign of James the Second was a fine, square house of red brick, with stone facings, and the coat-of-arms of the Baxendales, also in stone, carved over the front door. It stood in the centre of a beautiful park, on the borders of Mershire and Salopshire; and the house was situated upon such an eminence that its cellars were on a line with the top of the tower of Silverhampton Church. Thus Silverhampton and Baxendale Hall looked at each other, from their respective hills, across a fruitful and well-populated valley, a pleasant land of meadows and orchards and comfortable houses, made happy by the money that was coined in the murky coal-fields on the other side of Silverhampton town.

The Baxendales were one of the oldest families in Mershire; and they had lived at Baxendale Hall ever since Doomsday Book was edited—and probably before that. But of late years their prosperity had dwindled, as is the way nowadays of all prosperity which has its being solely in land; and when the late Mr. Baxendale died of a broken heart, owing to the pecuniary difficulties which beset him, it was found that the rents of the estate were so reduced, and the mortgages upon it so heavy, that his son came into an income of only some very few hundreds a year; and those few hundreds were made still fewer by the enormous fire insurance which all the owners of Baxendale were bound to pay, in consideration of the family curse, which foretold that Baxendale Hall should once more—for the third time—"be made fuel of fire."

The late Mr. Baxendale had married for love and not for money—a peculiarity of his race—Lady Alicia Moate, a daughter of the Earl of Portcullis; and by her had one child, a son, Laurence. Her ladyship possessed as little wit as money, but she had beauty in excess; and for her beauty Alwyn Baxendale loved, wooed and married her, and lived beyond his income, and finally died broken-hearted because that income was insufficient to supply her somewhat

exorbitant daily needs. Thus matters came to a crisis, Baxendale Hall was shut up, and only an old man and his wife left in it as caretakers; and Alicia went to rule the house of her brother, Lord Portcullis, while Laurence Baxendale officiated as tutor to his lordship's eldest son. When, however, Lord Portcullis took unto himself a second wife, Lady Alicia was compelled to seek a home elsewhere; so she and her son repaired to an untenanted farmhouse near The Ways (a hamlet on the Baxendale estate), and about a mile and a half from the Hall.

The Ways was probably so called because five ways met there: one went eastward past the Burton's house, and through the pretty village of Teteigh, straight to Silverhampton: another took the opposite direction, and led the traveller, by the hills of Salopshire and Wales, to the coast of the western sea; a third went northward, down a shady lane, past Ways Hall, the home of the Fairfax family, to Codswell—a picturesque village whose cobble-paved street climbed bravely up a church-crowned hill which stood as high as Baxendale or Silverhampton; a fourth lay through the well-wooded glades of Baxendale Park, and finally—by slow ascents—reached the Hall itself; and the fifth went due south into a green maze of lanes, which wandered on and on until they finally lost themselves in fairyland—as English lanes have a knack of doing, if only they are taken in the right way.

There are few things more beautiful than a Mershire lane. It is beautiful in the winter, when the elm trees that overshadow it are transformed into coral-reefs by the magic touch of the hoar-frost; it is beautiful in the spring, when its hedges are white with May-blossom and its ditches fringed with the lace-like hemlock; and it is beautiful in the autumn, when the climbing brambles adorn it on either side with crimson and gold; but it is most beautiful of all on a summer's evening, when the low-lying shafts of light touch the bents and the feathery grasses and turn the pathway into a golden pavement encircled by a veritable rainbow of emerald, until the traveller feels that he is treading a ladder worthy of the feet of angels, leading him—as the beauty of nature will always lead those who have eyes to see it—straight from earth to heaven.

The spot where these five ways met was

marked by a group of fine old elm trees growing upon a grassy mound; and round about it were clustered a farm or two and sundry cottages, a picturesque post-office and blacksmith's forge. It was a pretty hamlet in the typical English style; and its quaint little inn, by name "The Crown," slumbered in a cosy bed of blossom, with a coverlet of climbing roses.

Ways Hall was a long, low, white house, clothed with Virginia creeper, which made it as a green bower in summer, while in autumn it appeared as a house which was enveloped by crimson flames, and yet was not consumed. It was set in the centre of velvet lawns which—like the famous lawns of Oxford—had been "rolled for five hundred years," and which sloped down to a large sheet of water, inhabited—and defended to the best of their ability—by a family of swans. The banks of this lake were covered every spring with daffodils and periwinkles, which looked at their reflection in the water and danced with pleasure at the sight. At least the daffodils did: the periwinkles only nodded and said to themselves, "What nice blue eyes we have!"

The Fairfaxes of The Ways were a good old family, but now had dwindled down to two—namely, Mrs. Fairfax and her daughter Faith. Mrs. Fairfax was a stately dame of the old school, who had never in her life sat in an easy chair or said a silly thing; and Faith was the raw material out of which saints and angels are manufactured. She had soft, fair hair and a Madonna-like face; and in her eyes was that look which dwells in the eyes of all those chosen ones who see beyond this present world. Unselfish was an adjective not applicable to Faith Fairfax; selfless was the only description available for her. Had she lived in earlier times Faith would inevitably have taken the veil; for she was one of the women who have a special vocation for religion, and seem made for the cloister rather than the hearth. As it was, she devoted herself to her mother and the poor; and the human side of her—as far as anything about Faith Fairfax was purely human—fell in love with Laurence Baxendale, and loved him in the ideal, worshipping way in which only such nun-like women can love. The high-minded, inflexible part of his character, which stirred up opposition in Nancy Burton, fitted exactly into Faith's more saintly nature; and while Nancy was slightly defiant and greatly afraid, Faith was humbly adoring.

As a boy, whenever anything went wrong, Laurence Baxendale turned to Faith to set it right again; as a man, he pursued very much the same course. She was a year or two older

than he, and filled in his life the place which his mother had left empty; for motherliness was the last attribute which could be laid to the charge of pretty, foolish Lady Alicia.

It is strange how, in the give and take of life, men take from the angelic and give to the purely human women with whom they are brought into contact. They make demands—excessive demands—upon the patience and forbearance and unselfishness of the women who love them; but it is the women who make excessive demands upon them that they love the best. Women who behave well rather than wisely take credit to themselves for carrying their own cloaks, and climbing over their own stiles, and generally saving trouble for the men who are treading life's paths by their side. Foolish creatures! The men want to carry their cloaks and help them over the stiles, if only they will let them. Which shows that the proverbial Selfishness of Man is as effete and worn-out a bogey as the Dodo or the Sea Serpent or Religious Disability.

The most interesting feature of Baxendale Hall was a large library, filled with all manner of rare old books and fine pictures, containing many priceless manuscripts and valuable prints. It occupied the whole length of the front of the house upon the first floor, and was exactly over the great entrance hall. Behind it, and over the dining and the drawing-rooms, was the suite of rooms always occupied by the master and mistress of the house; and next to these the nurseries and school-room, where generations of little Baxendales had played their games and learned their lessons. The guest-chambers were in one wing of the house over the justice-room and the muniment-room, and the rooms where the men smoked, played billiards and managed the estate; the opposite wing was devoted to the kitchens and offices, and over them the servants' apartments. The front of the Hall looked east, to where the old churches of Silverhampton and Sedgemoor were landmarks to all the surrounding country; and the gardens at the back borrowed much of their glory from the sun which set behind the distant Welsh hills.

"I wish, mother, if it wouldn't bother you, that you would see rather more of the Burton girls," Laurence Baxendale said to Lady Alicia the day after he had been to tea at Wayside. "I know they aren't exactly your style; but I should be awfully glad if you would be kind to them, as they are always very kind to me, and I enjoy going there immensely."

"Certainly, dear Laurence, certainly. I have called on Mrs. Burton and she has returned the

call, but there is no real friendship in conventionalities such as that; and real friendship is so beautiful between neighbours, I think—so very beautiful; and makes everyday life such a touching and exquisite thing."

"Yes; it is a good thing to be on friendly terms with the people about you."

"As you say, dear Laurence, they are not exactly my style or in our set; their father makes iron, and I think it is beautiful to make iron—it must teach men to be so great and strong. And then it is so sweet and Christian, I always think, to show kindness to persons not quite in one's own rank of society; because, I daresay, one can do one's duty in an iron-works as well as on a landed property. In fact, one can do one's duty in almost any rank of life; that, I think, is such a comforting thought, because it is always so nice for everybody to do their duty if they can. There is something very soothing in doing one's duty, don't you think?"

"Soothing isn't exactly the word I should have used," said Laurence dryly.

"And then the Burton girls are so charming, too—such sweet, simple, unsophisticated creatures!"

Lady Alicia had an amiable habit of praising all the people with whom she was brought into contact; but she slightly took the edge off her own commendation by invariably praising them for the qualities which they did not happen to possess.

The next afternoon she walked up to Wayside, and found the girls and their mother at home.

"I am so glad you are in, dear Mrs. Burton," she began in her usual gushing manner; "it always seems so insincere and hollow to call upon people when they are not at home; and insincerity and hollowness are such terrible things, don't you think?—such very terrible things."

"They are certainly not lovable qualities," agreed Mrs. Burton: and Nancy winked at Nora behind Lady Alicia's elegant back.

"I want to see more of you and your dear girls. I was only saying to my son yesterday how beautiful it is to be neighbourly with the people who live near one—so sweet and Christian—even if they don't happen to be the sort of people one would choose."

"It is very kind of you to say so, Lady Alicia," replied Mrs. Burton, manfully repressing her natural desire to smile.

"And what are your dear girls' Christian names? I am always so interested in people's Christian names and the months in which their

birthdays are. I think one can learn so much from these, don't you? They are so interesting and suggestive, and often such a key to character."

"Do you mean to the characters of the people themselves, or of their godfathers and godmothers?" asked Nancy, with ominous demureness.

"Oh! dear child, of the people themselves, of course. How could it be the key to the character of their godfathers and godmothers, when we never know who their godfathers and godmothers are? They are not given in the Peerage, you know; though I am not at all sure that they ought not to be. It would be rather nice and orthodox if they were, don't you think?"

"It would be rather interesting," said Nancy, "as showing whom they expected to leave them a fortune."

"And there is so much in names. I always think it was such a mistake of dear Shakespeare to say that a rose would smell as sweet if you called it something else; it couldn't, you know. And what are your dear girls' names, Mrs. Burton?"

"Nancy and Nora."

"Oh, how sweet! How very sweet for them both to begin with the same letter! I always think there is so much sympathy between people whose names begin with the same letter. It was such a comfort to me that my dear husband's name began with A, like mine. Do you know, I don't think I could ever have loved a man whose Christian name began with B? He would have seemed so far off; almost as if he were living in another planet. I remember once meeting a man and his wife who were called Francis and Frances. I thought it so very touching and beautiful."

"It will be rather a bore if Nancy and I have to marry men whose names begin with N," said Nora, "because there are so few nice men's names beginning with N."

"And it would be horrid to marry men who weren't nice," added Nancy.

Lady Alicia took it all in solemn earnest: "Oh! dear children, there is Nathaniel—not exactly a pretty name, you know, but so Biblical and suggestive. I think it must be lovely to have a Bible name, especially on Sundays; it must make one feel in such perfect harmony with the day."

"But we can't both marry men who are called Nathaniel," persisted Nancy; "it would be so very confusing, and we should get them all mixed up."

"So you would, my dear; but I feel sure

there are other nice names beginning with N, if only one could recall them."

"But you didn't call your son by a name beginning with A," suggested Nora.

"Ah! no. Dear Laurence was called after an ancestor of his who did something very heroic and touching—I forget exactly what it was. And I think it is so ennobling to call one's children by names which remind one of heroic deeds, don't you? It seems to elevate the tone of everyday life by beautiful memories; and there is nothing more refining, I find, than beautiful memories. Ah! what a priceless gift memory is! What should we do without it, I wonder?"

The girls thought that Lady Alicia ought to know; but they did not say so.

Her ladyship ambled on as usual, without giving any one else a chance to speak: "I do hope, dear Mrs. Burton, that your girls are cultured. I think it is so sweet for young people to be cultured, and to read nice poetry. I remember when I was a girl I used to read all the poetry I could lay my hands on, except Lord Byron's *Don Quixote*; dear papa never would allow that."

"Ah! we have not been allowed to read it, either," remarked Nancy.

"Haven't you? How very interesting! I think it is so very beautiful when parents overlook their children's reading. It seems to bring the Fifth Commandment into everyday life. And it is so sweet and Christian to keep the Commandments when one can, don't you think? I think one should always try to do so for the sake of setting the servants a good example, if not for one's own."

"I think it is nice for parents to take an interest in everything that their children do," said Mrs. Burton.

"It is, indeed, dear Mrs. Burton. And I do hope your young people are fond of culture. I am devoted to reading myself, but, unfortunately, the minute I begin to read my thoughts begin to wander, so, unfortunately, I am unable to indulge my literary taste as I should wish. It is a great deprivation!"

"But you have the pleasure of your own thoughts," suggested Nora; "and that is far greater. I'd much rather think my own thoughts than read other people's."

Lady Alicia sighed: "Ah! my dear, that is because you are not literary. If you had my temperament you would live upon books. I remember once starting a Shakespeare-reading society when I was living with my dear brother, Lord Portcullis, for all the girls in the neigh-

bourhood. I thought it would train their minds; and it is so nice for the minds of the young to be trained."

"Very nice," said Mrs. Burton; and she had not time to say more before Lady Alicia went on:

"Of course, there are things in Shakespeare not altogether suitable for the young to read, so I asked the clergyman's wife to mark all the passages which she felt could be read without detriment to the fresh and untrained minds I was endeavouring to cultivate. I think clergymen's wives are just the people to do that sort of thing, don't you, dear Mrs. Burton? It seems exactly the kind of duty they would enjoy."

"I feel sure they would. And did this particular one justify the confidence you had placed in her?" Mrs. Burton asked.

"Well, it was very unfortunate, but there was a mistake. Instead of marking all the passages to be read, as I had asked her, she marked all the passages to be left out. And, most naturally, the class read those and left the others out. But how could I help it? I assumed that she had done what I had asked her."

The two girls coughed violently in order to stifle their laughter, and their mother managed to inquire, with a fairly sober front: "But didn't it occur to you at the time what had happened?"

"Well, it did occur to me that the remarks were a little disjointed. But remarks are often disjointed in plays—to allow for changing the scenery or the actor's clothes, I suppose; so I took it as a matter of course. But it was annoying all the same. It made people laugh, though what there was to laugh at I cannot imagine. But that is a growing evil of the present day, don't you think? People treat everything as a joke, and speak lightly of quite serious things."

"It is a virtue of the present day, I think," argued Nancy, "to laugh instead of crying, whenever it is possible. My heart is like Beatrice's—'keeps, poor fool! on the windy side of care;' and I'm thankful for it."

Lady Alicia sighed her dainty little sigh: "Ah! my poor dear husband was like that, and so is Laurence. They both of them have always laughed at things that seem to me quite pathetic. But then I am extremely sensitive, and my poor husband was not, nor is Laurence. They could not, of course, help being so unlike me, nor do I in any way blame them for it; but it has been to me a matter of regret."

"What sort of things does Mr. Baxendale laugh at?" asked Nancy, who was athirst for any form of knowledge concerning Laurence.

"Just the things his poor, dear father used to laugh at—things that you would have expected them to be quite sorry about instead. Our poverty, for instance; and the way we have come down in the world; and his own shyness and unpopularity; and the fact that he can't afford to marry; and lots of really quite sad things like that."

"I see." And Nancy's voice was very low.

"I often say to him what a pity it is that he can't afford to marry, because a charming wife is such a nice thing for a man to have, don't you think? In fact, I should quite pity him, poor boy! if only he would let me. But whenever I mention the subject he just turns it off into a joke, and never seems to take it seriously at all, so my sympathy is wasted. And I am such a sympathetic creature, you know, that Laurence's callousness pains me."

"I don't think it need," said Mrs. Burton gently.

"Ah! but I am so sensitive: I shrivel up like a sensitive plant when my feelings are hurt; and Laurence is always hurting them. I am sure he does not mean to do so, but he is so thick-skinned that he does not understand a sensitive nature like mine. His poor father was just the same."

"What sort of things did he laugh at?" asked Nancy, with unslaked curiosity.

"Oh! he used to laugh at our poverty too, and at what a wretched match he had turned out for me. Of course, I ought to have done much better, and I used to say so, but he just treated it as a joke. And it really was no joke at all for me, who had so many really good offers when I was young."

Nancy's lip curled with scorn, and she judged Lady Alicia with the merciless judgment of those who have neither married nor been disappointed in marriage.

"People used to say," her ladyship continued, "that Alwyn died of a broken heart when he found that he would be obliged to turn out of Baxendale. But that was quite a mistake, and merely shows how people ought not to talk about things which they do not understand. I think that is another of the faults of the rising generation, dear Mrs. Burton: people are so prone, so sadly prone, to talk about matters which are quite beyond their comprehension."

"And not only of the rising generation," said Mrs. Burton dryly.

"Ah, no! It was a fault of my poor, dear Alwyn's. He never in the least understood my

finer perceptions, and yet he was always talking about them in a slightly sarcastic way; and he had none of his own, poor dear!"

"Ah!" Nancy remarked.

"And as for dying because he could not afford to live at Baxendale," Lady Alicia continued, "it was all nonsense. He never really felt it at all, but made jokes about bringing me to the workhouse till the hour of his death. Now I did feel it, who had been brought up in such luxury, and always expected to make such a brilliant match."

"I have no doubt you did," said Mrs. Burton kindly, endeavouring, as was her custom, to make the best of everybody. "Both you and Mr. Baxendale must have felt leaving such a beautiful home."

"But he didn't feel it; that was the remarkable thing. He just laughed at it as he did at everything else; a sad habit, as I remarked a few minutes ago, and one which I grieve to say dear Laurence inherits! Almost the last thing he said to me, about an hour before his death, was to make a half-laughing apology for having given me only a heart full of love instead of a purse full of money, but adding that he was about to make the only reparation in his power."

"Poor Mr. Baxendale!" and Mrs. Burton's eyes were full of tears.

"Oh! do you think so? For my part, it quite shocked me to hear him speak sarcastically at such a time. I cannot think that a death-bed is the place for sarcasm. It seems to me so sweet to read the Bible and speak lovingly to all your friends at a time like that, so as to leave a nice impression behind you."

Nancy tossed her head: "It is a pity that a trifling incident such as death should divert the minds of some people from the importance of making an effective exit." She was very impertinent, there was no doubt of that; but perhaps there was some excuse for her.

Her impertinence, however, was lost upon Lady Alicia. That lady would as soon have expected a girl of Nancy's rank to be pert to her as she would have expected a polyanthus to jump up and bite her. So she innocently continued: "In death, as in life, my poor, dear husband never cared about what sort of impression he was making upon anybody. He was far too thick-skinned for that, and Laurence is just like him. Which is really very hard upon me, as I always think it would have been so nice to live with people who really understand one and sympathise with one, and who were alive to the higher traits of a really refined nature. But I suppose such crosses are

intentional, and so must be borne uncomplainingly, as patience under misconception is such a beautiful thing." And Lady Alicia again sighed her dainty sigh as she rose to take her leave, having effectually succeeded, as was her wont, in preventing those with whom she was conversing from putting their oars in even sideways.

CHAPTER III.

LAURENCE BAXENDALE.

The pride that goes before a fall
Had ruled the master of the Hall.

Somewhere in the middle of the maze of lanes which lay between The Ways and Tettleigh Wood stood an old red farmhouse sentinelled by a row of poplar trees. From its front windows one could see the stretch of green fields that lay between it and the Wood; and beyond them the distant mountains, which hid from the casual observer the wonderful doings of the setting sun; and from its back windows one could see Baxendale Hall, standing on the top of a green hill and supported by regiments of trees on either side.

It was at this old red house—called Poplar Farm—that Laurence and his mother took up their abode when the second marriage of Lord Portcullis made that nobleman's castle too full (and some people said too warm) to hold them. It belonged to them, being situated on the Baxendale property; and though small, was quite as large an abode as their very limited means permitted to them.

Poplar Farm was about five minutes' walk from Wayside, and propinquity did all that even the late Arthur Hugh Clough himself could reasonably have expected of it for Laurence Baxendale and Nancy Burton. It so happened that they had never become friends until the Baxendales took up their abode at the Farm. In the old days, when the Baxendales lived at the Hall, Nancy had been a small girl whom Laurence may have known by sight, but to whom, so far as he remembered, he had never spoken. In those far-off days—they seemed far off to him, though in fact it was but a short time ago—Laurence had been a quiet boy, reserved and sensitive to a degree, with few acquaintances among boys of his own age and no friends. Even then he gave evidence of a pride which seemed to have been his by birth—pride in the long line of Baxendales, stretching back until it was lost in the dim mist of bygone centuries; pride in the ancestral Hall, whose red bricks and square windows he so much loved; pride even in the

family curse which filled him when a child with a most delightful dread, a most fearful joy. As he grew older and found that despite this terrible curse no one grew a penny the worse, he would look back with a smile at the time when he feared to go to bed at night, fully expecting to be burned alive before morning; yet, for all that, he hugged the ancestral imprecation to his breast as a most cherished possession. But as a boy he chiefly showed his pride to the outside world in what seemed a studied reserve. Part of this was, no doubt, shyness; but, in addition, he intentionally held aloof from companions of his own age. The Baxendales, even then, were not able to mix much in society, so that, except when he paid a rare visit to Drawbridge Castle, he did not come across boys who by birth were his equals. Yet in spite of his pride and reserve, in spite of his unsociable reticence, he was a refined, well-bred boy, with great capacities for good. For his father he had a passionate love and devotion, and it was his father who chiefly influenced his early years. Lady Alicia was fond of her child, proud of his good looks and distinguished air; but she paid far more attention to his clothes than to his character. She was only one of those women who look on the outward appearance of their darlings, but who never win, or even care to win, their children's confidence. From his father Laurence had inherited two excellent gifts: a quick feeling for the humorous and a strong sense of humour. He seemed instinctively to shrink from anything mean and underhand; a hater of cruelty and naturally disposed to be lenient in his judgments in any matter touching honour, he was pitiless in condemnation, and never would allow mercy to temper justice. Having no companions of his own age, he would have found time hang heavily on his hands but for his love of books; hour after hour did he spend in the magnificent library of the Hall. He would probably have turned into a desultory bookworm, as his father could not afford to send him to a public school, had not the then vicar of Tettleigh happened to be an admirable scholar. When Laurence grew too advanced for his father, he was sent for three or four hours every day to the Vicarage to be instructed in Latin and Greek and other excellent things. He was a clever boy, and the vicar took the greatest delight in his instruction. His tutor not only laid the foundation of accurate scholarship, but also instilled into him a love for the English classics, cultivating his naturally good taste until it became almost fastidious, and not only taught him the knack of producing

passable Latin and Greek verses, but also the art of writing excellent English prose. Nevertheless, Laurence did not grow up a milksop. He had a great love of fresh air, and rode his pony daily, and took long walks in Baxendale Park and the maze of adjacent lanes. Moreover, he had boxing and fencing lessons from the retired sergeant who was engaged at the Grammar School of the neighbouring town of Silverhampton. Wherefore, though slight, he was strong, healthy and active. He had his faults, no doubt, as so many of us have; his pride in his race bred in him a certain tolerant scorn for those of humble birth; his pride in his intellect was accompanied by something like contempt for his less gifted brethren; his finished culture shrank from contact with people whose manners were less perfect than his own. Again, his delicate sensitiveness in all matters affecting honour gradually developed into an excessive scrupulousness. In his anxiety to avoid anything to which the most exacting moralist could take exception, he invented scruples where none could be fairly said to exist. He was an adept in finding a lion in the path in all matters affecting his own pleasure or advantage, and he elevated conscience to a position of such eminence that it became almost a bogey. With all this he was not a prig; he was saved from that by the quickness with which he saw the ridiculous side of things, and it is only fair to acknowledge that he was as ready to laugh at himself as at another. From the humorous to the pathetic it is only a step, and Laurence had a vein of tenderness and sympathy, which he strove manfully and not unsuccessfully to conceal, but which was evident enough to the few who knew him well. He loved dumb animals, especially horses and dogs, but he was never much at home with children. An only child himself, and avoiding through both pride and shyness the companionship of others, he had lived a more or less solitary boyhood, and knew little and understood less of children. Which, perhaps, accounts for the fact that he quite ignored the short-frocked Nancy and her sister when he met them taking their walks abroad under the protecting wing and vigilant oversight of their governess, and was quite unconscious that their eyes were not only blue but uncommonly bright and pretty. He had a quick eye for the flight of a bird or a cricket ball, but in things which really mattered he was in those days as blind as a bat.

In due course Laurence went to Oxford, having won a postmastership at Merton, thanks to the admirable coaching of the vicar. His father

was only able to make him a scanty allowance, so that even with his scholarship he had to lead a very quiet life and to indulge in few luxuries. Yet he enjoyed his college days; better, perhaps, than if he had been able to gratify expensive tastes and frequent frivolous (if not rowdy) society. He read hard, and rode hard, and had plenty of friends of a quiet sort. He had not much difficulty in securing a First in both Moderations and Greats; moreover, he won the Gaisford Prize for Greek Verse, a feat which greatly delighted his quondam tutor, the vicar.

During his last year at Oxford Laurence made his first real acquaintance with sorrow. His father, whose finances had been straitened for some years, owing to agricultural depression and the extravagance of Lady Alicia, found that he could no longer maintain his position at Baxendale Hall. He decided to move to a small house—but this decision was never carried into effect: grief at leaving his ancestral home broke his heart; and his last days were rendered more wretched by the selfishness of his foolish wife, who was continually bemoaning her hard fate in having to resign the position in the county which was her due. Thus a narrower home than even the one he had contemplated claimed the broken-hearted man—a home of quietness and peace, where he found rest for his soul.

Mr. Baxendale's death was a terrible blow to Laurence. He had always been devoted to his father, who had made himself a companion and friend to his son. That a time would ever come when that companion and friend should be no more had never occurred to Laurence, and when the blow fell it crushed him. He could not believe at first that it could be true; it seemed to him as though his father had gone on a journey and would soon come back. Then, as he began to realise that it really *was* true, that never again on this earth would he see his father's smile or clasp his father's hand, his faith was staggered. It could not be true that God was a loving Father if He could thus deal with His children. How could He (so Laurence cried in his anguish) permit His creatures to be thus tormented? Why should He have thus cruelly deprived him of his father, in the plenitude of that father's powers, with so much good left undone which he alone, it seemed, could accomplish—so much duty neglected which he alone could fulfil. If God were indeed pitiful and compassionate, why did He permit such misery and unhappiness to innocent men and women? Where was the justice, where was the love of the Creator?

For a time the mystery of pain and of human sorrow and grief overwhelmed Laurence's soul. But he faced his doubts, and came through the darkness into light at last. It was the remembrance of the father he had lost that was his sheet-anchor in this time of storm-tossed doubt; until he eventually realised the profound truth that the full influence of a man is never felt until his bodily presence has been removed; that, great though the grief may be, yet it is in truest love and divinest knowledge that God sometimes decides that it is expedient for us that our dear ones should go away.

Shortly after his father's death Laurence took his degree. Meanwhile his mother had gone to her brother, Lord Portcullis (whose wife had just died), and had taken charge of his household. As a tutor was required to teach the rising Drawbridge how to shoot, it occurred to heads of the family that Baxendale might undertake the post. He was not specially attracted by the prospect, but his pockets were so empty that there was room in them for his inclinations as well as his salary; so he was compelled to pocket both, on the same principle that thrifty persons drink inferior tea because they therewith receive a book as a bonus.

Meanwhile the Baxendale estates were managed by an agent; but when the agent had been paid his salary, and the heavy fire insurance which the owner was bound to maintain had been discharged, there was not very much left from the diminished rent-roll. The residue, such as it was, was given to Lady Alicia by her son for her apparel, which was by no means that of a meek and quiet spirit, but was after a much more expensive, if more effective style.

So time rolled on until Drawbridge was ready for Eton, and as a consequence his cousin's services were no longer required. It so happened at about this time it occurred to Drawbridge's father that Lady Sarah Sassenach had a pretty face and a charming manner. On pursuing the train of thought thus suggested, he began to speculate how the same face would look at the head of his table. On the whole, he came to the conclusion that he should prefer it to his sister's. In his case, for once, the course of true love ran smooth; as a consequence Lady Alicia, as well as her son, found her occupation gone.

It would have been well for Baxendale if he had withstood the allurements of the immediate income he secured by becoming his cousin's tutor, and instead of devoting such money as he possessed to the decoration of his mother's person, he had spent it on the prepa-

ration of himself for the learned profession of the Law.

This at the time had to his scrupulous conscience savoured too much of selfishness; whereas if he had only used common sense, he would have seen that in the long run his mother would have benefited by a temporary restriction in the number and expensiveness of her gowns. But it is so difficult to use a sense that one does not happen to possess; and few of us care to borrow another person's for the occasion—to which minority Laurence did not happen to belong. As things were now, he had lost precious years; moreover, he had to find a home for his mother, whose exodus from Drawbridge Castle was necessitated by the advent of the new Countess. His opportunity was therefore lost; and as the idea of another tutorship was distasteful to him, he determined to dispense with the services of an agent and manage his estate himself. So he betook himself and his mother to Poplar Farm, which happened to be vacant at the time; and—having learned much while he was at Drawbridge from his uncle's agent—found himself quite competent to manage his own property. With the salary saved, and the rent of the house occupied by former agents added to his assets, his income was brought up to a few hundreds a year—sufficient for the needs of himself and his mother, but quite inadequate to the introduction of a Mrs. Laurence Baxendale. He tried of course to let the Hall; but it was a large, rambling building, too old-fashioned for the modern merchant-prince; moreover, its proximity to the town of Silverhampton was against its being let, as it is a notorious theory—which no amount of fact can controvert—that the surrounding country is as dark as Erebus; although any one who has sojourned in South Mershire knows full well that the much-maligned country is—like a certain distinguished personage—not nearly so black as it is painted.

The management of an estate is a healthful occupation, as was evidenced by the bloom upon Baxendale's face and the easy carriage of his slight but athletic frame. Yet it did not occupy his time to the full. The above-mentioned personage is credited—and there are apparently some grounds for the persuasion—with the knack of finding occupation for idle hands. This potentate has many local agents—some paid and some honorary—whom he engaged to carry out his design. On this occasion the vacant post fell to Miss Nancy Burton. Nancy herself was nothing loth to fulfil this useful office. She had an appetite which would

have done credit to Alexander himself for new worlds which should finally be conquered by her bow and spear. There was nothing of the "little Englander" about Miss Burton; in her policy there was no continent too vast to be annexed, no tribe too unmanageable to be added to her dependencies. Therefore she hailed Laurence Baxendale as one of those unknown yet conquerable spheres for which her great prototype sighed in vain. She was very adaptable, and had no difficulty in charming all with whom she came into contact and in persuading them that they and their concerns were objects of absorbing interest to her. There was no insincerity in this; as long as she was in the company of any person, however dull, her desire to put that particular person at ease, and to find topics of conversation agreeable to him or her, led to this result.

Baxendale was an exceedingly clever man, but unfortunately he had the knack of hiding his light under the bushel of shyness. Now Nancy did not know what it was to be shy: more than that, she defied any one to be shy when in her company. Wherefore, as the two met not infrequently, she quickly discovered Laurence's abilities, and found to her delight that he was very different from the average man of her acquaintance, whose superabundance of health was more than balanced by a plentiful lack of wit, not to say brains. Like other men, Laurence found it impossible to be shy in her presence, though he still maintained a reserve which Nancy thought as extraordinary as it was unnecessary. Yet they became close friends in spite of scruples and of struggles on the man's part. Nancy did not exactly set her cap at the impecunious owner of Baxendale Hall. But she dearly loved power; and finding (she was exceedingly quick in discerning feelings) the man resisting her influence, she determined that she would conquer his indifference. She had no intention of breaking his heart, still less her own; but she decided that he should be made to care for her sufficiently to satisfy the point of honour, and then he might depart with slightly scorched fingers but otherwise unhurt.

As for Laurence, he began by thinking he disliked Nancy; her very frankness he critically put down to forwardness, her wit he regarded as pertness, her good-humour as casual indifference. But he soon found himself convinced of folly; he began to recognise the charm of this brilliant young woman; to see that her frankness was the result of absence of self-consciousness, her easy tolerance the perfection of good manners. From this he rapidly

progressed to a recognition of the brightness of her wit and the fascination of her strong personality. A day seemed lost if he did not see her; a day appeared well spent if he had but five minutes of her charming society. Yet, strange to say, the more he was attracted the more reserved he himself became. This puzzled Nancy, who was perfectly aware of his being attracted, and equally conscious of his studied reserve. Laurence himself knew, but he was unable to gratify the girl's natural curiosity. In short, he had fallen in love with Nancy, and his sensitive conscience would not allow him to mention the fact to her. If he had done so nobody would have been more surprised than she.

No one knew what a struggle he had with himself. Day by day as he saw her he fell deeper into the coils. He knew what he was doing; yet he made no effort to escape. He knew that so far as he was concerned Nancy was the only woman in the world, and he accepted this elementary truth without a murmur. Yet his conscience told him that he could never marry her. She was a girl accustomed to walk delicately along the luxurious ways of life; he—with his ancient birth and pride of race—had nothing to offer her but a rambling mansion, with a superb library which the terms of his grandfather's will had made it impossible for him to sell; a large estate that brought him in a scanty income, made scantier by the fact that this same will stipulated that both Laurence and his father could only succeed to the property on condition that they paid a heavy fire insurance to protect the Hall from the consequences of the old curse. Moreover, he had a mother, with by no means inexpensive tastes, to support.

So it came to pass that in his relations with Nancy he was a man of many moods. Sometimes he would yield to the seductive charm of her bright talk. At such moments he would unbend and become his own natural self; he would allow his pleasant vein of humour and natural kindliness of heart full play. Then would Nancy regard him as the most delightful of men. And then, all at once, he would freeze up and become stiff and affected, to Nancy's great astonishment. She would ask—and ask with reason—what she had done or said to justify such a change. But to this Laurence would only reply with stately reserve that she had done and said nothing; and would even deny a reserve which no one felt more strongly than himself. When he was in this mood Nancy thought, with some justice, that Laurence was the most disagreeable of men,

and determined that she would drop his acquaintance. She would perhaps have passed a gentler judgment on the unhappy prisoner at the bar if she had only known that these sudden fits of chilling reserve were simply signs of a devotion and a love which Laurence felt were getting beyond his powers of self-control.

If Nancy at such times was irritated almost beyond measure, it is equally true that the man whom she regarded as absolutely devoid of human feelings was suffering the tortures of a self-made Inquisition which would have put to shame most of the inventions of mediæval Spain.

(*To be continued.*)



TO THE EASTERN SHORE

I's feelin' kin' o' lonesome in my little room to-night,
 An' my min's done los' de minutes an' de miles,
 W'ile it teks me back a-flyin' to de country of delight,
 Whaih de Chesapeake goes grumblin' er wid smiles.
 Oh, de ol' plantation's callin' to me, Come, come back,
 Hyeah's de place fu' you to labouh an' to res',
 Fu' my sandy roads is gleamin' while de city ways is black;
 Come back, honey, case yo' country home is bes'.

I know de moon is shinin' erpon de Eastern sho',
 An' de bay's a-sayin' "Howdy" to de lan';
 An' de folks is all a-settin' down erroun' de cabin do',
 Wid dey feet a-restin' in de silvah san';
 An' de ol' plantation callin' to me, Come, oh, come,
 F'om de life dat's des' a-waihin' you erway,
 F'om de trouble an' de bustle, an' de agernisin' hum
 Dat de city keeps ergoin' all de day.

I's tiahed of de city, tek me back to Sandy Side,
 Whaih de po'est ones kin libe an' play an' eat;
 Whaih we draws a simple livin' f'om de fo'est an' de tide,
 An' de days ah faih, an' evah night issweet.
 Fu' de ol' plantation's callin' to me, Come, oh, come,
 An' de Chesapeake's a-sayin' "Dat's de ting,"
 While my little cabin beckons, dough his mouf is closed an' dumb,
 I's a-comin, an' my hea't begins to sing.

Paul Dunbar.



THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH



"The stage is more beholding to love than is the life of man." Bacon's compact utterances have an authority in their sound, even when they are contradictory to experience. A dozen of them well remembered might be a protection against the Bacon-Shakespeare epidemic; but this observation is beside my purpose, which is to drop a few remarks upon stage love. "Heart interest" is hungrily demanded by the theatre-goers of America. If the life of man is beholden to love for much of its entertainment, the stages owe to the same emotion a large share of its rubbish. In *Hon. John Grigsby*, for instance, silly love episodes, like in all their features to other stage love stories, detract from the value of one of the few American comedies which contain any element of interest. The play owes its distinction to the central personage, who is a politician, a lawyer, and the father of a grown son. His character is what lifts the comedy out of the commonplace, and yet the authors have put him into a plot composed of hackneyed stage sentiment. A rich widow tries to marry Grigsby, he befriends and loves a poor teacher, and his son carries on the amorous inanity which disfigures most American plays. It is disappointing that the authors who could draw a fresh character like Grigsby, and could give a few scenes of genuine comedy, should fill out the story with melodrama and sentimentality. Of course, a living character is found more often than a valuable plot, and this play is not unlike the novel of *David Harum* in the contrasting merits and faults. With all the theatrical machinery and the silly love scenes, it is, nevertheless, the most interesting American comedy seen in New York in a long time. The character which gives it life, and is splendidly acted by Frank Keenan, bears a close resemblance to Abraham Lincoln, as is evident in these bits of dialogue from the first act:

Grigsby. As a man you're all right, but as a lawyer—well, as a lawyer you're about equal to that well-known animal, the ring-tailed kinkyou.

Grigsby. Jackey, you're the idlest young man this side of the Mississippi, not excepting Indians and half-breeds! You can spend more money you don't own freely than any man since Daniel Webster, and intellectually Daniel is still a class ahead of you. You keep worse company, and you keep it later at night, than any man I ever knew save one; and his bad company was his sole business, for he hunted pole-cats by moonlight.

Grigsby. Jack, were you ever in love?

Jack. No, sir; yes, sir; I don't know, sir.

Grigsby. You remind me of old Jeff Higgins. Court asked him if he'd ever been struck by lightning; he said he guessed he had, but he didn't know for sure.

Meg. Do you read the *Illinois Gazette*?

Grigsby. You remind me of old Jeff Higgins. a quack advertisement handy.

And this from the second:

Ogden. Well, sir, I can only say it appears to me that you have a very marked animus against me. (*Grigsby looks at Ogden and chuckles.*)

Ogden. Well, sir, well?

Grigsby. I guess you don't know the story, but you used the same words the bear used.

Ogden. Words the bear used?

Grigsby. It's one of Abinadab Green's hunting stories. Abinadab suffered considerable damage from a bear that repeatedly broke into his pen and devoured seven, eight, ten of his lambs. Well, Abinadab he trapped the bear, and when he was kind o' sidlin' up to put his shot in at the right place, why, the bear said—that is, Abinadab says the bear said—"Bin'dab 'pears from your motions like you had a marked animus 'gainst me!" And Abinadab made answer—that is, he says he made answer—"No, I have no animus in the matter; I wish you well, but at the same time truth compels

me to acknowledge that I am out for your hide."

Toward the end of the second act John Grigsby outwits the rich villain, makes a speech which rids him of the mob hired by said villain to harm the persecuted heroine, and then addresses the culprit:

Grigsby. Good-night! I've saved you from the gallows.

Ogden. Damn you.

Grigsby. Just one word of advice: next time you go into the business of raisin' mobs, let the drunkards bear a smaller proportion than nineteen to twenty-two. They're too easy to handle.

In a four-act play such a climax would mean a curtain. As this is in three acts, however, the villain makes another manoeuvre, and the act ends with this speech:

Grigsby. Ambition that I held in my hand taken from me. Hope gone. Life's reason gone. What remains? What remains? Work, John Grigsby, work. Begin life over again and begin it now, to-night!

Interesting technical principles lie in this question of the number of acts. The five-act play is almost obsolete, although it comes back occasionally, and Rostand even has six acts in *l'Aiglon*. Four is the favourite number, and next to four is three. Four seems better adapted to a plot which contains an exciting theatrical climax, as in *The Gay Lord Quex* and *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, for instance, and three to comedies which proceed at a more even pace. In *Grigsby* there is a confusion of species. It ought to be, to make the best play out of the character, leisurely and gentle throughout; but it is difficult to keep Americans in the theatre unless something broad or existing is furnished, so the authors of *Grigsby* introduced melodramatic elements, and this second act shows the result, with its two uncongenial climaxes, one theatrical, the other psychological. The character of Grigsby should properly not be used in a tone more openly dramatic than the one taken after his final triumph over his enemies:

Grigsby. Now, I'll tell you what I mean to do, and what you must do.

Ogden. Anything.

Grigsby. We withdraw our case against

you. To-morrow you will print a full apology. I'll write it for you.

Ogden. All I ask is silence.

Grigsby. It's all you'll get.

The American slang in its best form, not ephemeral, but as comprehensible to us as it was to the men who heard Lincoln talk, fits well into this comedy, with the tolerant, dry, humorous, central personage. The play has already been recast once. Perhaps another effort with the exceptional material might bring the drama still nearer to the top of the short list of American plays worthy of notice.

Over the other piece of native authorship, *Her Lord and Master*, it is as needless to pause, as over the melodrama which Paul Potter has named, after one of Victor Hugo's novels, *Notre Dame*. Miss Henrietta Crosman, however, has accomplished a triumph in reviving *As You Like It* so well that it is an unusual *succès d'estime*, at the same time that it seems to be successful practically. The Rosalinds in my memory include Ada Rehan, Julia Marlowe, Julia Arthur, Blanche Bates, with several minor actresses, each with her own merits, but none, on the whole, better than Miss Crosman, and none appearing in a general presentation of the comedy approaching in fidelity and taste that given by our newly-discovered actress. The usual faults were absent—the strain and affectation of the Daly method, the haste and roughness of Miss Arthur's attempt, the bad company of Miss Marlowe—and instead there was a company which could give one of the best all-round performances of Shakespeare seen in New York in years, and an actress who could play the leading part, not with inspiration, but with simplicity, humour, naturalness; the consequence being the pleasure of seeing a beautiful play presented purely, not only in the acting, but in the order of scenes. In the work of the company, most of whom were good, Harry Woodruff's Orlando stood out sincere and poetic. Miss Crosman's ability to give us the most satisfying experience of *As You Like It* that we have had in our day promises much. When *The School for Scandal* was played recently at Wallack's it received a treatment in contrast to Miss Crosman's handling of *As You Like It*. Well-known actors played the parts badly, and Sheridan's

scenes were so shuffled about from one place to another that the play never suggested its perfect construction, and from lively it became tiresome.

One comedy from the German is running at the Empire, where its refinement contrasts with the general tone of a house which is modestly characterised as "the handsomest theatre in the world." Ludwig Fulda is a civilised man, fond of mild satire, the intelligence of culture, the beauty of finish, and he has put these qualities into *The Twin Sister*, which is placed in the sixteenth century near Padua, but which is really much less in the nature of romantic drama than of the satirical comedy which belongs to critical eras. Its theme is one that has been often treated, especially by the poets:

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ring-dove's neck from changing?
No, nor fettered love from dying
In the knot there's no untying.

From mere sameness and want of occupation and excitement a husband loses his taste for his wife.

All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoyed.

She suffers from this change. She cannot see why what attracted at first now repels.

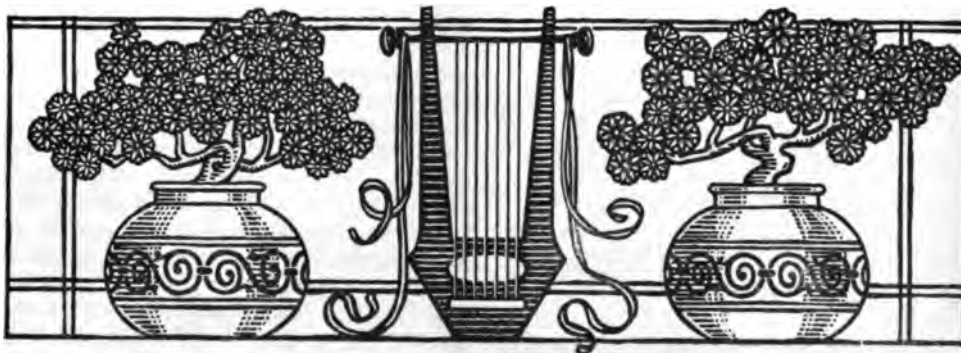
Was it something said,
Something done,
Vexed him? Was it touch of hand,
Turn of head?
Strange! that very way
Love begun.

I as little understand
Love's decay.

The expedient that makes the plot is artificial, but it fits the frank and gay style in which the comedy is written. Of course, Rosalind could not make such open love to Orlando without detection, and of course the device of this wife, to pretend that she is her twin sister, is impossible, literally, but it is not questioned, artistically, because it has congruity in the conception and manner of the dramatist. When the husband praises the supposed sister for the details which irritate him in the wife, we enjoy the truth thus artificially and cheerfully offered, and we resent the unreality no more than we do the trick by which Benedick and Beatrice are hurried with impossible celerity into love. Fulda has the dramatic instinct, and this return of the wife as her sister is effective on the stage. The comedy gives us the pleasant mixture of real satire hidden in a romantic and artificial garb.

The German theatre, always so far ahead of the Broadway playhouses, has given for the first time Tolstoy's *Dominion of Darkness*. Enough has been written here about this tremendous tragedy, but to see it again, so competently acted, is to sigh even more for a condition of the English theatres in New York approaching the standard of the Irving Place. The sigh was deepened, when, a little later, the wonderful beauty of Goethe's *Iphigenie auf Tauris* filled one evening with what is best in art, which is a good deal of what is best in life.

Norman Hapgood.



THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE



CHOIRS AND CHORAL MUSIC. By Arthur Mees.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

MASTERS OF MUSIC. By Anna Alice Chapin. New
York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The record of the nineteenth century in music has no brighter page than that which shows the growth of a popular interest in the art. Although music has always had a powerful influence upon the masses, this was for the most part physical or psychical; and the purely artistic elements were not directly important. The non-musician did not have an æsthetic regard for music. His enjoyment of it was mainly sensual. He might detect beauty in a phrase or a modulation and be thrilled or otherwise moved by it; but his sensations could be accounted for by the purely stimulative effects of music. With the nineteenth century came a change. The spread of music, brought about by many causes, notably the improvement and cheapening of instruments, has inbred into the people at large a deeper regard for the art. For in music, to hear is to know. Better acquaintance with the masterpieces of musical literature leads to an enlarged comprehension of their import. Without any special musical training, lovers of music have been made to feel the existence of an underlying and controlling purpose in the works of the great composers, and as a natural consequence are desirous of approaching them with a clearer and more reasoning judgment.

In response to the popular demand for more knowledge on the subject of music there has been in recent years a large outpouring of books addressed to the amateur music lovers, and designed to acquaint him in simple and untechnical language with the essentials of the tone art. Charles Scribner's Sons have published some excellent little volumes of this type. Last year they announced a series of five books—The Music Lover's Library—covering several important branches of the art of music, and of these Mr. Arthur Mees's treatise on *Choirs and Choral Music* is the fourth and latest to appear. Choral singing is one of the most efficient methods of disseminating a general love of music. It is that branch of

the art in which amateurs can most easily participate. In fact, as the author says, in his preface, it is "the class of music for the performance of which the public is almost entirely dependent on amateurs." The importance then of a book dealing with the genesis, development and present state of choral music, in a manner suggestive to the layman, is clearly very considerable.

Unfortunately, the author of the present work has not done all that he purports to do. He has gathered material from many sources, and evidently laboured conscientiously and according to his lights; but the reader does not gain a clear insight into the growth of choral music. The ground is not nearly covered, and the view of the subject is one-sided. The separation of music into two great divisions—vocal and instrumental music—and their gradual coalescence and interdevelopment is not set forth with sufficient distinctness. The great fact of tonality, which differentiates modern music from that of the old Church Masters, is barely referred to. There is no attempt to explain the immense change from polyphonic to homophonic music, more necessary, if anything, to the comprehension of choral than of instrumental development. Save that to Bach and Handel each is allotted one chapter, very little sense of proportion is observed in dealing with the composers. Some of the greatest of the older choral masters are merely mentioned. Finally, the historical perspective is so poorly drawn as to give a very confused notion of chronology. The writer dwells perhaps too insistently on the fact that the "Passions" are based partly upon the mysteries of the Middle Ages, while the Oratorio developed from the miracle plays. The distinction is not so clearly drawn as he would have it. But that there is a distinction is so generally lost sight of, that an overstatement is not to be severely condemned.

But if the volume under consideration does not deal adequately with the subject of choral music, the treatment of choral singing is much better. The discussion of music among the Hebrew and Greeks is of course largely specu-

lative in its nature, but the author has gathered instructive matter in his opening chapter on this subject. He deserves especial commendation, also, for the careful manner in which he has collated facts about the chorus work in the mediæval church service, and the changes wrought by the Reformation. The chapters on choral culture in the various countries of Europe and in America are especially interesting and valuable reading. Very properly he devotes considerable space to choral singing in England, which he calls "The cradle and nursery of the choral oratorio." His concluding chapter on the "Chorus and the Chorus Conductor" is lucid and suggestive. He closes with a plea for the encouragement and promotion of choral culture, which deserves quotation. The following extract must suffice: "It cannot be too often repeated that to study and listen to the performance of polyphonic works of the highest type afford the surest and quickest means of developing musical intelligence. Inability to realise the dignity and loftiness of such works is a proof of narrowness and want of discrimination, not an evidence of advanced taste. . . . He who has learned to understand Bach and Handel will comprehend Wagner much more fully than he whose horizon is limited by Wagner and his followers. Those communities which have supported and continue to support choral societies, guided by high purposes, are in the possession of the most efficient agencies for the dissemination of genuine and intelligent love for music. . . ."

On the whole, then, this volume has a *raison d'être*, and deserves to be carefully conned by music lovers. As a book of reference it has value as well for the professional musician.

Masters of Music, by the author of *Wonder Tales from Wagner*, gives a rapid survey over the field of music, adapted to the use of the general reader who does not incline toward the more bulky volumes on the history of the art. No novel matter is included, nor is there any evidence of original research; but the biographical sketches are presented in an accurate and readable form, with some little charm of manner, albeit a tendency to sentimentalise. Anecdotes, real and apocryphal, of the various musicians are retold in an interesting way. There are some slight blunders; thus where the story of Haydn's "Farewell" Symphony, as commonly related, is confused with another of the many anecdotes told in connection with this composer and his royal patron, Prince Esterhazy. The characterisa-

tion of the work of the various musicians is along conventional lines. An excellent feature is the appended lists of their more important compositions. The writer shows considerable *naïveté* in some of her comments. After mentioning Bach's organ and clavier works, she adds: "The practice of these compositions form valuable lessons not only in technical execution, but in a becoming humility!" In speaking of *Parsifal*, she writes: "One can say little of this, as of Wagner's other works; they are too great." But these little signs of immaturity may be tolerated. They are less objectionable than the assurance and aggressiveness of many writers on musical topics. One criticism of the author's style is her immoderate use of the exclamation point—also no doubt a sign of youth. The lives of twenty composers are treated. Some of the selections might be questioned. Why is Marcelle or Pergolese chosen instead of Purcell or Di Lasso or a dozen others? However, all composers of the first rank are included, and after that it was simply a question of personal taste, since every important name could not be included in a book of such limited proportions.

Masters of Music should find a place in the library of many a young music lover, and if he does not like the moral strain running through it, he can ignore that and still derive pleasure and useful information from a simple and charming narrative of the lives of the great heroes of musical history.

Lewis M. Isaacs.

CELTIC FOLKLORE, WELSH AND MANX. By John Rhys, M.A., D.Litt., Professor of Celtic and Principal of Jesus College, Oxford. Two Volumes Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Whether one regards folklore from the standpoint of modern historical science, or finds in it that pungent sense of reality which is missing from the literature of the consciously fantastic, he must feel equally grateful to Professor Rhys for the labour and enthusiasm that have gone to the preparation of his *Celtic Folklore, Welsh and Manx*.

Among the innumerable stories that cluster around the lakes, streams, and coasts where the Kymric as well as the Gaelic mind indulged in its most characteristic, Professor Rhys has found many that follow similar lines with the Undine stories of the continent. In these Kymric versions, the features always in common are concerned with a beautiful water sprite in love with, or beloved by, some young farmer, at whose solicitations she comes forth

from her natural element, bringing a flock of water-cows into his barns for her dowry. If, however, she should be struck without cause or touched with iron, she usually makes off again into the water, driving her magic herd along with her.

Nor is Undine the only familiar character that emerges from these traditions, for old Midas of the ass's ears turns up in Ireland as Labhaidh Lorc, and in Wales as March Ameirchion of the horse's ears. "March," in the Kymric version, "the lord of Castell-march in Lleyn, used to kill every man he sought to shave his beard lest he should not be able to keep the secret, and on the spot where he was wont to bury the bodies there grew reeds, one of which somebody cut to make a pipe. The pipe would give no other sound than 'March Ameirchion has horse's ears,' and thus his secret was discovered."

Stories of water-sprites and mermaids meet one at every turn, particularly in Man and on the Welsh coasts, and to judge by many of the legends, it does not seem that these ladies of the deep always met with distinguished consideration at the hands of the fisher-folk. They, however, could punish or reward mortals in their own way, as the following stories from Conway and Cardiganshire will clearly prove:

A mermaid was cast up by a storm on the coast of Conway. She entreated the fishermen who found her to help her back into her native element, and on their refusing to comply, she prayed them to place her tail at least in the water. A very crude rhyme describes her as dying of exposure to the cold thus (translated):

The stranded mermaid on the beach
Did sorely cry and sorely screech,
Afraid to bide the morrow's breeze;
The cold it came, and she did freeze.

But before expiring, the mermaid cursed the people of Conway to be always poor, and Conway has ever since, so goes the tale, laboured under the curse.

The story from Cardiganshire relates how a fisherman captured a mermaid among the rocks. When all resistance was in vain she promised that if he would release her she would give him three warnings at the moment of his greatest peril. It so happened that Pergrin, for that was his name, was fishing one beautiful afternoon far out at sea when the mermaid rose from the deep and cried three times, "Pergrin, take in thy nets." He obeyed and made for the harbour just in

time to escape a terrific storm in which many of his fellows were lost.

It is with such stories as these, found intact or pieced together, of fragments unearthed in various places, that Professor Rhys has composed the bulk of his two volumes; much matter also will be found in them concerning the fairies and witches, the spells and antics in which they indulge, and the preservatives against them. Iron seems everywhere to have been employed against them, and the wicken, the rowan and mountain-ash, and even a growing blade of grass, might be used to overcome their power. To draw blood from a witch was also advisable, and herbs were sold in many places to insure favourable winds for mariners. This traffic in winds, which dated from Druidic times, would now seem to have been a widely practised profession among all the Celts. The Druids are again recalled in the custom of driving the cattle on holy nights between blazing bonfires. Vulcan and his memory yet survive in the wizardry attributed to trade of the forge and smithy, and sacred fish swam about amid the rusted nails and pins dropped by pilgrims to the holy wells, near by which a lonely thorn-tree held the fluttering rags into which the invalid had "wished" his disease.

It would hardly be fitting to dismiss Professor Rhys's work without quoting his stories concerning those grotesque creatures, the changelings, which played so prominent and frequently so cruel a part in most of the ancient world. But out of many of these tales it is possible to reproduce only this edifying one from Corwrion in Wales: It concerns some obnoxious twins who screamed so hard by day and night and grew so wizened and pinched that the good-wife called in a neighbouring witch. After considerable diagnosis the latter gravely pronounced it another case of changelings, and directs the mother to take an egg-shell and brew beer in it in sight of the twins. She "did as the witch directed her, when the two children lifted their heads out of the cradle to find what she was doing—to watch and listen. Then one observed to the other, 'I remember seeing an oak having an acorn,' to which the other replied, 'And I remember seeing a hen having an egg,' and one of the two added, 'But I do not remember before seeing anybody brewing beer in the shell of a hen's egg.' The mother then went to the witch and told her what the twins had said one to the other, and she directed her to go to a small wooden bridge not far off with one of the strange children under each arm,

and there to drop them from the bridge into the river beneath. The mother went back home again and did as she was directed. When she reached home this time she found to her astonishment that her own children had been brought back." *Thomas Walsh.*

THE COLLEGE STUDENT AND HIS PROBLEMS. By James H. Canfield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The College Student and His Problems, representing as it does the experience of a man who graduated from Williams in the Mark Hopkins days, who spent twenty years doing as much as any one man toward the development of the system of State universities in the Middle West, and who is now the Librarian of Columbia University, is a book well worth the perusal of every boy who thinks of going to college, or who finds himself there and doesn't know what it is all about. And if those whose college days are behind them will remember that the book is not written for them, and that many things which seem obvious now were not so obvious once, they also will find pleasure in it. It is true, indeed, that almost the first thought of the Eastern graduate of the last ten years who takes it up will be of the matters concerning the college student and his problems that are left unsaid. There is no inkling of the fearful and wonderful complexity in the structure of student life as he knows it—a complexity of which Mr. Flandrau's *Harvard Episodes* gives perhaps the best idea—nothing about the queer, boyish, usually unconscious snobberies and poses, social, intellectual, athletic; there is no warning against "swiping" in its various forms and sub-forms. While there is plenty of good sound advice about living a sober, steady life yourself, there is no advice as to whether you should refuse the friendship of the man whose gambling or drinking, or whatever it may be, you disapprove of, but whose intellect or kind heart you admire, or whether you may run the risk of contamination and edit him for your own uses. Strangest of all, there is no word for the man who is doing his duty as he sees it, but who feels that he isn't "getting there." The book seems to be written on the assumption that every boy is potentially a "big man," and that if he is willing to work he can get into the middle of things from the very start. As a matter of fact, many good men do not get out of the ruck until they are juniors or seniors, and others are destined never to get out of it during their college career. Of course, after one gets into the world, the value which his col-

lege puts on him ceases to impress him very much one way or the other, but before he gets out it is a matter of pretty vital interest, and if a boy finds himself left standing in the marketplace, while Jones (who is more or less of a fool, but who had a prominent brother two years ahead of him) is taken, he will naturally look for a discussion of this "problem" in Dr. Canfield's book. Nor is there a word about the same thing on its subjective side; for, just as comparatively few men are "found" by the college world until late in their careers, few men, no matter how faithfully they may work at their "lessons," are likely to find themselves, to feel the opening of their intellectual eyes, until nearly the end. And before his time has come, many an earnest man would be the better for a word of warning against dejection on this score.

But that the book does not contain the sum of human knowledge is no reason for slighting the much that it does contain. It has been carefully planned out, the general scheme being shown pretty clearly by the list of chapter headings: "Why Go to College?" "The Choice of a College," "The Selection of a Course," "The Fateful First Year," "Fraternities," "Athletics," "Other College Enterprises," "Electives," "The Choice of Life-Work," "A Few Last Words." There is also an appendix showing the expenses of residents at various colleges. The chapter on "The Choice of Life-Work" is particularly good, chiefly because Dr. Canfield has really cared enough about his students to keep them in his sight after they have gone out from under his authority, and he has therefore not merely his own experience upon which to base his judgments but that of hundreds of former pupils.

It is hard to choose samples from among many sound bits of counsel, but the advice to elect men rather than courses is eminently wise. And, although the assumption that each hour of lectures ever really gets an average of two hours of preparation is a flight of pure idealism on the author's part, he should receive all credit for his effort to help students to realize the necessity of planning out each day in an orderly manner. It takes most of us years to overcome the habits of mental untidiness which we acquire at college, if, indeed, we ever overcome them, and it is these habits, quite as much as the "know-it-all-ness" (which usually disappears soon enough) that make so many business men look on the average college graduate as "impossible."

But more important than the subject-matter is the spirit of the book. It makes one realize

that it is possible to write a book for the young, and to give plenty of advice in it, without being "preachy," and it gives the reader a chance to come into contact with a clear-cut, practical, high-minded, and most essentially American point of view. The book is an unusual combination of shrewd New England common sense in its advice as to how to get the best out of things in material matters, and of a fine, manly conception of a young man's responsibilities and opportunities on the spiritual side.

LIFE IN POETRY: LAW IN TASTE. Two Series of Lectures delivered in Oxford in 1895-1900. By William John Courthope, C. B., late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$4.00.

"Life in Poetry" and "Law in Taste" express between them the *summum bonum* of literary æsthetics. Could these but be maintained in constant equilibrium, there would be an end of rival schools and factions in criticism. Unfortunately, this is impossible; the ages of great productiveness in the higher orders of literature are not ages of criticism, and critical ages are not ages of creative genius. Hence the eternal strife between poet and critic. We cannot dispense with literary legislators, and these must of necessity deduce their laws from observation of the examples afforded by great writers. But these laws cannot be authoritative unless the critic is on the level of the author, and this is hardly ever the case. This operates to invalidate even the general laws promulgated by critics, and when we descend from the general to the particular it frequently deprives their judgment of all worth. Mr. Courthope justly points out that Croker's criticism of Keat's *Endymion* would not have appeared so outrageous if Croker, instead of expressing his private antipathies, just brought *Endymion* to the test of an established principle, and that, while this would to a certain extent have justified his attack, it would have shown that Keats was right and Croker wrong on some of the points upon which Croker was most dogmatic. But, granting that Croker's condemnation might have been invested with something of a judicial character, and that his censure might thus have carried some weight, how could his general estimate of the poem have been of the least value if he had been manifestly insensible to its beauties? And how could he have been taught to apprehend these by the study of

any rules or precepts, however admirable? The true critic, like the true poet, must be born, not made; the inspired writing requires an inspired commentator.

It appears to us the pervading defect of Mr. Courthope's lectures to underrate this intuitional element in first-class criticism, and to assume that the chief factors of critical excellence are strength of judgment and sound common sense. As regards the negative department of criticism we might agree with him; but as concerns its loftier functions we must hold that the critic will never be a revealer if there is not something of the creator in him as well. The general tendency of Mr. Courthope's discourses is nevertheless most salutary. They are penetrated by what the world of authorship at present chiefly needs, the perception that right and wrong in art exist; that excellence, in the last analysis, means conformity to an ideal but not an imaginary pattern; and that the conditions under which the artist works are as inexorable as the laws of physical nature. In presence of such a conviction, minor questions such as Pope's place as poet and critic (*we* prefer him in the former capacity) may be left to take care of themselves. The only serious omission we seem to discover in Mr. Courthope's philosophy is his omission to notice the great law of reaction which, in our opinion, affords a more rational account of the genesis of the pre-Raphaelite movement, for example, than an endeavour to trace it back through "the Classicists and Romanticists in France" to "the speculative theorists of Germany."

Mr. Courthope seems to differ from Sidney and Shelley in holding that, although poetry does not consist in metrical expression alone, metrical expression is nevertheless essential to poetry. We would invite his attention to the argument on the other side derived from the English Bible. No one would deny that the prose of the authorised version is frequently poetry of the highest order; or that, nineteen times out of twenty, it ceases to be poetry as soon as it is put into verse. It would seem, then, that versification cannot be of the essence of poetry; while it may be conceded that the impulse which constrains the poet to compose usually compels him to compose in metre, and that "the sweet and majestic rhythm which satisfies the sense," rightly esteemed by Shelley necessary to the highest poetry, can rarely be attained without it.

NOVEL NOTES



THE DEATH OF THE GODS. Translated from the Russian of D. Merejkowski by H. Trench. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

This book purports to be a novel, but the story can hardly be said to have a plot, and consists rather of a series of tableaux illustrating the life and times of Julian the Apostate. The scenes are shifted with bewildering rapidity, and certainly do not lack variety. From Cappadocia to Constantinople and Ephesus, from there to Athens, Milan, the Rhine, and Paris, the reader is whirled along, only to be hurried back through Thrace and Constantinople to Antioch and the distant deserts of Persia, finally to be left floating somewhere in the Ægean off "an islet of which none knew the name." He visits prisons, palaces, palæstras, nunneries, temples, churches, catacombs, camps, baths, hippodromes, fish-quays, dancing-booths, and taverns, while priests, bishops, hierophants, eunuchs, soldiers, poets, philosophers, saints, sinners, and emperors bustle endlessly to and fro.

Nor is all this wealth of places and persons wanting in magnificence of descriptive colour. The very first chapter introduces us to an inn-keeper whose beard "was like a bunch of the grapes of Samos," while his wife brings with her "the smell of country freshness, milk and manure." The bottle of *anthosium* which he produces "had been even in the reign of Diocletian more than a hundred years old," so that the glass, where it shows through mould and mildew, is "no longer transparent but irised," and when the wicked tribune, his guest, has, "with a sensual smile poured into it a drop of precious Arabian cinnamon," which falls "like a creaming pearl," it is no wonder that, after quaffing "the marvellous liquor" and witnessing the performance of "a huge serpent with flat green head and brilliant carbuncled eyes," he is easily incited by the wizard Nogarès to murder the two young Cæsars, Julian and Gallus. The tableau is brilliant, and leads up admirably to its successor, where the young princes are in prison guarded by the usual faithful nurse and a virtuous eunuch, who foils the wicked tribune by taking out of

a drawer an obsolete imperial edict. This he flaunts in the face of the wicked tribune, who, when he sees the Emperor's title, "Our Eternity—*nostra aternitas*," at the head and "the great Imperial seal of dark green wax attached by golden threads" at the foot, at once "grew pale," felt his knees give way," and fled. It is all slightly irrelevant and slightly improbable, but as a tableau it is pretty, and if something more piquant is desired, the reader can turn to Chapter VI. and see a Nubian girl dance the *cordax*—full details are given—and be carried off by Gallus to a temple of Priapus. Or, if he prefers the repulsive, he can watch a fat millionaire merchant, who, while he is taking a hot bath and the steam plays over him, "looks like some squat and monstrous god in process of apotheosis, tunding his fat flesh and belly like a drum," and then allowing "a handsome curly-headed slave who resembled Antinous to unseal over his head a slender amphora containing the costliest Arabian cassia," which the fat merchant "spreads" over himself, finally wiping his gross fingers on the curly head of the slave." Or, if this is not enough, he can read how Julian first falls in love with the beautiful Arsinoë, whose hair "is golden at its ends as honey in the sun." The maiden is "hurling the disk" and "entirely naked." The sunbeams play round her, clothing her "as in loveliest raiment, in pure light and beauty. But at last the "pure light" is too much for her; "she shivered and grew ashamed." Then "with one hand she shielded her breast, with the other the abdomen, the immortal gesture of Aphrodite of Cnidos." It would be difficult to pen a sentence so absolutely hideous.

But it will be asked what has all this to do with *The Death of the Gods*. The answer, as stated by Mr. Trench in the Introduction, is that "writers of genius"—among whom a writer who has "perhaps more skill than Sienkiewicz in *Quo Vadis?*" is, of course, included—use the historical novel to "transfer to the stage of the world the drama which is being played in their own souls." Hence, as Merejkowski believes in "Pagano-Christian

dualism," according to which "the really full man, the perfect man" should be equally, "an hedonist and an altruist," "respect" alike "the soul and the senses," and "allay in harmonious equilibrium the cult of Dionysus and the cult of Christ," he thinks fit to make great historical characters the instruments for expounding his own views on the subject. In the second of the present "trilogy" of novels he modestly speaks through the lips of Leonardo da Vinci and Savonarola; in the third he selects Peter the Great, who, for some unknown reason he calls Antichrist, while in the present volume Julian is his mouthpiece. But what Julian means no one but the writer of the book can say. He starts as a student of Plato, but when he grows up and makes love to Arsinoë he frankly says, "I am wicked, and wish to be wicked still," whereupon the lady (who afterward becomes a nun) encourages him by replying, "Be prouder yet, be wickeder yet." As Emperor he insults the Christians, and assembles an œcumenical council "in the atrium of Constantine," the centre of which is occupied by "a statue of the Venus Callipyge in warm and living marble," in order that he may scoff at their quarrels and the spectacle of a bishop spitting in an opponent's face (p. 317). But just before his death he begins to talk of "the gods being no more" and of a time when men "shall all be gods, all," and "souls laughing forever like the sun," while his last words are "Helios, receive me into thyself. . . ." It is all so mysterious as to suggest a suspicion that it is not intended to be sense. Indeed, the author almost hints as much himself. The tenth chapter is stuffed full of marvels and marvellous sayings, ending in a discourse by "the great philosopher" Maximus, after hearing which the student to whom it is addressed says, "Master, I do not understand you." "And that is precisely why I thus speak to you," is the answer of the sage, as he fixes on his pupil "his penetrating and impassive eyes." It is, perhaps, with a similar gaze that Merejkowski contemplates those who endeavour to extract a meaning from his writings.

On the whole, indeed, one can only wonder why a former Fellow of an Oxford College should introduce such a work as this to the public. Its crude realism and affected learning may attract many who like to read of an Empress wearing "an *omophorium* covered with sapphires and heart-shaped rubies," or a "sub-deacon" giving a circus-girl some rare stuff to make "a long *tarantidion*," of which, in fact, presuming that it is an article of

clothing, she was sorely in need. There are, too, amiable persons who imagine that a jumble of philosophical phrases with Latin and Scriptural quotations must be something at once virtuous and profound. But the sensible reader will lay down this book with a sigh of relief, and turn to the immortal chapters in which Gibbon has described the same epoch. The taste of that great writer is not always true, but his judgment is acute, his learning genuine, and his sense sound. The Julian he depicts is an intelligent and intelligible being; the Julian of this strange volume is a mere madman, nor, even though it contained more wit and wisdom than it does, is it credible that either history, philosophy, or religion can derive any real good from being associated with garish descriptions of scenes which are sometimes vulgar and occasionally vicious.

T. E. Page.

JACK RACER. By Henry Somerville. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

This is not a book which calls for superlatives, but in some respects it is good. It is a very real picture of a certain phase of American life. Anybody who has lived in one of the small towns of the Middle West, in the prairie country, will recognise the truth of Mr. Somerville's portraiture, the aptness of his little, half-careless touches of description and humorous comment, the reality of the way he makes his people talk and act. Hamlin Garland has shown us just such glimpses in those rare moments when he has forgotten to be strenuous, though Mr. Garland, even in his lightest moods, always leaves one with a haunting sense of the injustices of life. Mr. Somerville, on the other hand, has nothing of the special pleader about him. He finds life wholly interesting and amusing, and if those of his characters who own farms have ever found it necessary to mortgage them, he does not mention it.

Jack Racer is open to various criticisms, but it has the disarming quality of not pretending to be otherwise than it is. And it is, as to the first half of it, at least, a very human, and, therefore, a very funny account of the neighbourhood doings of Pekin—Pekin being a village in Indiana. Life in such places has a flavour and a variety all its own. A visitor from the outside world might consider some of the interests lacking in largeness, but that view of the case never occurs to the inhabitant. That dreariness and aridity of soul which so often overtakes the denizens of New England hamlets—the sort of thing with which Miss Wil-

kins and Miss Jewett have made us familiar—seldom presents itself to the chronicler of Western village life. People out there can go to a fire, or a funeral, or a camp-meeting, or canvass a scandal, or take part in a local election, or drag a pond for a drowned boy, with a vernal freshness of interest, both in the event and the consequent gossip, of which an Easterner has simply no conception, unless he has sometime lived in the midst of it. Now, all this, the atmosphere, the local twangs of speech, the ways, at once free-and-easy and oddly narrow, apish and original, Mr. Somerville conveys to us unerringly. Of his methods of construction one can hardly speak so well. In fact, he has none. The plot develops in the most casual way, and is so late in declaring itself that one has time to wonder more than once if there is, after all, any intention in the story. And the language is often very careless. Such a phrase as "Anna had never thought of analysing her and Jack's friendship"—page twenty-eight—is inexcusable on the part of an author.

But his character work is excellent. Old Aunt Kiz and the members of the Campbell family—especially the boy Billy; Will Trip-low, the village dandy; Jack's Uncle George, the country lawyer, and prim Aunt George; Anna Burke and the other young society ladies of Pekin; Professor Stivers, the peripatetic musical gentleman who organises the cantata—they are all types, and yet they are individual, too. Jack Racer, the hero, is an entirely lovable young fellow, albeit Pekin is late in loving him. In fact, he has rather a bad reputation in Pekin, which reputation he has earned carefully and with mischievous intention, chiefly by wearing a certain rakish cast of garments vaguely suggestive of dissipated habits, and by diffusing an odour of cardamom seeds—"cardamom seeds, in places the size of Pekin, being in request among gentlemen addicted to both liquor and society." For Pekin, with all its other qualities, is pious—at times and seasons. But Jack's geniality, his genuine honour, his soft-heartedness toward women and children, his easy adaptability, win even the heart of Pekin at last; though he certainly never becomes pious. Jack studies law with the intention of reforming his idle life and making himself worthy of sweet Lucy Campbell, whom he loves. Then purely to please his uncle, who cherishes ambitions for him, he goes into politics, and runs for a local office. The account of that campaign, with its attendant wire-pulling and the personal complication upon which the plot of the story

turns, makes the best part of the book. It is the real thing.

Nevertheless, *Jack Racer* is hardly an achievement that will linger in the mind of the reader. It is a pity that, with his quick eye for the details that go to make up life and character, and his healthy temper, Mr. Somerville does not seem to possess the conviction and the grasp and the instinct for unity which are so necessary to the production of an effective novel.

The publishers have made a slight innovation in the printing for which there seems no special reason. The first line of every paragraph is carried out to the extreme edge on the left. The absence of that familiar little space at the beginning of the paragraph strikes the eye unpleasantly; and sometimes, when the preceding line is filled up solidly, it causes a certain confusion. One is impelled to stop and ask whether there should be a break there or not. It is, of course, a trivial matter, but all those things have a psychological significance.

E. B. Simmons.

THE SHOES OF FORTUNE. By Neil Munro. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.

THE FIREBRAND. By S. R. Crockett. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.

Between the *ingenium* of Mr. Munro and the *ingenium* of Mr. Crockett—by the way, the patentee of the phrase, the clever Scotch Erasmus, George Buchanan, did not use it uniformly as a term of praise—there is the tolerably far cry there is between Argyllshire and Galloway. Yet the historical romances they have published almost simultaneously agree in what ought to be the main consideration in works of the kind. Each takes as his hero a Scot abroad. Oddly enough, Rollo, who is Mr. Crockett's firebrand, and fumes and fights all over Spain, much as Quentin Durward might have done, has all the characteristic choler of the Celt, whereas Greig, who wears the "Shoes of Fortune," has both the dourness and the peculiar sentiment—which is widely removed from sentimentality—of the Lowlander. Mr. Munro comes nearer to Stevenson in his new story than he has ever yet done. Mr. Crockett, on the other hand, recalls more readily the stories with which James Grant used to beguile one's boyhood. There are passages in his story of the Carlists and Christmas which can hardly fail to revive memories of *The Romance of War*.

The differences between these two stories may be stated thus: Mr. Munro's is much the superior in imaginativeness, in historical in-

terest, and in that Stevensonian diabolism which counts for so much in modern romance. As a plot constructor Mr. Munro has beyond all doubt "arrived" in *The Shoes of Fortune*. The incident which makes a pariah of Patrick Greig is rather a poor one, as it cannot be even dignified with the name of suicide, but when once he starts on his travels all goes well. The scenes on board the doomed ship, the adventures on the Continent, the meetings with the Pretender, Father Hamilton, Clementina Walkinshaw and Thurot, are full of the spirit of the old Scottish adventurer. All these characters are well drawn, but the masterpiece in this line undoubtedly is Daniel Risk, the scoundrelly sea captain, who is quite on a level with any of the villains in *Treasure Island*. On the whole, Risk is the best "bad man" Mr. Munro has yet invented. On the other hand, Mr. Crockett has the advantage in action, and in purely human interest. "The Albacete dagger was driven deep between the shoulder-blades. The young lithe body drew itself together convulsively as a clasp-knife opens and shuts again. There was a spurt of something hot on Ramon's hand that ran slowly down his sleeve, growing colder as it went. A shriek came from within the *rejas* of bowed iron." It is thus that the great outlaw who steps upon the stage in the first page, sets to work to avenge what he believes to be his outraged honour, by killing a man whom he quite erroneously believes to be his wife's lover. And there is an incident quite as strong on every fifth page or so. The two leading characters in Mr. Crockett's book—for the "Royalties" do not count for much—are David Rollo, the firebrand and Scottish adventurer, and Don Ramon, the outlaw and passionate lover of his wife. They are full of flesh and blood, and, of course, ready for any amount of fighting. Leus, the false friend, is rather stagey, however. Mr. Crockett's heroines are distinctly better than Mr. Munro's Isobel Fortune, who figures in *The Shoes of Fortune*, is but a walking gentlewoman. Greig's rapid love-making to Clementina Walkinshaw well merits her remark, "When you have travelled the world a little more you will know yourself better, and you will thank me that I laughed at your whim, and saw well enough I was but the proxy for another in your passionate eyes." Altogether Mr. Munro's new book marks a distinct and remarkable advance on his part as a romancist, while *The Firebrand* is worthy of a place beside the best historical stories that Mr. Crockett has recently produced, and have

had Scotsmen for their best characters, though not always Scotland for their scene.

William Wallace.

MARIETTA. A Maid of Venice. By Francis Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

With a heroine so entirely natural and winsome—as Marietta, a love romance so idyllic as that in which she and Zorzi play the principal parts, Venice for a stage and a patrician suitor for the hand of Marietta, an ineffectual conspiracy against the Republic, a scoundrel planning Zorzi's ruin, and an easy-natured, blustering Greek pirate ready to rescue him, among the accessories, Mr. Crawford fashions a novel that within its own limits almost touches perfection. His plot is very skilfully constructed, and his characters live. Zorzi, the Dalmatian, is a waif who has been adopted by Angelo Beroviero, the wealthy glass-worker, and under Angelo's tuition he becomes a finer artist in glass than his master. Growing to love Marietta, but conscious of the wide gulf between them, he is too honourable to tell her of his passion, and strives to suppress and hide it, and his awakening to the knowledge that she loves him, though she is already betrothed, is very charmingly wrought. Going a journey, Angelo entrusts him with a MS. book of invaluable trade secrets, and in Angelo's absence his son, a rival glass-worker, schemes to obtain this treasure. Other means failing, he writes to the Governor, accusing Zorzi, among other things, of having learned the art of glass-making, a thing forbidden to foreigners within the Venetian Republic. This leads to Zorzi's arrest, and to his rescue by the Greek pirate; but he is wise enough to return and surrender to the authorities, when the terrible Council of Ten, appreciating his genius and his love of art, figuring in a more benevolent light than novelists usually present it, allows him privileges that open doors for him to such happiness as had seemed beyond his wildest hopes. An excellent romance, in the true romantic vein, and written with all the grace and finish which Mr. Crawford has taught us to expect of him.

THE SECOND GENERATION. By James Weber Linn. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Mr. Linn found for his book an especially good title, but he did not write up to it. He made poor use of much good material, and yet the book does not deserve very severe criticism, because it is sincere and readable

and thoroughly American. When Jerome Kent was a boy of eight, his father died as the result of a blow from an unscrupulous politician named Wheeler. The boy is made to promise that he will devote his life to the task of preventing the said Wheeler from doing any one else any harm. This, on the face of it, is absurd. Wheeler drifts away from the little Indiana town and becomes a powerful figure in Chicago's financial circles. Jerome grows to manhood and also goes to Chicago, where he would have been a successful newspaper man and writer if he hadn't made the foolish mistake of trying to down a big man. Of course he falls in love with Wheeler's daughter, not knowing who she is. The love-story is very weak. In real life it is more likely that the second generation would look out for itself and would act much more sensibly than did Jerome Kent. The best parts of the story are in a Chicago newspaper office. The author is quite at home there, and that portion of his book has considerable colour. He says some bright things through Chambers, a newspaper man, who is looking forward to becoming a dramatic critic, so that he can go "round and get drinks on Nat Goodwin and Henry E. Dixey, and a glass of milk with Mansfield." Mr. Linn is working in the right direction, and that is a hopeful sign.

THE FIFTH STRING. By John Philip Sousa. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

It is seldom that a bandmaster takes to himself the rôle of a story-teller, and for this reason Mr. Sousa's *The Fifth String* is of unique interest. The story is very slight, but the publishers have brought it out in a most attractive manner, with an artistic cover, and with a number of illustrations by the popular Howard Chandler Christy. As for the plot, well, it is not commonplace. There is something intensely romantic about a violin, especially about this violin, with its deadly fifth string. If it had not been for the help of Satan, Diotti, the Tuscan violinist, could not have won the love of Miss Wallace, a beautiful Christy girl. For it is Satan who brings to Diotti, in the far-away Island of Bahama, a violin with five strings: the string of pity, of hope, of love, of joy, of death. And wonderful is the music which Diotti brings forth. All New York is at his feet, and Miss Wallace is his. Her father, however, a practical man of millions, dislikes a "fiddler" as a prospective husband. Doubts are sown in the mind of the daughter, and through jealousy she compels

the violinist to play upon the fifth string. The result may be imagined. Mr. Sousa has done well, considering that story writing is not his calling, and he is very fortunate in having secured publishers who have made of his book a delight to look upon.

WISTONS. By Miles Amber. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Wistons, "a story in three parts," leaves three distinct impressions. At first one feels the quiet atmosphere of an old-fashioned English home, then the romance which savours of a fairy tale. This is quickly followed by a feeling of revulsion that the author should spoil his atmosphere by sin and sorrow, elements that make a jarring note in a story which promised something quite different. *Wistons* is the vestige of a primeval forest not many miles from London, where the Wolvenhursts, generation after generation, lived and died. For a time the story is a simple chronicle of simple lives. Then one George Wolvenhurst weds a gipsy, and the two daughters of this strange marriage play an important part in the development of the story. They are quite detached from the little world about them. With nature for their mother, and with minds filled with fairy-like fancies, they grow to womanhood. Esther's Prince Charming comes one day across the downs and claims his princess. Their love-story is a beautiful idyll, and the awakening is disappointing as well as inartistic. The author might have become very psychical in his portrayal of the character of Esther's husband, and satisfied the reader on some points, but psychological analysis plays no part in this book. Much is left to the imagination, and the characters, as a rule, are mere outlines. The author seems overburdened with these questions:

Did Esther and Klevda live only because the shadowy Gengiana died? Or have souls no ancestry, and is heredity of the body only? And tell me, too, if character be indeed predestination, will nothing be deducted from the debit side when the stern angel sends in his account?

Betty, the devoted servant of the house of *Wistons*, who might have claimed kinship with the family which she served so long and faithfully, is a type worthy of especial notice. Her devotion and her simple faith are the best bits in the book. *Wistons* is, after all, a strange story, and the third part precludes any possibility of its becoming popular.

F. M. H.

THE GRIP OF THE BOOKMAKER. By Percy White. New York: R. F. Fenno and Company. \$1.50.

Mr. Percy White has been called London's "society satirist," which gives one a very good idea of the sort of book that he writes. His novels are light as air and the satire does not go very deep, but he generally turns out one of those readable English novels which have a certain vogue over here. In *The Grip of the Bookmaker* he has written a story not differing materially from *The West End*, while not as good as that novel. The scene is laid in Rutland Square, which "is one of those typical squares where the respectable invisibly blends with the aristocratic. On some polished and prosperous families it looms out as a centre for social ambition; on others, scarcely distinguishable in type, it shines with the duller flicker of social mediocrity." Mortimer Gordon, once Alf Harris, the bookmaker, is a pretty shady character, but he has made money, and for his son he has great social aspirations. He takes a house on the Square, from the windows of which Mortimer can watch the neighbours who ignore him. However, Philip, the son, is received by some very nice people, and he eventually marries the daughter of a man who thoroughly despises the bookmaker. Mr. White's society people are somewhat on the fringe, and the women are nothing to brag of. However, they are amusing and they have a certain gift for smart dialogue. But somehow *The Grip of the Bookmaker* looks out of place in its binding of red and gold, for which one must pay one dollar and fifty cents. It really belongs between paper covers.

THE USURPER. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane. \$1.50.

Mr. Locke's new book will be read with unflagging interest. The plot is fresh and ingenious, and it is worked out with a simple directness of style, a resourcefulness of detail, and a fine idealism which give *The Usurper* an air of distinction that is uncommon enough at the present moment. From the outset one likes Jasper Vellacot, the plain-living and high-thinking millionaire; but it required no little delicacy and firmness of touch to preserve the reader's sympathy and faith in spite of the fact that, a penniless and starving wanderer, he owed his name and fortune to title-deeds stolen from a dead man's pocket. "From that hour the touch of Jasper Vellacot was as that of King Midas. Under it all things turned to gold." As might have been anticipated, the dead man is not dead. Jasper sees his face in

a passing train, and though he vainly makes every effort to find him, he begins to feel that the wealth which is another's is lying like a curse upon his soul. Eventually the man does turn up in the person of a wretched "dead beat" from San Francisco, who fails to recognise Jasper, and who has no recollection of the name of Vellacot. Here comes the moral crux. Jasper has always regarded himself as the steward of his wealth. Thousands unknown are now dependent on his philanthropy. Has he the right in these circumstances to jeopardise their existence by making a spontaneous restitution to a drunken wastrel? The reader must discover for himself Jasper's decision and what came of it. Alongside the main theme runs the tragic love-story of the poet, Bunny Tredgold; but there are ample opportunities for gaiety and lightness, and the book, it is pleasant to know, closes with sunshine on the clouds.

FOREST FOLK. By James Prior. New York: Dodd Mead and Company. \$1.50.

Here is a novel that stands out from its neighbours. Careful and elaborate in its workmanship, with the plot worked out in a painstaking fashion, it is nevertheless fresh and vigorous as if the writer had never lingered an hour too long over it. A story of the Luddite times and of Sherwood Forest, there is adventure in it, and there is that interest which inevitably arises from the close contact of natures bred in the great world with those that have grown and brooded in solitude. The inhabitants of the two neighbouring farmhouses, so strangely unlike, so strangely drawn together, supply this interest. Nell Rideout and her brother, Tant, faulty, wild, neglected, yet heroic creatures, are memorably placed before us, but the smoother figures of the sophisticated Skrene and his sister draw our eyes too. The narrative part, with the story of the attack, the trial, and its consequences, is excellent reading; and though the interest of character predominates, nevertheless, as human nature is studied mainly from its emotional side, the main interest is romantic rather than psychological. And we can hardly recommend a book better to the majority of readers than by saying so.

CLEMENTINA. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: F. A. Stokes Company. \$1.50.

We congratulate Mr. Mason. *Clementina* is excellently well done, as good as the very best products of the new revival of historical romance. It is so admirable a piece of work

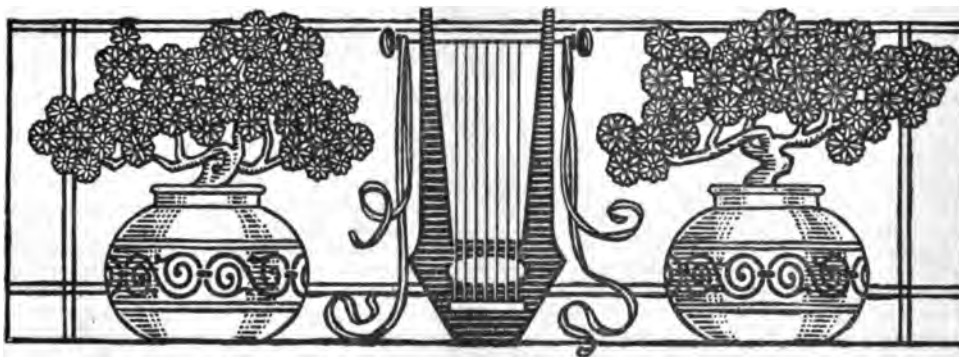
that for once the usual deadly parallel with Dumas is praise rather than reproach. The adventures of Wogan and his three companions are full of delightful reminiscences, it is true; but more than once we find ourselves wondering whether the immortal three would have come scathless through the perils that befell the rescuers of Clementina. A greater compliment to Mr. Mason it would surely be difficult to pay. In daring, in resource and heroic bearing Mr. Mason's hero has but one peer in the realm of recent fiction, and he, need we say, is the central figure in the romances of Zenda. But we have a serious quarrel with Mr. Mason. What excuse under the sun can he find for the pitiable ending of *Clementina*, which, according to a new-fangled and pernicious recipe, leaves "two couples cross-mated" and Wogan riding alone into the darkness? The only possible justification of such treatment of such hero and heroine would be the promise of a sequel, in which the lady should at length "ride into the city of Wogan's dreams," and that Mr. Mason has refused in a melancholy epilogue which we can only agree to forgive if Mr. Mason will agree to forget.

THE GREAT WHITE WAY. By Albert Bigelow Paine. New York: J. H. Taylor Company. \$1.50.

It is not often that one comes across a story

better fitted for a long night's reading in mid-winter, or, for that matter, at any other season of the year. The book is one which causes you at one minute to shiver at the idea of the gloom of the long Antarctic night, and at the next to glow with a realisation of the warmth and comfort in the cabin of the good ship *Bilowcrest*. The story tells of a voyage in search of the South Pole, of the events which led to starting the expedition, of the adventures experienced by the explorers on their journey to the south, of the hardships overcome in the penetration of an hitherto unknown continent, and finally of the discovery of the Pole itself, and of the strange race of human beings who dwelt about it. In the introduction of imaginary scientific inventions *The Great White Way* reminds one of Jules Verne; and, as has been the case with many of the books of the French romancer, many of these inventions, such as the wireless telephone, seems destined to be brought into practical use at a not very remote period. Through the story there runs a very pretty love tale, and the book abounds with bits of keen and honest humour. One of the characters, Chauncey Gale, the originator of countless schemes in real estate and the founder of innumerable "Swallowcrests," "Minnowcrests," "Moundcrests" and "Cresthavens," is a type that should last.

F. L. Onslow.



THE BOOK MART



EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1902.

Audrey, by Mary Johnston, was the sensation of the book trade for the month of February. Advance orders to the publishers exceeded one hundred thousand copies, and the immediate demand was so great that many of the dealers are already reordering. While *Audrey* far outsold all other titles, both recent and of established reputation, there were several other novels of the month's publications which are already in good demand and may be expected to sell readily. *The Colonials*, by Allen French; *Kate Bonnet*, by Frank R. Stockton, and *The Methods of Lady Walderhurst*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett, being the best of these.

Miscellaneous publications for the month past, as well as those of fiction, were more numerous than in January, and from them may be selected *Schley and Santiago*, by George Edward Graham; *The Americanisation of the World*, by W. T. Stead; and *The Jew as a Patriot*, by Madison C. Peters, as likely to have a popular sale.

Of the older books still in favour may be mentioned *The History of Sir Richard Calmady*, by Lucas Malet; *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, by Alice Caldwell Hegan; *The House with the Green Shutters*, by George Douglas, and *If I Were King*, by Justin Huntley McCarthy, as showing a decided tendency to increase in popularity. The dramatisation of the historical novel continues, resulting in greater or lesser successes, and often being a decided stimulus to the sale of the book. The most recent production is *The Crisis*, with James K. Hackett as Stephen Brice.

That the annual spring travel to European and Mediterranean countries has commenced is indicated by the increased demand for guide books. Baedekers are altogether the most popular, but those of several other authorities are in the market.

Library trade continues to be an increasing factor in the sales of each month, and one of much value, covering, as it does, so large a variety of subjects. A tendency by librarians to the omission of the new net books is noticeable, and it is to be hoped that a more satisfactory arrangement as to discount for libraries may be brought about in the near future.

Business generally has shown an increase over that of the same period in previous years, although no doubt effected to some extent by the recent severe weather. The outlook for the coming month is a most satisfactory one, and encourages the belief that recent

publications, together with those announced for early issue, will meet with profitable sales. Of the latter of note are *The Conquerors*, by Gertrude Atherton; *The Leopard's Spots*, by Thomas Dixon, and *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, by A. Conan Doyle.

Much interest has naturally been felt in the actual operation of the plans of The American Publishers' Association for the carrying out of a maintained price upon the popular fiction of the day, and it is pleasant to be able to state that the first month's trial has proved both successful and satisfactory. But one new infraction of the rules of importance was encountered, and this was at once adjusted.

The best selling books of the month are as follows:

Audrey. Mary Johnston. \$1.50.
The Right of Way. Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.
The Crisis. Winston Churchill. \$1.50.
D'ri and I. Irving Bacheller. \$1.50.
The Man from Glengarry. Ralph Connor. \$1.50.
The History of Sir Richard Calmady. Lucas Malet. \$1.50.
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Alice Caldwell Hegan. \$1.00.
The House with the Green Shutters. George Douglas. \$1.50.
The Fifth String. John Philip Sousa. \$1.25.
Lazarre. Mary Hartwell Catherwood. \$1.50.
The Colonials. Allen French. \$1.50.
The Eternal City. Hall Caine. \$1.50.
Blennerhassett. Charles Felton Pidgin. \$1.50.
The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Frances Hodgson Burnett. \$1.25.
If I Were King. Justin Huntley McCarthy. \$1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, March 1, 1902.

The weather that prevailed during the early part of last month was somewhat adverse to business; but despite this, the general result of the month's trade was quite satisfactory, and the amount of business transacted did not fall below the average. In nearly every department of bookselling sales were good, and the demand was for the most part of the all-round miscellaneous kind that is most desired by the trade. Nothing occurred during the month to disturb the excellent condition of business that has existed since the new year opened, and the outlook for a good spring trade is still undimmed.

The sale of *Sir Richard Calmady* has been going ahead steadily each month since it was published in the fall, and its record last month

was exceedingly good. Another of the fall books that is meeting with greater appreciation now than when it was first published is *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. For each of these books a good sale during the remainder of this year may reasonably be expected.

It is almost unnecessary to say that the feature of the month in new books was Miss Johnston's *Audrey*, the advance sale of which compared very favourably with that of any book published during recent years. It is taking very well with the reading public, and there should be a large sale ahead of it. Other novels of interest, commercially, published last month, were *Kate Bonnet*, by F. R. Stockton; *The Methods of Lady Walderhurst*, by F. H. Burnett; *The Colonials*, by Allen French, and *Wolfville Days*, by A. H. Lewis.

Ulysses, Stephen Phillips's new drama, attracted more than ordinary interest among books of a somewhat heavier character, and the same can be said of Kidd's *Principles of Western Civilisation*.

Illustrations in colour are likely to be quite an attractive feature in the books of the spring. *Audrey* is illustrated that way, and several other novels are announced that will have this additional advantage.

The Crisis is still going well, mostly, however, in the further West, and so is *The Right of Way* and *The Man from Glengarry*. *The House with the Green Shutters* is steadily increasing in demand, but most of the other books which have been prominent in sales recently show a decreased sale. With the coming of more of the spring books this month this falling off will probably be still more accentuated.

The following led sales last month, the most noticeable feature being the fact that *Audrey*, which was only on sale two days in *February*, yet in numbers sold went far ahead of any three of the others.

Audrey. By Mary Johnston. \$1.50.
The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. \$1.50.
The Right of Way. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.
The Man from Glengarry. By Ralph Connor. \$1.50.
Lazarre. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. \$1.50.
The Fifth String. By John Philip Sousa. \$1.25.
D'ri and I. By Irving Bacheller. \$1.50.
The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. \$1.50.
The Cavalier. By George W. Cable. \$1.50.
Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. \$1.50.
Graustark. By G. B. McCutcheon. \$1.50.
The House with the Green Shutters. By George Douglas. \$1.50.
Blennerhassett. By C. F. Pidgin. \$1.50.
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice C. Hegan. \$1.00.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FEBRUARY 10 TO MARCH 10.

NEW YORK.

Abbey Press:

A Dog-Day Journal. Blossom Drum.
 Father Manners. Hudson Young.

Mary Starkweather. Corolin C. Williamson.

The Grace of Orders. N. B. Winston.

Frank Logan. Mrs. John M. Clay.

Fairview's Mystery. George H. Marquis.

Where Magnolias Bloom. F. B. Cullens.

The Phantom Caravan. Cordelia P. Odenheimer.

Castles in Spain. W. S. Storer.

Whither Are We Drifting? Otto Stechhan.

Unrequited Love. Otto Stechhan.

"Har Lampkins." Abel Patten.

The Silver Cord and the Golden Bowl. Grace A. Pierce.

A Golden Way. Albert Le Roy Bartlett.

Hoch der Kaiser. A. McGregor Rose.

Behind the Grill. D. F. Young.

Songs Not Set to Music. Kate Mills Fargo.

The Improprieties of Noah. H. V. Smedberg.

Golden Fluff. Mrs. James E. Morris.

Bobtail Dixie. Abbie N. Smith.

The King of Andorra. Henry E. Harris.

Josephine Grahame. Jeannette Wheeler.

Appleton and Company:

Kate Bonnet. Frank Stockton.

Love in its Tenderness. J. R. Aitken.

Baker and Taylor Company:

The Jew as a Patriot. Madison C. Peters.

Brentano's:

José. Authorized translation from the original of A. Palacio Valdes. Minna C. Smith.

The Lover's Progress. Told by Himself.

Buckles Company:

Allen Winfield. F. E. Walsh.

Century Company:

Policeman Flynn. Elliott Flower.

Naughty Nan. John Luther Long.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The History of the World. Edited by Dr. H. F. Helmolt. (Volume I.)

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Battle-Ground. Ellen Glasgow.

Eaton and Mains:

The Riddle of Life. J. W. Johnston.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Captain Jinks, Hero. Ernest Crosby.

Under My Own Roof. Adelaide L. Rouse.

The Courtship of Sweet Anne Page. Ellen V. Talbot.

The Sandals. Z. Grenell.

Harper and Brothers:

The Siege of Lady Resolute. Harris Dickson.

Anticipations. H. G. Wells.

Jenkins:

Cyrano De Bergerac.

Lane:

The Decoy. Francis Dana.

The Story of Eden. Dolf Wyllarde.

Poems by Arthur Symons. (Volumes I. and II.)

Macmillan Company:

Ulysses. Stephen Phillips.
Principles of Western Civilisation. Benjamin Kidd.
The Scenery of England. Lord Avebury.
Political Theories. W. A. Dunning.
The Life of Napoleon I. J. H. Rose. (Volumes I. and II.).
Romantic Love and Personal Beauty. Henry T. Finck.
The Mastery of the Pacific. Archibald R. Colquhoun.

Putnam's Sons:

Zuni Folk Tales. F. H. Cushing.
Mediæval Rome. William Miller.
Eve Triumphant. Translated from the French of Pierre de Coulevain by Alys Hallard.
Edward Plantagenet. Edward Jenks.
Patricia of the Hills. C. K. Burrow.
A Book of Secrets. Horatio W. Dresser.

Russell:

The Story of Cupid and Psyche. Walter Pater.
Opera Singers. Gustav Kobbé.

Scribner's Sons:

Pen and Ink. Brander Matthews.
Wistons. Miles Amber.
At Large. E. W. Hornung.
Melomaniacs. James Huncker.
The Valley of Decision. Edith Wharton. (Volumes I. and II.).

Stokes Company:

The Methods of Lady Walderhuist. Frances H. Burnett.
Wolfville Days. A. H. Lewis.
The Giant's Gate. Max Pemberton.

Werner Publishing and Supply Company:

Delsarte System of Expression. Genevieve Stebbins.
Graded Physical Exercises. B. L. Colburn.

Wessels Company:

A History and Description of Chinese Porcelain. C. Monkhouse.

Whittaker:

Kinship of God and Man. Rev. J. J. Lanier.
The Gospel of the Kingdom. William B. Brown.
The New World and New Thought. J. T. Bixby.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Tuttle, Morehouse and Taylor Company:

The Vivisection Question. A. Leffingwell.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Altamus Company:

Naked Truths and Veiled Allusions. Minna T. Antrim.

Biddle:

Bigg's Bar, and Other Klondike Ballads. H. V. Sutherland.
Engraved Gems. Maxwell Sommerville.

Lippincott Company:

Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature. D. Patrick. (Volume I.).
The Sectional Struggle. Cicero W. Harris.
Mlle. Fouchette. Charles T. Murray.
Our Risen King's Forty Days. G. D. Boardman.
The Tower of London. Harrison Ainsworth. (Volumes I. and II.).
Windsor Castle. Harrison Ainsworth. (Volumes I. and II.).
Saint James's. Harrison Ainsworth.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Laird and Lee:

The Woman Who Dared. Lawrence L. Lynch.
Practical Astrology. Comte C. de Saint-Germain.
Fogg's Ferry. C. F. Callahan.

University of Chicago Press:

Russian Political Institutions. Maxime Kovalesky.
Cours Complet de Langue Française. M. Ingres. (Volume I.).

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Young Churchman Company:

Distinctive Marks of the Episcopal Church. Rev. J. N. McCormick.

AKRON, OHIO.

Saalfeld Publishing Company:

In White and Black. W. W. Pinson.

BOSTON.

Clark Publishing Company:

Hester Blair. William Henry Carson.

Goodspeed:

Poems. Preston Gurney.

Noyes, Platt and Company:

American Mural Painting. Pauline King.

RICHMOND, VA.

Johnson Publishing Company:

Wallannah. W. L. Hargrave.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Bell and Sons:

Wilkie. Lord R. S. Gower.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Bowen-Merrill Company:

The Fighting Bishop. Herbert M. Hopkins.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between February 1 and March 1, 1902.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Lovers' Progress. Anonymous. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
3. The House with the Green Shutters. (Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
5. Ulysses. Phillips. (Macmillan.) \$1.25 net.
6. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
3. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) \$1.50.
4. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. Schley and Santiago. Graham. (Conkey.) \$1.50 net.
6. Verses of Bessie Chandler. Chandler. (Langworthy & Stevens.) \$1.25 net.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.25.
4. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, ME.

1. The Perverts. Howard. (Dillingham.) \$1.50.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Pines of Lory. Mitchell. (New York Life Pub. Co.) \$1.50.
5. Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.10.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Study of Trees in Winter. Huntington. (Knight & Millet.) \$2.25 net.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Colonials. French. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. John Forsyth's Aunt. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

6. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Colonials. French. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Valley of Decision. 2 vols. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) \$1.50.
2. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Pines of Lory. Mitchell. (New York Life Pub. Co.) \$1.50.
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. Circumstances. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Backwoodsmen. Stanley. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
5. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
2. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) \$1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
5. The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) \$1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) \$1.50.
4. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.25.
5. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

2. *The Man from Glengarry*. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
3. *Graustark*. McCutcheon. (Stone.) \$1.50.
4. *The Lily of France*. Mason. (American Baptist Pub. So.) \$1.10 net.
5. *The Crisis*. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. *The Victors*. Barr. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. *The Right of Way*. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. *Sir Richard Calmady*. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
3. *God Wills It*. Davis. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. *Audrey*. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
5. *The Cavalier*. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. *Modern Apollos*. McIntyre. (Jennings & Pye.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. *If I Were King*. McCarthy. (Russell.) \$1.50.
2. *In the Fog*. Davis. (Russell.) \$1.50.
3. *Graustark*. McCutcheon. (Stone.) \$1.50.
4. *Sir Richard Calmady*. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. *The Diamond Necklace*. Funck-Brentano. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. *The Methods of Lady Walderhurst*. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. *The Fifth String*. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. *If I Were King*. McCarthy. (Russell.) \$1.50.
3. *Lazarre*. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. *The Right of Way*. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. *Love Lyrics*. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.25.
6. *Sir Richard Calmady*. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. *The Right of Way*. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. *The Man from Glengarry*. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
3. *Count Hannibal*. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$1.50.
4. *The Crisis*. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. *Sir Richard Calmady*. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
6. *The Velvet Glove*. Merriman. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. *Sir Richard Calmady*. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
2. *The Right of Way*. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. *Lazarre*. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. *The Lives of the Hunted*. Thompson. (Scribner.) \$1.75 net.
5. *Indian Basketry*. James. (Parker.) \$2.00.
6. *The Cavalier*. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. *The Fifth String*. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.25.
3. *If I Were King*. McCarthy. (Russell.) \$1.50.
4. *The Colonials*. French. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. *The Siege of Lady Resolute*. Dickson. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. *The Man from Glengarry*. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. *The Right of Way*. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. *Monsieur Beaucaire*. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
3. *The Making of a Marchioness*. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.10.
4. *A Japanese Nightingale*. Watano. (Harper.) \$2.00.
5. *The House with the Green Shutters*. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
6. *Lazarre*. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. *The Man from Glengarry*. Connor. (Westminster Co.) \$1.25.
2. *The Right of Way*. Parker. (Copp-Clark Co.) \$1.50.
3. *The Eternal City*. Caine. (Morang Co.) Cloth, \$1.50; paper, 75 cents.
4. *Kim*. Kipling. (Morang Co.) Cloth, \$1.50; paper, 75 cents.
5. *Count Hannibal*. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$1.50.
6. *A Yankee in Quebec*. Garde. (Emerson Press.) Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. *Audrey*. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. *Ulysses*. Phillips. (Macmillan.) \$1.25 net.
3. *Thoughts for Every-Day Living*. Babcock. (Scribner.) \$1.00 net.
4. *In the Fog*. Davis. (Russell.) \$1.50.
5. *Kate Bonnet*. Stockton. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. *Audrey*. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. *The Cavalier*. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. *The Right of Way*. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. *Benefactress*. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. *Sir Richard Calmady*. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
6. *Jaconetta*. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) 85 cents.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. *The Right of Way*. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. *Lazarre*. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. *The Crisis*. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

4. *My Lady Peggy Goes to Town.* Matthews. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.25 net.
5. *The Eternal City.* Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. *The House with the Green Shutters.* Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. *The Crisis.* Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. *The Right of Way.* Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. *The Man from Glengarry.* Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
4. *D'ri and I.* Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) \$1.50.
5. *The Eternal City.* Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. *The Velvet Glove.* Merriman. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. *If I Were King.* McCarthy. (Russell.) \$1.50.
2. *American Fur Trade.* Chittenden. (Harper.) \$10.00 net.
3. *The Cavalier.* Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. *The Right of Way.* Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. *The Man from Glengarry.* Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
6. *Truth Dexter.* McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. *The Right of Way.* Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. *Sir Richard Calmady.* Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
3. *The Man from Glengarry.* Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
4. *Flood Tide.* Greene. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. *The Portion of Labour.* Wilkins. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. *Marietta.* Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. *Audrey.* Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. *The Right of Way.* Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. *The Crisis.* Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. *Birds of Oregon and Washington.* Lord. (The J. N. Gill Co.) 75 cents.
5. *The Portion of Labour.* Wilkins. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. *Lazarre.* Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. *If I Were King.* McCarthy. (Russell.) \$1.50.
2. *The Right of Way.* Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. *The Crisis.* Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. *The Fifth String.* Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.25.
5. *D'ri and I.* Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) \$1.50.
6. *Audrey.* Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. *The Right of Way.* Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. *Count Hannibal.* Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$1.50.
3. *Lazarre.* Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. *The Man from Glengarry.* Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
5. *The Cavalier.* Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. *The Crisis.* Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. *In the Footprints of the Padres.* Stoddard. (Robertson.) \$1.50 net.
2. *Audrey.* Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
3. *Sir Richard Calmady.* Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
4. *The House with the Green Shutters.* Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
5. *The Right of Way.* Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. *California Violets.* Hibbard. (Robertson.) \$1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. *The Right of Way.* Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. *The House with the Green Shutters.* Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
3. *Sir Richard Calmady.* Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
4. *Audrey.* Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
5. *The Methods of Lady Walderhurst.* Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
6. *In the Fog.* Davis. (Russell.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. *The Right of Way.* Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. *The Man from Glengarry.* Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
3. *The Cavalier.* Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. *The Crisis.* Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. *Lazarre.* Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. *The Eternal City.* Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. *Audrey.* Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. *The Fifth String.* Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.25.
3. *The Right of Way.* Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. *The Crisis.* Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. *D'ri and I.* Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) \$1.50.
6. *The Man from Glengarry.* Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. *The Right of Way.* Parker. (Copp-Clark Co.) \$1.50.
2. *The Man from Glengarry.* Connor. (Westminster Co.) \$1.25.
3. *Sir Richard Calmady.* Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

4. Last of the Knickerbockers. Vielé. (McLeod & Allen.) \$1.25.
5. Lazarre. Catherwood. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and \$1.25.
6. Marietta. Crawford. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and \$1.25.
4. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The House with the Green Shutters. (Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
6. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) \$1.50.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. The Prisoner of Zenda.* Hope.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Desert. Van Dyke.
4. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.

*By reason of appearance of play at local theatre.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Ben Hur. Wallace. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

						POINTS.
A book standing 1st on any list receives						10
" " 2d "	"	"	"	"	"	8
" " 3d "	"	"	"	"	"	7
" " 4th "	"	"	"	"	"	6
" " 5th "	"	"	"	"	"	5
" " 6th "	"	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS.
1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.....		209
2. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.....		117
3. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.....		114
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.....		101
5. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) \$1.50.....		77
6. { Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.....		66
{ The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.		

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Nor by holding out hopes of impossible dividends or rebates;

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Accidents
are
Possible**

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and accidents \$3,644,933**

TIME FLIES



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Endless watchfulness during manufacture.

Cost no more than others.

Once tried - always used.

GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

press, is a story of the South some years before the War of Secession. It is a subject for which Mrs. Banks is particularly fitted by her traditions and her family associations.

✻

Mrs. Banks is a native of the Southwestern section of Kentucky, and when very young became identified with the newspapers of that State. Her first distinctly literary work was published in the *Magazine of American History*, and since then



NANCY HUSTON BANKS. PHOTO BY MISS BEN-YUSUF.

articles from her pen have appeared from time to time in some of the well-known magazines. Mrs. Banks held a position on the editorial staff of the *World's Fair* at Chicago for three years, and at the outbreak of the war in South Africa she went to Cape Town to act as correspondent for the London *Vanity Fair*.

✻

Mr. Nevill Myers Meakin, author of *The Assassins*, got his name of Myers from his grandmother, who was the cousin and ward of Wordsworth. The name Nevill came from an ancestress in the family, of which the Marquis of Abergavenny is the head. Mr. Meakin was educated at New College, Oxford, where he took a "first class" in history in 1899, his special topic being the "Three Crusades," studied in "the courses." These studies led him to begin *The Assassins*, and, in 1900, to visit the Levant in search of material. While there he swam the Bosphorus, a Turkish boatman who passed him, calling: "You're an Englishman; nobody else would be such a fool." Mr. Meakin had written other books before *The Assassins*, and had destroyed them as immature.

✻

In *The Strollers* Mr. Frederic S. Isham has written about the adventures of a company of players going about the country in the days of the early American stage. Mr. Isham, who lives in Detroit, was formerly a newspaper man, and was for a time an editorial writer on the *Detroit Free Press*. During the last few years, however, he has been out of the active work of journalism, and has been giving all his time to the writing of short stories and plays and this novel.

✻

Mr. Valentine's recent volume of poems is reviewed elsewhere in this number.

✻

Some day in these pages we are going to take up for discussion the very wide subject of the clergy in fiction, for there is no profession of which novelists have presented so many and so varied types. In England, in the novel, the Church has almost always played a conspicuous part. Fielding never drew a more lovable or a more

**The Clergy in
Fiction.**



NEVILL MYERS MEAKIN.



FREDERIC S. ISHAM.



EDWARD A. UFFINTON VALENTINE.



HERBERT MÜLLER HOPKINS.

uproariously laughable character than Parson Adams. Taking up Thackeray's novels and thinking of the Reverend Bute Crawley, the Reverend Charles Honeyman, the Reverend Dr. Portman, the Reverend Tom Tusher, we realise that there is a clergyman of some kind at



MISS MARIE VAN VORST.

almost every turn. Trollope devoted a whole series of books to the history of one clerical family. In France, on the stage and in the novel, the priest was a great literary factor centuries before Molière satirised religious hypocrisy in

the character of Tartuffe. In American fiction, the clergy has played a proportionately important part. In connection with this idea, it may be of interest to note that Mr. Herbert Müller Hopkins chose the name of Ambrose for the "fighting bishop" in his novel bearing that title, because the character resembled in some respects the famous Ambrose who was made Bishop of Milan in the year 374. While priests and clergymen generally have been conspicuous, it is comparatively unusual to find a bishop of the Episcopal Church playing an important part in fiction. To the members of this branch of the Church the story will appeal with especial force, and the scene where the bishop refuses communion to a vestryman who has done wrong and who fails to make restitution according to the rubric, is effective. The sobriquet of "fighting bishop" was once given to Bishop Polk of Tennessee, who gave up his office to become a general in the Confederate Army, but the author denies that this story has anything to do with him.



Mr. Hopkins is the son of a clergyman, and was born in Hannibal, Missouri, in 1870. He was graduated from Columbia University in 1893, afterward taking a post-graduate course at Harvard. While at Columbia, Mr. Hopkins supported himself by playing church organs and drilling choir boys in and around New York. It was his original intention to become a professional musician, but interest in Latin and literature led him elsewhere. After being instructor in Latin at the University of California for three years, he left that institution to accept the chair of Latin at Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut. After reading the book and then learning something of the life of the author, one can readily see how genuine is the atmosphere of the story and how lifelike are many of the characters. Mr. Hopkins recently married Pauline Bradford Mackie, the author of several novels, the latest being *The Washingtonians*. It is said that it was she who induced her husband to write a novel. THE BOOKMAN'S readers will doubtless remember Mr. Hopkins's name, as it has appeared from time to time in these columns appended to verse of striking merit.

Miss Marie Van Vorst's recently published *Philip Longstreth* was begun, and, for the most part, written in the Château de Court St.

Miss Van Vorst's
"Philip Long-
streth."

Étienne, one of the oldest and most beautiful estates in Belgium. The Château is simple and unostentatious, as are all dwellings of the Flemish *seigneurie*. Thousands of acres of pine forests and fertile farms surround it. Its park covers an entire valley, made fertile by four

wrote her part of *Bagsby's Daughter*, *Philip Longstreth* was already begun. The factory class which she has portrayed in the town called "Randall" is intimately known to her; she has lived for years among, and near to, the people about whom she writes so touchingly and so well. The town of "Randall" is drawn from the life, and the "Dwelling," in which some of the most important scenes take place, is supposed to be the Old Homestead of the Van Vorst family.



UNDERSHAW HINDHEAD—THE HOME OF CONAN DOYLE.

rivers and numerous lakes. Court St. Étienne is in the possession of the Goblet D'Alviellas, whose ancestors have owned it for centuries. The present Count Eugène Goblet, author of well-known numerous books, is a celebrated *savant* and *littérateur*, the Secretary of the Belgian Senate, and a prominent figure in the exciting politics of that country. Goblet-D'Alviella married a cousin of Marie Van Vorst.

✱

Miss Van Vorst makes a yearly visit to Belgium, and in this Old World environment, surrounded by traditions, she has written a thoroughly American novel. The plot of *Philip Longstreth* has been under the author's consideration for the past eight years. When, in 1900, she

It was only a few months ago that we were discussing in these columns the subject of the serial, contrasting the average illogically chopped-up narrative of to-day with some of the real serials of forty or sixty years ago. A book which is in many ways a notable exception to what we said is the widely exploited *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, which, while not so very extraordinary as a complete story, was in a minor way a really great serial. In fact, in that form it has proved the most successful book since *Trilby* came out in parts in *Harper's Magazine*. After reading the tale as a whole in book form, one can look back and realise how cleverly devised each instalment was, and how,

More Sherlock
Holmes Theories.

with one or two exceptions, the closing paragraphs of each month's part were worked up so as to stimulate to the highest degree the reader's excitement and curiosity. The opening instalment ap-

peared in September, and the closing lines were a positive triumph in that they instantly won and held the attention of every reader, and left him unsatisfied to the very end. The head of the Basker-



DR. ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

ville family had been found dead under peculiar circumstances. The story of an old legend of a gigantic hound which, more than two centuries before, was said to have worried to death the wicked Baskerville of that day, and afterward to have followed the family as a curse, was told. And after the plain facts and the supernatural legend had been placed side by side, they were linked into one thrill of wonder and horror by the information that, although nothing had been said of it at the coroner's inquest, there had been found near the body of the dead Sir Charles footprints, not of a man nor of a woman, but "the footprints of a gigantic hound."

By this time the whole story is known to those who have read it either in book or in serial form. Perhaps there are some who are more or less disappointed in the manner in which the tale was worked out, and indeed there are some explanations which strain the credulity. Some months ago, when only two or three parts had appeared, a theory as to the solution was printed in *THE BOOKMAN*. This theory proved very far wrong; but the number of letters which came to this office, contradicting or affirming it, served to show how widespread was the interest in the serial. We should like to print them all, because even now they are entertaining, but it is very obvious that we could not. However, we are going to give two, which show to a certain extent the tone of all the rest.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

Your speculations on the outcome of the new Sherlock Holmes story have interested me very much, especially the ingenious theory given in *THE BOOKMAN* for this month. Merely as a matter of passing interest might I call your attention to another phase of that same theory? Taking it for granted that there is in the neighbourhood of Baskerville Hall some person with feet like a hound, does it not seem more probable that this person is a descendant of the girl whom Hugo Baskerville wronged? She was lying prostrate when Hugo's companion saw the hound tear out his throat, but her death is nowhere insisted on—Dr. Doyle does not "produce the corpse." That any woman of the Baskerville family should have followed in that wild gallop across miles of moor seems improbable. But let it be

given that this girl had only fainted, and that she lived to give birth to a child (whether or not an illegitimate Baskerville), and one or two more points in the story seem to be solved. For instance, there is good reason for a bitter family feud between the hound-footed descendants of this child and the Baskervilles—no one can blame a man for feeling a little peevish toward a family one of whose members has cursed him with such inconvenient extremities. Or allow that a sort of insanity accompanies the malformed feet. That is not an impossibility in the realm of fiction. And many of the Baskervilles have died sudden deaths. Why may not this account for the peculiar actions of the butterfly-chasing Stapleton? He is the dog-toed one, I am convinced (for the moment), and the escaped convict Selden is innocent of everything save an entirely extraneous murder. The hideous sound heard on the moor is some natural phenomenon connected with the Grimpen Mire. The original hound was one of Baskerville's pack which turned on him for some reason, and whose size was magnified by the frightened shepherd and the tipsy companions. The animal seen by Sir Charles was really a black calf. And, last of all, the type-writing lady interviewed by Dr. Watson has nothing to do with the case—nothing important, at least, but is merely another one of those false scents and ridiculous blunders that the ingenuous Watson is always falling into for the greater glorification of Sherlock Holmes.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

I have very much enjoyed reading in the current *BOOKMAN* your comments upon the outcome of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. I have read this Sherlock Holmes story with great interest, and had also the club-footed theory. However, I carried the theory a little farther, trying to account for the other characters. Assuming that the escaped criminal, Selden, is in reality Roger Baskerville, and that this Roger had met Sir Charles at the trysting-place at the yew hedge on the night of the latter's death, it is probable that Sir Charles, expecting to meet Laura Lyons, had died of fright at beholding Roger, against whom he had probably committed some great wrong. This was Roger's revenge. Roger, of course, in order to approach noiselessly, had removed his shoes, which accounts for the footprints near the dead body. Roger had used Laura as an unsuspecting tool. Laura, shocked at the terrible outcome of her friendship with Roger, instead of revealing her con-

nection with the death of Sir Charles at the time of her appointment with him, had never revealed anything about it, through fear of incriminating herself. This, then, was her secret. Now for the other suspicious characters, Stapleton and Barrymore. Both are in the plot with the convict; Stapleton more than Barrymore. Mrs. Barrymore is innocent, as was shown by her plausible confession to Sir Henry and Dr. Watson. She had been told this story and led to believe it was really true. Barrymore may be as innocent as his wife, though more likely he is more closely connected with the crime. Stapleton is hand in glove with the convict, as is shown by his lack of fear of living on the moor while the convict is still at large, although we know that Stapleton is of a nervous and irritable disposition. His sister has in some way learned something of the plots of her brother and the convict, and is filled with sympathy for Sir Henry, with whom she afterward falls in love. Her brother, however, has some powerful influence over her. Stapleton was the agent of the villain in London, and Miss Stapleton (who was there with him, for he did not dare to leave her out of his sight) was the person sent the warning, made up from the newspaper, to Sir Henry, not daring to use her own handwriting, through fear of being discovered by her brother. Then, when on the moor with Sir Henry, she again warns him, and Stapleton's anger at discovering them together was caused through fear that she might know something of his plots and be revealing them to Sir Henry. Miss Stapleton does not know what the plot is, but only suspects its existence. The supposed barkings of the hound can be attributed to merely physical causes, such as the escaping of gases on the moor.

Probably this is but little more than you have already expressed in your columns, but hoping that it may be of some interest to you, I am,

An unpretentious little volume, but one which should furnish half an hour's keen amusement, is *The Best Nonsense Verses*, the selections for which have been made by Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam. There are twenty examples of nonsense verse, and among the authors included are Lewis Carrol, Edward Lear, W. S. Gilbert, George Du Maurier and Oliver Herford. The following, by George Du Maurier, will, we think, be new to many readers of *THE BOOKMAN*:

VERS NONSENSIQUES.

I.

I am gai. I am poet. I dvell
Rupert Street, at the fifth. I am svell.
And I sing tralala
And I love my mamma,
And the English, I speaks him quite well!

II.

"Cassez-vous, cassez-vous, cassez-vous,
O mer, sur vos froids gris cilloux!"
Ainsi traduisit Laure
Au profit d'Isadore
(Bon jeune homme, et son futur epoux.)

III.

Il existe une espinstère à Tours
Un peu vite, et qui portait toujours
Un ulster peau-de-phoque,
Un chapeau bilicoque,
Et des nicrobocqueurs en velours.

IV.

Un margin naufragé (de Doncastre)
Pour prière, au milieu du désastre
Repetait a genoux
Ces mots simples et doux;
"Scintillez, scintillez, petit astre!"



Here are two specimens from Oliver Herford's *Child's Natural History*. The last few lines of each have the real Herfordian ring:

GEESE.

Ev-er-y child who has the use
Of his sen-ses knows a goose.
Sees them un-der-neath the tree
Gath-er round the goose-girl's knee,
While she reads them by the hour
From the works of Scho-pen-hau-er.
How pa-tient-ly the geese at-tend!
But do they re-al-ly com-pre-hend
What Scho-pen-hau-er's driving at?
Oh, not at all; but what of that?
Nei-ther do I; nei-ther does she;
And, for that matter, nor does he.

A SEAL.

See, children, the Furbearing Seal;
Ob-serve his mis-di-rect-ed zeal;
He dines with most ab-ste-mi-ous care
On Fish, Ice Water and Fresh Air,
A-void-ing cond-i-ments or spice
For fear his fur should not be nice
And fine and soft and smooth and meet
For Broad-way or for Re-gent Street,
And yet some-how I often feel
(Though for the kind Fur-bear-ing Seal

I harbour a Re-spect Pro-found)
He runs Fur-bear-ance in the ground.

✽

The following are anonymous:

VARIA.

I.

There was an old man of Tarentum
Who gnashed his false teeth till he bent 'em;
And when asked for the cost
Of what he had lost,
Said, "I really can't tell, for I rent 'em!"

II.

A lady there was of Antigua,
Who said to her spouse, "What a pig you
are!"
He answered, "My queen,
Is it manners you mean,
Or do you refer to my figure?"

III.

There were three young women of Birming-
ham,
And I know a sad story concerning 'em;
They stuck needles and pins
In the right rev'rend shins
Of the Bishop engaged in confirming 'em!

✽

Three numbers of *The Bibliographer*,
edited by Mr. Paul
Leicester Ford, have
now been published. This
periodical, published es-
pecially for book collectors and li-
brarians, fills a field entirely distinct.
It treats of rare and valuable books
in a way to interest the collector of
old books and first editions, and while it
contains numerous articles and notes
which might be classed as news, to be
popular and sprightly is entirely subordi-
nate, and not the main object of the mag-
azine. The three numbers already issued
contain important articles by Theodore L.
De Vinne, Rush C. Hawkins, Wilber-
force Eames, Wendell P. Garrison,
Worthington C. Ford and Paul Leicester
Ford, all well-known names. These arti-
cles are profusely illustrated with *fac-*
similes. Each number contains a digest,
by Mr. Victor Hugo Paltsits of the Lenox
Library, of the important articles con-
tained in the foreign bibliographical jour-
nals. An important feature of the mag-
azine is the reproduction by exact pho-
tographic processes of important and rare

books, not heretofore accurately repro-
duced. The first three numbers contain
a reproduction entire of the excessively
rare small quarto edition of Thomas Har-
riot's little book about Raleigh's Colony,
the first settlement of Englishmen within
the limits of the United States. This has
the title "A briefe and true report of the
new-found land of Virginia. Imprinted
at London, 1588." This little book of
twenty-three leaves is the most valuable
printed book relating to America known
(excepting, perhaps, the folio Spanish
Columbus letter), and though it has been
several times reprinted, this first edition
has never before been reproduced in fac-
simile. Students know nowadays that
type reprints, no matter how accurately
done, are not reliable. Only the original
documents or photographic facsimiles
can be consulted with confidence. A
portion of the book is contained in
each of the three numbers of the maga-
zine. These leaves, however, are not in-
cluded in the pagination, so that it is
entirely feasible to take them out, and, by
bringing them together, to make an accu-
rate facsimile, except for quality of paper,
of a book the original of which is worth
somewhere between five and ten thousand
dollars. Other interesting and rare books
will be reproduced in future numbers.
The next three numbers will reproduce
entire the excessively rare first edition of
Milton's *Comus*: "A Maske presented at
Ludlow Castle, 1634. London, Printed
for Humphrey Robinson, 1637."

✽

When a few weeks ago Dr. Edward
Everett Hale's eightieth
birthday was honoured,
the newspapers of vari-
ous parts of the country

Dr. Hale's
Birthday.

had a great deal to say on the subject of
his services to literature and his time.
Estimates, of course, very widely dif-
fered; there was much that was out-
rageously fulsome, but in almost every
editorial that was sane and sincere, what
was most emphasised was that Dr. Hale
would have been entitled to all the hon-
ours that were being conferred upon him
had he given his land nothing but "The
Man Without a Country." Remote as are
the conditions which inspired it, it is not
difficult in reading the tale at the present
day to realise something of what it must
have meant when the country was racked



M. PAUL ADAM.

and torn by the War of Secession. Whether we believe that Harriet Beecher Stowe presented faithfully the conditions which prevailed in the South in the days of slavery, or whether we consider her pictures distorted and biased, affects only to a minor degree our sympathies for Uncle Tom and Emmeline and Little Eva, and our dislike for Haley and Legree. Whatever sting there may once have been in *The Man Without a Country*, it long since passed away. Even to realise it, one would be obliged to fix one's mind with great bitterness on the feelings which stirred the nation at the most intense period of the Civil War, and to resurrect and take to oneself all the hatred and passion that is passed. Not only has *The Man Without a Country* ceased to be a sectional polemic; it is no longer even an appeal to patriotism, simply because in the right of conditions which prevail to-day such an appeal is entirely superfluous.

Paul Adam, to whom public attention has lately been directed by the great success of his novel, *L'Enfant d'Austerlitz*, is now just forty years old, having been born in 1862. His career admirably illustrates the evolution of the French novel during the last fifteen or twenty years. In his first books he carried to the most extreme lengths the doctrines of the Naturalistic School. *Chair Molle*, which was published by him in 1885, be-

trays, almost in every page, the influence of Emile Zola. Five years later, in 1890, he was one of the signers of the famous *manifeste des cinq*, in which Naturalism was repudiated, and a return to the idealistic novel advocated.

Since then, Paul Adam, who is one of the most prolific writers in his generation, and who has written hardly less than twenty-five volumes, has divided his time between studies of the present condition of French society and historical investigations, enabling him to place the actions of his novels in widely distant periods of the past. One of his most curious productions is a drama, *Le Cuivre*, written by him in collaboration with André Picard, in which he shows himself interested in the growth of the power of the moneyed interests, and almost foretells the events which have taken place in the last few years in South Africa. In his drama, an African war is the direct result of the needs of a few speculators associated together in the management of a mining company.

A rather artificial thread connects the various novels of Paul Adam. *L'Époque* is the general title of those which deal with contemporary society. For the other ones, the action of which is laid in former periods, he has chosen a title evidently suggested to him by the desire for a contrast with Zola's famous Rougon-Macquart series—namely, *Le Temps et la Vie: Histoire d'un Idéal à travers les Siècles*. In spite of, or, perhaps, on account of, his wonderful fecundity, he remained for a long time almost lost in the enormous crowd of novel writers of the day. Fame came to him with the publication of *La Force*, about a year ago. *L'Enfant d'Austerlitz* is a sequel of *La Force*, and both belong to the Ideal Series. They will be discussed somewhere more in detail in a later issue of THE BOOKMAN.

The death of Cecil Rhodes has caused his recently published biography by Mr. Howard Hensman to be very rapidly and widely read.

As the authorised biography, it would have drawn readers at any time; but troops of obituary writers and editorial commentators have flown to it as a means



CECIL RHODES. (COURTESY OF FREDERICK KEPPEL AND COMPANY.)

of posting up, and dug articles out of it, not always acknowledging the source. So it is likely that people who have followed at all carefully what the newspapers had to say about the dead statesman's career have been taking a good part of Mr. Hensman's narrative at second hand. Reading it at first hand, one is struck by the complexity of Rhodes's character. Partisans have summed him up so often, one way or the other, buccaneer, empire-builder, sixteenth-century swashbuckler, greatest constructive statesman of the

was consistent enough in that respect, at least, having worked very doggedly for his Oxford degree, and having valued it very highly afterward.

✻

A new edition of Balzac is being prepared by a French publisher, who announces that the "lengthy and somewhat tedious descriptive passages" have been editorially summarised. It is suggested by Octave Mirbeau, writing in a leading newspaper, that Balzac's admirers should



THE HOME OF THE LATE CECIL RHODES NEAR CAPE TOWN.

age, that he seemed less a man than something out of an allegory. But Mr. Hensman, though, as he says, for some time in rather intimate relations with him, does not pretend to understand him: "The character of Mr. Rhodes has proved an enigma to every one who has come in contact with him," and the writer is as much puzzled as the rest. But it seems absurd, on reading this account of him, that people should have felt surprise at the educational features of his will. He

raid the premises and break up the presses.

✻

Father Tabbs's comment upon Mr. Punch's recent remarks on the subject of poetical feet:

A FOOT-RULE.

When a poet gives his *hand*,
Meet it is to greet the greeter.
When his *feet* in question stand,
It is *metre*.

According to the London *Academy*, *The Shrine*, a new shilling quarterly, is announced to be edited and published in Stratford-on-Avon. *The Shrine*, in fact, is *his*. Among its contents prominence will be given to Shakespeare's shrine, with all its associations (old and new). Also "to poetry and poets generally (with that fervour of reverential admiration which Jean Paul Richter described as 'soul-strengthening'), and to book-lore in some of its most popular aspects." Under the heading "Pilgrims to Shakespeare's Shrine" will be given a series of descrip-

literary, philosophical, and other essays, by authors of repute, correspondence, bits from . . . well, never mind the bits. Artemus Ward wrote of Shakespeare's shrine in *Punch*: "It is a success." We commend his words to *The Shrine* as a motto and an aspiration.

✽

The first and second volumes of a new edition of the *Memoirs* of Chateaubriand have just come from the press. Perhaps as a sort of pro-

Chateaubriand's
"Memoirs."



THE DINING-ROOM OF CECIL RHODES'S HOME.

tive and anecdotal chapters, in which the Pilgrims will figure in classified order as Actors, Authors, Baconians, Bibliographers, Critics, Commentators, Curiosity-Mongers, and Cypherists; as Distinguished Foreigners, Editors, Fantastic Folk, Ghosts, and as Historical and Royal Pilgrims, etc. These chapters will be prepared "by the editor of a recently discontinued Shakespearean magazine." Ahem! Other features will be reviews of books, antiquarian fragments, scientific,

test against the generally prevalent idea that the author of *Renée* and *Atala* had become one of those classics who are no longer read, and whose works have long since ceased to have any influence on the style and thought of modern writers, the translator, Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, begins his introduction with an anecdote. Many years ago, he relates, he was sitting in a Paris café discussing literature with M. Pierre Louys, who had not then achieved his astonishing successes.

The future author of *Aphrodite* had praise for none but the moderns. Finally M. de Mattos turned and asked:

"Is there any nineteenth century French writer at all whom you and others read nowadays and approve of?"

"Yes," said Louys Châteaubriand."

"How do you mean? The novels? *Atala*? The essays?"

"Ah, no. But the *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*. Yes, that—that is monumental; that will live forever."



MR. WHISTLER. (COURTESY OF FREDERICK KEPPEL AND COMPANY.)

Mr. Whistler is always interesting—at any time and under any conditions. The accompanying etching has caught him in that mood of which he himself has written in *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*.

✱

Dr. Daniel Coit Gilman sailed for Europe on the 17th of April. His visit is chiefly in his capacity as head of the Carnegie Institution, and it is his purpose to visit the leading men of science on the Continent and in Great Britain and to see the observatories, the museums, the libraries and other instrumentalities for the advancement of knowledge. He begins his journey with a visit to Dohrn's Laboratory in Naples, then spends a fortnight in Rome, a fortnight in the principal universities of Northern Italy, proceeds to Vienna and Munich, and goes north to Leipsic and probably to Stockholm. In returning, he visits Copenhagen and Amsterdam, and then goes to France and to Great Britain. His object is to see the

leaders of scientific activity in all departments, not only in natural science, but in history and archæology, and to learn, if possible, the methods that have been employed in different countries, the difficulties that have been encountered, the mistakes that have been made and the gains that have been acquired. Dr. Gilman has made two other official visits to Europe, in one of which he looked into the organisation of universities, in the other he looked into the organisation of hospitals and medical schools. The important questions which the Carnegie Institution will have to determine when the trustees are assembled in November next made it desirable that these European inquiries should be made in the interval. Other trustees of the Carnegie Institution are to visit during the summer the American colleges and universities and laboratories, and thus become familiar with the work now in progress in this country. It is not expected that any large appropriations will be made or that any definite schedule of procedure will be adopted before November next.



THE CHILDHOOD OF THE GREAT.

Miss AG—s R—PP—IER: "There may be others, Mary, but we have learned our trade; and we wear well."

Miss M—y W—LK—NS: "Oh, Agnes; what a relief it is to relax in the presence of an equal!"

Marjory MacMurchy.

Benjamin Franklin Stevens, "the Father of the American Colony in London," died at his home, "The Sheaves," Surbiton Hill, England, on March 5, and his death was very generally noted by the newspapers both in England and in this country. To recapitulate briefly the events of his life, we may say that he was born in Barnet, Vermont, February 10, 1833; that he was educated at St. Johns-

**The Late
B. F. Stevens.**



THE LATE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN STEVENS.

bury Academy, and entered the University of Vermont in 1853, but did not finish the course. After leaving the university, he began laying the foundations of his future work. In 1860 he went to London, and soon after started the American Library and Literary Agency, which he continued to the time of his death. He was appointed United States Government despatch agent in 1866, and his long service in connection with this appointment brought him into contact with most of the leading American visitors to England. About 1870 he began to take up the historical work with which his name is

mostly associated. To us his death is in some sense a personal loss, because for many years he was the agent in London of the firm which publishes this magazine.

✻

"For a great many years," wrote Ambassador Choate, in an appreciation of Mr. Stevens contributed to the *Journal* of the Whitefriars Club, "he had been engaged with a large corps of assistants, searchers, and copyists in examining, in the archives of Great Britain and other countries, documents throwing light on English and American history during the critical period beginning at a date anterior to the first signs of breach between the thirteen colonies and the mother country, and extending till after the close of the War of Separation. He had long ago become the highest living authority on the documentary history of those times. He had made a chronological and alphabetical catalogue index of American papers deposited in the public offices of England, France, Holland and Spain from 1763 to 1784, and had extended his work of that nature into many private collections. To illustrate his reputation as to all such knowledge—on the very day of his death, in answer to an application from the New York Historical Society for record evidence as to an important event in New York City while the British troops were there in 1776, I was referred by the War Office to him as 'the most likely person to assist in the question raised,' which had baffled inquiry elsewhere. He had become a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries and of the Royal Historical Society, and a member of the Société d'Histoire Diplomatique, and of the principal antiquarian and historical societies in the United States. As material for the future historian, and as a guide to all students of antiquities and genealogy, his work is of immense importance, and it is gratifying to know that its results are likely to be preserved and transmitted."

✻

In England, George Borrow is being read and discussed more and more as the years go by. His gypsy life and his love affair with Isopel Berners were recently very entertainingly described by Thomas Seccombe.

**George Borrow
and His Country.**



BORROW'S SUMMER HOUSE AT OULTON, WHERE
"LAVENGRO" WAS WRITTEN.



GEORGE BORROW.



BLYTH FARM, DUMPLING GREEN, EAST DEREHAM, WHERE BORROW WAS BORN,
JULY 5, 1803.



THE VILLAGE OF OULTON.



THE VILLAGE OF EAST DEREHAM, THE BIRTHPLACE OF GEORGE BORROW.

"The period of Grub Street obscurity was terminated by the unexpected sale of a manuscript for £20. Borrow broke his chain, and escaped to the country, to the dingle, and to Isopel Berners. With his emancipation from town life a new graphic impulse is developed. Borrow now in his autobiographical writing seizes a new palette, and sets to work with fresh colours upon a stupendous canvas. The central portion of this marvellous composition is occupied by the Dingle episode, in which Lavengro (the 'word-master,' Borrow's gypsy name for himself) is revealed to us in conflict with 'the flaming tinman,' and in colloquy with his old friend Jasper, with a wicked papistical propagandist of infinite charm, 'the man in black,' with the typical gypsy chi, Ursula, and with the peerless Isopel Berners. Isopel was a tall blonde (a 'strapper,' over six feet in height), of the humblest origin, but of a truly noble spirit, by whom Borrow was irresistibly attracted. At the same time, he could hardly fail to reflect that an alliance with his 'Brynhildic queen' would involve the irremediable ruin of all the deepest-seated ambitions of his life. His dilemma was a perplexing one, and he dallied with it with a waywardness truly characteristic of him. He sought to postpone awkward decisions, to divert himself, and amuse Isopel by making his charmer learn Armenian—the language

which he happened at the time to be studying. Isobel bore with it for some time, but the imposition of the verb to love in Armenian convinced her that the word-master was not only insane, but also inhuman. She ran away to the nearest seaport, and took shipping to America. Lavengro, with some anguish, steeled his heart against following her."

The scene of these transactions was a wooded glen or dingle a few miles from Willenhall, in Staffordshire, where Lavengro and Isopel were encamped in their respective tents, having as their neighbours the gypsy clan of which Jasper was the chief. Upon the whole, the Dingle chapters are perhaps the most brilliant and the most enduring that Borrow ever achieved. Their interest is greatly enhanced by the fact that they are probably a naked transcript from actual fact, for Borrow was a poor hand at invention. He rarely if ever invented a character. His surest source of inspiration was the unadorned truth. This extraordinary episode was not concluded in *Lavengro*, which ends with a studied abruptness worthy of the *Sentimental Journey*; it was carried on to a conclusion in a sequel to which Borrow gave the name of *The Romany Rye*, or *Gypsy Gentleman*. After the flight of Isopel, the author's adventures are carried on by means of a series of dissolving views, the narratives



THE SWAN HOTEL, STAFFORD—"ROMANY RYE."

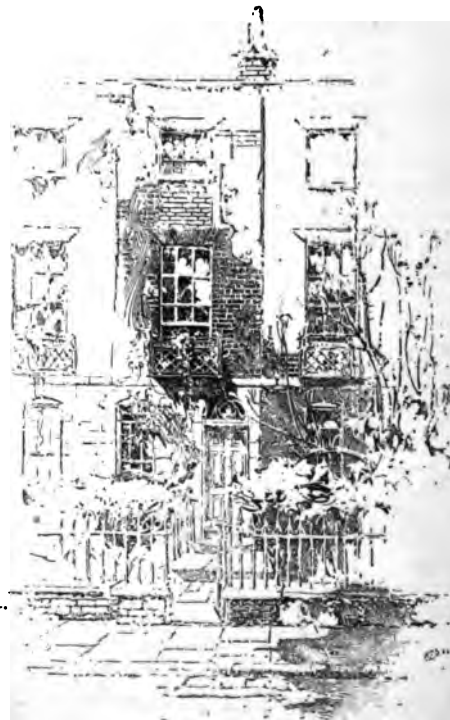


RACKHAM'S OFFICES, TUCK'S COURT, ST. GILES,
NORWICH, THE SCENE OF BORROW'S EARLY
LABOURS.

of strange characters, whom Borrow meets on the road, and his own personal adventures. He had the faculty of meeting with adventure upon the highway; every inn was the scene of potential romance. His power of fascinating us by the exercise of this faculty was just at its height when he pulls down the shutter abruptly and leaves us in the dark. The history of his life having been told with increasing minuteness down to August, 1825, there follows—a blank. It is with great difficulty that the mere outlines of Borrow's life for the next eight years can be traced. We leave him at Horncastle with fifty or sixty guineas in his pocket as the result of a successful bit of horse-dealing; but the mere fact of how he subsisted during the next few years is more or less of a mystery. We know, however, that he was in Norfolk, at Norwich, translating his favourite bards, and pub-

lishing *Romantic Ballads* in 1826. He made a tour in the south of France, and went to Madrid and then to Genoa, whence he sailed to England in a practically destitute condition. In 1830 he was in lodgings at 17 Great Russell Street, endeavouring to obtain an appointment at the British Museum. Subsequently he was resuming his practice as a hack writer, writing Tory leaders in East Anglican journals, waiting, like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up, or in his own graphic phrase, "digging holes in the sand and filling them up again."

Whatever may be the final verdict on the literary work of Leigh Hunt, he will always be remembered as the original of Horace Skimpole in Dickens's *Bleak House*, and as the man who went to prison for the pleasure of referring wittily to the Prince-Regent, afterward George IV., as "a fat Adonis of forty."



Leigh Hunt's House, 32 Edwards St.

John R. J.

A BALLADE OF DETECTION

Savants there be who joy to read
Of lofty themes in words that glow ;
Others prefer the poet's screed
Where liquid numbers softly flow.
Others in Balzac interest show,
Or by Dumas are much impressed ;
Some seek grim novels full of woe—
I like Detective Stories best.

To my mind nothing can exceed
The tales of Edgar Allan Poe ;
Of Anna Katharine Green I've need,
Du Boisgobey, Gaboriau ;
I've Conan Doyle's works all a-row,
And Ottolengui and the rest ;
How other books seem tame and slow !
I like Detective Stories best.

The dim, elusive clues mislead,
Hiding the mystery below ;
To fearful pitch my mind is keyed,
Opinion shuttles to and fro !
Successive shocks I undergo
Ere the solution may be guessed ;
Arguments and discussions grow—
I like Detective Stories best.

ENVOY :

Sherlock, thy subtle powers I know,
Spirit of search, incarnate quest,
To thee the laurel wreath I throw—
I like Detective Stories best.

—Carolyn Wells.

THE DETECTIVE IN FICTION

I.

THE OLD DETECTIVE.

Most men who have reached mature years can look back and recall the memory of an urchin who has been detected in the surreptitious reading of some paper-covered novel of sensational adventure when he was supposed to be engaged in more serious and profitable employment. If a man cannot remember some such occurrence, very likely it is because he was never found out. Also with the memory of the affair there comes back to him thoughts of the admonitions in which his mentor had at the time indulged. The enormity of his

crime was painted in lurid colours. It was told how sensational literature unduly excited the youthful mind and led straight to evil deeds and perdition. Moralties, excellent but trite, were ladled out to him. Good literature, he was probably told, was essentially serious. Let him read Addison and improve his style, or study Brown's Grammar and improve his mind. As for *Red Light Will*, the *River Detective*, the cause of all the trouble—

When, in after years, a man recalls episodes of this kind, he very often feels that he should like himself to stand in the schoolmaster's place and to deliver a lecture of an entirely different kind. The

schoolmaster's advice was excellent, and he was undoubtedly a good man; but one somehow feels sorry for him just because he never did read *Red Light Will*. That book, perhaps, would not have directly improved his mind, but it would have contributed to his general usefulness in that it would have broadened his insight into the human heart and helped to develop a sense of humour. He told of the enormity of reading sensational fiction; one might say something about the abnormality of not reading it. *Red Light Will* should be laid aside not so much because it failed of seriousness, but because it was comparatively "no good," and in its place there should be recommended a great number of other books a great deal more exciting and sensational. For instance, one might say: "Here is a book called *Ivanhoe*. It's great. Read it—especially the fighting part. Revel in the lists of Ashby and Sherwood Forest. Cherish in your heart the deeds and example of the gallant Wilfred and the brawny Black Knight, and hate the wicked Templar with a virtuous, intense hatred. And here's another book by the same writer who, by the way, for real, downright thrills makes Old Sleuth and Cap Collier 'look like thirty cents.' It's called *Quentin Durward*. There's lots of fighting in this one, too. Read it. And if it's Indians you want, why, here is *Leatherstocking*, five volumes of it, and in each volume thrills too innumerable to mention.

"Here is a book of which you have doubtless heard a great deal. It is called *The Pilgrim's Progress*. When you grow older you'll be advised to read and study it, because it is a great allegory. But you won't. So I say, read it now, not because it is a great allegory, but because it is one of the best and most exciting of all stories, and because Great Heart, who slew Giant Despair and demolished his castle, is one of the finest of the swashbuckling heroes of fiction. Read also this other romance, which may not be named here, and which tells of a trio or rather a quartette, who also shall be nameless. Simply let us say that they chose as their motto, 'All for One, and One for All;' they did brave and perilous deeds on land and on sea; they saved the good fame of a great queen, and set at naught the deep-laid plans of a great car-

dinal, and may you follow them through many volumes and strive to emulate them in some things, but not in all."

Although the boy's literary likes and the dime novel are only partially relevant to the title of this article, they lead in an indirect way to the subject itself. The emotions which inspired fifteen or twenty years ago affection for the heroes of Cap Collier or of Old Sleuth are the same which underlie at a later day a liking for Gaboriau's Lecocq or Dr. Doyle's Sherlock Holmes. At the present time there do not seem to be any old sleuths to stir the boy's mind and imagination. Whatever may have been the faults of the heroes of dime novel literature of twenty years ago, somehow we don't seem to have any like them to-day. Perhaps this is because the work is being done by another class of men. The writers of those novels twenty years ago were for the most part newspaper reporters who, although they took their tasks with very little reverence, were bound, despite themselves, to put into them something of their best. They allowed the imagination free play; they made use of every situation which they could invent or which was suggested to them by their reading in all dramatic literature. In consequence the humblest "shocker" then had in it something drawn from the great writers—from Scott, and Bulwer, and Cooper and the rest. The "shocker" of to-day is written differently. Its author is more economical of his energies and his invention. He has learned to choose his subject, and to weave his romance about the particular phase of crime that is being exploited in the newspapers of the day. Thus a few weeks ago one of the romances which was to be found everywhere on those news-stands which dispose of literature of this kind dealt with the career of the notorious Biddle brothers. By the time this article appears, very likely district messenger boys will be revelling in some strange tale purporting to be the story of the murder of Walter Brooks.

It was about twenty years ago that, in this type of fiction, the sleuth was at his apogee. The Indian hunter of the previous decade was losing his fascination. The camp fire was burning but dimly; the crack of the frontiersman's unerring rifle—degenerate descendant of Natty

Bumpo's long carbine—had died away; the redskin had skulked back to his wigwam, his squaw, and his papooses, and sensational romance had taken up its abode in the close air of the great city, and was stalking the streets nightly in the guise of Old Sleuth, or Rafferty, the Irish detective.

The scene of most of these stories seems to have been laid in New York—a New York very much unlike the reality at any period of the city's history. The town of these stories was a place where, if you were walking through one of the side streets and looked up, you were sure to see a mysterious face outlined against one of the windows. Letters calling on you for assistance or apprising you that some stupendous crime was maturing were constantly falling at your feet. The rivers, especially by night, were places of infinite horror and wonder. The land and the structures along the water front were honeycombed with caves and secret passages. When darkness fell upon the city, pirate launches crept through Hell Gate and ran down stealthily toward the Battery in search of booty and opportunities for nefarious deeds. At the break of day these launches took their departure for some place on the coast of Long Island or of New Jersey, which in itself was a libel on many respectable commuters. Before the imagination the lower East Side loomed up as a great mysterious region inhabited solely by criminals of the most dangerous type, and dotted with dark and infamous dens. The very name, Five Points, carried with it the impression of gloom. Among the innumerable detectives of fiction who contributed so much to make the atmosphere of *this* New York, the present writer recalls in particular Old Sleuth and Rafferty and Chink, the Chinese detective. Old Rafferty was especially worthy of remembrance. A dozen different stories were given to the retailing of his adventures, but, alas, the time came when old Rafferty got married. One of his cases led him to form the acquaintance of a buxom, middle-aged Irish widow. The story was called *Old Rafferty's Luck*, a title which the readers naturally resented, for we don't think that Rafferty afterward followed many more clues. Mrs. Rafferty was evidently a practical woman.

The tales dealing with Old Rafferty and his fellows were, in a literary way, marked by the very laudable brevity of their sentences. The writers thereof were either paid by the line or were filling the required number of pages by the use of the shortest lines possible, and they saw to it that there were no long-winded conversations. For instance, here is a sample of the dialogue of that masterpiece of twenty years ago, *Ferret, the Man of a Million Disguises*:

"Hist!"

The burglar's voice broke the stillness of the night.

"Who goes there?"

"I!"

"You?"

"Yes."

"The deed is done."

"Done?"

"Yes, done."

"The swag?"

"Is here."

"There?"

"Yes, here."

"In the bag?"

"In the bag."

"It is well."

"Ha! Whose voice is that?"

"Whose voice!"

"Yes. Who are you?"

"Who am I?"

"Yes. Who are you?"

"Ferret, the man of a million disguises!"

Unique among all the books of that period devoted to exploiting the cunning vigilance of the sleuth was *Butts, the Boy Detective*. In his dramatised form Butts was long a source of wonder and delight, and by one who saw him, the great scene of the play shall never be forgotten. After many plots and counterplots Butts had succeeded in entering in disguise the den of the counterfeiters while they are at work. In the course of the action a word or a sound rouses suspicion. The chief of the counterfeiters springs to his feet, glances about at his men, and then asks in a voice of thunder, "Who came in that door last?" Thereupon our hero jumps up with a cocked revolver in each hand, places his back to the wall and shouts, "Butts, the Boy Detective!"

II.

THE NEW DETECTIVE.

The different types of detectives in fiction may be classified according to the social scale. Old Rafferty, Chink, Sleuth, Butts, and all of that ilk may be designated as the *canaille*, the proletarians; Poe's Dupin, Gaboriau's Lecoq and Père Tiraclair, and Dr. Doyle's Sherlock Holmes are the patricians; they represent the *grand monde*: between these extremes are the detectives who belong to the *bourgeoisie* of detection, and they, of course, are of the greatest number. An excellent type of this middle class is the Mr. Gryce of the stories of Anna Katharine Green. A crime is committed; Mr. Gryce is appealed to; he catches the scent; and at the end of the volume he shows you that the real culprit is the person who has been before you throughout, but whom you never have thought of suspecting. This last is the very basis of the real detective story of any length. Some years ago there appeared a detective story—was it not by Professor Brander Matthews?—in which the culprit was finally detected by a camera concealed in a clock. In the course of the story every character was at some time suspected, and then cleared of suspicion, and at the end the author explained that the crime had in reality been committed by a person of whom he had never before heard. This same law for the writing of detective stories seriously impairs the interest of one of Gaboriau's best—*L'Affaire Lcrouge*. By the time we were half through the book and long before any hint of the true state of affairs is necessary, we are forced to the inevitable conclusion of the guilt of Noel, startling as that theory seems on its face, simply because Noel is the only possible person who has consistently avoided being the object of suspicion. Of this phase of the art of constructing a detective story Mr. Gryce has had every advantage, but beyond this there is nothing of very much importance; we are ready to accept what he has done, but there is nothing extraordinary in the way he has done it, and he remains, despite his dramatic environment, comparatively commonplace.

It was in Edgar Allan Poe's Dupin that the reasoner, the intellectual sleuth, first

took definite form. Poe's weird mind had seized upon some curious phases of our mental life which are with us every day, and yet which are so vague and shadowy that they are persistently ignored. He had indulged, as has every one, in the tracing of one's mind back from thought to thought, and he conceived the idea of an acute observer who should reverse the process, and by a careful analysis of character and temperament, and a close watch of such outside subjects as might have influence, accurately follow from subject to subject the workings of his neighbour's mind.

In "The Murders of the Rue Morgue" Dupin first found the opportunity to put his powers to a practical test. Two women, mother and daughter, are found in their room slain in a most revolting manner. Through a series of acute observations and deductions Dupin traces the crime to an orang-outang escaped from the custody of its master, a sailor. It is all very ingenious, but the details are so peculiar and extraordinary that the horror falls somewhat flat. But take the tale apart, and one finds a curious analogy to the methods used in the stories about Sherlock Holmes. Dupin and his historian have rooms together, just as Holmes and Watson did. In each case the curiosity of the historian is first aroused by noticing the unconventional habits and studies of his companion. Dupin has his detractors among the official police, just as Holmes has his Gregson and his Lestrade, and Lecoq his Gevrol. The advertisement of the orang-outang which Dupin puts in the Paris newspapers and which results in the visit of the sailor, has found constant imitations in the career of Sherlock Holmes. In "The Purloined Letter," a story in which we can find much of the inspiration of "A Scandal in Bohemia" and "The Naval Treaty," Dupin is most plausible. A letter of great political importance, involving the honour of a queen, has been stolen by her enemy, a cabinet minister. To the recovery of this letter the official police have vainly devoted all their resources. The minister has been waylaid by apparent highwaymen and his person searched. Everything in his house has been minutely examined, pictures have been unmounted, the rungs of his chairs

have been bored, every cubic inch has been put to the test. As a last resort Dupin is summoned. The amateur detective mentally places himself in the position of the minister, calls at the latter's house, looks for the most obvious object as the one most likely to escape attention, and recovers the letter. Granting the premises, "The Purloined Letter" is one of the most perfect stories of its kind. Of Dupin's methods in "The Mystery of Marie Roget," in which tale Poe developed his own theory of the murder of Mary Rogers, the beautiful cigar girl, a crime of which all New York was at the time talking, very little can be said. The editors of the magazine in which the story originally appeared decided that it would be best to omit the last half of the tale, and so far as the present writer knows "The Mystery of Marie Roget" has never been printed in full.

If in one line we can trace the ancestry of Sherlock Holmes to Edgar Allan Poe's Dupin, in another we can work back to Gaboriau, not, however, to the great Lecoq, but to old Taboret, better known to the official police who are introduced into the tales as Père Tiraclair. From Dupin, Holmes derived his intellectual acumen, his faculty of mentally placing himself in the position of another, and thereby divining that other's motives and plans, his raising of the observation of minute outward details to the dignity of an exact science. Père Tiraclair inspired him to that wide knowledge of criminal and contemporary history which enabled him to throw a light on the most puzzling problem and to find some analogy to the most *outré* case. With Lecoq, Holmes has absolutely nothing in common.

The deductions of Dupin and of Sherlock Holmes we are ready to accept, because we feel that it is romance, and in romance we care to refute only what seriously jars our sense of what is logical; we take those of Lecoq, because they convince beyond all question, because when one has been forced upon us, we are ready defiantly to maintain that no other is possible. To present Lecoq briefly, let us confine our attention to three books: *Monsieur Lecoq*, *The Mystery of Orcival* (*Le Crime d'Orcival*) and *File 113* (*Dossier 113*). The material upon which these stories were based, as

was the case with almost all of Gaboriau's books, was taken from the secret archives of the Paris police. In *Monsieur Lecoq* we have the detective at the beginning of his career, a subordinate in the police service, seeking in that profession a field for his peculiar talents and his hitherto baulked ambition. One winter's night he is one of a party of police sent out to "round up" the slums of Paris. As they are traversing an open space near the southeast fortifications of the city, they hear terrible cries coming from a near-by drinking den. They break in the door, find three men dead on the floor and the murderer, with a smoking pistol in his hand, barricaded behind an overturned table. He tries to escape, but Lecoq, who has left his companions, enters the den from the rear, seizes him, and the assassin throws down his pistol, crying, "It is the Prussians who are coming!" It is on these words that the whole story is constructed. Just as at Waterloo the Emperor expected Grouchy instead of Blücher, so the murderer was looking to the quarter whence Lecoq came for an ally and not an enemy. And instantly there takes possession of the young detective's mind the belief that this grimy, unkempt ruffian is other than he seems—that he is certainly a man of education, perhaps even a man of the highest social rank. To this belief he clings throughout, in spite of every obstacle, in spite of the derision of his comrades and the open hostility of his superiors. Only once does he falter. He is very young, and the truth which is dawning upon him is so astounding. He goes for advice to Père Tiraclair; through the latter's knowledge of contemporary history his doubts are dispelled, he is shown the connecting link between the attempted suicide of the prisoner and the mysterious accident of the examining judge, and in the end he succeeds triumphantly in demonstrating that the assassin May is in reality the Duc de Sairmeuse. Sherlock Holmes rather ungraciously fleeced at the whole feat, and boasted that he would have established the prisoner's identity in twenty-four hours.

In the *Mystery of Orcival* a terrible crime has been committed in a château near Paris. The local officials have been in charge for some hours, and have forged a very damning chain of evidence

against one of the servants of the château. Lecoq, now high in his profession, arrives and looks over the ground. One of the most important points in the evidence is a clock, which has been overturned in the struggle which has taken place and which has stopped with the hands pointing a few minutes before midnight. This apparently establishes the time at which the crime was committed. Lecoq looks at the clock; then turns the hands forward to the hour. The clock strikes three. Lecoq smiles: with a move of his finger he has upset completely the laboriously constructed theory of the local police. This is only one of many points in this book which place the cunning of Lecoq above dispute. The opening chapters of *File 113* tell of the abstraction of a vast sum of money from a Paris bank. The money has been taken from a safe to which there are but two keys, one of which has been used, and on the green iron door there is a long scratch which tells of the agitation of the thief. An ambitious young detective, known as "The Squirrel," has presumptuously attempted to cope with Lecoq and to work independently. When he is floundering hopelessly, Lecoq comes to his aid and shows how at one time "The Squirrel" had momentarily the great opportunity. "You should immediately have asked for both the keys. To the one that was used there would have adhered some of the green paint from the scratch."

There are few, if any, men to-day who possess to so high degree as Dr. Doyle the art of weaving into their narratives episodes which are facts or of carrying their fiction to the very edge of history. This, he it understood, is said without any thought of disparagement. He himself has told how for *The White Company* he "tore" the very heart out of the chronicles of Froissart. His "Story of the Lost Special" was based on a story which appeared in this country a good many years ago, and to which Dr. Doyle gave an ending where the original writer thought none was possible. If, after reading *Rodney Stone*, you will take up Pierce Egan and other writers of the English prize-ring, you will see how old

stories have been taken out of their crude setting and illuminated with the fire and colour of a real story teller. Most of the men who sat round the table at the banquet given to the Corinthians and the Fancy by Sir Charles Tregellis are as historic as the Tower, and the fight in the coach house which introduced young Jim Harrison to London was almost word for word an episode in the early career of Pierce, the Game Chicken, some time champion of England. And in some such manner, out of odds and ends, Dr. Doyle seems to have constructed the many-sided character of Sherlock Holmes.

A point which for the time places Holmes by the side of Lecoq is that of the pills in *The Study in Scarlet*. The body of Drebber has been found in the deserted house, the story is well on its way, and Watson and the official police and the reader are floundering about in utter darkness. Lestrade comes with the tale of the murder of Stangerson, and after narrating the dramatic and relevant points enumerates the unimportant objects that have been found beside the body. At the words, "box of pills," Holmes springs to his feet with the astounding statement that his case is complete, and begins the demonstration which ends a few minutes later with the handcuffing of the cabman. Here and there throughout the other stories there are points almost, if not equally, as telling. In "The Adventure of the Speckled Band," perhaps the weirdest and most hideous tale that Dr. Doyle has ever written, there is a fine subtlety in the manner in which Holmes links the bed clamped to the floor, the dummy bell-rope, the ventilator, the dog whip, the saucer of milk and the clanging safe. There is ingenuity in "The Reigate Puzzle," "The Five Orange Pips," "The Scandal in Bohemia," "The Naval Treaty" and "The Engineer's Thumb;" and as is told elsewhere in this number of *THE BOOKMAN*, an episode of much significance in the recently published *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. The name of Sherlock Holmes, with that of Dupin, will in the end be found very near the apex; but in the realm of material achievement Lecoq must stand alone.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.



CONSTANCE DE CORDUROY

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER XCII.

Constance found the old man seated before the fire in the little cabin she had come to love so well. For a moment she hesitatingly paused upon the threshold, thinking she heard sounds of conversation. But, save for the blind retriever at his feet, he was alone, solitary, unattended. Constance recalled that when it was too cold to work outdoors it was Uncle Ober's habit to thus sit beside his hearth with the old dog, splitting infinitives.

"I have come to warn you that this retreat is no longer safe," she whispered, bending over him; "I hope you are not offended."

"If enybody was to tell me my boots was burnin', I ain't too big a fool to take 'em off the stove," he enigmatically answered.

Constance laughed her low, soft, whinnying laugh.

"Burgoyne has crossed the Nepperhan," she said, "and I am pretty sure—"

"In guessin' what the other feller's goin' to do," retorted Uncle Ober, "there's only one thing you can be pretty sure of, and that is that you're guessin' wrong."

For a moment she was silent, speechless, dumb.

"Oh!" she ventured, fixing him. He caught her meaning.

"A man who's too smart to need any outside help is like a steam whistle that thinks it can go off and toot alone without the biler," he flung back at her consolingly.

Constance shrivelled.

"You mean—" she hesitated, wincing.

"It ain't fair to say gals don't think of nothin' but their good looks," he mused,

regarding her; "if they did, they wouldn't spile 'em so by gettin' mad."

"But * * * * *

"Some fellers thinks the things they don't know how to do hadn't ought to be done."

"Now * * * * *

"If actin' square didn't do no more than make your vittles taste better, it would be wuth all the trouble."

"And * * * * *

"What are yer hollerin' about? I ain't hurt, as the feller's ear sed to his funny-bone."

"Ah * * * * *

"Wouldn't it jar you to find out folks don't think no more of you than you do of them?"

"I * * * * *

"There's one good thing about a rotten apple—you don't have to eat it."

"Oh * * * * *

"It's a waste of time tryin' to please a feller who can't please himself."

Constance rose, pale, agitated, trembling.

"Uncle Ober," she gaspingly ejaculated, "where did you acquire all the wisdom you express so quaintly?"

The old man reached a trembling hand toward the shelf and pointed to a tattered volume.

"That there book is the *Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*," he faintly chuckled. "All I've got to do is to reel him off in my own inimitable way. If a feller wasn't allowed to say nothin' that's been sed before, there wouldn't be much use for spellin' books."

Constance was awe-struck, captivated, bewitched.

Herman Knickerbocker Viele.

WOMAN'S DRESS IN THE MODERN FRENCH NOVEL

Most of the French novelists of recent years have taken a particular delight in describing endlessly in their innumerable books the various toilets of their innumerable heroines. They seem to have made a specialty of descriptions of this kind, and to have thought them evidences of the finer art of romance writing. Perhaps there is in this no cause for complaint on the part of the reader, but one has at least the right to demand that if these descriptions are minute they should also be comparatively just and exact.

As every one knows, nothing is more variable than fashion. What is thought elegant to-day will be ridiculous to-morrow, and in attempting to paint in words a gown that should appeal to the readers of ten years hence the novelist would necessarily be undertaking a hopeless task. In looking over the attires of the various heroines of contemporary fiction, one is reminded of a field dotted with strange and incongruous flowers. One sees little reason and little symmetry, because the novelists almost without exception seem to be ignorant of the essential law of harmony in colour applied to the woman's dress. There is hardly a woman who does not understand the basic law that the general colour of the toilet must be the complementary colour of the complexion of she who wears it. That is to say, the white blonde will choose blue turquoise; the golden blonde, blue green; the brunette, red; the woman with chestnut hair (*chatain*) violet. Yet simple as this law is, the novelists seem to be persistently ignoring it.

For instance, there is Paul Bourget, typically a writer *mondain*, whose books deal with the great world peopled by men and women of fashion. But let us open *Mensonges*. The heroine, Madame Moraines, appears. It is at a ball.

A young woman passing through the ante-chamber slipped off her wrap, showing her fine figure clothed all in red. Her profile was delicate, her nose slightly arched, her mouth that of a woman given to wit and laughter. In her soft blonde hair diamonds were glittering. René . . . felt himself grow pale as he met her clear blue eyes shining out of a complexion that one must call, despite the triteness of the metaphor, rose-coloured.

This is very far indeed from being a masterstroke of description. Can you imagine this woman, so blonde and with pale eyes, dressed entirely in red? What would become of the rose-tinted complexion? Alas, everything would have faded; there would have remained nothing of that blonde beauty, which would have shown so well in white or blue or pink or black, or, in fact, in any colour whatever with the exception of red. M. Bourget's error was monstrous and inexcusable. But in this error Bourget is by no means alone. Turn to Anatole France, who pretends to an intimate knowledge of the way that women should dress, and we find him talking of the blonde Comtesse Martin as throwing over her shoulders a long cape of red velvet tipped with gold and lined with ermine. While such a cape would undoubtedly enhance the beauty of a brunette, on the shoulders of the blonde comtesse it makes the compliments paid to her by the painter Dechartre seem ridiculous.

Dechartre praised her for the simplicity with which she dressed. . . . He liked, he said, those toilets supple and free that one sees so rarely and yet never forgets. She was much flattered; she had never heard praises that gave her so much pleasure. She knew that she dressed very well, with a taste bold and sure. But no man, except her father, had ever complimented her intelligently. She thought men capable only of feeling the effect of a dress without understanding its ingenious details. . . . Therefore, she resigned herself to having her attire appreciated only by women who are moved, after all, by a spirit of meanness and of jealousy. The artistic and masculine admiration of Dechartre surprised and pleased her.

No doubt it did, but one must say that Dechartre's admiration was very much more masculine than artistic, and that if this painter had undertaken portraits of women, they certainly would have been very bad.

Guy de Maupassant was another who considered himself eminent as an authority on this subject. Shrewder than Anatole France, he refrained from elaborate descriptions, or at least his descriptions were so vague that he seldom laid

himself open to serious criticism. Read this passage from *Fort Comme la Mort*:

He looked at her. "*Bigre*, how beautiful you are! What style!"

"Yes, I have a new gown. Is it not pretty?"

"Very harmonious. One may say that you have a wonderful sense of shades." He walked round her, felt the cloth, changed with his fingers the hanging of the folds.

"It is very successful. It becomes you admirably."

Although we know neither of what colour this dress was nor of what material it was made, we are convinced, as the painter Olivier Bertin was convinced, that it was very becoming. This general judgment satisfies us entirely. We see the heroine, a Parisian well gowned in an elegant costume that "becomes her very well." It is enough.

There is one side of the whole matter for which we may as well turn to M. Marcel Prévost. It is a side which is not without some importance in France, and concerns the use of fiction for advertising the work of certain dressmakers and milliners. Here is an example:

"By the way," said Maude, "I have decided that the coat should be close fitting."

"In the style that Laferrière is making?"

"Yes. Only I shall modify it a little by changing the corsage. You will understand." She explained.

What was it that she explained? She could never make explanations that would be sufficient to show us that novelists of high talent should descend to becoming advertising agents. And yet in this Marcel Prévost is by no means alone. From the time of Georges Ohnet, Worth has been referred to complacently. In *Le Maître de Forges* Ohnet described Athénais transformed and vastly improved in appearance after she had gone through the hands of a great dressmaker. Undeniably Worth knew his trade well, and Ohnet described women's dress better than Bourget or France, and with much less pretension.

Of all things, style is the most fragile, the most changeable. To attempt to establish it permanently is folly. No writer can conquer this inexorable law. Not even Balzac, who dressed his heroines in a manner that makes us to-day wonder how women so robed could have inspired

loves so ardent. In us they inspire only the desire to laugh. Read this description taken from *Beatrix*:

She was charming in her morning gown. On her head was one of those red velvet hair nets then in the fashion. . . . A very short black velvet riding coat formed a modern Greek tunic, showing the cambric skirt and the pretty Turkish slippers of gold and red. It was a toilet unique, one of those toilets which express an idea.

An idea, perhaps—but a very ridiculous idea. Gautier, although an artist, was not any happier in some of his descriptions; but Zola, who has never claimed to be either a man of the world or an artist, has been much more successful in adapting his colours to his heroines, simply because these heroines belonged to that type in which the effect was heightened by each display of ridiculous taste. There is one novelist, however, who excels in adorning the heroine. A word, a stroke, and they are dressed. There is never a fault of taste. But then this novelist is a woman—Gyp. She never overdoes these descriptions, but when she decides to draw a picture it is always exact. This is how she invents a ball dress for a very young girl:

Chiffon slipped the little simple robe of white over the filmy skirt falling straight, and of which the gathered corsage covered her firm and beautiful bust.

This is just the dress that belongs to a young girl. And fifty years hence young girls will still be wearing at balls these simple robes of white mousseline de soie.

But for one writer who is capable of describing woman's dress, how many others are there utterly incompetent and entirely ignorant of the art of the fashion. It was a long time ago that women novel readers gave up the habit of dressing themselves after the heroines of Paul Bourget, of Marcel Prévost, of Paul Hervieu, and of Maurice Donnay. At the present time do women enjoy even seeing in print these interminable displays of the wardrobe? It is to be doubted. As to the men, they all skip and turn the leaf. They are wise, and undoubtedly there are many women who do the same.

Louise Faure-Favier.

BOHEMIA

Soracte stands no longer deep
In snow, but budding to the Spring;
Where the boy Flaccus lay asleep,
On Vultur's side, the doves take wing;

Bandusia's fountain, crystal clear,
Leaps to the south wind's soft caress,
And Faunus hails the youthful year,
Blithe in his glad, green wilderness.

Come, let us follow gaily where
The smiling, short, grey poet trod;
Hark! Aufidus rolls on the air
And headlong Anio gems the sod;

Beneath this ilex, Tyndaris,
Her classic beauty all aglow,
Sings to her lute, of Circe's kiss,
A love song of the long ago.

Is this Bohemia? Aye, the moon
Spells her white magic on the air,
And on the water writes a rune
That laughs away old Time and Care.

Here come the loves of other days,
Yea, even the dead whom we hold dear;
Here every poet wears the bays
And every warrior shakes the spear.

High o'er this vale thy cold, white star,
Oh, Destiny, stay for to-night!
Fame, from thy temple shining far,
Blot out for us the garish light.

To-morrow we'll attack the height,
Brave a new wound for every scar,
Wage a new battle for the right
And hitch our wagons to the star.

But, oh, to-night—we would forget,
Here, 'mid the clusters of the vine,
That even this glorious rose is wet
With the fond dews of Auld Lang Syne!

John Paul Bocock.



VITRÉ AND MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ

The motive which impelled the Marquis de Sévigné and his young bride, in the year 1646, to leave Paris, and seek the fields and groves and garden of "Les

Rochers." at Vitré, was a desire to avoid the excitement of the gay French capital and a yearning for the quiet stability of the unspoiled Breton life. That Madame



LA RUE BEAUDRAIRIE.

de Sévigné found the château at Vitré as charming and satisfying as she had anticipated, is indicated by her long stay in that sylvan retreat. So that her friends in Paris ceased to gossip about her, and her profligate cousin, Bussy de Rabutin, sent a letter in verse to Vitré, urging the happy couple not to bury themselves utterly, but to remember the brilliant festivities at the court of "Le Grand Monarque."

In those days the two hundred miles journey up to Paris was a serious and prolonged experience. If the Marquis and his wife could have commanded the comfort and speed of the modern railway, or, better still, could have adjusted themselves to the reckless rapidity of the automobile, doubtless they would have been numbered frequently among the guests at the fêtes and feasts of Versailles.

History repeats itself—with additions; the old theme of love vibrates anew—with variations. Yonder, across the central square of Vitré, is a young couple mounting to the seat of an automobile. The well-groomed young man assists the



RUE SÉVIGNÉ.

daintily gowned lady to her place, doffs his hat to the landlord, then the turn of a lever, and the strange vehicle glides swiftly away. But for their costumes they might well be the Marquis and Marquise de Sévigné, en route from Paris to Les Rochers. They turn to the right and enter the narrow Rue Beaudrairie. The round-shouldered, decrepit old houses on either side nearly knock their heads together as they bend over to see the strange creature, the swiftly moving horseless monster. Vehicles may change, but thoroughfares—in sluggish, mediæval Vitré—remain the same.

A few steps toward the left and one enters La Rue Poterie, and, a little beyond, La Rue de Sévigné all of them lined with the same kinds of ancient dwellings, built of grey stone and stout timbers, outlasting the many generations of human beings who have dwelt under their roofs. Across the street there is that little court, a veritable "cul-de-sac," and the old dame knitting there in the sunlight, as scores of other women will knit, during the closing hours of the day. Did "les tricoteuses," the famous "Knit-



NAVE OF THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME, VITRÉ.



CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME, VITRÉ.

ters," who sat unmoved under the shadow of the guillotine, at Paris, remove to peaceful Vitré after the Revolution? Huge bundles of socks and other knitted garments go up to Paris each year from the hands of these Vitré women, who are famous for their skill and speed in this handicraft.

"*Qui laborat, orat,*" says the old Latin phrase; but these busy, devout people find time for other kinds of prayers, as the well-filled churches attest; and while gay, worldly Paris gives little heed to the summons from steeples and belfries, here in Vitré, in the heart of Brittany, religion plays an important part in daily life, and the Gothic splendour of "God's House" contrasts triumphantly with the mean, narrow rooms in the houses of men.

In our day there is practically but one form of the Christian religion, the Roman Catholic, maintained in Vitré and in other Breton towns; but time was when these streets ran blood from the veins of contending Papist and Huguenot. A little later the bloody strife softened into wars of words, and skilful disputants contended, in public, before the crowd, upon vital questions of conscience and ecclesiastical authority. Then it was that pulpits, beautifully carved in stone, were built against the outside walls of churches and castles; and from these vantage points the faithful were exhorted and the recalcitrant were warned by cowled monks and white-robed priests.

There is one spot, toward which the feet of every modern visitor to Vitré insensibly and inevitably turn—the Château Les Rochers, the country home of

Madame de Sévigné, queen of letter-writers and patron saint of faithful mothers. The four intervening miles of smooth highway may be quickly traversed by the automobile, and we find ourselves in front of the grey towers of Les

Rochers. The octagonal structure at the left is the chapel. Behind it is the well-kept garden of several acres, so dearly loved by the fair Marquise, where she walked each day, as her letters tell us, in the closing hours of the afternoon.

One must not expect the present occupants of the château to come out and welcome us. Monsieur and Madame Netumires, into whose family the estate came, in 1714, would find little time for other duties if they "personally conducted" all tourists over their estate; for, though few English and American travellers come to Vitré, the place is a Mecca to all educated Frenchmen; Madame de Sévigné is an ideal, an idol even, to most of them, and Les Rochers is one of the national shrines.

The warm sunshine poured down, and the summer silence was broken only by subdued twitterings of contented birds in the thickets. We did not approach the château directly, but crossed the court-yard to the quarters of the concierge. There were two

smiling little figures in the doorway of the cottage—the little daughters of the concierge, beaming with good-nature; doubtless finding much more enjoyment in life than do the daughters of the château, who, if local gossip may be trusted, are sadly bored by life in the country.

A sturdy, resolute woman, in cap and apron, seizes a bunch of keys from a hook behind the door, and politely asks us to



EXTERIOR PULPIT OF NOTRE DAME.



A COURTYARD IN VITRÉ

follow. We pass the substantial stone stables, catching a glimpse of the farm-yard, and are led over to the group of grey, weather-beaten buildings comprising the château itself.

Visitors are allowed to enter only the octagon chapel and the room of Madame de Sévigné, which is on the ground floor, and opens directly upon the garden. The chapel is the tiniest possible place, affording room to not more than a dozen worshippers.

The place is dim, even in this bright, sunny day, and we presently emerge, with a slight sense of relief, and walk a few yards beyond to the room which was living-room, bedroom, boudoir and study for the illustrious letter-writer. It is only a foot or two above the level of the garden, opening upon it by a large double door with glass panels. Entering, we are in the veritable home and secret retreat of Madame de Sévigné. A full-length portrait of her, painted by Mignard, hangs upon the wall; the bed is resplendent with the red and yellow coverlet worked by



CHÂTEAU LES ROCHERS.

her daughter, Madame de Grignan. The candlesticks and ewer and basin are all the identical ones used by Madame de Sévigné. When we wickedly point out to the concierge the small size of the ewer, she laughs and retorts that in those days not much water was used; "just a little, a very little" (suited the action to the word, and applying the tips of two fingers to her face).

find sympathy in the breast of a man who had sent thousands of sons to their graves and brought despair to the hearts of thousands of mothers.

As we try to picture to ourselves this beautiful, tender, indefatigable writer of letters, we have the full-length portrait by Mignard, and the two portraits from Versailles, one painted when she was about thirty, and the other when she had



RUE POTERIE.

Here, then, we come very close to the subject of this sketch. Here "She" sat and wrote her wonderful letters. In those days, as now, Sunday seemed to be the one day of the week devoted to letter-writing; you will find "Sunday" placed at the top of a large number of the famous epistles. Napoleon seemed not to care for the letters; he told somebody that reading them was like eating snowballs. One could hardly expect the warm, maternal spirit breathing through them to

reached fifty. In addition, we have the following pen-picture by Mademoiselle Scudéry. "She has blue eyes, full of life and expression. She dances with marvellous grace. Her voice is sweet and melodious. I have never seen so much charm united with so much brightness of intellect, such innocence and virtue. She is graceful, without affectation; witty, without malice; gay, without folly; modest, without constraint; and virtuous, without severity."

It was almost an inexplicable quality in the young Marquise that led her calmly to disregard the gayeties of the brilliant court of Versailles and find entire contentment in this quiet, secluded Brittany life. However, she was surrounded by the most perfect conditions possible in country life. As we wander about through the shaded walks of the large garden, we easily catch the charm of it all. The beds of geranium, rich in red and pink, are kept as they were in "Her" time. Tiny orange trees are growing in large boxes of loam, and fill the air with the delicious scent of their blossoms. There are, also, hedges of thorn and holly, shutting in the smooth walks, and making them ideal retreats for lovers. The trees are of various kinds and sizes; but, towering above all others, rise the huge cedars of Lebanon, with their stratified foliage, sombre in tone, but never fickle and changeable, like the deciduous beech and oak.

Perhaps the paucity of rustic amusements in the olden time is implied in the "echo stone" at one corner of the enclosure. There the concierge places the visitor on a flat stone, and invites him to utter a few words, facing, at the same time, the high, smooth wall. The result is a faint response, a weak echo; and the visitor wonders if he has done the thing correctly; but a delighted, convincing smile on the concierge's face settles it; the experiment is a success, and we smile back at the honest, earnest face.



DAUGHTERS OF THE
CONCIERGE.

There is one object, however, in the garden which is full of interest and suggestion. It is the old brass sundial, mounted firmly and enduringly upon its pedestal of carved stone. Doubtless "Her" mild blue eyes rested often upon it in the long, long ago, as she took those strolls in the garden which she so much enjoyed. On the dial these words are cut into the hard stone: "Ultimam time!" She must have seen those warning words many and many a time. Per-

haps their injunction was on the background of her mind when she wrote, in one of her letters, "I find the conditions of life very hard. It seems to me that I have been dragged, in spite of myself, to that fatal point at which I must suffer old age. I see it; I am there; and I could wish, at any rate, to go no farther; not to advance another step along the path of infirmities, of pains, of loss of memory and of disfigurements, such as are ready to affront me."

There you have one of the penalties of beauty; and we wonder, as we paraphrase the old saying, "Is it better to have had beauty and lost it, than never to have had beauty at all?" However, Madame de Sévigné possessed much beside physical beauty with which to win the affection of her contemporaries and the commendation of posterity. She passed unscathed through the fiery temptations of her time, and turned lovers into friends by the talisman of her pure, upright life. Despite all the wealth of affection which



BRASS SUN-DIAL IN THE GARDEN OF LES ROCHERS.



FARM YARD OF THE CHÂTEAU.

she lavished upon Madame de Grignan, she had much to give to her friends. Therefore they loved her. Therefore Madame de Lafayette, lying upon a sick bed, awaiting death, could sincerely say to her, "I think I have loved you better than I have ever loved any other human being."

The beautiful Marquise, lovely in face and form, but even lovelier in heart and soul, is a lasting attestation of the truth

of the famous line, "To be admired, is nothing; to be loved, is everything." One reads the appreciation of Lamartine, and one feels that his judgment was sound. "Madame de Sévigné, who was almost a poet herself, was, in fact, the Petrarch of French prose. Like him, she knew how to communicate to a thousand hearts the throbbings of her own."

Bradley Gilman.



"GEORGE ELIOT" *

Mr. Leslie Stephen has performed an invaluable service, not so much to the genius of George Eliot, which may well trust its case to posterity, as to those among her admirers who resent the momentary neglect into which she has fallen. Such "interlunar" phases are the lot of all great writers. It is not long since Macaulay was rescued from the contempt of the very schoolboy in whose omniscience he placed such flattering faith; and Racine, according to Madame de Sévigné, was destined *passer comme le café*. This, as it turns out, is precisely what he did; and some such fate doubtless awaits other reputations rashly condemned to a like evanescence.

Meanwhile, it is encouraging to see a critic of Mr. Stephen's authority set himself resolutely against that belittling process by which each generation thinks to mark its advance over its predecessors. No such conscious motive, of course, underlies the inevitable reactions of taste, and their very inevitableness makes them, self-evidently, a subject rather for analysis than for criticism; but it is well that the popular judgment should now and then be called on to account for itself, to reckon up losses and gains, and see whither its tidal impulses are carrying it.

In the case of George Eliot, the influences determining the change are somewhat difficult to trace. The principal charge against her seems to be that she was too "scientific," that she sterilised her imagination and deformed her style by the study of biology and metaphysics.

*George Eliot. By Leslie Stephen. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The belief that scientific studies have this effect on the literary faculty has received what is regarded as striking confirmation in Darwin's well-known statement that, as he grew more engrossed in his physiological investigations, he lost his taste for poetry, so that at last he became incapable of finding any pleasure in the great writers who had once delighted him. This statement seems convincing till examined more closely; then it will be remembered that there is more than one way of studying the phenomena of life, and that the fixity of purpose and limited range of investigation to which the scientific specialist is committed differ totally from the cultivated reader's bird's-eye view of the field of scientific speculation. George Eliot was simply the cultivated reader, and her biological acquirements probably differed in degree, rather than in kind, from those, for instance, of Tennyson, who is acknowledged to have enlarged the range of poetic imagery by his use of metaphors and analogies drawn from the discoveries of modern science. Certainly, no one can deny the poetic value of the evolutionary conception. Guyau has finely said: *L'hypothèse c'est le poème du savant*; and almost all the famous scientific hypotheses have an imaginative boldness and beauty which justify the metaphor. The great investigators have never wearied of repeating that all the forward steps in science have been made by an imaginative effort, by the deductive rather than the inductive method. Goethe the poet was nourished, not stunted, by the scientific inductions of Goethe the morphologist; and Milton's allusion to Ga-

lileo's "optic glass" shows how early the poetic mind was ready to seize on any illustration furnished by the investigations of science. Is it because these were men, while George Eliot was a woman, that she is reproved for venturing on ground they did not fear to tread? Dr. Johnson is known to have pronounced portrait-painting "indelicate in a female"; and indications are not wanting that the woman who ventures on scientific studies still does so at the risk of such an epithet.

Aside from such prejudices, it will probably be agreed that the use any writer makes of his or her knowledge is the sole test of its specific value. If it be found that George Eliot's studies had the effect generally ascribed to them, it may at once be conceded that, in her case, they were misdirected. If it can be shown that she was originally a buoyant poetic creature, with a bright play of fancy and a light flexible style—that the spontaneity of Charlotte Brontë or the precision and limpidity of Jane Austen were among her inherent gifts—then it must be owned that the chance which threw her into the society of George Lewes and Mr. Herbert Spencer was one to be deplored by her readers. It remains to be seen whether any such case can be made out against destiny. George Eliot passed from the narrowest evangelicalism of an English provincial town to the freest intellectual atmosphere of a great city. In her youth she gave no signs of any natural welling-up of the poetic faculty. Her preoccupations were mainly theological. Her discussions with her friends suggest the lucubrations of Milton's archangels. When she ceased to be a dogmatic Christian, she did not rest in agnosticism, but took refuge in the fold of Comte. She was predestined to a "chapel" of one kind or another. Not only did she write no poetry at this period, but she showed not the slightest leaning toward creative work. Her imagination was dormant. Her style, as shown in her letters, was prolix, ponderous and pedantic. Not a metaphor gives promise of the wealth of imagery so characteristic of her later work, not an epigrammatic phrase foreshadows the coiner of proverbs and aphorisms, not a gleam of humour suggests the creator of Mrs. Poyser, the Dodsons and Mr. Brooke. Such indications of future development as the letters give are all in

the line of uneasy heart-searchings combined with great intellectual curiosity. What was so likely to free such a spirit from the bonds of ethical pedantry as the contact with that vast speculative movement which was just then opening countless new avenues into the mind of man and the phenomena of the universe?

Mr. Stephen appears at first to make some concession to the popular superstition, as when, he says, that "Mr. Herbert Spencer's philosophy may be admirable in its own sphere, but is not of itself likely to stimulate an interest in purely imaginative work;" but his subsequent summing-up of George Eliot's achievement proves once again how impossible it is to say what influences are likely to quicken the creative faculty. Mr. Stephen himself admits that "it almost seems as if George Eliot would never have written a novel at all had it not been for the quick perception of Lewes." Is not this an admission that she had at last found the *milieu* she needed?

In other respects Mr. Stephen's estimate is at once judicious and appreciative; and he touches in a happy phrase on one point of special significance when he says, in speaking of the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, that "it is the constant, though not obtrusive, suggestion of the depths below the surface of trivial life which gives an impressive dignity to the work; and, in any case, marks one of the most distinctive characteristics of George Eliot's genius."

Perhaps he does not do quite as full justice to the Shakespearean quality of her humour, that humour which is of the very texture of life, and which has its source in those "depths below" to which only the divining-rod of genius penetrates. But George Eliot might have said of herself as an author what Faust said of himself as a man:

Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach, in meine Brust!

The philosophic observer of life's ironies—the humourist who records with such zest the sayings of Mr. Brooke, Mrs. Poyser, the Pullets, and Gwendolen's family group in *Daniel Deronda*—this genial spectator of the human comedy is too often thrust aside by the preacher who feels called upon to draw a somewhat obvious moral from the spectacle which his collaborator would have left to speak

for itself. Her style shows the same curious quality. Rapid and varied in dialogue, it lacks both these qualities in narrative; yet in character-drawing it is far less heavy and diffuse than in passages of "reflection." In other words, the observer of life is a better writer than the moralist.

The critics who accuse Lewes of having thwarted his wife's development include in their accusation the specific charge that he injured her style; but a fair-minded comparison of her earlier with her later works will prove the injustice of the assertion. George Eliot started in life with the worst style—or with the greatest lack of style—that ever hampered a writer of genius. The fact that the *Scenes of Clerical Life* and *Adam Bede* have the naturalness and spontaneity of manner characteristic of early successes has led to the assumption that they are better *written* than the later books. That this is not the case a hasty comparison will show. The *Scenes of Clerical Life* are related with a wearisome diffuseness, and the description of Milly's death-bed, though it appealed to the facile sentimentalism of the early Victorian public, is a poor performance compared with the death of Tom and Maggie Tulliver, or with the far more tragic episode of Lydgate's survival. George Eliot, in fact, as she advanced in the study of life, came to seek her pathos deeper, and to render it with more restraint, with less appeal to the superficial emotions but a far more poignant sense of the *lachrymæ rerum*.

In the matter of style, she showed an almost continuous development in the true direction of her talent; that is, in dialogue and characterisation. Compare the laboured and ineffective attempt to describe a fat man in the person of Mr. Casson (the innkeeper in *Adam Bede*) with the brief and masterly strokes which put before us such figures as Mr. Brooke, Dorothea, Sir James Chettam, Grandcourt and Mr. Gascoigne! *Middlemarch* abounds in vivid portraits drawn in half-a-dozen lines. Take that of Mr. Cadwalader, "a large man . . . very plain and rough in his exterior, but with that solid imperturbable ease and good-humour which is infectious, and, like great grassy hills in the sunshine, quiets even an irritated egotism" . . . or the briefer but

even more vivid summary of Mr. Brooke: "Mr. Brooke's conclusions were as difficult to predict as the weather: it was only safe to say that he would act with benevolent intentions, and that he would spend as little money as possible in carrying them out."

Such phrases bring one face to face with the man; and as George Eliot grew in the power of sketching in her characters, of placing them before her readers, so she advanced in the ability to hold them there, to maintain the definiteness of the outline she had once indicated. Do we see any of the characters in *Adam Bede* as distinctly as Maggie Tulliver, Casaubon, Dorothea, Lydgate, Grandcourt or Gwendolen? Even Mr. Stephen admits that Mrs. Poyser is painted with "a little more of Goldsmith's beautifying touch than of Crabbe's uncompromising realism;" and spite of her aphoristic fireworks she is, in fact, less real, less *immediate* a presence than her successors, Mrs. Gleg and Mrs. Pullet or (in another sphere) Lady Chettam and Mrs. Cadwalader. When George Eliot wrote *Adam Bede* the veil of literature still hung between her eyes and life, her principal figures were the familiar marionettes of fiction, and only in the subordinate characters (where stock types were less available) did she show the direct grasp of reality that was to be a distinguishing mark of her matured talent.

Perhaps the gravest defect of George Eliot's novels is their cumbersome construction. This fault is less chargeable to the author than to the taste of her day. The greatest writers have made concessions (if unconsciously, yet inevitably) to the requirements of their public; and George Eliot was no exception to the rule. Unfortunately for the normal development of her art, she began to write at a time when the psychological novel, which (it should be remembered) preceded in England, as well as in France, the novel of incident, was disappearing before the story with a "plot"—the type of fiction wherein the adventure grows, not out of the development of character and the conflict of moral forces, but out of the recovery of a missing will or the concealment of somebody's parentage. The "story with a plot" is a perfectly legitimate branch of fiction. Life is sometimes governed by just such extraneous incidents;

and though their record is intrinsically less interesting than the drama of character and circumstances, no one needs to be reminded of the brilliant use to which such material has been put by novelists like Dumas, Defoe and Stevenson. The explanation of their success is that the incidental, external side of life was the side they naturally saw; and that, beholding life as a succession of outward accidents and mechanical complications, they rendered it with the truth of direct vision. George Eliot did not see life thus. To her it was a drama of the soul, a battle of spiritual forces; and the endeavour to reconcile this study of moral crises with the popular demand for a plot, resulted as grotesquely as might the attempt of a portrait-painter to reproduce the inner economy as well as the physical exterior of his sitters. The world of incidents and the world of emotions do, indeed, overlap and react on each other; but only to some myriad-minded seer is it given to behold and report life "in the round," as it were: the greatest among the less great can seize but one angle of the complex vision.

In George Eliot's case the fusion of the external and the emotional was peculiarly unsuccessful: her plots are as easily detachable from her books as dead branches from a living tree. It is, therefore, perplexing to note that, as she advanced in insight and mastery, these plots became more complicate and obstructive. The evolution of *Adam Bede*, *Silas Marner* and *The Mill on the Floss* is simple and natural, compared with that of *Midlemarch*, *Felix Holt* or *Daniel Deronda*; and this fact partially justifies the critics who maintain the superiority of her early work. It was, in truth, more homogeneous; but what her later books lost in structural unity they gained in penetration, irony and poignancy of emotion: an exchange almost purely advantageous in the case of an author whose psychological insight so far surpassed her constructive talent.

It remains to be asked why, as her powers developed, her weaknesses increased; why she sacrificed more to convention in her later than in her earlier books; why the novels of her maturity are her worst as well as her greatest. The answer must probably be sought in her personal situation. From her letters, and from the few published records of her

life, one gathers that she was above all else a moralist. Her ethical sensibilities were peculiarly acute: she vibrated to *nuances* of conduct as an artist vibrates to subtleties of line and colour. She was, moreover, what might be called a conservative in ethics. She felt no call to found a new school of morals. A deep reverence for the family ties, for the sanctities of tradition, the claims of slowly acquired convictions and slowly formed precedents, is revealed in every page of her books. In *The Mill on the Floss*, when Maggie parts from Stephen, the burden of her cry is, "I cannot take a good for myself that has been wrung out of their misery . . . it would rend me away from all that my past life has made dear and holy to me" . . . and her first instinct is, not to fly from the scene of her grief and humiliation, but to return to it, and reknit again, at whatever cost of personal anguish, the ties which a moment of passion had so nearly severed. This faithfulness to inherited or accepted duty is, in fact, the keynote of George Eliot's teaching. The stern daughter of the voice of God stands ever at the side of Romola and Dorothea, of Lydgate and Maggie, and lifts even Mr. Farebrother and poor Gwendolen to heights of momentary heroism.

All George Eliot's noblest characters shrink with a peculiar dread from any personal happiness acquired at the cost of the social organism; yet her own happiness was acquired at such cost. That she felt herself justified by special circumstances her letters assert, and those who knew her best have repeatedly affirmed. She wrote, in a moment of profound insight, that "the great problem of the shifting relation between passion and duty is clear to no man who is capable of apprehending it;" but she never ceased to revere the law she had transgressed, and her later books proclaim with a passionate reiteration the truth of Goethe's words:

*Ein guter Mensch in seinem dunkeln Drange
Ist sich des rechten Weges wohl bewusst.*

This reiteration may help to explain the course of her literary evolution. If her life in London was at first a moral and intellectual liberation, a setting-free of unsuspected activities of heart and brain, it came to be, from the nature of circum-

stances, as narrowing, as restricting as her early existence in Coventry. She may have been satisfied that her own course was defensible; but, to all appearances, it was an open contradiction of her teachings, and the seeming inconsistency must have tortured her as social disapproval would have tortured an inferior nature. Pride, and the inability to justify herself to the world, drove her into seclusion, and, unconsciously, perhaps, she began to use her books as a vehicle of rehabilitation, a means, not of defending her own course, but of proclaiming, with increasing urgency and emphasis, her allegiance to the law she appeared to have violated. Some such unconscious attempt at readjustment seems at least to explain the strange deflection of her talent; and it is, perhaps, not a paradox to say that if George Eliot had been what the parish calls "respectable," her books would have been a less continuous hymn to respectability.

Their increasing seriousness, the greater prominence of the moral issue, may have suggested the need of propitiating her readers by a corresponding development of plot; and from this need the complicated machinery of *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda* may have originated.

Certainly, from one cause or another, her novels, as they gained in psychological truth, in depth of sympathy, in power of characterisation, lost in breadth of vision, narrowing as they grew deeper. This, again, seems explicable when the artificial conditions of her life are considered. Her growing preoccupation with moral problems coincided with an almost complete withdrawal from ordinary contact with life. She retired from the world a sensitive, passionate, receptive, responsive woman; she returned to it a literary celebrity; and in the interval ossification had set in. Her normal relations with the world ceased when she left England with Lewes. All that one reads of her carefully sheltered existence after she had become famous shows how completely she had cut herself off from her natural sources of inspiration. It is idle to lay down any general rule as to the necessary relation between the creative imagination and its surroundings; but it may at least be said that the novelist of manners needs a clear eye and a normal range of vision to keep his picture in perspective; and the loss of perspective is the central defect of George Eliot's later books.

Edith Wharton.

"AND YET——"

A boy there was, and the woman he loved
Was just beyond his reach;
He'd never touched her hand ungloved
Nor dared his lips to teach
The words his heart from day to day
Were prompting him to say.

And now that he was far away,
He sang his kindling song;
The strains were mingled sad and gay,
But spoke his passion strong.
To bide what she would say he strove;
His love in absence throve.

"I cannot give you love for love—
That my heart another owes:
For you and me it's not quite—love;
And yet, some day, who knows?—"
'Twere well, perhaps, had she said less:
'Twas neither No nor Yes.

If No, he might with time forget,
But now he lives on that "And yet——"

Alison M. Lederer,

SEVEN NOVELS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

I.

CONAN DOYLE'S "THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES."*

A page at the beginning of *The Hound of the Baskervilles* contains the following note:

MY DEAR ROBINSON:

It was your account of a West Country legend which first suggested the idea of this little tale to my mind.

For this, and for the help which you gave me in its evolution, all thanks.

Yours most truly,

A. CONAN DOYLE.

When the subject of this story was first discussed in literary and publishing circles in London there prevailed the idea that Mr. Fletcher Robinson had in hand a story to which Dr. Doyle was lending some assistance, his name, and the character of Sherlock Holmes. A little later it was being said that Dr. Doyle and Mr. Robinson were in collaboration on this new Sherlock Holmes story. Finally the first instalment of the tale itself appeared as being the work of Dr. Doyle alone. Allusion to Mr. Fletcher Robinson was made only in a foot-note, in which the reputed writer courteously, but rather vaguely, thanked Mr. Robinson for one or two hints and suggestions that had been of some value to him in the writing of the story. Just what the meaning of all this was, just how much Mr. Robinson did contribute to the inception and the working out of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, the reviewer is neither inclined nor prepared to say. Only there is in this book much that is materially different from the former work of Dr. Doyle in his detective stories, and the methods of Sherlock Holmes here are not entirely the methods of the astute, intellectual reasoner who ran Jefferson Hope to earth in *The Study in Scarlet*, and who by his systematic study of the records of Lloyds was able to connect the voyages of the *Lone Star* and the crimes of the Ku-Klux-Klan in *The Five Orange Pips*.

Although there is no intention here of

*The Hound of the Baskervilles. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

telling the story of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, it is necessary, in order to contrast the old methods of Sherlock Holmes with the new, to say something about those opening chapters in which the mystery is built up to arouse and baulk the curiosity of the reader. In a scene which is marred by a good deal of the byplay of the science of deduction in its worst form—a scene which seems to have been introduced for the purpose of proving to you rather defiantly that it is really the Sherlock Holmes of old—Holmes and Dr. Watson are shown talking together in their rooms in Upper Baker Street. There enters a certain Dr. Mortimer, a West Country practitioner. He is seeking the counsel of the great detective on a matter that is strange and delicate, and he begins his story by referring to the recent death of Sir Charles Baskerville, the head of the well-known North Devon family of Baskervilles, a man of great wealth and charity, whom the narrator has known well both personally and professionally. Sir Charles's death had been a peculiar one. He had gone out from Baskerville Hall late one night to walk up and down the Yew Alley, and it was at the end of this alley that his dead body was found some hours later. A drunken horse-dealer, who had been passing across the moor that night, had declared that he had heard cries, and there were several other attendant suspicious circumstances. A point that was afterward of use to Sherlock Holmes was that Sir Charles's footsteps "altered their character from the time that he passed the moor gate, and that he appeared from thence onward to have been walking upon his toes." But there were no signs of violence, and the coroner's jury had decided that death was the result of some long-standing organic disease. Such were the facts as known to Dr. Mortimer. He then took up the telling of that weird and uncanny legend of a remote day—the legend of the Hound of the Baskervilles—to which the story owes its fascination and its horror.

Back somewhere in the seventeenth century there had been a Sir Hugo Baskerville, the wildest and cruelest and most evil of all who had borne the Baskerville name. One Michaelmas, in com-

pany with five or six of his dissolute companions, he carried off the daughter of a neighbouring yeoman, and having brought her to Baskerville Hall, placed her in an upper chamber, while Hugo and his friends sat down to their nightly carouse. The maid, driven mad with fear at the sound of the oaths and shouting, escaped from her window by the aid of the growth of ivy, and started homeward across the moor. When Hugo learned of her flight, he became like one possessed of a devil, and swore that he would render that very night his body and soul to the Powers of Evil if he might overtake her. Then rushing from the room, he loosed his hounds, gave them the scent, and followed them himself on horseback. His comrades, starting in pursuit, soon came upon a shepherd crazed with fear who had indeed seen the unhappy maiden with the hounds upon her track. "But I have seen more than that," said he, "for Hugo Baskerville passed me on his black mare, and there ran mute behind him such a hound of hell as God forbid should ever be at my heels." The drunken squires cursed the shepherd and rode onward; but soon there came across the moor Sir Hugo's mare with trailing bridle and empty saddle. A great fear came over the revellers; they huddled close together, and it was only the three boldest who rode forward.

The moon was shining bright upon the clearing, and there in the centre lay the unhappy maid where she had fallen, dead of fear and of fatigue. But it was not the sight of her body, nor yet was it that of the body of Hugo Baskerville lying near her, which raised the hair upon the heads of these three dare-devil roysterers, but it was that, standing over Hugo, and plucking at his throat, there stood a foul thing, a great, black beast, shaped like a hound, yet larger than any hound that ever mortal eye has rested upon. And even as they looked, the thing tore the throat out of Hugo Baskerville, on which, as it turned its blazing eyes and dripping jaws upon them, the three shrieked with fear and rode for dear life, still screaming, across the moor. One, it is said, died that very night of what he had seen, and the other twain were but broken men for the rest of their days.

Such was the legend of the Baskervilles, a wild tale preserved through the years by the peasantry of the moors, and

given a peculiar horror by the wild nature of the country, and above all by the many strange and sometimes inexplicable form in which death had overtaken successive generations of the Baskervilles. The legend had come to prey upon the mind of each successive head of the house; on Sir Charles's mind it had so preyed as to strain his nervous system almost to the breaking point. He would not venture out upon the moor at night, and in countless conversations with his friend and medical adviser spoke of being constantly haunted by the idea of some ghastly presence. It was this that led Mortimer, after the death, to supplement the investigations of the local officials. The latter had found no footprints but those of Sir Charles; Mortimer had found others—the footprint of a gigantic hound.

It is from this narrative, told by Dr. Mortimer, combining as it does the supernatural and the real, that Sherlock Holmes begins his work. From that point until the tale begins to draw near its close, the reader is constantly confronted by some new false clue or some seemingly inexplicable episode. Sir Charles had been himself childless and the eldest of three brothers. It is to the son of the second brother that the estate and wealth descends. The third brother, Roger Baskerville, was the black sheep of the family. He was obliged to leave England, and died in Central America. Thus briefly are we told of the family affairs, which begin to have importance only when the story is nearing its conclusion. The heir, young Sir Henry Baskerville, has been years away from home, farming in Canada. Recalled to England after the death of his uncle, he reaches London the day of Dr. Mortimer's consultation with Sherlock Holmes. Soon after his arrival several curious little things happen to him. One of his shoes, a new one, is stolen from his room at the hotel; then returned, and an old one purloined in its place. Holmes and Watson follow him at a distance, and find that he is being shadowed by a black-bearded man in a hansom cab. A mysterious message is sent him, warning him if he values his life and his reason to keep away from the moor. In the treatment of this letter Dr. Doyle has shown us Sherlock Holmes at his very

best—that Holmes whose deductions not only astound but convince. The message of warning has been formed by the expedient of pasting printed words upon a half sheet of foolscap paper. To be exact, it runs: "As you value your life or your reason, keep away from the moor." The word moor only was printed in ink. Holmes looks at it attentively, and then after a word or two to Mortimer and Sir Henry, turns to Watson, and asks for a copy of the *Times* of the day before.

"It is here in the corner."

"Might I trouble you for it, the inside page, please, with the leading articles?" He glanced swiftly over it, running his eyes up and down the columns. "Capital article this on free trade. Permit me to give you an extract from it: 'You may be cajoled into imagining that your own special trade or your own industry will be encouraged by a protective tariff, but it stands to reason that such legislation must, in the long run, keep away wealth from the country, diminish the value of our imports, and



DR. DOYLE AT WORK.

lower the general conditions of life in this island.' What do you think of that, Watson?" cried Holmes, in high glee, rubbing his hands together with satisfaction. "Don't you think that is an admirable sentiment?"

Dr. Mortimer looked at Holmes with an air of professional interest, and Sir Henry Baskerville turned a pair of puzzled, dark eyes upon me.

"I don't know much about the tariff and things of that kind," said he; "but it seems to me that we've got a bit off the trail so far as that note was concerned."

"On the contrary, I think we are particularly hot upon the trail, Sir Henry. Watson here knows more about my methods than you do, but I fear that even he has not quite grasped the significance."

"No; I confess that I see no connection."

"And yet, my dear Watson, there is so very close a connection that the one is extracted out of the other. 'You,' 'your,' 'your,' 'life,' 'reason,' 'value,' 'keep away,' 'from the.' Don't you see now whence these words have been taken? If any possible doubt remains, it is settled by the fact that 'keep away' and 'from the' are cut out in one piece."

Here we have a touch of the old Sherlock Holmes of his best days. Ability to distinguish the type of one great newspaper from that of another would undoubtedly be one of Holmes's professional qualifications. It is all very striking and very plausible. At other times, however, the Holmes of this story is not nearly so happy.

In fact, throughout the greater part of the tale, Holmes is but a comparatively small factor. He is baulked in London by the cunning of the black-bearded man in the hansom cab, who recognises him and sends back a derisive message. Not one of his schemes results in any practical success. The narrative shifts from London to North Devon. Watson goes to Baskerville Hall with Sir Henry as a sort of personal guard, and also to describe what is going in weekly letters to Holmes, who remains in London. Mystery is piled on to mystery. False clues are introduced at every turn. A most dangerous convict escaped, and, hiding on the moor, heightens the horror of the situation. When one read this story in its serial form there was something picturesque and thrilling in the

very absence and silence of Holmes. To the reader, as to Watson, everything is vague, dark, inexplicable; we feel that it is Holmes in London who is picking up thread after thread, searching among musty archives for certain odds and ends of social history that shall elucidate it all, and rivet the incongruous links into a complete chain. This impression was admirably maintained throughout the greater part of the tale; but when Holmes actually does appear, our belief in his infallibility and in his resemblance to the Holmes of Dr. Doyle's earlier stories is severely shaken. He has done practically nothing, and whatever acumen has been shown has been on the part of phlegmatic, stolid Watson. Even at the end of the narrative itself, at the supreme moment for which all had been waiting, we find that he has only partially guessed; and in that last chapter in which he endeavours to trace for Watson the chain of reasoning by which he reached the heart of the mystery, his explanations are woefully unsatisfactory and insufficient. As a story of mystery and horror, *The Hound of the Baskervilles* is a success; for Sherlock Holmes, the Master of the Science of Deduction, whose creator has proclaimed him the peer of Dupin and of Lecoq, it is a *débâcle*.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

II.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON'S "THE CONQUEROR."*

As is indicated by the title, this book is not a biography. The sub-title conveys the information that it is "the true and romantic story" of that astonishingly precocious and great statesman. In her prefatory explanation, Mrs. Atherton says that her original intention was to write a biography in a more flexible manner than is customary, "but without impinging on the territory of fiction." The "instinct of the novelist proved too strong," however. The romantic character of Hamilton's life excited Mrs.

*The Conqueror. Being the True and Romantic Story of Alexander Hamilton. By Gertrude Franklin Atherton. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Atherton's imagination, and she was impelled to "throw the graces of fiction over the sharp, hard facts that historians have labouriously gathered."

Mrs. Atherton has, indeed, given free rein to her fancy. The result is something that might be called a biographical rhapsody, something that mere history could never give us. It is always hazardous to make a great historical personage the hero of a romance. The fact and the fiction are likely to stand out in too violent contrast to produce a harmonious, artistic whole. This contrast is irritatingly prominent in Mrs. Atherton's story.

Assuredly, it requires a certain amount of intellectual courage to put words in the mouth of a supremely great man or thoughts in his head. Mrs. Atherton has the courage. She does not hesitate to show us Hamilton thinking in stage whispers. Thus, for example, he soliloquizes in one of what Mrs. Atherton calls his "cosmic moments":

"I am nothing but a genius, encased in such human form as would best serve its purpose; an atom of the vast creative Being beyond the Universe, loaned for an infinitesimal part of time to the excrescence calling itself the United States of North America, on the dot called Earth. Now the part is played, and I am to be withdrawn. That my human heart is torn with insupportable anguish matters not at all. I leave that behind."

Mrs. Atherton worships the hero of her story. She sees no faults in him, condones his lapses in morals—was he not a genius and a patrician?—and sees little or nothing to commend in any one that ever opposed him in public life. On her stage Hamilton stands far in the limelight, while in the shadows slinks Jefferson, a mean-spirited, cowardly plebeian, followed by a worthless rabble, while the Father of his Country, for whose intellectual capacity Mrs. Atherton appears to entertain relatively little respect, stalks about as a solemn super.

That the book is entertaining is due, in part, to the subject, which is one of un-failing interest. Those who prefer their history diluted will enjoy *The Conqueror* more than the real biography of Hamilton that Mrs. Atherton promises to write some time hence.

Walter Strong Edwards.

III.

FRANK R. STOCKTON'S "KATE BONNET."*

I think it may be stated with a very reasonable degree of certainty that just such another story as *Kate Bonnet* has never been offered to a novel-reading public, and it is equally certain that no writer other than Frank R. Stockton could have offered this. In its four hundred-odd pages we find all the properties of the most approved colonio-historical romance. There are errant maidens and young men still more errant. There are pirates galore, gentle and otherwise, with the historic Blackbeard as the centre of their particular group. We hear the roar of carronades, the clash of cutlasses and the whispers of love: in truth, we revel in a very paradise of blood and kisses. What more can you ask? While under and over and through it all runs that peculiar vein of extra dry humour which Mr. Stockton has evolved and monopolises so gracefully.

As you may fairly infer from this summary, it is idle to deny that there are many and marked incongruities in the make-up of the yarn. At one moment you are settling yourself down in the belief that the author is seriously bent upon setting before you the real thing in the Johnston-Churchill-Ford line; but you realise appreciatively that for Mr. Stockton to do this thing without purveying a dry smile now and then (one does not exactly laugh at Stocktonesque humour) would be a mental and temperamental impossibility. Then, as you read on, an under thought begins to disturb the serenity of your satisfaction. It begins to dawn upon you that the whole thing may be a monstrous guy after all; that possibly—more than possibly—the author of *Rudder Grange* and of the immortal *Mrs. Lex and Mrs. Aleshine* is having, in his own peculiar way, the very best kind of good-natured fun with Churchill and Ford and Miss Johnston, not to mention yourself and all the other gentle readers who batten nowadays on lace ruffles and lively fiction with a little ancestral worship thrown in to keep up the celestial tone of the thing. It begins to dawn upon you, I say, but you are not quite sure, and

**Kate Bonnet*. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

I very much doubt whether you ever will be, no matter how long and how deeply you ponder over the question. It is truly the problem of *The Lady or the Tiger* over again in different form.

As for the characters, most of them are surely in the joke, whether there be one or no, and whomsoever it be on; and they go rollicking through their parts, be these tender or bloody, with their noses buried suspiciously in their sleeves. Captain Bonnet and Ben Greenway are distinctly opera-bouffe heroes from cover to cover: Dickery is never far astern; while Blackbeard, that most bizarre and violent and playful of cut-throats, is not he, too, laughing at us when he orders Ben Greenway, the most conscientious of Presbyterian Scots, to proceed at once to convert him from his evil ways, and announces his intention of seeking his long-deserted home and family in England, becoming a peaceful country gentleman or thereabouts, and marrying Dickery, willy-nilly, to the brawny Eliza? The interview between this match-making rover of the sea and his victim is one of the most delicious bits of Stocktoniana in the book. And yet, in order to realise the peculiar difficulty of summarising such a tale as this, it must be understood that there are not lacking in it truly charming little scenes—as charming as either life can show or fiction portray. Such an one is that where Kate, having just heard of Captain Bonnet's death and of—but I read stories myself once in a while, and I hate reviewers who tell conclusions, as all good authors and publishers and readers should hate such inconsiderate gentry. As for *Kate Bonnet*, I am assuming that you will read the book, if only to prove you can discover what Mr. Stockton means by it all, and thereby show yourselves better Sherlock Holmes than I am or than I think you are. This will not be an irksome task; quite the reverse; for it is written in its author's own clever, simple style; while, as for matter, there is nothing whatever to prevent the several readers who like stories of adventure or love or humour—or the problem novel, forsooth—from finding here just the food for their several tastes and going hence sad, glad, smiling broadly or pondering deeply in precisely such measure as they please.

Duffield Osborne.

IV.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S "IF I WERE KING."*

To every one who has ever considered the writing of an original play or the dramatisation of a popular novel, this book should convey an excellent lesson. Here you will find the atmosphere of the real romance, which is not the romance of the historical novel of the last few years, an artificial romance laboriously constructed along the conventional lines of sword chopping, trap doors and verbal anachronisms, but something which is of itself elusive and fantastic and charming, and which stirs the mind and calls back the memory of half-forgotten dreams.

Alas! for lovers pair by pair,

The Wind has blown them all away:

The young and yare, the fond and fair:

Where are the Snows of Yesterday?

An accomplished playwright wrote a play that was in itself almost brilliant. This play has been done into a book. In making the transformation, Justin McCarthy was wise in his realisation of his limitations as a novelist; he brought in as little extraneous matter as possible, contenting himself simply with running the lines and action of the play into a certain narrative form. The result was curious, but successful. Take up the volume and you are not reading a book; you are mentally seeing the play itself. The plot grows out of a merry prank of King Louis XI. That monarch here is made in the image of the Louis of Scott's *Quentin Durward*, a figure which historians tell us was in every way unlike the real king, but one which in its shrewdness, its sardonic humour, will long outlive the real personage of history. At the opening of the tale France lies almost prostrate before her foes. Paris is beleaguered by the Burgundians. The king is endeavouring to meet force by craft, and, as is supposed to have been his habit, spending his nights roaming in disguise about the streets of Paris in order to learn the real sentiments of his subjects. One of these excursions takes him to the Fircone Tavern, where François Villon and his brawling, thieving associates are revelling. Careless of the pres-

*If I Were King. By Justin McCarthy. New York: R. H. Russell.

ence of the apparent burgess and his companion in the corner, the ruffianly crew fling their gibes at the king, deplore the sorrows of the realm, and tell of the great things that would happen if a man—"if Villon were the King of France."

We want a chief to bear the brand,
And bid the damned Burgundians dance;
God! Where the Oriflamme should stand
If Villon were the King of France!

It is at this moment that there is born in King Louis's mind the weird idea of giving to the unkempt poet the powers of a king for the space of a week, and then hanging him, and out of this resolve grow the complications of the play. On the stage, *If I Were King* won a well-deserved triumph; as a story it is at least a success.

F. L. Onslow.

V.

ELLEN GLASGOW'S "THE BATTLE GROUND."*

Of the many novels dealing with the period of the Civil War that have been written during the last few years, only two or three, at most, really represented what the people living through this acute and momentous condition of things were feeling and experiencing. In some books of this class we had merely a love-story, with a lurid setting for its scenes; a kind of campaigner's diary, setting forth with sincere interest intricate military movements, the whole breathing of "villainous saltpetre," was offered in others; and, again, we had attempts, praiseworthy, but uninspired, to reproduce some great fragment of the drama, with portraits of Lincoln, Grant, Lee, Stonewall Jackson, drawn to the life. Nearly all proved unsatisfactory because of the failure to relate simply and faithfully the experience of some one person, or group of persons, when the war came, and strangely altered the ordinary aspect of life.

In reading *The Battle Ground*, one observes, almost from the beginning, that here is something new and different from the common run of novels, fire-eating, ponderous, or simply mediocre, as the case may be, dealing with the same general subject. Things and characters are

*The Battle Ground. By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.

brought in simply and naturally, without that familiar, ominous rasp of the author's pen down the pages of half a dozen chapters, to put the reader into the proper attitude toward the events and scenes to come. Without affectation or flourish, Miss Glasgow introduces us at once to the life of a typical neighbourhood of Virginia gentlemen and ladies, with their beautiful plantation homes, the high-living notions and refinement, some time in the years just preceding the war. One thing happens after another with as much apparent lack of continuity as in real life, and the development of the story makes its way by means of just the causes and consequences that are found in real life. The result is that Miss Glasgow's delicate and discriminating powers of observation and of expression finally work in us a sense of novel and enlightening experience; we know what happened at Chericoke, where the master of Uplands, Major Lightfoot, Betty, Dan, Champe, not to mention Big Abel, Rainy-day Jones, and all the other interesting personages of the countryside, lived and flourished, quite as well as though we had seen the events take place; and we know these people, too, quite as familiarly and comprehensively as we know our own near neighbours and friends.

This is remarkable; the book is remarkable, both for its pervading charm and for its essential truth in detail. It has the defect of diffuseness; hardly any other fault, on the whole; although it must be said that the portion of the novel relating how the "merry gentlemen" fought on the battlefield, and how they bore the hardships of the campaign, is not so interesting as that devoted to the doings at Chericoke; because there is too much of it.

This is to be forgiven an author, certainly, who gains so much strength from her power of observation generally. All is set down that happened in the Major's dining-room at Chericoke that Christmas Eve of delightful memory, and the chapter is as admirable a description of a Christmas dinner in the old South as could well be written.

The door swung back with a jerk upon the big kitchen where, before the Christmas turkeys toasting on the spit, Aunt Rhody was striding to and fro like an Amazon in charcoal. . . .

"I'se done stuff dat ar pig so full er chest-nuts dat he's fitten ter bus'," she exclaimed proudly. "Lawd, Lawd, hit's a pity he ain' 'live again ter tase hese'f!"

"Poor little pig," said Betty, "he looks so small and pink, Aunt Rhody, I don't see how you have the heart to roast him."

"I'se done stuff 'im full," returned Aunt Rhody, in justification.

The negroes in the book are done with a sense of humour, which is both keen and quick to understand them for what they are. The relationship sometimes obtaining between one of the lords of the soil and the representatives of the child-like race is expressed in the conversation occurring the night there had been a discussion in the Governor's library, and the old gentleman took his leave in such rage at the abolition sentiments he had heard that he could scarce see the way to his coach. Congo, the driver, was obliged to lift him bodily into his seat.

"Dis ain' no way ter do, Ole Marster," said the negro, reproachfully. "How I gwine teck cyar you like Ole Miss done tole me' we'n you let yo' bile git ter yo' haïd like dis? 'Tain' no way ter do, suh."

The major wiped his eyes on the end of the neckerchief as he tied it about his throat. "But if they elect their President, he may send down an army to free you," he went on, with something like a sob of anger, "and I'd like to know what we'd do then, Congo."

"Lawd, Lawd, suh," said Congo, . . . "don' you min', Ole Marster, we'll des loose de dawgs on 'em, dat's w'at we'll do."

But it will do this excellent novel nothing but disservice to quote passages from it at random; it is a book to be read as a whole, and to be enjoyed by almost every one, because of its sincerity and charm.

Carl Hovey.

VI.

MR. HOPKINS'S "THE FIGHTING BISHOP."*

The Fighting Bishop is a pleasant story to write about. It does not call for superlatives, to be sure, but it does call for an honest word of commendation. It

*The Fighting Bishop. By Herbert Müller Hopkins. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

has a certain rugged strength, typical of the period and the people it presents. It is original in that it has neither hero nor heroine, and that the story is built about the personality of a bishop of the Church Militant, "in whose presence a doubt concerning the validity of the Anglican position became an impertience." His severity in his family drives three of his sons from home, and his advocacy of slavery antagonises friends as well as foes. But in spite of his faults, the bishop is a big man and a dominating force. The story touches upon the period in our nation's history always vitally interesting, the nineteenth century in the fifties and early sixties. Mr. Hopkins does not go very deep into the war itself, but he shows the spirit of the times. He shifts his scenes back and forth between Toledo and New York City, the former being the home of the bishop, and the latter being the city to which his sons flee when the rigid discipline of the home life bears too heavily upon them. The bishop's sons are many, and must have taxed the author's ingenuity at times. There is one, a priest, outwardly ascetic, but often inwardly fighting with the demons of the flesh; another, a reckless ne'er-do-well, who has wallowed in the mire, married unhappily and died tragically; and another whose vanity is colossal and whose genius is streaked with madness. There are other sons, but these are sufficient to mention here. Mr. Hopkins has fought rather shy of women, although in the character of Anna there is evidence of a certain understanding of the feline qualities of woman.

After the book has been laid aside, and the draft riots, the forest fire, the death agony on the battlefield, have been forgotten, the memory of one scene will remain in the mind of the present reviewer. It is the picturesque account of one of the hospital wards in Washington where Walt Whitman is a ministering angel to the suffering and homesick patients. In his great love for the brotherhood of man he is the antithesis of the bishop.

His fresh pink skin suggested a recent bath, and his loose, ill-fitting clothes were perfectly clean. There was a sprig of green in the lapel of his coat. He spoke to no man of his sins, but appealed to their affections, their hopes of recovery, and their longing for home.

He dips into the basket on his arm, filled with gifts of flowers and fruits, to bring out a little yellow, fluffy ball of a chicken, which is passed along among the bearded men in the ward "amid laughter and jokes that were near to tears." There is something peculiarly homely and life-like in this, and Walt Whitman as a figure in fiction comes to one with all the freshness of novelty.

Flora Mai Holly.

VII.

MR. SEARS'S "NONE BUT THE BRAVE."*

In one way Mr. Sears has surprised us. He has written a story with a Revolutionary setting, and, strange to say, it is a novel which readers and reviewers alike will probably praise. For, after all, who is there who does not at heart enjoy now and then a stirring tale of brave men and fair women? Frankly, the present writer took up the book in an antagonistic mood. Visions of Janice Merediths, Richard Carvels, Tory lovers, and many others, floated before the mind. But all that was speedily dispelled. There are

*None But the Brave. By Hamblen Sears. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

spies and intrigues and love-making and the clashing of swords at every turn, and the interest of the reader is never allowed to flag. One Merton Balfort, a Connecticut soldier, tells the story in the language of the period. He and two companions are chosen by Washington to go to New York City on a dangerous mission—to attempt the capture of Benedict Arnold. It is in the selection of New York as the scene of the most thrilling episodes in the story that Mr. Sears has been especially wise. One can almost see on the printed page the New York of a hundred-odd years ago—the New York of powder and patches and minuets, of gracious ladies and courtly gentlemen, on the one hand; of spies and treachery, poverty, disease, and Sugar House Prison, on the other. This is a side of the Revolutionary period which has not been worked to death, and which Mr. Sears has done well.

Of the love-story be it said simply that it is worthy of the book. What matters it, then, if we do not tell here of the mock marriage, which may be a marriage in earnest, and of the courage and the temper of Mistress Deborah? In *None But the Brave* Mr. Sears has written a successful book.

F. M. Mandeville.



THE SNAP-SHOT AND THE PSYCHOLOGICAL NOVEL

In looking over the pages of our weeklies of late, I have been struck by the queer attitudes in which certain men of the hour have been caught by the reportorial camera. The President of the nation runs some risk of being handed down to future generations as an expert in standing upon one foot, a candidate for mayor seems to be obsessed by the desire to place one foot into his overcoat pocket, a sedate and impressive bishop looks for all the world as if indulging in a harmless game of hop-scotch.

The secret of these incredible antics is not that there has come to us any loss of national dignity, but merely that we have fallen under the sway of the snap-

shot in journalism. However we may rub our eyes and demur, we are forced in the end to pin our faith upon the accuracy of the camera. We are brought before a realism so exact, so minute, that the organ of sight with which our Creator has endowed us is quite incapable of perceiving it. Great is the authority of Science! Any one to-day who refuses to believe that bishops and presidents really do go through such a succession of apparently futile hops and skips in their dignified progress on this earth would be laughed out of court. At best all that is left to us is resignation—possibly accompanied by side-long, skeptical glances into confronting mirrors.

Science is not to be trifled with. The evidence of things unseen is admitted, and the human eye has become obsolete as an authority.

Well, let us reluctantly admit that the camera has come to stay, that its trail will continue to be over political conventions, races, candidates for office, multi-millionaires and other objects of curiosity; but does that mean that there may be no inner *sanctum sanctorum* on the door of which we may post a notice

NO KODAKERS ADMITTED?

Surely, as far advanced as we are in this enlightened, scientific age, we have not quite reached the point where a portrait painter would select this foot-in-the-pocket pose as one to hang upon the wall.

Indeed, the experiment has been tried. I remember attending some years ago a lecture by the well-known art critic, Mr. John Van Dyke, and hearing him criticise the art of the popular illustrator, Mr. Remington, as being obviously influenced by the snap-shot picture. The artist had evidently argued that as Science had revealed to a gaping public the true motions of a running horse, it was his bounden duty to draw all his running horses in future with their four legs inextricably doubled up under their bodies. The artist, with eyes glued to the negative (had he dared for an instant look at a real running horse his courage would have failed him!) succeeded in making a fairly accurate copy. What he did not succeed in, however, was in conveying to the onlooker the slightest idea of motion. Utterly futile was it for him to have the hair of his cavalrymen streaming out behind in the wind, their faces eagerly strained upon an imaginary fleeing Indian, when the flying steeds themselves had apparently no ambition beyond jumping straight up and down in the air in an effort (for which I cannot blame them) to disentangle their feet. The artist—whatever else he had done—had certainly failed to create upon the human eye the impression he had intended; therefore, as Art his canvas was a total failure. It was pretty certain that such an experiment would sooner or later have to be abandoned, for, after all, in the world of Art (glory be!) it is the eye and not the camera that distributes the medals and makes the purchases. And

there we have the whole matter in a nutshell.

"But," asks the wondering reader, "what has all this to do with the psychological novel?" It has this much to do with it: I have long been harbouring a suspicion that certain novelists, having become discontented with the limitations of the human mind, as Mr. Remington became discontented with the limitations of the human eye, have armed themselves with a kodak in one hand, and—worse yet—an X-ray apparatus in the other, and are aiming those impertinent and prying instruments straight at the hearts and brains of their characters. They forget that, after all, the negative can be valuable only to the physician, the alienist, or the surgeon who is probing for a bullet. The humble and ignorant novel reader can only blink helplessly.

After all, it is pleasant to reflect that Realism pushed too far becomes less truthful than the wildest romancing. For we plain people do not go about our business with a kodak in one hand and an X-ray apparatus in the other. In our blundering fashion we perceive a fellow-being only as the sum or result of various motives, temptations and crossing impulses, just as we perceive his walk only as the sum or result of a series of incredibly rapid motions that cannot be seen with the naked eye. We really cannot concern ourselves too deeply with all that goes on within the human breast. We call a man a thief in this world of ours if he steals from us, even if his heart is filled with a passionate desire to be honest. And, obversely, we do not seek to restrict his liberty if he never takes what is not his, even if his heart is filled with a passionate desire to be dishonest. No man was ever hung for a well-hidden desire to kill another. No doubt there is a certain crudeness to all this, but Life does not possess the discriminating touch of Mr. Henry James.

Although pushed to-day to far greater extremes, it cannot be said that this prying and peeping of the novelist into the motives of his characters is entirely new. Did not the great literary dictator, Johnson, maintain that

It is far greater to know how a watch is made than to be able to tell the hour by looking at the dial plate.

and that, ergo, Richardson was a far greater novelist than Fielding? I should like to have been present and to have answered (but, doubtless, at one roll of his eyes and one see-saw of his great body, I should have suffered complete extinguishment!) "But, sir, if I desire to look at the dial plate in order to learn the time of day, of what use is it to me to be shewed the inner workings of the watch?"

We must sadly admit, even in the grown-up child, an uncanny desire to "see the wheels go round." We remember how George Eliot looked down a wee bit upon Charles Dickens for not revealing more of the motives of his characters. Having generously lent the authority of the great lexicographer to the enemy, now let me train his big gun to bear upon them:

"We may know facts in common life to be true," he says; "motives are generally unknown."

There we have the old fellow at his best—not trying to roar an assemblage into submission, but giving us some of his superb common sense. *Motives are generally unknown.*

To dissect the actions of one's hero into the thousand thousand struggling, crossing, contradictory impulses that lie at their base, is to do what an eighteenth-century critic complained was done by Jonathan Swift—it is to *mangle* human nature. A novelist at best has only a few hundred pages in which to tell his story, or reveal his characters, and if he were to attempt to stalk to its lair each and every passing impulse of each and every character, there would not be enough paper and printers' ink to go round. Or, at least, if I am mistaken in that, there would not be enough readers to make up a paltry fiftieth thousand.

All Art is ultimately selection—the artist, whether painter or novelist, must select the permanent, the characteristic, to be fixed by his brush or his pen. To frame a posture that has consumed a fiftieth part of a second, or to take five hundred words to describe an impulse that has consumed but a fraction of a breath, is alike to produce a picture inevitably out of focus. It is the apotheosis of the transient.

We read, for instance, in some novel

of the heroine passing a mirror and thinking how beautiful she is, and how well that particular gown becomes her. Perhaps the author eases his conscience somewhat by inserting the words "swiftly thought," or, "a sudden impulse shot through her;" but it is useless, the damage is done. Henceforth the heroine is labelled in our eyes as a vain, frivolous, spoiled coquette; we are certain that the hero is throwing himself away upon her, and we refuse utterly to believe in the noble renunciation that takes place fifty pages onward! The deceitful hussy! She can't pull the wool over our eyes! The over-analytical author has made a mountain of characterisation out of a mole-hill of impulse. In real life, before three words could have been read, the fleeting exultation would have been routed out by the errand of mercy she was engaged in or the arrangement of the next day's *menu*. I do not believe in the beautiful woman—especially if particularly well gowned—who can pass a mirror (not on a wager) without throwing a mental kiss at herself. But, dear, dear, there is no use in growing excited over it—before the drop of ink has flowed from your pen, my dear sir, it is all over. Let us leave such minutiae to the dry-as-dust psychologist who can afford to give over many pages of excellent white paper to penetrate through the mazes of the pleasure-and-pain theory of emotion, or some other equally fascinating theme that adds so materially to the gaiety of psychology. To him may it even be permitted to perform a trepanning operation, if he hopes thereby to throw light upon the convolutions of grey matter. His book, at least, will be bound in a good solid colour, and you can take it or leave it, as you will. It will not lure you into its depths under promise of an hour's self-forgetfulness.

Of course, I am writing myself down as hopelessly blunt, hopelessly incurious. I can fancy the pity with which an author would regard me—an author, for instance, as George Eliot was—were my words important enough to fall under the eyes of such. I am no better than the plodding inhabitant of *Middlemarch*, to whom Dorothea was but "a fine girl who married a sickly clergyman, old enough to be her father, and in little more than a year after his death gave up her estate to marry his cousin—young enough to have

been his son, with no property and not well born." The readers of *Middlemarch*, having gone through a course of three stout volumes filled with "struggling impulses," were supposed to rise above a mere contemplation of the "determining acts of life." But, after all, "facts are stubborn things." It is about all we have in real life to go by, and I confess to a sneaking sympathy with those honest Middlemarchians.

As Barrie's "tall, slim girl in white" said to Tommy (how I wish she had said it instead with authority to the author!)

"The real me you cannot know at all."

Indeed, when we find a modern author

compressing into five hundred and eight pages (with large type and generous spacing) the portrait of a hero who is frankly held up to be four men in one, in which the kodak and the X-ray apparatus are aimed successively at all four during all the most critical moments of his (I had almost said their) life, so that the result is a seething mass of motives and counter-motives, temptations and aspirations, the flesh and the devil, together with the spirit and the angel—then I am tempted to believe that to the novelist of a certain school the showing off of one's cleverness is really the object, and the painting of character but the pretence.

Annie Nathan Meyer.

ARTISTIC, LITERARY, AND BOHEMIAN LONDON IN THE SEVENTIES

III.

The summer of 1873, exceptional by reason of the fineness of its weather—the bright sun making the smoke-dried monuments and public buildings of "Lunnon town" seem strangely out of place, and as though they had been moved to another locality which they could not be said to adorn—was also memorable for two events which thrilled Saxon, Scot and Celt alike, welding them for the nonce into a homogeneous, if somewhat incongruous, nationality. I refer to the coming of Nasr-ed-Din, the Shah of Persia, and the Tichborne trial.

It was the Eastern monarch's own fault that, at the end of his visit, his hosts were even more ready to speed the parting guest than they had been to welcome him, which is saying a great deal; but, during the early part of his sojourn at least, he was a constant attraction, and afforded much diversion to the lieges as he moved about the streets laden down with diamonds and other precious stones, and resplendent in apparel of dazzling texture.

Among the outdoor amusements in which his Persian Highness took especial interest, and by which he may be said to have been absorbed, was the attractive and well-kept Zoölogical Gardens in Regent's Park. It was, and is, quite the "swagger thing" to visit them on Sunday

afternoon, when they are closed to the general public but are open to visitors having a Fellow's order—an "open sesame" not difficult to obtain. As the Hepworth Dixons, the Maxwells (Mrs. Bradon), Joseph Hatton, the artists on Hampstead Heath, to say nothing of the Bohemian residents of Camden Town and Fitzroy Square, lived not far away, one could reasonably count on meeting a fair number of one's friends with their wives and families, arrayed in their Sunday best and with cheerful faces, on the first day of the week, as it was the fad to relegate (in appearance at least) *atra cura* very far to the rear. Thus, even Thackeray confesses: "If I have cares in my mind, I come to the Zoo and fancy they don't pass the gate. I recognise my friends, my enemies, in countless cages!"

While the Tichborne trial was not productive of the out-of-door manifestations that characterised the visit of the Shah, save when the popular and eccentric barrister, Dr. Kenealey, the Claimant's counsel, was recognised on going to or coming from court and compelled to acknowledge the plaudits of enthusiastic admirers, not only did the reading public of the metropolis devour the very full reports of the trial printed in the daily papers, but the entire literate population of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales may be said to have been engaged in the

same occupation. With a fresh installment of this *cause célèbre* with the coffee, toast and eggs for breakfast; the chance of meeting the Shah in the afternoon, not to mention the hundred-and-one gayeties of the regular season that claimed one's attention in the evening, the time of the London resident could not be said that summer to hang heavy on his hands.

trial), to one of the most interesting families in England. I refer to the Stothards, the best-known member of which is Thomas Stothard, who has been well called "The Father of English Illustration." As is well known, he was born in 1755 and died in 1834, leaving behind him 5000 designs, about 3000 of which were engraved. He was elected a mem-



A SATURDAY NIGHT DINNER AT THE SAVAGE CLUB, LONDON.

To trace the connection between literature and art and the Tichborne case might at the first blush seem difficult, but the difficulty is only apparent. Although I never heard that any of the Tichbornes aspired to literary or artistic fame, they are related through their cousins, the Doughtys (who figured largely in the

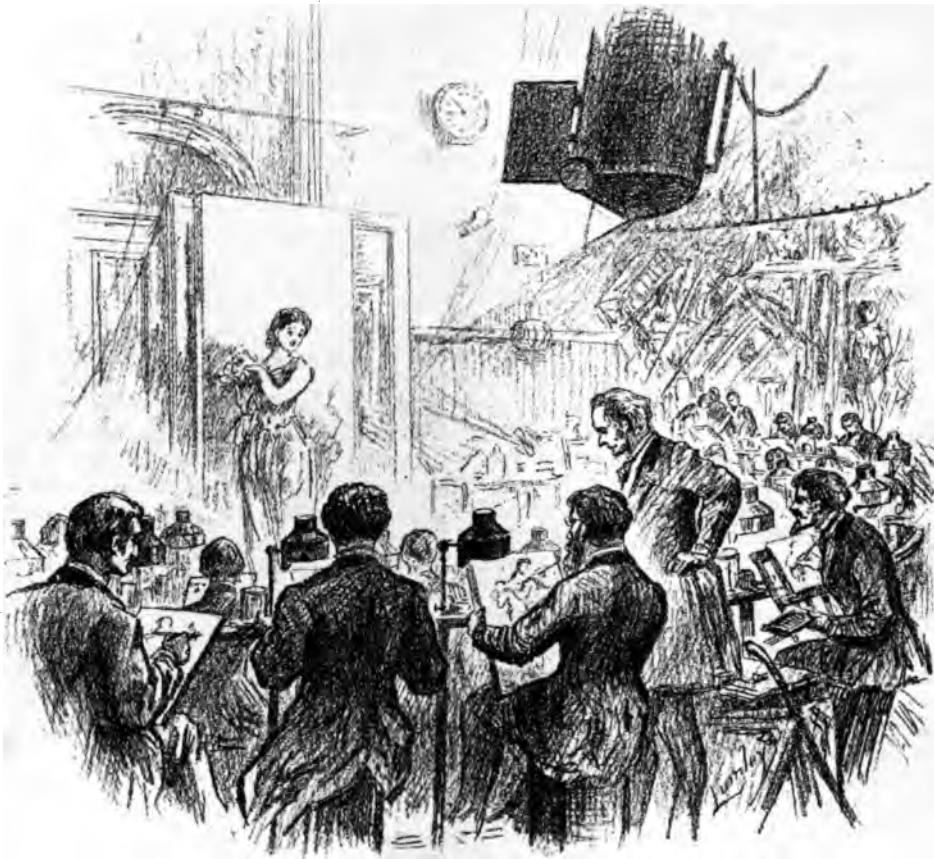
ber of the Royal Academy in 1794, and was chosen its librarian in 1813.

Of his sons, Charles Alfred, the antiquarian draughtsman, was the most prominent, although Alfred Joseph, medal engraver to the Crown under George IV. and William IV., and during that portion of Victoria's reign ending

with the resignation of the Melbourne Ministry; and Robert Thomas, who, in 1834, before a Parliamentary Committee, first suggested a great international exhibition as a sure method of uplifting the masses—a suggestion acted upon seventeen years later in the construction of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, may also be mentioned.

A grandson of Thomas Stothard, and

of his father. After marrying the Rev. E. A. Bray, a Devonshire vicar, she published several novels. During the life of Charles Alfred Stothard she accompanied him more than once to the Continent, and in 1820 visited the battlefield of Waterloo. Among the anecdotes of Napoleon which she found current in Flanders at that time, was one which I do not remember to have seen elsewhere.



AT THE LANGHAM CLUB, LONDON.

a son of Alfred Joseph, now resides in New York. He has made a specialty of scientific research, much of his time as a youth having been spent at the Royal Polytechnic Institute in Regent Street—founded in 1838 and closed in 1882—where he frequently assisted Dr. Bachhoffner, and the late Professor Pepper (the creator of the famous "Ghost") in their experiments.

The widow of Charles Alfred wrote her husband's *Memoirs* and a *Life*

It appears that the *maire* of a small rural commune had been notified that the Emperor would in a few days pass through his village. The *maire*, who chanced to be a very stupid fellow, resolved that he should be welcomed in a way in which no other *maire* had ever received him, and visions of gold snuff-boxes and other baubles that royal personages sometimes dispense on such occasions, began to float through his brain. The Emperor pleased, as pleased

he was sure to be, the presentation to the *maire* of some valuable *cadeau* would follow as a matter of course.

The fateful day arrived, and the Victor of Marengo was punctual. The *maire*, dressed in a full-bottomed wig and his robes of office, with preternatural solemnity and many genuflections, approached and pronounced the following original couplet:

L'Empereur n'a pas fait une méprise,
Quand il a épousé Marie Louise!

intimating that his Majesty had made no mistake in wedding the fair Austrian *en second nocés*!

Having delivered his lines, the credulous *maire* stood at "attention," awaiting his recompense. It came promptly. As he had dreamed, Napoleon produced the traditional golden *tabatière*, glittering with diamonds, but only to open it and dash the poor *maire's* hopes to the ground with this impromptu:

Eh! bien! Monsieur, prenez donc une prise;
Cela fera plaisir à Marie Louise!*

To return to literary London. It was my good fortune during the same summer of 1873, to receive an invitation to dine with Wilkie Collins. The popular novelist then occupied luxurious bachelor quarters near Portman Square. He was a most genial host, but could himself partake but sparingly of the delicate viands prepared for his guests, owing to an attack of gout that had settled in his eyes, his alcoholic beverages being limited to the driest brands of champagne.

It was on this occasion that I first met Charles Reade. Among others invited were the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Mr. Pigott, the Examiner of Plays. Mr. Reade manifested considerable interest in the then London correspondent of a New York daily, who, although an American, was living in considerable style *à l'Anglaise*. Indeed, his adoption of English ways and his lavish expenditure were the subject of general comment. While I could not account for the former, I suggested to Mr. Reade that the possession of a liberal father-in-law might explain the latter phenomenon.

In conversation over the walnuts and the wine, Mr. Collins put forth a strong

*Take, then, a pinch, monsieur, if you please;
That will give pleasure to Marie Louise.

plea in behalf of the dignity of the profession of story-telling, and quoted the Saviour's use of fiction to convey moral truths in its defence. The name of Charles Dickens having been mentioned, the author of the "Woman in White" related how, when travelling together, they had once been compelled to patronise an inn at Biddeford, in North Devonshire, where there was nothing to eat and the wines and spirits were not potable. In commenting afterward on their melancholy entertainment, Dickens declared that there was nothing in the house but "two tarts and a pair of snuffers." Mr. Collins also told what Dickens called his "American story," but without giving any hint as to its origin. It ran thus:

"Did you ever see a snail, sir?" asked a traveller on a stage-coach of the driver.

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you meet him, sir?"

"I didn't meet him, sir."

"Wa'al, sir, I think you did, if you'll excuse me; for I'm d—d if you ever overtook him!"

It was a few days after the dinner at Wilkie Collins's that, in response to a cordial invitation, I called at Mr. Reade's modest residence in "London, S. W." At that time, owing to his eccentric habits, his very decided and freely-expressed opinions and his unusual points of view, he was one of the most talked-about literary men in town. Dressed, as a rule, in a rough suit of tweed, a stranger meeting him in the street would not have suspected his calling, but would have taken him for a farmer come to London on business or to see the sights. He lived at Albert Gate, Knightsbridge, where the street widens out at the beginning of the Brompton Road. The house was a small one, the garden in the rear running back to Hyde Park, whence one could look into Rotten Row. On the wall in front, Reade, having just had a bitter quarrel with his landlord, who, for some reason, wished to dispossess him, had had erected a signboard with the legend "Naboth's Vineyard" painted thereon. The letters were several feet in length, and the whole affair was the most conspicuous feature of the neighbourhood.

It happened that, on the day of my visit, Mr. Reade had received a not over-modest appeal from the young ladies of a "Female College" in Georgia, or Alabama (I

forget which), where even the least pretentious boarding-schools have a way of blossoming out into "colleges" on the slightest pretext. On this occasion my fair countrywomen insisted that, as they were about inaugurating a library and reading-room, Mr. Reade could not do better than present them with a complete edition of his works. The distinguished novelist appeared to be much amused by the ingenuous audacity of the request, and commented on the belief prevailing in certain sections, that authors went about with complete editions in their pockets, ready to stand and deliver them on demand.

Mr. Reade, as was his wont with visitors, described his methods of work, and initiated me into the mysteries of his wonderful scrap-books, which were to him as the apple of his eye; but there was nothing especially noteworthy in the remainder of the interview, save that it emphasised the novelist's kindness of heart by the trouble he took in entertaining an entire stranger.

Poor Reade! The period to which I refer was about the last during his earthly career when he could be said to have enjoyed the delights of friendship, and even comparative freedom from annoyances largely self-caused. Soon the clouds began to gather, and his days ended in solitude and sorrow. Shortly after I called on him, he began to carry out his wild scheme of hiring theatres for the production of his plays, notably

Drink, an adaptation of Zola's *L'Assommoir*, and making impossible rules for the guidance of his manager and his companies, with the only possible result—pecuniary loss! These disasters and the frequent lawsuits arising from his unfortunate litigious disposition, embittered the closing hours of his life, which were still further saddened by the death, in 1879, of Mrs. Seymour, his faithful actress-friend, who had made a home for one otherwise homeless, and to whom he was devotedly attached.

In this connection the following advertisement, which I clipped at the time (I do not remember the exact date) from the London *Daily Telegraph*, strikes a note of deep pathos:

PETS.—A gentleman in affliction desires to treat for a HARE, a Welsh lamb, with dark eyes, and any other beautiful and inoffensive quadruped of small size.—C. R., 19, Albert Gate, Knightsbridge.

It is pleasant to note that, after nearly a score of years have passed since his death, something like justice is being done to the memory of this gifted man. Of his *Cloister and the Hearth* Swinburne has said that it ranks "among the very greatest masterpieces of narrative," and, referring to the same work, a Twentieth-Century critic declares that, on comparing it with "the historical novels which have been sold lately by the hundreds of thousands," we cannot "fail to acknowledge and reverence the genius of its author."

THE HARPIST

Like shredded sunshine shot through forest tops,
 The golden harp strings gleam and fade away;
 And gracefully—as soaring birds at play,
 And lightly—as the leaf of Autumn drops,
 Or masterfully, as the North Wind sings,
 Her dainty fingers sweep the trembling strings.
 Sweet as the strains that sea and forest played
 At Eden's dawn, the cadence swells, and long
 Enthralled I follow through the realms of song,
 Led by the lily fingers of a maid,
 My kindled soul respondent to the speech
 That frees the passion words can never reach.

Francis James MacBeath.

THE POETS OF PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE

About five years ago, when the daily papers held out monetary inducements to poets, both born and made, a group of half a dozen *habitués* of Park Row supplied the demand. This little coterie is now dispersed in various directions. Some are editors, some editorial writers: some still free lances, but, with one or two exceptions, all have turned their attention to the more lucrative task of writing prose. Now and then, when an election is being contested, a holiday celebrated, or a fashionable function of national import held, some verses may be seen with one of the old names attached in the only high-class newspaper that admits such effusions; but what used to be the rule is honored now only in the breach. The days when "A Song of the Day" had to be handed in before nine o'clock to ensure its appearance in the evening papers is long since past. The editorial page is now made up the day before, and poetry is almost universally avoided. Some, perhaps all, of this sextet, remember that sad morning in February, 1897, when the fiat went forth that no more verse was to be accepted. It was the beginning of the end, and the editor of that particular periodical has a long account to settle with the ephemeral versifiers. Not that, honestly speaking, there was an abundance of merit in any of the productions. They were merely hack work, but hack work, which none the less filled for the time being the needy coffers. In those days the poets were in affluence. Remuneration was very generous, especially when the small amount of energy expended is taken into consideration. One of the poets at least confesses that he used to write his daily effort while going downtown on the cars. Another says that less than an hour a day was quite sufficient to turn out his verses, while all will admit that they looked on this portion of their daily labour as a mere side line. At the present moment the market for such commodities has practically disappeared in New York, and, as the years have rolled by, each one of the little band has chosen another sphere for his ability.

The dean of this little band of bards, and, it might be added, humorists (for their whole object was to hold up to

kindly ridicule the events of the day), was R. K. Munkittrick, who is now the editor of *Judge*. Munkittrick's writings are known from Oregon to Maine. He has a style distinctly his own, and, though his peculiarities have often been copied, there is no gainsaying the fact that he is a past master in his particular line. Ruralities seem to appeal to him more than politics, and he is never so much at home as when polishing off at Mud Knob, as he calls his house, verses like these:

The turkey neck so scrawny
Within our vision veers
To test the jaw that's brawny
Before it disappears!
It's far behind the giblets,
Though beautiful to see,
And so we smite our riblets
In gustatory glee!

Munkittrick has a way of fitting a rhyme, when it would seem an absolute impossibility to ally one word with the other. To join "vermiform appendix" in a suitable rhyming association would, doubtless, be mere child's play to him, while it is not impossible that some day he will cope with "month" and "silver," and wed them to rhymes of which none has hitherto dreamed.

Albert Bigelow Paine follows closely in the footsteps of Munkittrick, with whom he was intimately connected, the two having an "office" together, where they turned out "poems," individually and in collaboration. It was Paine who referred to Park Row as "fame's eternal dumping ground," and conferred upon himself and associates the title of "The Poets of Printing House Square." The latter occurred as the caption, and refrain of a poem inscribed to Munkittrick, who replied to it the following week, and later almost every one of the "gang" had a "go" at it in one form or another. They had been Park Row scribblers up to that time, or "Park Roasters," as Munkittrick had dubbed them. Afterward they were poets—The Poets of Printing House Square. Far from having given up the idea that the path of poesy is not strewn with flowers, Paine's name may still be seen in the various magazines attached to verses that ought to do much to obliterate the memory of the rhymes contributed to



ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE AT HIS DESK IN THE OFFICE OF "ST. NICHOLAS."

the evening papers of half a dozen years ago. His apprenticeship stood him in good stead. Now on the staff of *St. Nicholas*, he can well afford to laugh at his former efforts, though no one looks back with kinder memories to the days when he was struggling for a recognised and more stable position.

Every journalist knows that the initials "A. G.," which were often subscribed to clever little apropos rhymes, stood for Arthur Grissom, who at the time of his death, a few months ago, was the editor of the *Smart Set*.

Grissom is missed. A little poem that he wrote, called "A Poet's Farewell," will serve as a fitting epilogue:

They say my muse has flown for aye,
And that my poet's day is done,
That I am but a "sinking sun,"
Who sang so sweetly yesterday.

My masters know. . . . Yea, it is o'er,
With broken heart I close the book,
Put by my pen with one last look,
And turn away to dream no more.

What now, beloved, remains unsaid?
One wish, perhaps, before the end—
That you will think of me as *friend*,
And call me fair, when I am dead!

Charles Battell Loomis, who is now

known as a humorist, confesses to having deserted the fields of Helicon. "It is easier," he says, "to read poetry than write it." This is a pity, for Loomis had a knack of turning rhymes that struck the popular taste at once. In the way of nonsense verse, which was eagerly welcomed in the Sunday papers, he was prolific.

Almost the best known of the poets was N. A. Jennings. Whether rightly or wrongly, he was popularly supposed by his contemporaries to dash off verse with the aid of a rhyming dictionary faster than any one else, with the possible exception of Munkittrick. Although he, too, has presumably deserted the Muse for higher class work, N. A. Jennings will be remembered by the readers of a popular evening paper. There seemed to be an absolute lack of effort to his ditties. With him it was, "Give me a subject, and I will write you a quatrain or two while you wait!" His humorous work, which appears from time to time in *Harper's Magazine*, affords an example of how he has turned his attention to "fresh fields and pastures new."



R. K. MUNKITTRICK, THE DEAN OF THE POETS OF PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE. MR. MUNKITTRICK IS NOW THE EDITOR OF "JUDGE."

Post Wheeler, and be it said this name is not a *nom de guerre*, must, of course, be recognized as a member of the poetical cabal. Though his work was confined at the time specified to a morning newspaper, of whose staff he was a member, it was equally well known. His work differed from that of the other poets, for, as a rule, and the fact will be recognised in his book, which is made up almost entirely of his newspaper verses, sentiment took the place of humour. Not that he



LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

was, or is, by any means devoid of pleasantry, but a strain of sadness is evident in most of his poems. His writings have a delicacy of sentiment and thought that one would scarcely have expected from a Poet of Printing House Square half a dozen years ago. The achievement of which Wheeler is, perhaps, most proud, is the invention of the term "Yellow Journalism."

The list of the little band proper closes with the names of Paul West and John W. Low. The former is still connected with the Sunday comic page of the paper on which he served his apprenticeship, and at intervals his drawings, for West is

an artist as well as a versifier, will be recognised in a comic weekly. His verse, if not polished, at all events suited the subject always, and what he lacked in pure versification he certainly made up in a ceaseless flow of ideas.

John W. Low is also at the moment connected with the staff of the paper which formerly recognised his talent in its peculiar poetical market. Like Loomis and N. A. Jennings, he has for the time being, at any rate, forsaken his old love; but the files of five years ago show that he was by no means the least prolific of the poets.

Bertram A. Marburgh, who seems to have dropped out entirely in these days, was likewise not unknown to fame in that halcyon time, and it would scarcely be fair not to add to the roll of the Poets of Printing House Square the name of W. J. Lampton. About the time the era of strictly ephemeral verse came to an end there suddenly appeared in a morning paper some productions, which, though scarcely poetical, certainly gave the author a claim to be enrolled with the little band. The "yawp," as the author calls it, is supposed to have originated with Walt Whitman; but there is a very wide distinction between the "yawp" of Whitman's days and the wiry elongation that Lampton produces. At first sight it looks as if the "yawp" was merely a few sentences of prose divided into short lines. This, however, is far from being the case. It has an art, which consists presumably in being able to break in on an emphatic word, and an ability not to get away from that word. In any case, no matter how the "yawp" is manufactured, it immediately attracted the attention of the public, and has held it ever since. One can imagine this tall, breezy Kentuckian being suddenly struck with an idea, and, sitting down at his typewriter, dashing off one of his pet effusions with a "Gee Whizz" or a "See," which naturally closes so many of these efforts. Being at an age when the intellect is at its best, Lampton can well afford to laugh at his detractors, for, though he has many imitators, he is *par excellence* the Yawper of the country. A "yawp" cannot be explained, nor can it be taught. It is in a class by itself. It recalls the indefiniteness of Lewis Carroll's famous line:

For the Snark was a Boojum, you see!

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, though she disclaims any connection with the Poets of Printing House Square, must by her poetical essays in the daily press be included. Furthermore, she admits that her work is done on the shortest notice, a prerogative enjoyed by all her compeers. Her well-known poem on the "Death of McKinley," for instance, was wired for at nine A.M. on the Saturday following the tragedy, and sent in by the same means on the evening of the same day. She does her work best, she confesses, in a large hotel with the noise of people about her, with every convenience at hand, but no responsibilities. "I write," she says, "anywhere, and under any cir-



POST WHEELER.

cumstances, when I find it expedient to do so."

The fact that the several poets enjoyed the privilege of having their names printed in small capitals underneath their verses led to all sorts and kinds of experiences, for such publicity invited correspondence from all over the States. The chief offenders in this way were, sad to relate, of the gentler sex. Poetry seems to appeal more to their feelings than to the sense of the male. As a general rule, these letters were ignored. In the one or two cases that they were acknowledged an experience was gained, which common



W. J. LAMPTON.

sense dictated should not be repeated. Even lunatics, or rather those harmlessly



THE LATE ARTHUR GRISSOM.

insane, were included amongst the devotees of these public versifiers. One poet confesses to having yielded to a flowery request from a lady, who had wrestled with the Muse much and often for the



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

benefit of her friends. Would this master of verse, she begged, look over her odes, and give her some much needed advice? He did, and to his astonishment was met by a vision of beauty in a pseudo-Grecian dress with unmistakable insanity in her eyes.

Another answered a similar request in person, and was confronted the next morning at the office of the paper for

which he was writing by a letter from the lady's husband, in which the latter said, "that though he was extremely obliged for the trouble Mr. — had taken, and quite appreciated the courtesy the Poet had shown in acceding to his wife's request, he was extremely sorry to say that Mrs. — had of late developed traits of insanity, and presumably a fit was coming on now, so he would be obliged if Mr. — would not call again!" Offers of marriage were numerous.

It will not be far from the truth to say that every one of the Poets of Printing House Square has had a chequered career. Above all others, poets have to learn the lesson of starvation. The recollection of such a time is gruesome; but now and then a line, a thought, will unconsciously creep in, which cannot fail to be reminiscent to the author of the hard times he had, when, without a penny in his pocket, he was struggling to attain an ambition that he had determined to reach.

Although new versifiers are springing up, it is pleasant to look back at the period when poets were prosperous, and the public, through the agency of editors, demanded ephemeral verse. Where the practice is now desultory it was then continuous. Such a course of sprouts probably did not do much harm to either writer or reader. They both felt that the epoch was merely transitory, just as the lovers of good music are not surprised at the disappearance of "rag-time." The following song, written by Albert Bigelow Paine, describes the *camaraderie*, the good fellowship, and last, but not least, that Bohemianism, which is inborn, and cannot be taught, of

THE POETS OF PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE.

As jolly a lot of good fellows, I know,
As you'll meet in this journey of life,
For their hearts are in tune and they sing as
they go.
In the midst of humanity's strife.
And the day may be sunny or sodden and grey,
And the world may be blooming or bare,
The weary will always be cheered by a lay
From the poets of Printing House Square.

When the summer time comes with its mantle
of green,
And the fountain is merry with song,
Their rhymes flow as gayly and gently, I ween,
As the day of the summer is long.

Forgetful of winter's privation and cold,
 They bathe in the balm of the air,
 And the heart gathers hope from the song that
 is sold
 By the poet of Printing House Square.

In the bleak winter days when the fountain is
 still,
 And the skies are forbidding and grey,
 He will sing of the summer to settle a bill,
 And pay for his coal with a lay.
 And the warmth and the music return;—and
 the glow
 And the sheen of the summer are there.

No winter can conquer the spirit, I know,
 Of the poet of Printing House Square.

Some day when the rhyme of the seasons is
 done,
 And the rush of the riot is past—
 When that marvellous era of rest is begun,
 And life's problem is finished at last,
 When our songs are all sung, and our debts
 are all paid,
 And the heart slips its anchor of care,
 I only ask then that my name be arrayed
 With the poets of Printing House Square.
La Touche Hancock.

OF LITERARY FORGERS

The forgery of literary documents is a trade that commends itself to certain limited talents on more than one ground: it may be pursued anywhere, and, as the newspapers say, "without detriment to previous employment." The knowledge required is neither deep nor wide; the reward is often wealth and always notoriety. The enterprise of the literary forger, moreover, is spiced with a splendid uncertainty; he is never quite sure when or how he will be found out, and since his crime is seldom visited with a heavy penalty, he may enjoy all the excitement of the uncaught criminal without fearing the boredom of a trial and the pain of a long imprisonment. True, the most ingenious forger of modern times—Vrain Lucas—was rewarded by two years of enforced inaction; but he was foolish enough to mix himself up in a scientific scandal, and did not pursue his art for its own sake. Of the rest, there is scarce one that has not been openly flattered by scholars and courted by the great. To recognise a brilliant discovery before one's fellows is to share the glory of the discoverer, and the clumsiest forgery has never failed to win the adherence of half a dozen reputable enthusiasts. In other words, the seeds of deception always fall upon some small patch of fertile ground, and he is a bad husbandman indeed who does not gather a rich harvest.

Consider, for instance, George Psalmanazar, a soldier of fortune, who could boast no humour and little learning. Yet this Frenchman not only forged books; he forged a religion, he forged a language, he forged himself. Born in the neighbourhood of Avignon, he left his

native city to seek his fortune, and, finding that the door of common success opened only at the knock of industry, he speedily resolved upon a course of what in less happy days he called "pride, folly, and stupid villainy." Tired of carrying a musket now for the Dutch, now for the Germans, he proclaimed himself a native of Formosa, got himself converted to Christianity by Mr. Innes, as fine an artist in forgery as himself, and enjoyed such a career of honoured ease as falls to the lot of few. He came to England, duly heralded, was petted by the clergy, interviewed the Archbishop of Canterbury, who could not understand his Latin, and finished at Oxford the studies which he had begun in a French monastery. It is difficult to say which got the greater glory, the pious Formosan, or the devout clergyman, who had shown him the error of his savage faith; but they both prospered exceedingly, and were wise enough to play their part with gravity and thoroughness. Psalmanazar, that no touch of realism should be wanting, lived upon raw meat, roots and herbs, and was soon used to this savage diet, though the fragrant cookery of the south should have given him a delicate palate. But while he pretended to live upon Formosan fare, he did not neglect the weightier matters. With Innes's aid, he had already sketched the language of his Eastern home, and he submitted specimens of the dialect to the scholars of England. "By means of his unhappy readiness at inventing of characters, languages, etc."—to quote his own words—he translated into pure Formosan a passage from Cicero's *De Natura Deorum*, and thus aroused the curiosity of the phi-

logists. Then, that the historians also might profit by his experience, he composed a treatise upon Formosa, which, translated from the Latin, had an immediate and triumphant success. Now, Psalmanazar, having a thorough knowledge of his public, was at no pains to make his treatise reasonable or consistent. Its facts, he tells us, were borrowed from Varenus's description of Japan, and the booksellers were so loudly impatient that he could only devote to its composition the leisure snatched from two months' dissipation. It was, therefore, "crude, imperfect and absurd," but it answered its purpose perfectly. It set London in a blaze of curiosity; it procured its author a convenient apartment in one of the most considerable colleges at Oxford, and made him "a great favourite with the fair sex." What more could an adventurer desire? And he won it all by a fraud which ten minutes' candid criticism might have exposed.

But if his erudition was small, his cunning was great. At Oxford he lived a life of gossip and laziness, while he was awake, and let a burning candle demonstrate his industry while he slept. He feigned a limp, that he might be thought to have contracted gout by overwork, and still escaped suspicion. In fact, had he not foolishly lent his name to an obvious imposition, called "white Formosan ware," he might have continued his chicanery without let or hindrance. Such success as he attained he owed, no doubt, to a gift of persuasion, which enabled him not only to deceive the many eminent clerics who believed what they hoped to be true, but to win the admiration of Samuel Johnson, a critic not usually tolerant of charlatans. Of course, it was Psalmanazar's affected piety which disturbed the lexicographer's judgment, who declared that he would as soon contradict a bishop as the repentant Formosan. But Johnson loved the man's company for its own sake. Of all the men he had known he sought George Psalmanazar the most. "I used to go and sit with him," said he, "at an ale-house in the city," and one would gladly give up all the specimens of the Formosan tongue if only Boswell had been present for an hour.

Yet, expert as he was in adapting his slender means to a great end, Psalmanazar was no sooner detected than he lost

all pride in his exploits. The *Memoirs*, published after his death, are a long and wearisome apology for the only enterprise which he was capable of conducting to success. Throughout this lachrymose performance the note of hypocrisy is loud and clear. Psalmanazar was a forger from his cradle, and had he not called himself a Formosan he would have masqueraded as an Irishman—he did for a while—or a Hottentot. But whether or not this candid confession of "youthful follies" and "shameful imposture" be a mere forgery like the rest, we admire him least in the guise of a penitent, which becomes him not half so well as the taste for raw meat, the leg lamed by study, and the candle which burned all night in his room at Oxford. In defence of William Ireland, the nearest rival to Psalmanazar, it may be said that he never stooped to so nonsensical an apology. Detection did not diminish his pride, and his confession is as cynical as his forgery. He was, as it were, dedicated to the craft from his childhood, and Chatterton was at once his hero and his example. In his scrap-book, which still exists, snippets relating to the author of Thomas Rowley's poems are piously treasured, and he himself has described a visit reverentially paid to the shrine of Chatterton at Bristol. While he was delighted at the tumult of applause which greeted the exhibition of his famous relics and manuscripts, his delight burned just as brightly when all men knew him for an impostor as when royalty itself chattered of his valuable discovery. The shout of laughter which greeted Kemble's delivery of the famous line, "And when this solemn mockery is o'er," saddened the author, but did not shake his vanity. No vile penitence for him! He would not whine, like the wretched Psalmanazar, in sorrow at a misspent youth. He did but confess the forgery, when deception was no longer possible, and bragged of his conquests, as well he might. Great scholars had signed a profession of faith; the ingenious Mr. Boswell, after a tumbler of warm brandy-and-water, had declared, "Well, I shall now die contented since I have lived to witness the present day," and knelt down "to kiss the invaluable relics of our bard." Such was the forger's triumph, and he recorded it with satisfaction. But nothing reveals the arrogant character of

William Ireland so clearly as the indignation which he felt and expressed at Malone's ruthless criticism. It was Malone who pilloried him without pity, inviting the world to pelt him with what missiles they chose, and he retorted with a lofty indictment of Malone's scholarship. He made no pretence that his documents were genuine, but he would not admit the grounds of condemnation. It is truly a noble spectacle: the detected forger proudly contemptuous of friends and foes alike. Those who accepted his documents were no better than fools; those who rejected them were poisoned by the venom of jealousy. In brief, Ireland played the game at all points with perfect skill. His forgeries were just had enough to escape the sanguine eye of the people, and he presented them in such a manner as may justly be styled heroic.

The other forgers who displayed their talent in England during the last century had neither Ireland's skill nor Ireland's luck. Of course the gentleman who persuaded Moxon to publish and Robert Browning to introduce the sham letters of Shelley enjoyed his little jest; and it is certain that Simonides's great attainments fitted him to deceive the great librarians. But even Simonides met with a sharp rebuff at the Bodleian when he showed a masterpiece to Mr. Coxé with the question, "To what period does that belong?" and was told offhand, "To the middle of the nineteenth century." For the rest, George Gordon Byron was a clumsy botcher, and the clerk who, ten years since, forged letters of Burns and Scott to gratify the patriotism of Scottish-Americans, deserved no more than he got—a term of imprisonment. Yet, if the art has languished in England since the time of Ireland, the France of the nineteenth century may boast a literary forger of admirable skill and unexampled success. That the name of Vrain Lucas should be forgotten already is an untoward accident of fate, for he completely mystified the Academicians of France and set the professors of Europe by the ears. Moreover, he may be taken as a model of his kind. He possessed all the qualities, good and bad, which go to the making of a successful forger—facile half-knowledge, industry, courage, optimism. Above all, he had the tact to find a victim perfectly suited to his talent,

whom he humoured with remarkable address, and he has left such a record of artistic achievement as is still unrivalled.

Vrain—Denis Lucas—or, as he was commonly known, Vrain Lucas—was born at Lanneray, in the department of the Eure-et-Loir, some three years after the battle of Waterloo. Like many another great man, he was of narrow circumstances and humble parentage. His father followed the ungrateful trade of a day labourer in the fields; and there is reason to believe that the son, unmindful of the distinction which awaited him, also handled the spade. But the country could not long hold captive so fine a spirit, and Vrain Lucas soon left home to seek his fortune in the great world which lay outside Lanneray. At first his poverty compelled him to take menial service in a gentleman's family; but this was a mere incident in a life of adventure, and had no other influence upon our hero than to give his manners the polish which made him famous. Far more congenial was an employment which he found in a notary's office at Châteaudun, where he was presently promoted to be clerk in the law court. Many a useful hint did he gather from the parchments which he coned or copied here; but what was of greater import to the future, he devoted his scanty leisure to a serious course of study. While his colleagues sunried themselves on the boulevard, sipped absinthe, or rattled the dominoes on the marble table of a café, he read in the public library or composed poems, which gave him the same sort of reputation at Châteaudun as Lucien de Rubempré enjoyed at Angoulême. Though his education had been sadly neglected, he had an unmistakable taste for polite letters, and when once he had found encouragement he wasted no time in the idle pursuit of vain fiction or vainer journalism. Historical research was his passion, and day after day his slim figure, bent with study, might be seen flitting among the shelves of the public library. The *History of the Academy*, the *Library of Authors Who Have Written History*—such were the tomes which engrossed his leisure; and so highly was he esteemed, that when he left Châteaudun, a librarian wrote upon his *registre de prêt* these words: "The industrious M. Lucas is going to live in Paris. He deserves to succeed. A young

man from Lanneray, self-educated." And succeed he did, far beyond the expectation of the sympathetic librarian.

In 1851, then, Vrain Lucas arrived in Paris, with no baggage save a bundle of poems, and an ambition fixed upon antiquarian pursuits. He was not precisely a youth—he had passed his thirty-third birthday. But precocity is no virtue; and as that fruit is sweetest which ripens slowly, so the finest talents come late to efflorescence. His poems, as their titles—"La Guirlande de Flore" and "Ce que j'aime à voir"—suggest, were too classic for the taste of the time. He could not hope to challenge the supremacy of Victor Hugo. Moreover, as the librarian confessed, he was self-educated. No kindly monk had taught him the rudiments of Latin and Greek, as they taught the youthful Psalmanazar, whose quick precocity and quicker extinction make him a striking contrast to his ingenious compatriot. Like Shakespeare, Vrain Lucas had no Greek and little Latin:

On ne m'a, grâce au destin,
Appris ni grec, ni latin.

Thus he wrote in his elegant verse; and this ignorance of the classic tongues, as will presently be seen, profoundly influenced his art. At the outset he knew not what to do in Paris; he had neither friends to aid him nor such genius as could be readily turned into gold. His one resource was to take what work offered itself; and by great good luck he found employment in the *cabinet généalogique* of a certain Letellier. Here at last was proper scope for the antiquarian zeal which burned within him. For Letellier was ready at a moment's notice to invent a pedigree or sketch a coat-of-arms. His office was a factory of false titles and forged documents; old parchments, curious inks, fantastic names and phrases were his stock-in-trade; and Vrain Lucas learned under his tutelage many a secret contrivance which he afterward turned to good account. Above all, he plumbed the depths of human vanity. He saw with what ease a man may be deceived who wishes to believe in falsehood, and he acquired a keen insight into the credulous character upon which a literary forger must work. So while he performed the duties of Letellier's tout he practised himself in the subtle arts of

deception, and was able, when the time came, to gull M. Chasles as he chose.

Meanwhile, though Paris and the office of Letellier gave him every opportunity for the historical research which he loved, he was not content. He was not satisfied even with a ready access to all the biographical dictionaries and encyclopædias of what was then called the Bibliothèque Impériale. Vain as his victims, he sighed for the wealth and notoriety which seldom come to the humble inventor of pedigrees. His election, as a corresponding member, to the Société Archéologique du Département d'Eure-et-Loir was a momentary triumph, and so well cultivated was his faculty of persuasion that soon afterward he was appointed head of a provincial library. But none knew better than Vrain Lucas what he could and could not do. He dared not attempt to catalogue a library on the very scanty Latin that was his, and, rather than expose himself to failure, he remained in Paris, living among old books, old manuscripts, and autographs of all ages.

His real chance came when he met M. Chasles, the celebrated mathematician, for in M. Chasles he found precisely the victim which his ingenuity demanded. Now, M. Chasles, though he was a distinguished member of the Académie des Sciences, and had been honoured by our own Royal Society, was a man of simple faith and exquisite trustfulness. Moreover, he was a zealous collector of autographs and old books, and he accepted with enthusiasm whatever was brought him by Vrain Lucas. The few real treasures that he possessed he gladly sold, in order to buy the most impudent forgeries ever devised by the wit of man. His confidence in Vrain Lucas was unshakable. "We are of the same country," he said pathetically, "and I thought him incapable of deceiving me." Such is always the attitude of the pigeon who soon grows to love the friendly rook. Nor was Vrain Lucas the man to lose the most brilliant opportunity which ever came to a literary forger. His materials were ready to his hand; he had not served his apprenticeship in Letellier's workshop for nothing; and his knowledge was not so deep as to destroy his faith in that which his own hand created. So he fabricated letters from the great men of all ages, and sold them as fast as

he could turn them out to the trusting mathematician. The story told of their origin was ingenious and convincing: they came, said he, from the famous cabinet of the Chevalier Blondeau de Charnage, whose collection, made in the middle of the eighteenth century, was still remembered by scholars. At the Revolution the cabinet was purchased by M. le Comte de Boisjournain, who during the Terror emigrated to America and took his treasures with him. The adventures of these precious papers, however, did not end with their arrival in America. On their homeward voyage they suffered shipwreck, and were one and all stained by salt water. Their present possessor, whom Vrain Lucas always called with air of mystery *le vieux monsieur*, loved them like his life, and they were wrung out of him one by one by the stress of poverty. Whatever money was paid for the priceless letters was, of course, handed over to *le vieux monsieur*, and the forger kept no more for his pains than twenty-five per cent. It is but natural, then, that sometimes he was hard up, and asked the confiding M. Chasles for a small sum, which should come to him alone. Nor was *le vieux monsieur* too easy to manage. Now and again he was tortured by remorse that priceless relics should be lost to his family, and his remorse was acuter when a fire-eating relative, called in the secret correspondence *le vieux militaire*, angrily protested that they should be repurchased. It was the prettiest comedy to all concerned, save M. Chasles, who in his anxiety was more than once inclined to have the forger arrested, not because he had been swindled, but because he feared that these valuable papers should be sold and sent out of France, whose chief ornament they were.

Thus, in the course of a few years, Vrain Lucas sold to M. Chasles 27,472 forgeries for the comfortable price of 150,000 francs. To give the names of the correspondents would be to exhaust the roll of fame. They belonged to all countries and all ages. The letters of Sappho, Thales, Virgil, Julius Cæsar, Zeno, St. Luke, Lazarus, Montaigne, Rabelais, the Cid, Molière, Newton, Galileo, Pascal, Louis XIV., and countless others jostled each other in the ample chests of M. le Comte de Boisjournain. The impartiality of Vrain Lucas was

unique; he neglected nobody who had a place in the *Biographie Universelle*, and when he professed a doubt as to a signature which he had devised himself, he would ask M. Chasles, with an ingenuous smile, to consult that repertory of useful knowledge. But whether they came from Greece or Italy or from modern France, they were all written upon paper of the same age and the same quality, pleasantly stained by time or travel, and water-marked with a *fleur-de-lis*. Of this paper the forger was very sparing. The great correspondents wrote always upon half sheets and curbed their eloquence. But not only was the paper uniform; the letters, one and all, were written in French. And here, I think, Vrain Lucas showed his real grandeur. Latin and Greek had been denied him at school, and so he cheerfully made the best of it. Having precisely gauged the credulity of his victim, he harmonised his means to his end like a true artist. He made one concession to antiquity: the letters of Sappho and Julius Cæsar, to name but two, are written in what he thought was old French, and in a bold handwriting which evidently betokened age. Besides, if the paper were suspicious, if the language would have made any other than M. Chasles roar with laughter, the ink was impeccable. How it was made remains the secret of Vrain Lucas, but true it is that it resisted all the tests which commonly expose the ink of modern fabrication, and won over many an expert to the forger's side.

The style of the letters is simple and impartial. There was no nonsense about Vrain Lucas; he had no more ambition to mimic the manner than to reproduce the handwriting of his august correspondents. He was quite content if the writer of a masterpiece was contemporary with its recipient, and what was good enough for him was obviously good enough for M. Chasles. A specimen will best illustrate his method, and no better specimen can be chosen than the following letter, addressed by Sappho to Phaon: "Sapho à son tres amé Phaon Salut. Très chier amé pres de ces bords charmans où la veue admire en s'égarent une immense estendue, où la pleine des mers et la vousté des cieux semblent dans la lointaing se confondre, non loin d'icelle rive est un lit de verture qu'ombrage un orme

épais et qu'une onde pure arrose," and the rest. Wherever you turn in this astounding correspondence, you find the same exquisite commonness of thought, the same superb absurdity of language. After Sappho comes Thales, with a letter to the "très illustre et très redouté prince Ambigat, roy des Gaules," in which the "très puissant prince" is informed that water is "le principe de toutes choses." In like manner Archimedes salutes his beloved Hiero, Alexander Rex offers a few words of comfort to his "très amé Aristote," Vercingetorix grants a safe-conduct to "Trogue Pompée." More amazing still, "Magdeleine" sends greeting "à son très amé Lazare," whom she addresses as her brother, which proves that Vrain Lucas knew the *Biographie Universelle* better than the Bible.* "Mon très amé frère," writes Magdeleine, "ce que me mandez de Petrus de nostre doux Jesus me fait esperer que bien tot le verrons icy et me dispose l'y bien recevoir, nostre seur Marthe sen rejouit aussy. Sa santé est fort chancelante et je crains son trespas," and so on. Grotesque as it is, it was sufficient at once to delight the heart of M. Chasles and to fill the pocket of Vrain Lucas.

Still more curious is the praise of France, which is the excuse for most of these astounding letters. M. Chasles had a strenuous love of his country, and Vrain Lucas played on his patriotism as on a pipe. Greek and Roman, Egyptian and Hebrew agree in hymning the glory of France, and, oddly enough, they all display a guilty knowledge of the vast correspondence brought to light by Vrain Lucas. When Aristotle writes to Alexander, it is to request that he may visit Gaul, and there study the science of the Druids. Alexander affably replies that he could not be better employed. Cleopatra, in addressing "son très amé Jules Cesar impereur," declares that when "nostre fils Cesarion" is old enough to bear the voyage, she will send him to Marseilles, that he may receive his education at the centre of the universe. Not even Lazarus, quaintly styled by himself "Lazare le ressuscité," can escape this passion for Gaul, and in writing to his "très amé Petrus" he professes his agreement with Cæsar and Cicero, who assert that "the Druids indulge in human sacrifice." All this, of course, was highly

flattering to M. Chasles's national pride, and doubtless he took pleasure also in the opinion of Charlemagne (confided to his "très docte et très amé Alcuin") that the Celtic tongue was the mother of all languages. Such was the supreme cleverness of Vrain Lucas: he discovered previously what his client wanted, and found it for him. No difficulty baffled his research. For instance, the letters of Charles Quint are no less rare than those of Rabelais, yet M. Chasles possessed a considerable correspondence which had passed between these two distinguished men. Again, La Bruyère put pen to paper as seldom as might be; the united collections of the world can only discover a poor score of his letters; yet Vrain Lucas obtained from *le vieux monsieur* no less than seven hundred and thirty-nine specimens of La Bruyère's penmanship!

But at last the tardy foot of retribution overtook the ingenious author. M. Chasles could no longer control his pride; he could no longer forbear to trumpet his triumph abroad. On July 6, 1867, the learned mathematician communicated to the Académie des Sciences two letters addressed by Rotrou to Richelieu, proposing the foundation of an academy in Paris such as Clémence Isaure had established at Toulouse, and dated some thirty years earlier than the birth of that institution. Paris was still agog with interest in a rewritten chapter of history, when (a week later) M. Chasles laid before the same Academy two letters from Blaise Pascal to Robert Boyle, and four notes, signed "Pascal," which proved conclusively that Pascal had forestalled Newton's great discovery. The pride of France was aflame in a moment. Once more, it was said, perfidious Albion had filched the honour which belonged to another. M. Chasles woke up to find himself a national hero, and the lightest word spoken in contempt of his documents was accepted as a plain proof of treachery. MM. Duhamel and Fougère, who threw doubt upon the letters of Pascal, were denounced as enemies of their fatherland; and every objection which pedantry could raise was instantly controverted by new letters drawn from the endless store of *le vieux monsieur*. During the anxious weeks which followed, Vrain Lucas worked with unceasing energy.

A set of letters which passed between the aged Pascal and the boy Newton convinced some waverers, and Galileo, suddenly introduced (with a sheaf of documents) into the discussion, proved a welcome diversion. But meanwhile Sir David Brewster and other men of science on our side of the Channel denounced the letters as clumsy forgeries. M. Chasles answered them by a new sheaf of letters from Pascal, Kepler, anybody, and thought the matter settled. Why, indeed, should he trouble to confute a mob of Britons, impervious to argument, when their pride was wounded? The discussion endured for two years, until in 1869 the Académie, through its perpetual secretary, declared that M. Chasles had proved his point, and that the letters were genuine. It was decided that no impostor could imitate "the noble simplicity" of Louis XIV., whose opinion of Galileo was held sacred. Had the letters been forged, said the Abbé Moigno, the forger must have been a demi-god. Paris was jubilant, M. Thiers embraced the Academician in the name of patriotism, and patriots cheered Blaise Pascal in the streets with an enthusiasm which would have delighted that master of irony. Truly the love of country has been responsible for many follies, but never for a greater folly than that which put poor, well-meaning M. Chasles upon a pinnacle of glory.

Then came ruin. On April 12, 1869—a belated All Fools' Day—M. Chasles received the formal approval of France. A week later, M. Breton, an official of the Observatory, discovered sixteen of the forged letters from Pascal and one of Galileo's in M. Saverien's *Histoire des Philosophes Modernes* (1761). M. Chasles was unabashed; he declared that M. Saverien had stolen his originals without acknowledgment, and promptly produced a letter from Montesquieu to Saverien recommending him to Madame de Pompadour, who, as is known, possessed a vast collection of autographs. At every fresh step taken by M. Breton and his friends, Vrain Lucas was ready with a fresh letter. The innocent M. Chasles told him what he desired to prove, and the forger instantly obliged his patron. How long this see-saw of proof and counter-proof would have lasted is uncertain; but after two months

of idle discussion Le Verrier summed up the case with pitiless logic. He tore the fabric of M. Chasles's patriotism to shreds, and at last that amiable philosopher was forced to confess that he had been duped. But even in the act of confession he still expressed a wavering belief in the man who had befooled him. "La collection s'étend," said he, with a pensive naïveté, "aux premiers temps, et même au-delà." *Même au-delà* is a charming revelation of implicit trust, and one almost regrets that it was ever disturbed. Justice, however, claimed her victim, and Vrain Denis Lucas was duly arraigned. To prove his guilt was easy enough: he had defrauded the poor old mathematician of some six thousand pounds, and the most interesting problem offered for solution was, what did he do with the money? He was a man of simplicity and refinement; the most diligent inquiry revealed no more than the good order and regularity of his life. He lived quietly in the Rue St. Georges with an amiable mistress. He received no company, and sought none, save that of M. Chasles. When he was well off, he dined at the Café Riche, for he was of those who prefer a cutlet with elegance to a Gargantuan feast ill-served. If for the moment he lacked money, he was content with a *crêmerie*. Examined by the magistrate, he preserved a dignified reticence where his private life was touched, but he justified his public actions with eloquence and ingenuity.

In face of the jury he once more beat the drum of patriotism. "Whatever is said or done," said he, "my conscience is calm. I have the conviction that I never did any man a wrong. If to reach my end I did not act with perfect discretion, if I sometimes followed a tortuous path, if I used a trick to strike the attention and to arouse the curiosity of the public, it was merely to recall certain historical facts which are easily forgotten or unknown even to the learned. . . . I blended instruction with amusement. . . . M. Chasles had never before been listened to so patiently. . . . Yes, whatever happens, I shall always be conscious that I acted, if not with discretion, at least with uprightness and patriotism." There is a directness in this oration worthy a hero of old Rome; but the jury was unmoved, caring, it is evident, no more for science

than for patriotism. The forger was condemned to two years' imprisonment, and it was only after his condemnation that that the worst piece of luck befell him. He was sentenced in February, 1870; five months later war was declared against Germany, and Paris was packed with soldiers eagerly shouting "À Berlin!" Thus in a moment he lost the hope of glory. His marvellous achievements were forgotten in the misery which settled upon Paris when the outburst of military enthusiasm was spent. M. de Goncourt complained that one of his masterpieces missed the chance of a triumphant success by the declaration of war; but poor Vrain Lucas suffered more deeply than the author of *Charles Demailly* from the German invasion. Though his ingenious forgeries brought him a comfortable income, he could not be content without notoriety, and he forfeited all chance of immediate fame by a foolish turn of the political wheel. But the war is now docketed in the pigeon-holes of history, and it is time to remember those who have distinguished themselves in the arts of peace. Not while patriotism beats in the breast of a single Frenchman should the humble antiquarian be forgotten, who, for the glory of France, persuaded Sappho to address Phaon in the French tongue, and who restored to Blaise Pascal, their true discoverer, the laws of gravity.

Vrain Lucas was, like all of his kind,

half-educated. His natural wits travelled faster than his knowledge, and no course of painful research had dulled his fancy. Too facile to be critical, he allowed himself such freedoms as would be impossible for a schoolboy; yet he never lost faith in himself, he never shook the confidence of his dupe. But one gift he shared with others of his kind—a gift higher and rarer than mere erudition—eloquent persuasiveness. His manners, one is sure, were irresistible, and even had poor M. Chasles attempted to resist, it would have been useless. For successful forgery is a species of hypnotism. As the Indian juggler persuades the spectators that he disappears at the end of a rope flung into the air, or that he brandishes a sword red with an infant's blood, so the forger induces his willing victim to believe that a letter written yesterday in ill-spelt French is the true Greek of Sappho. M. Chasles was, during the eight years of fraud, completely hypnotised. He believed what he hoped and what he was told. Yet it should be remembered that a forgery only succeeds when the credulity of the victim keeps pace with the forger's skill. The victim, in truth, is of the rarer clay, and assuredly the world will match Vrain Lucas a dozen times before it again encounters so simple, credulous, and kindly an old gentleman as M. Michel Chasles.

Charles Whibley.

DRAMATISATIONS OF SCOTT

The Monastery and *The Abbot* followed *Ivanhoe* in the same year. I can trace no instance of an English performance of either story, but there was produced at the Anthony Street Theatre, New York, May 18, 1821, a play entitled *The Heir of Avenel; or, Mary of Scotland*. There was listed in the catalogue of the McKee Library *Mary of Scotland; or, The Heir of Avenel*, anonymous, published in 1821. Although the title and sub-title are inverted, these plays were one and the same. Mary Avenel appeared in *The Monastery* and *The Abbot*, but the story embodied in the dramatisation was taken from the former. This left *The Abbot* the distinction of being appar-

ently the first of Scott's novels which was not put upon the stage.

Thomas Dibdin was the first to make a stage version of *Kenilworth*. He placed it in the hands of the manager of Drury Lane with his usual extraordinary expedition. But he confesses to his mortification in being obliged to confess that his patron's delays gave the Adelphi the distinction of first producing the story on the stage. Planché was the maker of this version. Dibdin, however, got his version on in February, 1821, at the Surrey, where it finished the season. Covent Garden got the same version on to its stage in March. The novel has ever since been a favourite mine for playwrights.

The manager of the Bath Theatre secured Dibdin's version and gave it in a fashion thus described by Genest:

Kenilworth was very successful; it was the grandest spectacle ever exhibited at a provincial theatre. . . . No expense had been spared; several scenes were painted by Grieve; the canopy had really been used by George III.

Edward Stirling, who later proved so efficient in remodelling Dickens for the stage, made a version of this book, which he called *Tillbury Fort; or The Days of Good Queen Bess*. Indeed, this was his first essay in authorship. It was first given at Gravesend. No doubt, Dibdin's reconstruction of *Kenilworth* was used for the stage *début* of this story in America, made in June 18, 1821, at the Anthony Street Theatre.

The most recent presentation of this novel on the stage was in the form given it by Andrew Halliday. He called his play *Amy Robsart*, and it was given at Drury Lane in September, 1870, with beautiful Adelaide Neilson in the title-part. The rôle of Amy Robsart is spoken of as one of her finest assumptions. The play was last given a distinguished representation in America when Marie Wainwright appeared as the unhappy Amy at Palmer's Theatre.

The measure of the popularity of the dramatisations was always the popularity of the corresponding novels, which shows clearly that it was not any inherent quality in the plays which gave them their success. To confirm this view, one has only to glance through the play-books. They quench any surprise that old Dibdin should have concocted any of them in two days. Occasionally a character would slip, unalloyed, from the book into the play, and a great artist would rise up to give it vitality. These were fortuitous coincidences, for which the compilers were not responsible.

So the decline of Scott on the stage may be marked from *Kenilworth*. In all, he wrote thirty-nine novels. Of the first thirteen, all but one were dramatised, several achieving notable contemporary triumph, and a few surviving to within a comparatively recent date, on account of the opportunity afforded certain great artists by certain characters. Of the sixteen which followed *Kenilworth*, I cannot

find that *Redgauntlet*, *The Betrothed*, *The Highland Widow*, *The Surgeon's Daughter*, *Count Robert of Paris* and *Castle Dangerous* were dramatised. The remaining ten are a matter of brief record.

Here is a solitary allusion to *The Pirate*, found in Thomas Dibdin's *Reminiscences*:

The northern magician now produced the *Pirate*; and *pirating* as much as I could of it, my shadow followed his substance very rapidly. The powerful assistance of Mrs. Glover gave a consequence to this effort; and though so many of my great guns had gone off from the Surrey, we had a field of artillery remaining, which, whether it brought money or no, assuredly gained great credit.

A play was made from *Quentin Durward*, which was next to appear. It was the work of Robert W. Ewing; but I cannot find that this or any other play from this book was ever produced. However, the story seemed to have been preyed upon indirectly for dramatic material. Casimir Delavigne depended upon this creation of Walter Scott for his *Louis XI.*, which Henry Irving uses in his *répertoire*. Lord Lytton owes one scene in *Richelieu* to *Quentin Durward*, according to Dutton Cook, who also charges the author of this play with obligations to the *Cinq Mars* of De Vigny and something more to an earlier romance by the author of *Picciola*.

When *St. Ronan's Well* appeared, Thomas Dibdin prepared it for acting; but it never saw the footlights. For some reason there was a revival of interest in this book in the seventies. In 1871, A. D. M'Neill made a version, produced at the Princess's, Edinburgh, and five years later the Theatre Royal, Belfast, presented a dramatisation by David Fisher. The first record I can find of *The Talisman* in dramatic form recites an effort made at Drury Lane in 1874. It was given a good cast and a troop of acrobats in "a Moorish fête, given at Damascus, to please Richard of the Lion Heart," but the entertainment was a comparative failure. Isaac Pocock made *Woodstock* into five acts, which were first, and probably last, seen at Covent Garden, May 20, 1826, for a run of six consecutive nights. The prologue on this

occasion affords an interesting example of this quaint form of literary composition:

Ladies and Gentlemen,—nay, do not start—
Each Actor's ready—perfect in his part,—
No one is absent—no one taken ill;
But all are here,—forthcoming as per bill.
With supplicating air, and formal guise,
Yet comes the Prologue, to apologise—
'T is for the Author—No! he bade me say,
The *Dramatist* only—of the Play,
All borrowed plumes he proudly scorns to wear,—
Your meed of praise not e'en attempts to share;
Save for the effort—to select, combine,
And imitate with care, the spirit of *his* line,
Whose fancy revels in exhaustless store;
To give the stage one pleasing drama more.
No easy task, amid poetic bowers,

To choose, where all are fair, the fairest flowers:

He gathered many,—could not gather all;
And e'en from these some precious leaves must fall.

Yet, if with taste and skill the garland's wove,—

A May-Day offering to the shrine we love:
If to his task your fostering care be lent,
The object's gained,—the Dramatist's content.
This all his aim,—to strut a pigmy elf,
Where the enchanter *will not move* himself,
But ne'er presume to claim that magic wand
With which the master spirit charms the land.
If then *this* Woodstock tale, in three hours' space,

Culled from three volumes, briefly he can trace,

Let your indulgence to his toil be shewn,—
Give all your plaudits to the GREAT UNKNOWN.

Paul Wiltach.



The performance of the last act of *Johannis* by the students of the Academy of Dramatic Arts was another reminder of the strange fact that Sudermann, since *Magda*, is almost unknown on the English stage. Played by students, without power, and without the previous accumulation of interest, this one act of *Johannis* moved the emotions and pleased the imagination to a high degree. It proved that the playwright has been competent to handle the impressive subject which he chose. Sudermann has written many strong plays on topics of daily life, and in taking up John the Baptist he is following the path which now tempts the ablest dramatists. The realistic movement has lost its novelty. The important part of the English public is more interested in Stephen Phillips than in any other British dramatist, and he not only writes in verse but takes the large stories of antiquity. Rostand in France and D'Annunzio in Italy are also taking great subjects, and the strong realistic move-

ment in the German drama is being accompanied by an equally marked idealistic movement. In America there is nothing dramatic that amounts to literature, and, as has been observed, if Europe does fear American competition, it is not in the arts.

Not only do we fail to produce stage literature, but we hesitate to import it. We have not seen *Paola and Francesca*, *Herod* or *Ulysses*. We see almost no Ibsen, Hauptmann, or Sudermann. It will be interesting to see whether any actress has the enterprise to give an English version of Sudermann's latest play, *Ees Lebe das Leben*, which was not played at the Irving Place Theatre on account of its moral tendencies. Mrs. Campbell is almost the only person we have to rely on for such plays in English. The part of the heroine is so sympathetic from an intellectual point of view, so fascinating to one whose morals are of the kind which Goethe thought best for modern times, that there ought to be

a life for her even on our stage. She is an aristocrat, in the first place, which is an innovation for Sudermann, and actresses usually love to be aristocratic. She dominates the whole progress of the play, although there are dramatic scenes independent of her. She represents a morality which, in life, is acted upon much and confessed very little; so that the danger on our stage would be that the actress would try to make her fit the Sunday school conscience, which would take away what makes her originality and her representativeness. She is one of the few women who depart from the general lines of morality without being hardened or demoralised by it, and, what is still rarer, who tells no lies to herself. Usually, in literature as in life, if a woman pick a blossom which is protected by law, she covers her deed with so much sentimentality that she cannot see it clearly. Not so Sudermann's Beate. She is a heroine with the philosophy of Goethe. She is free from one of the most frequent combinations of human character, selfishness decked out in hypocrisy. She has a great love of life, as is indicated in the name given to the play. She finds that she can get more of it by strategy than by openness, and she takes it. She makes no talk about honour or virtue, only about happiness and love. This is a topic in which Sudermann has shown a great interest. In *Die Ehre* he has treated it in its most general philosophic aspects, and in *Sodom's Ende*, in *Johannisfeuer*, in *Heimath* and in other works of his an honest and uncompromising effort is made to see what the real relation is of the ready-made phrases and ideas as dead as stage properties that do most of the daily work of morals to the foundations of character and social life. Both he and Hauptmann, occupied with realities, have written plays in which the characters were taken from the classes which have most of the various ingenuous passions, and in deserting for the moment to the aristocracy he looks at them with the same penetration. English and American playwrights when they write about the people who are most conspicuous socially seem to be occupied with struggles to express what is good form, what is a lady, whether a gentleman would do so and so and still be wor-

thy of the *ingénue*; a series of standards and ideas which are much more amusing when expressed by the serving classes. Two nurses were talking in Fifth Avenue the other day about the theft of a baby. "I thought only ladies did that," said one. "I didn't think a man would do it." The same level of thought in Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune* is less satisfactory, and Mr. Davis only carries to the limit of solemnity a trait which lurks in Pinero, Jones, Esmond, and most of the English dramatists, not to mention Mr. Clyde Fitch. It is because Sudermann is such a relief after the usual stage food that I have used one act of his as a pretext for writing more about him than about half a dozen "important" Broadway productions. It may be dishonest, but it is a necessary trick to make dramatic criticism an endurable occupation in New York. I will not write any more about Beate, her charming tact, her love of life and fearlessness of death, her love of her husband and her still greater love for another man, her devotion to her child, her calm vision of deeds, and her calm acceptance of consequences. This is one of the finest modern dramatic portraits; but to play her for what she is, without sentimentality and without defence, is a feat which very few actresses could accomplish. It needs, above all, intellectual brilliancy, and then plenty of temperament, not queerness, but love of full living. Mrs. Campbell is certainly the woman who should give it to us.

What a contrast is this bracing Sudermann air to the atmosphere into which it is now necessary to descend! *Soldiers of Fortune* seems to please most observers. Those who have read the novel need little information about the play, which was made by Mr. Davis and Mr. Augustus Thomas. It has less than the novel of Mr. Davis's spirited movement in narration; it has some humour, partly of the Davis and partly of the Thomas variety; and it has in its understanding and feeling for life precisely the pretentious shallowness exhibited in the novel. If in the midst of such writing a Sudermann appeared in America, what would happen? One dramatist of brains, intellectual refinement and solid technique could do much to make a standard by which *Soldiers of Fortune* should look

like a chromo. Another play which has been given here offers a sharp contrast between technical qualities and spiritual substance. As it is an adaptation by Haddon Chambers from the German translation of a Danish original, I do not know who furnished the excellent stagecraft and who the feeble moral basis. *A Modern Magdalen*, as it is called, is one of the best acting plays seen here in some time. In technical qualities, such as the development of the story, the sequence of scenes, the way the characters come and go, the relevance and crispness of the dialogue, the actability of the characters, it is admirable; but it is of such tawdry conventionality in psychology and ideals as to be beneath serious attention. It is worth seeing, decidedly, for persons who study stage technique, and also for all actors and students of acting; for outside of Miss Amelia Bingham, who is hopelessly at sea in a big part, the cast is so strong that it is not easy to think of its equal in some years. Several do well, but the first places belong easily to Henry E. Dixey, in a character part which reminds everybody of Dickens, and to Wilton Lackaye, who makes a powerful effect through the quiet expression of sincere emotion. These are two of the best actors in America, and they are of the kind whose excellence is adaptable to different parts. This is particularly true of Mr. Dixey, who is almost as difficult to recognise in *A Modern Magdalen* as he was in *Oliver Goldsmith*. We have much of the good acting which identifies the part with the actor, little of that which wholly disguises the actor's personality. This last kind is necessary for versatility, and if the high-class repertory theatre, which people are fond of talking about in New York is ever founded, actors like Mr. Dixey will be among those to be most keenly sought for the stock company which would be needed. There is little meaning in the term "stock" as applied to such companies as those at the Empire and at Daly's, which do two or three new plays in a year, and fit the parts almost as carefully to the actor as is done in specially selected casts. Actors who can compose characters, externally and internally, of entirely opposite natures, as so many Germans do, are rare in America, and Mr. Dixey is one of them. Mr. Lackaye

did equally well in *A Modern Magdalen*, and, although emotional strength is more frequent with us than such objectivity as Mr. Dixey's, the smoothness with which Mr. Lackaye showed it is less so.

A German actor has just been showing a mastery of the external side of his profession. In his first American appearances, at the Irving Place Theatre, Ferdinand Bonn played a variety of characters which proved his extreme versatility, and played them all with technical finish and completeness, and also with something attractive in his manner, even when he was acting as black a villain as Franz Moor in *Die Räuber*. It is not easy to understand why Schiller's twenty-year-old effort is still kept so much alive on the German stage, for to most foreigners it seems not only violent but dull. It has the important element of containing two excellent acting parts and several scenes which show Schiller's instinctive dramatic power, crude at its beginning but strong. More influential than any intrinsic merit, however, in giving it life is probably the name of its author, for in Germany the fact that a play was written by one of the greatest authors of the country's history is a reason for seeing it, and seeing it often. It might have been more interesting if the rest of the company had acted with the energy of Bonn, whose intensity was a match for that of Schiller himself. He played with so much storm and stress, and such frank artifice, with no attempt at rendering more human the utter monster of Schiller's creation, that one wondered whether he would be able to act properly in a more natural part. His second bill, however, put these doubts to rest, for he then appeared in three one-act plays, selected for their dissimilarity, and he was faultless in all. First, he played François Coppée's romantic young violinist reputed to have the evil eye, rejected by the girl he loves, sacrificing himself for his rival, in *Der Gergemacher von Cremona*. In this drama he had, without effort, a truly romantic and sympathetic manner, and he incidentally showed skill with the violin. In *Der Präsident*, which followed, he was made up to look like an old actor, with a red face and big nose, with an absurdly naïve nature, and he acted the part as pure farce, rushing all over the stage with the gait of a fat old man. In *Der*

Abschied vom Regiment he acted a colonel, slightly intoxicated, dismissed from his regiment on account of scandalous doings of his wife, and finally killed in an encounter with her lover. In this part he carried quiet naturalness to an extreme which contrasted strikingly with his violent Franz, his farcical actor, and

his romantic violinist, and was, perhaps, the finest bit of work of the four. Other parts are to follow; but from these first appearances he seems to be a particularly interesting actor, without greatness, but with much intelligence, taste and adaptability, both of mind and body.

Norman Hapgood.

FUEL OF FIRE

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. CANDY.

A husband, even though a fool,
Teaches far more than any boarding-school.

The post of caretaker of Baxendale Hall was filled by a worthy couple of the name of Candy. Candy himself had been head-gardener while the house was yet inhabited: and he still potted about the neglected old garden, picking up a stick here and a weed there as the fancy took him. His better half was a Norfolk woman; and had been wooed and won at Cromer when Candy was an under-gardener at one of the big houses near that delightful town. She always felt herself to be a stranger and a sojourner in Mershire: for she had left her heart with her two little children in Overstrand churchyard, amid the poppies which keep guard over the slumbers of them that await the great awakening within the sound of the blue North Sea. At least she had left half of her heart there; the other half was filled to overflowing with respectful admiration of her lord and master, who was the greatest and wisest man in the kingdom, according to Mrs. Candy. It is a great satisfaction to every woman to have a final court of appeal for the settlement of all doubtful questions; and it is a still greater satisfaction to be married to this court. Which blessing was Mrs. Candy's in full measure.

It was a day in the early summer, before the snow-drifts of May blossom had quite melted from off the hedges, when Nancy crossed the fields lying at the back of Wayside and went through the iron gate into the lanes. To her (apparent) surprise whom should she meet there but Mr. Baxendale, who—strange to say—had of late contracted a habit, in common with the elder Miss Burton, of perambulating

—nominally in search of exercise—those particular lanes!

"Good afternoon," said Laurence, also trying to show a decorous amount of astonishment at finding Nancy in the very place where he had come to look for her.

"Good afternoon. I was just going to the post-office," explained Nancy, ignoring the impertinent fact that it took twice as long to go thither by the lanes as by the high road.

"So was I," exclaimed Laurence, likewise ignoring the equally impertinent fact that he was walking in precisely the contrary direction; but which of us, who has learned anything at all, has not discovered that very often the shortest way to a place takes us several miles in the opposite way? County Councils would compute distances more accurately than they do if they measured by companions instead of by mile-stones.

So Laurence turned with Nancy and walked beside her: which was the only sensible thing to do if he was really aiming at the post-office, as he would never have reached it by his original route—at least, not without going right round the world.

"After I have been to the post I want to walk up to Baxendale to speak to Mrs. Candy about something," he continued; "won't you come with me? It is a perfect afternoon for a walk."

"All right," agreed Nancy. (She was a very obliging young woman.) "I am always glad of an excuse to cultivate Mrs. Candy—or, rather, to let Mrs. Candy cultivate me."

"Mrs. Candy certainly repays research."

"Doesn't she? And I always make it my duty and my delight to research her."

"To dig for knowledge out of Mrs. Candy's stores is not an elaborate mining operation," said Laurence drily; "I never met a woman

who found it so easy to begin talking and so difficult to stop."

"I never try to stop her: I feed upon every word she says."

"But don't you want to put your own oar in sometimes, Miss Burton? I should have imagined that silence was hardly your favourite rôle."

"Oh! I'm not a great talker."

"Ah! how appearances sometimes deceive," murmured Laurence under his breath.

Nancy laughed: "Well, not such a very great talker: at least I've met greater ones—once or twice."

"So have I; my dear mother, for instance, and the excellent Mrs. Candy; but that doesn't entirely exonerate you from the charge."

"You are very rude!"

"Indeed, I'm not: I'm exactly the reverse. I don't know which is the greater—my pleasure in the feats of great talkers, or my wonder at how the dickens they do it."

"Then don't you find it easy to talk?"

"By no means. You can't think how often I am on the verge of brain fever through scouring the hidden places of my mind for something to say and finding nothing."

"Poor thing! Now I never have to scour the hidden places of my mind for something to say."

"So I should have supposed."

"Every drawer and cupboard in my mind is so full of remarks that it simply won't shut; and the more I try to empty it by making the remarks, the fuller it seems to get."

"My envy of you even surpasses my admiration."

"But I know why you find it difficult to talk," remarked Nancy thoughtfully: "it is because you are so reserved, and reserve is the scourge of conversation."

"Ah!"

"I disapprove of reserve on principle," continued Nancy, shaking her head reprovingly; "and I consider it your besetting sin."

Laurence smiled: "Well, then, having diagnosed the complaint, won't you prescribe the remedy?"

"There's no remedy except just not being it—like Nora and me, you know. I tell everybody everything I think and feel; and that makes everybody comfortable and at home, don't you know?"

"Yes; naturally it would have that effect."

"And it makes people like you if you are unreserved," added Nancy wisely; "I've noticed that. Reserved people are never popular, be-

cause they are always inviting you to a mental Barmicide's feast; the dishes and plates are put before you with nothing on them, and you have only to pretend to eat. When you talk to reserved people there is all the outward show of actual conversation, but the dishes and plates are really empty and it is all a sham."

"That sounds very pretty. But it depends a little, does it not, on the nature of your thoughts and feelings, as to whether their publication would add to your popularity? In your case, no doubt, it would: but in mine—I doubt it, said the carpenter, and shed a bitter tear! Indeed, I put down any little popularity I may possess (small enough it is, goodness knows!) to the fact that people know so little of me. The more they knew my sentiments the more they would dislike me, I take it. Wherefore my reserve is perhaps as clever as your unreserve, Miss Burton. I can't pay it a higher compliment, can I?"

"Not a bit of it! That just shows how ignorant you are. If you are an angel and hide it, nobody will be really fond of you: I don't believe any one was ever really fond of an angel unawares. Angels unawares are esteemed but never loved; and it is a most uninteresting part to play."

"Perhaps."

These short answers of Mr. Baxendale's always irritated Nancy, as much as so good-tempered a young woman was capable of irritation. She was never quite sure whether he was laughing at her or with her—a most disquieting doubt. Neither, as a matter of fact, was he; she could hardly be blamed for not understanding him, when as yet he did not understand himself.

"Now, on the contrary, if you are a devil and say so," she continued, "everybody will be charmed with you, and think it is so sweet and dear of you to be so outspoken."

"Possibly."

"If I had wings and covered them, people would only say what a bad figure I had and how badly my clothes fitted: but if I had a cloven foot and went barefoot, everybody would smile and pity rather than blame; and if I went to the length of putting my feet on the table, the world would end by thinking them quite pretty, and pointed toes would entirely go out of fashion."

"Which shows that truth—like water—no longer lies at the bottom of a well, but is turned on to every house—in an unlimited supply—by certificated water-works. What an enlightened age we live in, and how thankful

we ought to be to the goodness and the grace which smiled upon our birth with so subtle a sense of humour!"

Again that sense of irritation crept over Nancy. But she refused to be balked by it, and continued bravely: "All English people are too reserved; it is the principal national fault."

"So you think foreign nations have more attractive shop-windows?"

"Rather! Well, you know how awfully difficult English girls are to talk to when first you are introduced?"

"I do; by most bitter and most exhaustive—not to say exhausting experience."

"Well, foreign girls aren't, simply because they are less reserved. I remember once, when we were in London, some Mexican people came to call upon us who had had dealings with father in business; and my heart sank when they were shown in, as I hadn't an idea what to say to them."

"Even you?"

"Yes, even me. It fell to my lot to talk to the daughter, a very handsome girl; so I began by asking, 'Have you any sisters?' A feeble opening, but the best I could think of on the spur of the moment."

"And what did she say?"

"Oh! she was delightful." And Nancy bubbled over with laughter at the remembrance. "She said, 'Yes, I have two sisters: and I will tell you all our love-affairs, and then you will feel that you know us thoroughly.' Wasn't it killing?"

"Charmingly so. And what did she tell you?" In spite of all his resolutions not to grow too fond of her, Laurence never could resist the temptation to bring the laughter into Nancy's blue eyes.

"She said, 'In England you do not know how to love: you are too cold, and you have too much to interest you. In Mexico a woman has nothing to amuse her but to go to mass and to get married: but in England you have so much to amuse you that you have not time to do either of these.'"

"There is some truth in that," declared Laurence.

"There is. Then she went on, 'Now, in Mexico we do know how to love: and we always love a man who has no money.' I said I had known cases of that kind even in England." And Nancy looked slyly at Laurence through her long eyelashes, to see what effect this announcement had upon him.

But Laurence's heart was not within measurable distance of his sleeve, so he inquired stolidly:

"Well, and what did the Mexican lady say to that?"

"She said, 'But we are very bad in Mexico; and when we find that the man is so poor that we cannot marry him, we fret and fret till we are quite ill; and the doctor says to our parents that we shall die unless they give us the money to marry this man. So then our parents give us the money, and we marry him, and are quite well.'"

"A most satisfactory conclusion," said Laurence piously: "and had the lady herself suffered in this fashion?"

"No; but her sister had. She told me, 'My sister was like that till my parents did give her the money to marry the man she loved; and now she writes to us that she used to have pains all over the body, but that now she has not a single pain in any limb.' So they know how to manage their affairs in Mexico, don't they, Mr. Baxendale?" And again Nancy looked through her eyelashes to discover the effect of this remark.

Again Laurence was equal to the glance: "So it seems."

"Don't you think we'd better do the post-office on our way back?" suggested Nancy, after a few moments' silent meditation upon the density of men in general and of Laurence in particular.

"Of course we had; what a happy idea! And now we can go straight to the Hall by the lanes and up the park without getting the dust of the high-road on our feet at all."

So the two young people threaded their way along the green bye-roads and then across the undulating park, till they reached the imposing front door which was crowned by the arms of the Baxendales; and as they went they talked by the way of all the trifling matters which are of no moment in themselves, but are of such absorbing importance in the mouth of the one person whose prerogative it is to turn life's smallest coins into gold and earth's commonest corners into Paradise.

Mrs. Candy gave them a hearty welcome. It was somewhat lonely up at Baxendale Hall, and the worthy matron was truly thankful when any listener chanced to come her way.

"I hope you enjoyed the village tea-meeting, Mrs. Candy," said Nancy, after Laurence had transacted his business with his caretaker; "I thought you seemed to be having a good time."

Mrs. Candy put her hands upon her hips, and considered for a moment; then she replied in the refined voice and with the clear-cut accent which are characteristic of all East-An-

glians: "Well, Miss Burton, I wean't deceive yew. When I comes into Tettleigh school-room, I spreades my hankyshire on my knees, and I looks up to see what there was t'eat."

"You considered the menu, in short," suggested Laurence.

"Precisely so, sir," replied Mrs. Candy, not in the least knowing what he meant, and so agreeing with him all the more readily; "well, when I looks up and sees nothin' but maunch-cake and buttered buns, I says to myself, says I, 'The Lord's will be done; if I must be ill I must.' So I takes both."

"I hope your resignation was rewarded," said Laurence.

"It were, sir, it were."

"And how are you to-day after it all?" Nancy asked.

Mrs. Candy shook her head: "Sadly, miss, very sadly. It's wind in the head, miss, wind in the head, and I'll tell yew how that happened. I was a-waiting on Mrs. Betts down at The Ways tew year come Michaelmas, and she was a paraletic, if you remember, miss."

"I remember her quite well; and I am bound to confess I never knew any one get so much pleasure out of paralysis as she did. She enjoyed to the full the minute description of every symptom."

"Well, miss, I was a-waitin' on her; and when she was a-comin' down stairs and a-leanin' on me, her feet slipped and she dreeve her elba' into my side, and that dreeve the wind into my head. So when I went to see t' doctor he says to me, says he, 'My gude wumman,' says he, 'yew should ha' come to me when that furst happened; now,' says he, 'I can't du' nothin'; that there wind have got into yewr head,' he says, 'and it'll never come down, no, never no more.' That's what t' doctor says, miss, and that what's t' matter wi' me."

Nancy endeavoured to look as sympathetic as she was expected to look. "I am so sorry, Mrs. Candy; it must be a most uncomfortable feeling."

"It is, indeed, miss; and my poor feyther was just the same. Wind in the head is in our family, it is, from livin' so near the sea, and all them terrible gales. And Uncle Willum was bad just the same, tew. I remember when Uncle Willum was bad. Aunt Selina she says to me, 'Lizzie,' says she, 'I du wish as yewr uncle wud go one way or t'other; he do burn such a sight o' candle, and me rubbin' him up and down all the night wi' them imprecations.'"

"Did he finally recover?" asked Laurence politely.

"Not he, sir, not he: recoverin' is not in our family," replied Mrs. Candy, with slightly ruffled dignity; and Laurence felt that he had made a mistake. "At t' end I went to help Aunt Selina to nurse him. I give him his medicine at tew o'clock and he trew it up; I give him his medicine at three o'clock and he trew it up; I give him his medicine at four o'clock and he trew it up; at five o'clock he lay like a cabbage, and at six o'clock he went off like a bird."

"Dear me, how sad!" exclaimed Laurence; while Nancy looked out of the window to hide her emotion, which unfortunately was not of the right sort.

"And my childern were just the same," continued Mrs. Candy, inflated with the pride of race; "there wasn't one of 'em healthy—not one; and they all died afore they was turned five."

"Oh! I am so sorry," exclaimed Nancy, who was really sympathetic now. "How you must miss them!"

"I du, miss. I misses 'em and I wants 'em; but I misses 'em more than I wants 'em. They're a sight o' trouble, childern are; especially when they've wind in the head."

"But Candy looks strong enough," suggested Nancy, by way of consolation; "he must be a comfort to you."

Candy's spouse cheered up at once. "Eh! he's a wonnerful man, Candy is; I never knew his like for eatin' roley-poley pudden—never since I was born. T'other day Mrs. Fairfax sent us a roley-poley pudden up from The Ways: and when we sits down t'eat it, Candy says, says he, 'May the Lord bless this here pudden to my soul, and them as was the instigators of it.' And he eats it up every scrap. Eh! but he's a wonnerful man, Candy is, and he thinks a sight o' pudden, and has done iver since I first kep' company wi' him."

"A not inexplicable taste," said Laurence.

"I remember onst he was iver so put out at a village dinner in Tettleigh school-room, twenty year ago come next Christmas. There was roley-poley pudden, and Candy got a good slice. But—wud yew believe it, sir?—they give him his slice stark naked, with not a scrap o' jam, nor even o' syrup, to cover it. Oh! he was put about, Candy was, and no wonder."

"Where did you first meet him?" Nancy asked.

"Well, he were a gardener at Cromer Hall when I was in service at Overstrand. I had lots o' lovers in those days, bein' as I was tall wi' a nice pink colour; and Candy he came courtin' me."

"And I suppose of all your lovers you liked him the best."

"Well, miss, I can't say exactly that; there was several as I liked quite as well as he, him never havin' been much of a one to look at."

"Then why did you finally choose him?"

"Well, miss, though Candy was never much of a one to look at, I heard as he was notable at cooking—the notablest man at cooking in all them parts. So I picked him: and I keeps him up to it, miss, I can tell yew."

Laurence smiled: "A most wise choice, Mrs. Candy! I think of selecting a wife along the same lines. But what did the rejected lovers do? Did they fling themselves and their broken hearts wholesale into the sea?"

Mrs. Candy bridled: "Well, sir, only tew days after I'd fixed on Candy, who should come a-courtin' me but Fison, him that was coachman up at t' Hall? And a much finer man he was than Candy, bein' better set up all round."

"Then, I suppose, in true feminine fashion, you rejected your choice, and expressed your readiness to exchange the small bird in your hand for the larger one just emerging from the bush."

"Well, sir, I savs to Fison, 'Fison,' says I, 'I'm real sorry as I can't keep company wi' yew, yew bein' such a fine, well-set up man all round. But yew've come a day tew late: I'm bespoke.'"

"And how did Fison take the blow?"

"Well, sir, Fison says, says he, 'Lizzie,' he says, 'I'm rare sorry as I've come tew late; but there's as good fish in the sea as iver came out of it; and p'r'aps yew won't mind lookin' out for a nice girl for me, as there's no one as knows as well as yew ezactly what wud suit me.'"

"Did you look out for one?" asked Nancy; "I don't believe I should have done so, in your place. I think it is horrid when one's lovers fall in love with somebody else, even if one hasn't cared for them."

But Mrs. Candy was not made of such slight elements as Nancy. "In course I did, and found one just to his taste. A bright girl she was, Peggy Postern by name, our sexton's daughter, and one as had been the life of many a funeral in our parts. Eh! but she was a merry girl, Peggy was; and she attended every one of the funerals in Overstrand churchyard. I never knew such a girl for pleasure: if there was anything goin' on, she must be in it, must Peggy; and she'd go to the poorest funeral rather than stay quietly at home. Half a loaf's better than no bread, she'd used to say when I

passed the remark that a funeral wi' no mourn-in' coaches wasn't no better than no funeral at all."

"Miss Postern seems to have been somewhat of a philosopher," remarked Mr. Baxendale; but he had not time to say any more before Mrs. Candy went on: "But I was a-tellin' yew about Candy when he come courtin' me. He never wud walk intimate wi' me—arm in arm, yew knows—because he said as it looked soft-like to show as yew was that gone on a wumman; and I thought it looked soft-like for a wumman to keep company wi' a man as wasn't that gone on her. But I just made no fuss, but bided my time. It never will du no good to make a fuss wi' a man: if yew just waits and lets him have his own way, he'll punish hisself in time."

"And did Candy punish himself?"

"He did, miss. For when we comes to a stile with nobody a-lookin' on, Candy he says, says he, 'My lass!' he says, 'I'll help yew over this.' 'No,' says I, 'if yew won't walk intimate when folks is a-lookin' and there's some credit in it, yew shan't help me over stiles when there's nobody by.' And I never let him—not once—till we was married; though he went on his bended knees, he did, about it. Eh! but he's a notable man, is Candy, for hidin' his feelings when folks is by and showin' 'em when they're no credit to nobody."

Nancy thoroughly sympathised with the speaker. "How awfully trying! It would make me simply furious if I'd a husband that behaved like that."

"It's tryin', as yew say, miss; but most things is trying in this world, and so they're meant to be, for some wise purpose which we don't understand now, and maybe niver shall. But it's the queer ways o' men that give yew somethin' to think about, when it's bad weather and yew've no neighbours droppin' in whiles. Why, I'd as soon be an old maid wi' a stuffed canary bird as have a husband as was as easy to see through as another wumman. That's the bewty o' married life; yew can never tell what your man'll do next nor what mischief he'll be up tu—no, not even if yew've got such a man as Candy to deal with. But yew know as whatever he does it'll turn out for the best."

"Come upstairs," said Laurence to Nancy, "and have a look at the library. I happen to have the key in my pocket."

"Do you always keep it locked up?" she asked as she followed him up the wide oak staircase.

"Yes; always. I don't want to have good Mrs. Candy pottering about with a candle

among all those priceless old books. The house is insured for a hundred thousand pounds, and the value lies chiefly in the library; the rest of the furniture isn't worth much."

"A hundred thousand pounds? What a lot of money!"

"Oh! the library is worth far more; in fact, some of the prints and first editions are practically priceless. I am strictly forbidden by my grandfather's will to sell a single book or print, or to lessen the amount of the insurance. But it seems a lot, as you say, and especially when I have to pay for it out of my already very limited income."

And then Laurence unlocked the massive oak door, and spent a delightful hour in showing Nancy some of his rare treasures.

"I did not know you were so fond of old books," he said as they walked home together.

"Oh! I simply revel in them. I should like to spend a month in that library, and never put my nose out-of-doors the whole time."

"If you would really like it I could let you have a key to the library, and then you could go and sit there whenever you wished."

Nancy's eyes sparkled with delight. "How sweet of you! I should simply adore it."

"Then you shall have one with pleasure; and I'll lend you a key of the house as well, so that if Mrs. Candy happens to be out and the house locked up you can still go in and up to the library. Only be careful to lock it all up again after you."

"Oh! I'll be careful, awfully careful, I promise."

"Then that's all right," replied Laurence, experiencing a thrill of delight at having it in his power to give Nancy pleasure.

And he delivered the two keys into her hands that very day.

CHAPTER V.

ANTHONY'S SUGGESTION.

What is greater than the king?—

Perfect knowledge of a thing.

What than state is more immense?—

Of a surety, common sense.

All the next day Nancy went about singing and making melody in her heart.

There is something strangely delightful in the beginning of anything—in that early dawn of fresh joy, while the new-born interest is as yet too nebulous to have attached to itself the inevitable cares and responsibilities which cannot fail to come later; when the object of our regard is already dear enough to make us happy by being present, but not yet sufficiently

dear to make us miserable by going away. A land "where everlasting spring abides" means something far more than eternally green fields and budding trees; it means a land where disillusionment can never brush away the dew of the morning, and where the pearly haze of dawn shall never be dispersed. "Behold! I make all things new!" does not prophesy that once and for all the house not made with hands shall be refurnished according to the latest improvements; nay, it rather foretells that the mystic gladness of spring and of morning shall no longer be the transient delight which now it is, but shall become a part of that everlasting joy which shall one day crown the heads of those who are counted worthy to attain unto it.

The first dawn of love was just now transfiguring the world for Nancy Burton. Later on the sorrow came which is the inseparable companion of all earthly bliss; but at present Laurence appeared to her as the embodiment of human happiness. In later days she laughed bitterly at the remembrance of how marvellously happy she believed she was going to be, before disappointment had taught her how little it is wise to expect from life: but as yet all things were hers, because she was gradually making the wonderful discovery—that discovery whereby the most ordinary mortals for once in their life throw Columbus into the shade—that she loved and was loved in return.

Possibly if the immortal Christopher had penetrated a little further into the future—if he had foreseen the horror of the great American war for which he was paving the way—he would have turned his galleon round and gone ingloriously home again: and, in the same way, if all the women who make the other great discovery could perceive what heart-burnings and heart-rendings they were thereby preparing for themselves, they, too, would turn affrighted from the unknown land. But if Columbus had seen further still—if he had seen the mighty kingdom which was to grow up on the farther shore of that sea of blood, filling the earth with its knowledge and glory, he would have gone on rejoicing and unafraid: and, likewise, if those fond souls who are preparing for their own footsteps the sorrowful way could see the very end of the road, they, too, would go hopefully forward, knowing that only such as have sown in tears shall reap the full joy of the eternal harvest.

Nancy was too happy to stay indoors, so she walked down in the morning to Ways Hall to see Faith; on her way she met Lady Alicia.

"Good morning, dear Miss Burton," said her ladyship, in whom the neighbourly spirit had not yet evaporated: "may I turn and walk with you? I am taking my daily constitutional, which I always think is so very, very necessary if one wishes to be kept in health: and health is so very beautiful, don't you think?"

"I don't know about its being beautiful: but it is very jolly," Nancy replied, trying hard to remember that Lady Alicia was Laurence's mother, and therefore not meet to be made fun of.

"And illness is very beautiful, too," Lady Alicia went on: "I often think that thinness and the hectic flush suggest such touching and elevating thoughts. I always wish that it had been my lot to be thrown with people whose illnesses were beautiful and improving to the character. But my poor dear husband's were quite the reverse."

"Tell me about him," besought Nancy, whose thirst for information regarding the house of Baxendale was hourly increasing.

"Oh! there is nothing to tell you, my dear; he was quite a prosaic and commonplace character, so different from me, who am simply overflowing with poetry and romance. I often think what a pathetic picture it must have been to see a highly-strung, sensitive young girl like myself tied to a hard-headed, hard-hearted man, such as Mr. Baxendale."

"But are you sure that he was as hard-hearted as he seemed? Often people appear unfeeling when they are only shy and reserved, and all the time that they seem so cold they are suffering most intensely."

Lady Alicia drew herself up: "My dear, of course I am sure. Is it likely that a man's own wife would not understand him? And, besides, Mr. Baxendale was a very easy person to understand; he wasn't complex as I am, but just straightforward and matter-of-fact, with—I am sorry to say—a sad habit of making fun of things."

"I am afraid that is rather a weakness of mine," remarked Nancy humbly.

"Then, my dear, struggle against it and suppress it at all costs. To my mind there is nothing so vulgar as a sense of humour; it coarsens the finest natures and throws a horrible, amusing light upon things which in themselves are quite beautiful and serious. And I always think it is so elevating to take life seriously—a thing which my dear husband seemed constitutionally unable to do; and I fear poor Laurence is not much better."

Before Nancy had time to take up the cud-

gels on Laurence's behalf, she and Lady Alicia had reached the door of Ways Hall; but all the same, her heart was hot within her as she realised how completely his mother misunderstood him, and she longed passionately to make up to him in some way for all that he had missed in life. Suddenly she realised—by what means she could not say—how much the sensitive father and son had been to each other, and what a terrible blank the death of his father had left in the life of Laurence Baxendale.

When women of the Nancy Burton type admire a man they are fairly safe: it is only when they begin to pity him that their hearts are in jeopardy.

Mrs. Fairfax and Faith were sitting out on the verandah at the back of the house, and their visitors joined them there. The verandah at Ways Hall was quite an institution. Faith and her mother principally lived in it for the greater part of the year. It occupied the whole length of the house on the south side, and had a stone roof supported by handsome stone pillars. Each end was of glass, lined with rows of rare plants in pots; so that there was no admittance to any manner of wind save a south one; while all the sunshine in the garden collected itself in the verandah, as cream collects itself at the top of a can of milk. Therefore there were few days in the year when the verandah at Ways Hall was not suitable for habitation.

Mrs. Fairfax and Faith loved their garden; and in return their garden educated them as only well-loved gardens can educate men and women. The cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches find a powerful antidote in a garden; for those who abide near the heart of Nature learn from her lessons of peace and patience which she does not teach to her more bustling children. Now, as of old, the Lord God walks in the garden in the cool of the day and communes with them who have ears to hear; and well for those who hearken unto His voice as it speaks to them through the trees of the garden and the flowers of the field of laws that cannot be broken and of promises that must be fulfilled!

"I have made a new fernery," said Mrs. Fairfax, after she had greeted her visitors in her old-world manner and Faith had carried Nancy off for a girlish confabulation, "and I wish you to see it, Alicia, when you have rested a while."

"Oh, how delightful!" exclaimed Lady Alicia; "to my mind there are few things more beautiful and suggestive than ferns.

They always seem to me like graceful women who have charm rather than actual beauty; and there is nothing more interesting than charm, don't you think?—so attractive and yet so elusive."

"I have arranged that all the water from the garden should drain into the fernery and so run into the lake," continued Mrs. Fairfax.

Lady Alicia and the mistress of Ways Hall always enjoyed a conversation with each other—for the good reason that each talked of her own concerns, utterly regardless of what the other was saying; which resulted in the equal satisfaction of both.

"And flowers are suggestive, too," Lady Alicia went on; "I once had a beautiful idea that it would be so sweet for people to try and copy the flowers which grow in the month when their birthdays are."

"It has the same effect as a dropping-well; the water trickles down a rockery covered with ferns and forms itself into a stream at the bottom."

"That is why I am always so much interested to find out in what month people's birthdays fall; then I know what type of character they should aim at. And it is so sweet to have an aim in life, I think; it gives one something to think of in the winter evenings and on Sundays."

"And over the stream I have built a rustic wooden bridge; it is extremely pretty now, and will be far more so when the creepers which I have trained over it are fully grown."

"My birthday, you see, is in October; and I have always tried to copy chrysanthemums by dressing in those sweet art shades, and by showing myself a friend for dark and cold days rather than for sunny ones. That is so touching in chrysanthemums, I think: they come just when one is sad and lonely and the bedding-out plants are all gone. And that is such a beautiful allegory of friendship—to visit people when they are in trouble rather than in their prosperous days."

"I am not sure whether I shall be able to keep some of the ferns out-of-doors all the winter; I fear it would be a risk for those that I brought from abroad, and even for some of those that came from Devonshire. You see, the frosts here are somewhat severe."

"I remember when dear Mildred Swain married her curate—such a sweet young man, with a lovely complexion and no money, just like a girl!—I proposed a month's visit to them immediately in their dear little home; and I took my maid with me to show that their being poor made no difference to me."

"Exactly what a chrysanthemum would have done in the circumstances," remarked Mrs. Fairfax, for the first time paying attention to what her companion was saying.

Her ladyship smiled complacently: jokes were things undreamed of in her philosophy. "My dear Emilia, how quickly you grasp an idea! You and I always have so much in common!"

Mrs. Fairfax laughed. In her day she had been a greater beauty than her friend, and Lady Alicia's little elegancies were completely lost upon her.

"Then," continued the latter, "I think it is so nice for people whose birthdays are in April to cultivate humility and try to copy the dear little modest violets."

"What nonsense, Alicia! If there is one virtue more objectionable than another, that virtue is humility. It is a most tiresome and aggravating attribute."

Lady Alicia fairly gasped: "My dear Emilia!"

"I mean what I say. There are no people who give so much trouble in the world as the unassuming, deprecating people: their humility is far more aggressive in reality than the conceit of the most conceited."

"But, dear, dear Emilia, think how beautiful true humility is, and how altogether sweet and Christian."

"I don't care; I simply detest it. The conceited person calls upon you, and comes in and bores you for a quarter of an hour and that is the end of him: but the deprecating person rings the bell and won't come in, and so you have to go and talk to him in the hall; which is always a most wearisome thing to do."

"But don't you think we should rather look at the spirit which prompts an action than at the action itself? I always endeavour to do so; it seems to make life so much more beautiful and full of meaning."

"My dear Alicia, it is the actions and not the meanings that give trouble to other people."

"Still, we should always endeavour to enter into another person's feelings, and to look at things from another's point of view."

"Then the other person should likewise try to enter into our feelings, and look at things from our point of view: and if he did he would quickly discover that his humility is not a matter of sufficient importance to entail any trouble on the part of persons to whom his spiritual vicissitudes are incidents of supreme indifference."

Lady Alicia sighed profoundly: "Alas! how hard you are. Had you my delicate and refined nature you would enter into the feelings of those dear, human, sensitive plants, and admire, instead of abusing, their modesty."

"Extremely humble people always have a little tickling cough, you will notice; and if there is one thing that irritates me more than another it is a little tickling cough. Yet I never met a truly unassuming person without one."

Lady Alicia was busy preparing a suitable platitude whereby to silence the doubting spirit of her friend when the two girls joined their elders.

"Faith and I are regretting that to-morrow is Sunday," exclaimed Nancy, sinking into a seat: "we were planning a picnic without thinking, and suddenly the Sabbath rose up and hit us full in the face."

"Ah! I, too, find Sunday rather a dull and depressing day," said Lady Alicia plaintively; "but I always try to observe it for the servants' sake. It is so bad for them to see people of our class enjoying themselves upon a Sunday; so I always stretch a point in order to make the day as dull as possible. And, after all, there is something very English and suggestive in a dull Sunday: it makes one feel like a Radical or a Roman Catholic or something dreadful of that sort if one does anything amusing on a Sunday afternoon."

"I heard of a lovely new Sunday game the other day," remarked Nancy, with dangerous demureness, her love of mischief exorcising for the moment her sense of the relationship between Lady Alicia and Laurence.

"What was that, my dear?" asked Mrs. Fairfax, who enjoyed Nancy's jokes only one degree less than Lady Alicia's reception of them. The proverbial duck's back, clothed in a mackintosh to make assurance doubly sure, would be less impervious to water than was Lady Alicia's consciousness to anything in the shape of humour.

"First of all the men went to one end of the room and all the girls to the other; and the girls were Christians and the men were heathens."

"That sounds Sunday enough," said Faith.

"It is beautiful, dear child, quite beautiful," agreed Lady Alicia; "to my mind there is something very touching and picturesque about heathens and people of that sort. I always think of them standing under palm trees on the edge of a river, looking as if they were just going to bathe. I remember once saying

to Laurence that the Serpentine on a summer's evening reminded me of missionary magazines. I thought it a most beautiful and poetical simile, but Laurence merely laughed, though I had not the least intention of being amusing; but he has unfortunately no eye for the allegorical and suggestive."

Mrs. Fairfax's handsome dark eyes twinkled: "Go on about the Sunday game, my dear," she said.

"Well, the object of the game was to induce the heathens to embrace Christianity."

"Good gracious, child, what will you say next?" exclaimed Mrs. Fairfax. But she laughed all the same.

Not so Lady Alicia: "Ah! how sweet and beautiful—and just what should be done in everyday life. I think it would be so nice if all the nations—even the Boers and the Chinese and dreadful people of that kind—were to embrace Christianity. It might steady them down a bit, don't you know? and make war quite a pleasure instead of a pain. There is nothing so really soothing and improving as Christianity: I know for my part it makes me feel so contented and pleased with myself all Monday and Tuesday if I have made an effort and walked to church and back on Sunday morning."

At tea that afternoon Nancy regaled her always appreciative family circle with a graphic account, which did not lose anything in the telling (Nancy's tales never did), of how Lady Alicia had received the story of the Sunday game.

"After all," remarked Anthony, when their laughter had subsided, "it must be rather a tight fit for Baxendale to be always obliged to keep a tame mother like that hanging about the premises. If I'd a mother of that kind I should try to get her received into an orphan home or a shoeblack brigade or some other similar charitable institution which would take the sweet creature off my hands."

"She must be a trial to him," added Nora, "because Mr. Baxendale is so clever himself. Mr. Arbuthnot was saying only yesterday that he thought, taking him all round, Laurence Baxendale was the cleverest person he had ever met."

Anthony sat upright in his chair and gazed thoughtfully at his cousin: "So our dear young vicar is beginning to take people all round, is he? I shall have to keep my paternal eye open, or else he will be taking you all round, my beloved Nora; and then what will mamma and the parish say?"

"Tony, don't be an idiot;" and Nora blushed

so becomingly that it was a pity there was no man but a relation to see it.

"Can't help it, my love: we are all idiots in our family; it is too late to change, as the man said when he got home and found he had received twenty shillings for half-a-sovereign."

"Well, anyhow I wish you wouldn't start foolish gossip about me and the vicar," expostulated Nora.

"*Mens conscia recti*—a mind conscious of the rector—(only in this case it is the vicar, but the principle is the same)—is independent of, because superior to, parochial gossip," murmured Anthony.

Nora changed the subject, returning to her original muttons: "Mr. Baxendale was considered an awful swell up at Oxford, Faith says; he passed all his examinations splendidly."

"Examinations," remarked Anthony pensively, "are considered, by the uninitiated, to be a method of discovering the ignorances of the examined: but the initiated recognise them as a means of displaying the pedantries of the examiner."

"Mr. Baxendale has lots of things to bother him," said Nancy: "of course his mother is a trial; and then he is so frightfully poor. I think it is having to pay such an enormous fire insurance that pinches them so."

"Do they pay such a big insurance?" Nora asked: "how horrid!"

"As far as I can make out," replied Nancy, "they have insured the house and the books and the whole concern for a hundred thousand pounds. How much a year would they have to pay for that, Tony?"

"I can't tell exactly, as they'd insure the house and the furniture and the books and the pictures separately: but I should think it would tote up to something between a hundred and a hundred and fifty a year."

"That's a lot for people who have only about five hundred a year to begin with, isn't it?"

"It is, my dear Nancy. If I were friend

Baxendale, I'd chuck the whole concern, and pocket my entire income myself, such as it is."

"But he can't, you see," Nancy explained; "it's put in the entail, or something of that kind, that the library is part of the estate and may not be broken up or sold; and that every Baxendale who inherits the property shall go on with the full fire insurance, because of that old prophecy. The tradition says that Baxendale Hall should be burned down 'First by the king and then by the state;' and so it has been. So the last part is sure to come true also, and the Baxendales have to be prepared for that."

"And it has got to be burned the third time by something 'which is thrice as great' as the king and the state, and 'a thousandfold stronger and higher;' I wonder what that will be," said Nora.

"Common sense, I should think," replied her cousin; "if I were Baxendale I should quietly put a match to the family roof-tree when nobody was looking and so save the annual hundred and fifty, and pocket the hundred thousand pounds in addition."

Nora laughed. "Oh! Tony, what an idea!"

"It is a very good one."

"But if Mr. Baxendale did such a thing he'd be punished by law," persisted Nora.

"Of course he would if he was found out, my dear child: but that would be a mistake on his part. He should just light a cigarette in the charming old library and throw away the match, and the thing is done."

"Really, Tony, what nonsense you do talk!" exclaimed Nancy.

"And if his maternal parent was included in the ruins thereof it would be a benefit to the whole neighbourhood," added Anthony: "excepting that burned goose-quills make such a horrid smell."

And then he went on to talk—equally foolishly—of other things, forgetting his suggestion of arson as soon as it was uttered.

But Nancy did not forget: she was not cast in the forgetful mould.



THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE



THE SHIP OF SILENCE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Edward Uffington Valentine. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

There is a classification of lyric poetry too often neglected in criticism; perhaps because it seems, at first blush, psychological rather than critical—poetry inspired by the occasion, when we feel the poet driven to expression by something which has crossed his path—something which he would not tell us, and yet must sing in spite of himself. The monumental example is Catullus's

*Odi et amo. Quare id faciam fortasse requiris;
Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.*

Such is the highest achievement of lyric verse. Again, there is the poetry of a poetic mood. Here the inspiration does not furnish the theme. The mind does that, and not the heart. The poet feels he must sing, and casts about him for a subject. The result may be a religious hymn, an ode to tobacco, or a love-song. And still, the poems may be very estimable indeed—quite indistinguishable often from the flowering of the impulse born of an occasion. Finally, there is the product of a deliberate resolve to write a poem—only the result is seldom poetry. It is verse, turned out as "part of the day's work."

If the largest portion of Mr. Valentine's offering does not belong in the first of these classes, a very small part, at any rate, is in the last.

The range of subjects is wide, even for a collection covering more than a hundred and fifty pages. The arrangement, too, is good. "The Ship of Silence," which gives the book its name, something under a hundred lines of blank verse, appears first. This poem strikes the keynote of the entire volume—dissatisfaction, a longing for something which is not, and never was. Pressed just a little harder, it would sound the depth of this tone of sadness, the might have been. But Mr. Valentine forbears; and wisely, because the tone of sadness runs very delicately through the body of the

poems. Often it is only one minor note in a brilliant harmony, one sprig of heliotrope in a bunch of roses; so that one is scarcely aware of it until the attention is directed. So in the poems entitled "To a Daffodil Maid," "A Madrigal," and "Love's Meeting," where a sympathetic nature furnishes the tone in question. Often the poem rings with joyousness, apparently unalloyed until we reach the end, and then the whole effect is modified, tinged with the same note of sadness. As in "Helios," the opening lines of which:

*What riots hath the golden god
Who triumphs o'er the drowsy dale.*

contrast with the closing:

*He sends them forth against despites—
To every wight that grieves!*

Once more, in "The Spirit of the Wheat," a highly imaginative bit of apocryphal mythology, in which we are introduced to the spirit:

*A milky shoulder's dip and gleam,
Or arms that clasp upon the air,
An upturned face's rosy dream,
Half blinded by its sunlit hair.*

But with the advent of the reapers:

*Alas! it is divine farewell;
A sighing ebbs along the wheat;
Borne onward by a golden swell,
She fades against the wrinkling heat.*

"The Ship of Silence" is a religious allegory, conceived in the spirit of the Middle Ages. St. Augustine and St. Anthony yearned for the ideal of asceticism. Mr. Valentine is here reaching after:

*So through the lonely vigils of the night,
The Vow constrained me, and the face of
Christ.*

*But healed not, nay, or held me at the last,
For all my fasting and the bloody scourge.
And I grew blind unto the whitening dawn,
And found no calm within the quiet noon,
In sunset waters and the lulling foam.*

And it is because Mr. Valentine's yearning

is more æsthetic that it appears to us the stronger. But, after all, there is another poem, farther on in the collection, as far in subject-matter from "The Ship of Silence" as can be, where the same longing will appeal to most of us more strongly still. "Souvenir de Danseuse" is addressed to the slipper of a coryphee, the sole remembrance of an *affaire* that is past and gone. It is in the atmosphere of Mr. Robert W. Chambers's "Latin Quarter."* The single taste we get here makes us wish our author has left space for something more of the same *genre*.

What other fool can fit you,
Since she fled who did outwit you,
She who robbed you of her fairy tread, its
warm and rosy throb?
(Ah, I never guessed it parting,
When I saw that tear-drop starting,
Caught a wilful glance she cast me, heard the
gathering, girlish sob!)

* * * * *
We have both outlived our uses,
Time's rebuffs and love's abuses;
Dead our dreams and days of pleasure—with
the laughter of her lips.

* * * * *
In your emptiness pathetic,
There's a seeming quite prophetic.

*In *With the Band*. New York: Stone and Kimball. 1896.

For my heart that once she filled so well, is old
and empty, too!"

A word about the technique must not be omitted. One might look for a greater variety of metre. Occasionally, too, the resort to artifice is too marked, as, for instance, the alliteration in the following:

Bare is my life as the naked bough,
Bent by the wailing blast!
Oh, ghosts that gleam from the passionate past,
Pleading for joy that is sped—*

But the general impression conveyed by the versification is made up of the two crowning virtues, ease and strength. The freedom and swing of the following are worthy of especial notice:

And my idle love lets the brown sheep wander,
And her head leans back, and our hearts
beat free;
And together we claim the whole sea yonder,
(A sail for her, and the gull for me!)†

There are many things which are here left unsaid, and they would be by way of praise. The few points upon which to hang carping criticism, we believe, have been exhausted. Mr. Valentine's book recommends itself to the verse-loving public as a sincere and skilful effort in the field of lyric poetry.

Alison M. Lederer.

*"Leaf and Love."

†"A Tryst."



EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1902.

Interest in bookselling during March centred largely in fiction and, outside of the continued demand for *Audrey*, in the publications of the month, which were above the average both as to size and character. Previous announcement and extensive advertising brought a considerable list of new titles into immediate popularity, from which it is difficult to make a selection for special mention, but *The Conqueror*, by Gertrude Atherton, *The Battle Ground*, by Ellen Glasgow, *The Crimson Wing*, by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, and *The Leopard's Spots*, by Thomas Dixon, Jr., were at once in much demand, and these were close-

ly followed in point of sale by *Dorothy South*, by George Cary Eggleston, *Hester Blair*, by William Henry Carson, and *Rockhaven*, by Charles Clark Munn, a notable list of leaders for one month.

Of the older novels *The Crisis* and *The Right of Way*, which is shortly to be dramatised, maintain their exceptional popularity. *The History of Sir Richard Calmady* and *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* showed no signs of declining sales, while with exceptional advertising, *The Valley of Decision*, by Edith Wharton, obtained an increased demand.

Miscellaneous works of the month were very numerous, and covered a great variety of subjects. In biography, *Napoleon: A Sketch of His Life, Character, Struggles and Achievements*, by George Cary Eggleston, was a notable work.

ments, by Thomas E. Watson, was favourably received, and bids fair to equal in popularity this author's previous book on *The Story of France*. *The Next Great Awakening*, by Josiah Strong, was the most important recent addition to religious literature. *A Satchel Guide to Europe*, by W. J. Rolfe, made its annual appearance and entered into the sales of guide books for the month. That the fad of the day is always participated in in publishing was demonstrated by the appearance of two books on ping-pong, *The Game, and How to Play It*, by Arnold Parker, and *Rules and History of the Game*, by F. Hammatt Norton, both of which are meeting with ready sales.

From now on a revival in the sales of out-of-door literature may be looked for. During the last few years a great number of works covering many features of this subject has been accumulated, and already there bids fair to be a considerable addition in this season's publications, notably *Nestlings of Forest and Marsh*, by Irene G. Wheelock, and *According to Season*, new edition, while from former years such authorities as *How to Know the Wild Flowers*, *Bird Neighbors*, and *With the Wild Flowers* may be expected to renew their sales.

Business for the month just past continued in good volume, and while some unfavourable reports were made, there is no doubt but trade as a whole was fully up to, if not above, the average for the time of year. The efforts of the American Publishers' Association to maintain the published price of net books and the fixed price of new fiction continues, to the unquestioned satisfaction of the general bookseller and the discomfort of the few who are disposed to deviate from the rules.

The most popular selling books for the month of March are as follows:

Audrey. Mary Johnston. \$1.50.
 The Right of Way. Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.
 The Crisis. Winston Churchill. \$1.50.
 The House with the Green Shutters. George Douglas. \$1.50.
 The Man from Glengarry. Ralph Connor. \$1.50.
 Kate Bonnet. Frank R. Stockton. \$1.50.
 Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Alice Caldwell Hegan. \$1.00.
 The History of Sir Richard Calmady. Lucas Malet. \$1.50.
 The Crimson Wing. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. \$1.50.
 The Valley of Decision. Edith Wharton. 2 vols. \$2.00.
 The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Frances Hodgson Burnett. \$1.25.
 The Conqueror. Gertrude Atherton. \$1.50.
 D'ri and I. Irving Bacheller. \$1.50.
 Hester Blair. William Henry Carson. \$1.50.
 The Fifth String. John Philip Sousa. \$1.25.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, April 1, 1902.

March business fully maintained the high average that has obtained of late, and the

record of the month's trade is a fairly good one. There is no particular element of novelty in the demand at present, but the market seems stable and the outlook is strong and encouraging. Country trade was brisk last month, the demand for the "best selling books" being the leading feature. Library trade was also good, even for the spring season (which is usually lively), and large quantities of miscellaneous literature went out in that direction.

Most of the new spring books which have appeared so far are going very well, *Audrey* having been perhaps the greatest success, taking numbers sold as a criterion. Popular interest in the fashionable novels of the hour does not appear to be on the wane at all; in fact, on the other hand, it seems to be increasing; for more copies of a leading novel are sold nowadays during the first week or so after publication than ever before since the vogue of the popular book commenced.

Several forthcoming books announced for publication this month are meeting with a good deal of advance call, and these inquiries are especially numerous for *The Hound of the Baskervilles* and *Dorothy Vernon*.

It is somewhat remarkable and perhaps significant that the greater part of the successful novels published this spring have been written by women. In support of this, attention may be called among others to such popular favourites, as *Audrey*, *The Conqueror*, *The Battle Ground*, *The Valley of Decision*, *The Methods of Lady Walderhurst*, and *The Thrall of Lief the Lucky*.

Nature and outdoor books are now being called for, and will soon, as the spring advances, be quite a feature of business. The increasing demand for this class of books is quite remarkable.

The sale of *Audrey* kept up fairly well last month, and other popular favourites, such as *The Right of Way*, *The Crisis*, and *The Man from Glengarry*, went very well. A new candidate for front rank appeared in *The Thrall of Lief the Lucky*. This book is going right well, and aside from other merits, is remarkable as an object lesson of the excellence of mechanical detail that it is possible to attain in an ordinary dollar and a half novel.

The House with the Green Shutters, *The Leopard Spots*, and *The Valley of Decision* are deserving of mention on account of excellence of sale. The numerical order of the books which sold best last month is as follows:

Audrey. By Mary Johnston. \$1.50.
 The Right of Way. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.
 The Thrall of Lief the Lucky. By Ottilie Lilienclanz. \$1.50.
 The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. \$1.50.
 The Man from Glengarry. By Ralph Connor. \$1.50.
 Kate Bonnet. By F. R. Stockton. \$1.50.
 The House with Green Shutters. By Geo. Douglas. \$1.50.
 The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. By Frances H. Burnett. \$1.25.
 The Fifth String. By John Philip Sousa. \$1.25.

The Leopard's Spots. By Thomas Dixon. \$1.50.
 The Cavalier. By George W. Cable. \$1.50.
 Lazarre. By Mary H. Catherwood. \$1.50.
 D'ri and I. By Irving Bacheller. \$1.50.
 The Valley of Decision. By Edith Wharton. 2 vols. \$2.00.
 Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. \$1.50.
 Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice C. Hegan. \$1.00.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK.

Abbey Press:

The Church of St. Bunco. Gordon Clark.
 The Orphean Tragedy. E. S. Creamer.
 How Men are Made. Daniel H. Martin.
 The Wonders of Mouseland. E. E. Childs.
 Mabel Thornley. R. C. Baily.
 The Lady of New Orleans. M. E. Thornton.
 The First Years of the Life of the Redeemed After Death. W. C. Ulyat.

American Book Company:

The Elements of Political Economy. J. L. Laughlin.

Appleton and Company:

A History of Ancient Greek Literature. H. N. Fowler.
 Scarlet and Hyssop. E. F. Benson.

Baker and Taylor Company:

The Great Awakening. Josiah Strong.

Buckles and Company:

A Millionaire's Love Story. Guy Boothby.

Century Company:

The Little Brother. Josiah Flynt.
 Hohenzollern. C. T. Brady.

Collier and Son:

A History of the Nineteenth Century Year by Year. E. Emerson, Jr. (Volumes I., II., and III.)

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Miscellanies. Austin Dobson.
 Spindle and Plough. Mrs Henry Dude-
 ney.
 Flower and Thorn. Beatrice Whitby.
 Michael Ross, Minister. Annie E. Holdsworth.
 Sister Beatrice and Ardiane and Barbe Bleu. M. Maeterlinck.
 Ellen Terry and Her Sisters. T. D. Pemberton.
 None but the Brave. Hamblen Sears.
 St. Francis of Assisi. Six Addresses in Lent by the Rev. J. H. McIlvaine.
 Thomas Henry Huxley. Edward Clodd.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Leopard's Spots. Thomas Dixon, Jr.

The Battle Ground. Ellen Glasgow.
 The Mystery of the Sea. Bram Stoker.
 American Masters of Painting. C. H. Caffin.
 Our Literary Deluge. Francis W. Halsey.
 Little Masterpieces. Edited by Bliss Perry. (Milton, Swift, Goldsmith, Emerson, Johnson, Bacon.)

Dutton and Company:

The Victoria History of the Counties of England, Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight.

Fenno and Company:

The Sin of Jasper Standish. Rita.

Fords, Howard and Hulbert:

Good Cheer Nuggets. Edited by Jeanne G. Pennington.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Black Cat Club. James D. Corrothers.
 How to Get Acquainted With God. T. F. Seward.
 Windows for Sermons. Louis A. Banks.
 Training the Church of the Future. Francis E. Clark.

Grafton Press:

The Land of Nome. Lanier McKee.

Harpers:

Wild Life of Orchard and Field. Ernest Ingersoll.
 The Beau's Comedy. Beulah Marie Dix and C. A. Harper.
 The Dark o' the Moon. S. R. Crockett.
 The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop. Hamlin Garland.

Grosset and Dunlap:

The Life of Power. Isaac Allerton.

Holt and Company:

The Winding Road. Elizabeth Godfrey.
 The Assassins. Nevill Myers Meakin.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Audrey. Mary Johnston.
 A Dog of Flanders and the Nürnberg Stove. Louise De La Ramee.
 Twelfth Night. Edited by R. G. White, and furnished with additional notes by Helen Gray Cone.
 The Son of a Fiddler. Jeannette Lee.
 Tuscan Sculpture. Estelle M. Hurl.

Jenkins:

Simple Rules for Bridge. K. N. Steele.

Lane:

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Richard Le Gallienne.
 India's Love Lyrics. Laurence Hope.
 A Long Duel. Mrs. W. K. Clifford.
 Of Gardens. An Essay. Francis Bacon.
 A Roman Mystery. Richard Bagot.

League for Political Education:

A Political Primer of New York City and State. A. M. Fielde.

Longmans, Green and Company:
Charlotte. L. B. Walford.

Macmillan Company:

The Development of Cabinet Government in England. M. T. Blauvelt.
The Conqueror. Gertrude Franklin Atherton.
A Short History of Germany. E. F. Henderson. (Volumes I. and II.)
The Level of Social Motion. M. A. Lane.
Mrs. Seely's Cook-Book. Mrs. L. Seely.
The Italian Renaissance in England. L. Einstein.
Commonwealth or Empire. G. Smith.
Democracy and Social Ethics. Jane Adams.
Crime in Its Relation to Social Progress. A. C. Hall.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

The Simple Life. Charles Wagner.
The Madness of Philip. Josephine D. Daskam.
Next to the Ground. Martha McCulloch-Williams.
The Blazed Trail. S. E. White.
An Island Cabin. Arthur Henry.
Red Saunders. Henry W. Phillips.
The Making of a Statesman. J. C. Harris.
Forest Neighbors. William Davenport Hulbert.

Ogilvie Publishing Company:

Francesca Da Rimini. George Morehead.

Outlook Company:

Parables of Life. Hamilton Wright Mabie.
The Man Without a Country. Edward Everett Hale.

Putnam's Sons:

Monsieur Martin. Wymond Carey.
One World at a Time. Thomas R. Slicer.
The Memoirs of François René. Vicomte De Châteaubriand. (Volumes I. and II.)
The Story of the Vine. Edward R. Emerson.
The Banquet Book. Cuyler Reynolds.

Russell:

Little Italy. Horace B. Fry.
The Speckled Brook Trout. Edited by Louis Rhead.

Scribner's Sons:

Bramble Brae. Robert Bridges.
Aliens. Mary Tappan Wright.
Letters from Egypt and Palestine. Maltbie D. Babcock.
According to Season. Frances T. Parsons.
Reconstruction and the Constitution. J. W. Burgess.
The Works of Lord Byron. (Volume V.)
Soldiers of Fortune. Richard Harding Davis.
The Sacred Beetle. John Ward.

History of Geology and Paleontology. K. A. Von Zittel.
The Children's London. Charlotte Thorpe
Old Dairies. 1881-1901. Lord R. S. Gower.
Monica, and Other Stories. Paul Bourget.
The Master of Caxton. Hildegard Brooks.
The Life and Adventures of Don Quixote De La Mancha. Translated from the Spanish by Motteux.
The Game of Love. Benjamin Swift.
Practical Talks by an Astronomer. Harold Jacoby.

Stokes Company:

The Minority. Frederick Trevor Hill.

Stone Company:

The Crimson Wing. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor.

Stone and Company:

The Rewards of Taste. Norman Bridge.

Taylor and Company:

Twenty-Six and One, and Other Stories from the Vagabond Series. Maxime Gorky.
The Honor of the Braxtons. J. William Fosdick.

Tennant and Ward:

The Lady Poverty. Translated and edited by Montgomery Carmichael.

Whittaker:

Psychic Research and Gospel Miracles. Rev. E. M. Duff and T. G. Allen.

Wessels Company:

The Umbrian Towns. J. W. and A. M. Cruikshank.
The Nameless Hero. James Blythe Anderson.

Young and Company:

A Cassock of the Pines. Joseph G. Daley.

BOSTON.

Copeland and Day.

Harvard Episodes. C. M. Flandrau.

Dickerman and Son:

Nonsense for Old and Young. Eugene Field.
Patriot and Tory. Charles J. Noyes.

Ginn and Company:

The Wide World.
Northern Europe.
Notre-Dame de Paris. Victor Hugo. Edited by J. R. Wightman.
Analytical Psychology. Witmer.

Lee and Shepard:

The Correspondent's Manual. W. E. Hickox.
Rock-haven. Charles C. Munn.

Lothrop Publishing Company:

Dorothy South. G. C. Eggleston.

Page and Company:

The Best of Balzac. Edited by Alexander Jessup.

Sanborn and Company:

Town Life in Ancient Italy. William E. Waters.

CHICAGO.

Laird and Lee:

The Sabertooth. Stephen Kinder.

McClurg and Company:

Right Reading. Words of Good Counsel on the Choice and Use of Books Selected from the Writings of Ten Famous Authors.

Alabama Sketches. Samuel Minturn Peck.

Ocean. J. W. G. Walker.

Down Historic Waterways. Reuben G. Thwaites.

The Point of Honour. H. A. Hinkson.

The Thrall of Lief the Lucky. O. A. Liljencranz.

Nestlings of Forest and Marsh. Irehe G. Wheelock.

Editorial Echoes. Wm. M. Payne.

Little Leaders. Wm. Morton Payne.

The Prince Incognito. Elizabeth W. Latimer.

Stone and Company:

The Carissima. Lucas Malet.

The Romance of a Rogue. Joseph Sharts.

Waite and Company:

History of the Christian Religion. To the Year Two Hundred. Charles V. Waite.

INDIANAPOLIS.

Bowen-Merrill Company:

Forces in Fiction. Richard Burton.

The Thirteenth District. Brand Whitlock.

PHILADELPHIA.

Bushrod Library:

The Political Freshman. B. W. James.

Jewish Publication Society of America.

Esther J. Ruskay.

Lippincott Company:

History of Education. E. L. Kemp.

The Book of the Prophet Isaiah. Edited by A. B. Davidson.

The Books of Esther, Nehemiah and Esther. Edited by W. Harper.

The Second Book of Moses, Called Exodus. Edited by A. R. S. Kennedy.

The First Book of Moses, Called Genesis. Edited by A. H. Sayce.

The Johannic Books. Edited by Rev. C. Benham.

Hebrews, Peter, James, and Jude. Edited by J. Herkless.

St. Matthew. Edited by the Dean of Ely.

Leviticus. Edited by J. A. Paterson.

Rowland:

Dickey Downy Virginia S. Patterson.
Printing and Writing Materials: Their Evolution. Adele M. Smith.

Published by the Author:

Proof-Reading and Punctuation. A. M. Smith.

Government Printing Office:

Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1899-1900. (Volume II.)

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Bell and Sons:

The Ivory Workers of the Middle Ages.

A. M. Cust.

Fra Angelico. George C. Williamson.

NEW SHARON, MAINE.

History of Medicine. A. Wilder.

The Proceedings of the Webster Centennial of Dartmouth College. Edited by E. M. Hopkins. Printed under the supervision of H. E. Keyes.

CLEVELAND.

Caxton Book Company:

Blood Will Tell. B. R. Davenport.

ST. LOUIS.

Boland Book and Stationery Company:

Plays. Charles Gildehaus.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Standard Publishing Company:

The Authorship of Deuteronomy. J. W. McGarvey.

RICHMOND, IND.

Cullaton and Company:

Aaron Burr. Isaac Jenkinson.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Dent and Company:

The Consolation of Philosophy. Translated by W. W. Cooper.

Henry Esmond. W. M. Thackeray. (Volumes I. and II.)

De La More Press:

The Woman Who Went to Hell. Dora Sigerson.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Neale Publishing Company:

Other Notes. Mary B. Hinton.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between March 1 and April 1, 1902.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Lovers' Progress. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
4. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton & Co.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
3. The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Recompense. Klinge. (Stokes.) 50 cents.
3. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
4. Letters from Egypt and Palestine. Babcock. (Scribner.) \$1.00 net.
5. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Napoleon. Watson. (Macmillan.) Net, \$2.25.
4. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) \$1.50.
5. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.25.
6. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

4. The Crimson Wing. Taylor. (Stone.) \$1.50.
5. Naughty Nan. Long. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Letters of James Murray, 'Loyalist' (W. B. Clark & Co.) \$2.50.
3. Antique View of Boston. Stark. (W. B. Clark & Co.) \$5.00.
4. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) \$1.50.
5. The House with the Green Shutters. (Douglas.) McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Colonials. French. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) \$1.50.
6. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$2.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Thrall of Leif the Lucky. Liliencrantz. (McClure.) \$1.50.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
5. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The House with the Green Shutters. (Douglas.) McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) \$1.50.
5. The House with the Green Shutters. (Douglas.) McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.25.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) \$1.50.
6. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) \$1.50.
4. The Lily of France. Mason. (American Baptist Pub. Society.) \$1.10 net.
5. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The House with the Green Shutters. (Douglas.) McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
5. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) \$1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) \$1.50.
3. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) \$1.50.
4. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Strollers. Isham. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.25.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.25.
5. The Fighting Bishop. Hopkins. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.25.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
5. Count Hannibal. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. (Parker.) 75 cents.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The House with the Green Shutters. (Douglas.) McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$2.00.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.25.
6. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) \$1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. My Lady Peggy Goes to Town. Mathews. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.25.
5. The Firebrand. Crockett. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Via Christi. Hodgkin. (Macmillan.) 30 cents net.
3. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.25.
5. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.25.
6. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$2.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Siege of Lady Resolute. Dickson. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Young Man in Modern Life. Warner. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) 85 cents.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.25.
6. The House with the Green Shutters. (Douglas.) McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.25.
6. God Wills It. Davis. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PENN.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Colonial French. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The House with the Green Shutters. (Douglas.) McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Tom Beauling. Morris. (Century Co.) \$1.25.
6. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Colonials. French. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.25.
5. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) \$1.50.
6. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Birds of Oregon and Washington. Lord. (J. K. Gill Co.) 75 cents.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Marcus Whitman. Gowdy. (Silver-Burdette Co.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.

2. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Aliens. Wright. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Dark o' the Moon. Crockett. (Harper.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. D'ri and I. (Bacheller.) (Lothrop Pub. Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The House with the Green Shutters. (Douglas.) McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. Count Hannibal. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) \$1.50.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The House with the Green Shutters. (Douglas.) McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
6. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) \$1.50.

TORONTO, CAN.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Morang & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and \$1.50.
3. The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Count Hannibal. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) 75 cents and \$1.25.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) 75 cents.
6. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Westminster Co.) \$1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Desert. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.25.
6. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
4. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) \$1.50.
5. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
6. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

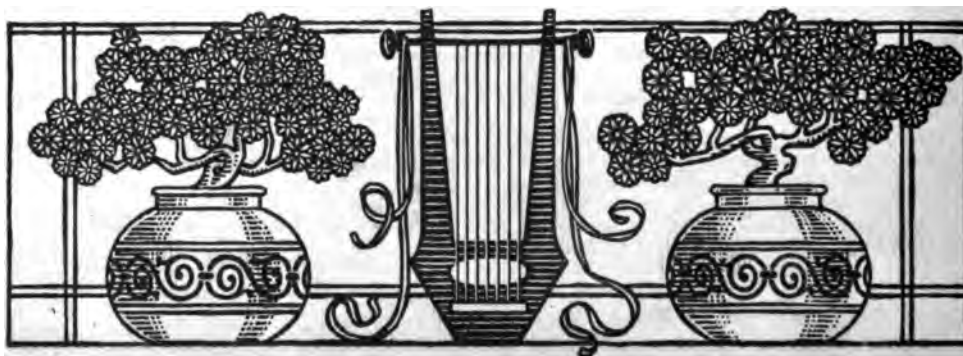
1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) \$1.50.
3. The House with the Green Shutters. (Douglas.) McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
5. The Strength of the Hills. Wilkinson. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$2.00.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

POINTS.					
A book standing 1st on any list receives	10				
" " 2d " " " "	8				
" " 3d " " " "	7				
" " 4th " " " "	6				
" " 5th " " " "	5				
" " 6th " " " "	4				

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

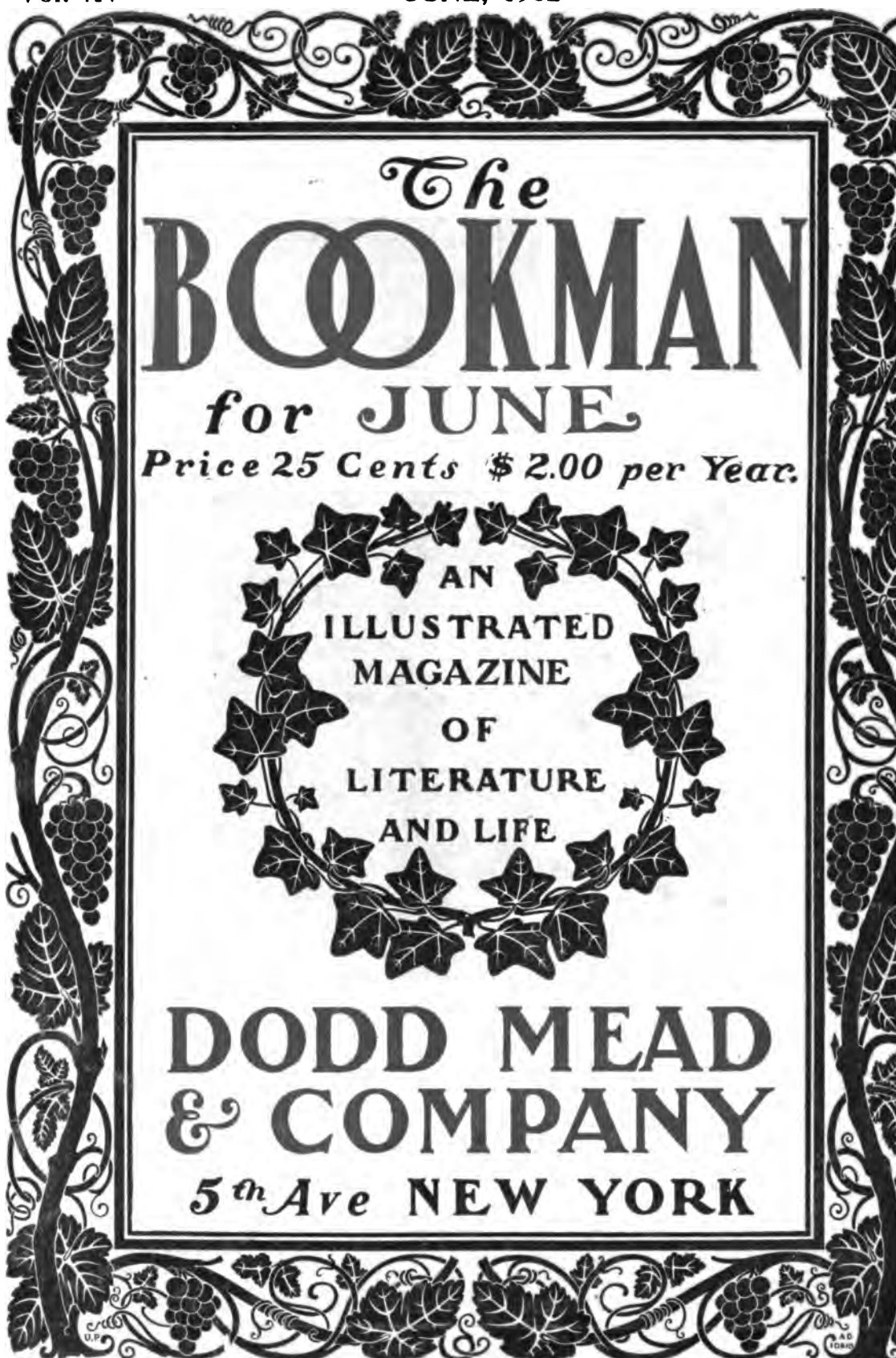
		POINTS
1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.....		328
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.....		112
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.....		108
4. { The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.....		66
{ Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.....		66
{ The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.....		58
5. { The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.25.....		58



Vol. XV

JUNE, 1902

No



Marion Crawford's Rome. With illustrations in colour

An Oxford Man's Impressions of American Universities

The Great Newspapers of 1901

fited to the extent of one hundred thousand pounds, has a lasting connection with fiction in the fact that it was the home of Tom Brown. It was in the Back Quad, shown in the accompanying picture, that Thomas Hughes's hero roomed during his stay at the University.

The extraordinary success of George du Maurier's *Trilby* seven or eight years ago brought back to the popular mind the old song of "Ben Bolt," and the story of how the song was originally written in 1843 was very widely printed in the magazines and newspapers. When Dr. Thomas Dunn English died in April, the story was again dug out of the old files and received a fresh circulation. Very many pleasant

things were said about Dr. English, and "Ben Bolt" was reprinted in urban and suburban newspapers all over this country and in England. We are much surprised that in the chorus of eulogy there has been no one to point out two very important and obvious facts. The first is that "Ben Bolt" owed its popularity, not to the author, but to the musician who adapted the air from an old German melody. In the second place, no one has ventured as yet to call attention to the fact that "Ben Bolt," as verse, is nothing more than sheer twaddle. Dr. English knew that it was twaddle, and for that reason always resented its persistent association with his name and work. Yet so much has been written about the song, and in such glowing terms, that there seems to have grown up a general idea that "Ben Bolt" is a lyric of great power and beauty. This is not a matter of opinion; it is a matter of fact. Read the last two verses:

And don't you remember the
school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel
and grim,
And the shaded nook in the
running brook
Where the children went to
swim?
Grass grows on the master's
grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is
dry.
And of all the boys who were
schoolmates then
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things
I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from
the old to the new;
But I feel in the depths of my
spirit the truth,
There never was change in
you.
Twelvemonths twenty have
past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends
—yet I hail
Your presence a blessing,
your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.



THE LATE THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

In one of the cemeteries of Toronto, Canada, is the grave of the original of Charles Lever's Charles O'Malley. The tomb is situated between those of Andrew Mercer and Matthew Codd (marked xx in the photograph at the head and x at the foot), and is a coffin-shaped stone of Irish granite, decorated at the corners with shamrocks beautifully worked in filigree. It bears the following inscription, now beginning to be undecipherable:

Francis Gethings Keogh Cohortis XXIX
Dux Obiit Jan IX MDCCCLIV Ætatis suæ lx.

Keogh, as an officer in an Irish regiment, is said to have had such a remarkable series of experiences that Lever utilised them in his famous character in the rattling and rollicking story in which, according to a *Saturday Reviewer*, "pistol shots circulated as freely as claret, the one being generally a consequence of the other." Keogh retired from the army and came to America after the book appeared, living with friends in Buffalo. A resident of Toronto, Matthew Codd, took a great interest in the man, either

from a personal knowledge of the family or knowing of him having been the original of the O'Malley character, and when Keogh fell ill in Buffalo, Codd had the sick man removed to Toronto, where he died and was buried in the plot adjoining Codd's. The obelisk over the Codd grave (marked x in the illustration) is likewise of Irish granite, with shamrocks carved around the base. Both memorials, however, are proving unequal to the Canadian climate and are crumbling away. The above reminder of Lever recalls the visit of the novelist to Canada when he walked through the streets of Quebec with moccasins and feathers, in addition to his ordinary attire.

We present on the following page portraits of Henry Wallace Phillips, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Beulah Marie Dix and Emerson Hough.

The Gaelic revival movement and Irish literature suffered a severe loss in the recent death of Ethna Carbery. For the last ten or twelve years Ethna Carbery has been



THE GRAVE OF THE ORIGINAL OF LEVER'S CHARLES O'MALLEY.



HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS, AUTHOR OF "RED SAUNDERS."



ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK, AUTHOR OF "THE RESCUE."



BEULAH MARIE DIX, CO-AUTHOR OF "A BEAU'S COMEDY."



EMERSON HOUGH, AUTHOR OF "A MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE."

contributing to the newspapers and magazines much admirable verse and prose, almost invariably on Irish subjects. In this country her work was known, and she has written for many of the more important American magazines. Her marriage to Seumas MacManus, whose sketches of the life of the Donegal peasantry won a considerable success a few years ago, took place about a year ago. We print below the last two poems written by Ethna Carbery:

CONSUMMATION.

In a sheltered, cool, green place
You and I once stood together
Where the quickens interlace.

I-BREASIL.

There is a way I am fain to go—
To the mystical land where all are young,
Where the silver branches have buds of snow,
And every leaf is a singing tongue.
It lies beyond the night and the day,
Over shadowy hill and moorland wide,
And whoso enters casts care away
And wistful longings unsatisfied.
There are sweet white women, a radiant throng,
Swaying like flowers in a scented wind:
But between us the veil of earth is strong,
And my eyes to their luring eyes are blind.
A blossom of fire is each beauteous bird,
Scarlet and gold on melodious wings,
And never so haunting a strain was heard
From royal harp in the Hall of Kings.

* * * * *



SEUMAS MACMANUS AND MRS. SEUMAS MACMANUS (ETHNA CARBERY.)

Then it was our love declared
(Thro' a throstle's silver chiming)
All the passion that it dared.

Then you called me by my name,
And the answering eyes I lifted
Flashed a flame unto a flame.

Hushed, we watched the eve descend,
The rose-flecked stair of day to see
Our hearts' probation fitly end.

Stars and mist and dew-wet flowers
Scented, shielded and made holy
That sweet hour of the hours.

Oh! Dear Heart, life holds no gift
Half so precious, half so brittle,
As this Love-cup that we lift.

*And remembering, down the years
All my songs shall echo sighing,
All my laughter trill with tears.*

But I move without in an endless fret,
While somewhere beyond earth's brink, afar,
Forgotten of men, in a rose-rim set,
I-Breasil shines like a beckoning star.

✻

The place which Paul Leicester Ford won in American letters, though in no way a permanent one, was in very many respects enviable.

He was representative, perhaps above any other man or woman, of his day of the success of the modern American novel, and of all which that success implies. His books won for him a great income and a wide popularity. While in no sense a literary artist, he brought to his work

a mind of singular alertness and brilliancy, and a very intimate knowledge of the popular taste. His novels were not of the kind which provoke the analysis of the literary critic, but they possessed qualities which won for them the attention and the liking of many hundreds of thousands of readers. For above all, he knew how to be interesting.

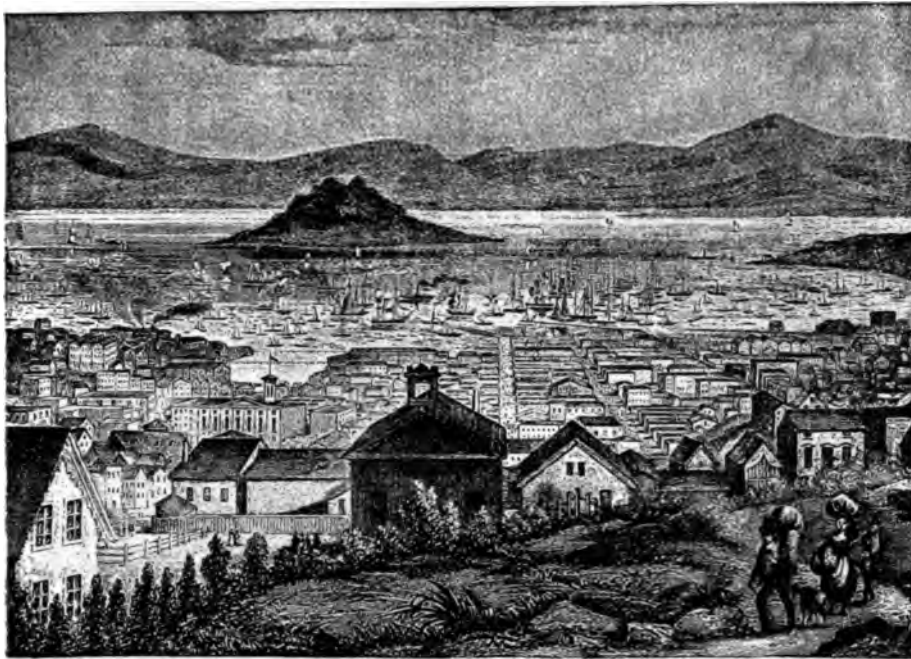
Francis Bret Harte died at Camberley, near Aldershot, England, on May 5, from

Bret Harte. a hemorrhage following an attack of throat trouble. He was born in Albany, New York,

August 25, 1839, received a common school education, and when fifteen years of age went to California, when the gold fever was at its height, to seek his fortune. He was in turn a school teacher, a miner, an express messenger, a printer and a newspaper editor, but he was a comparative failure in everything he undertook until he tried his hand at literature. He began by writing about what he had seen out in the Sierras, and he submitted his first sketches to the editor of the *Golden Era*, for which he was then setting type. Soon after he became connected with the *Californian*, in which his "Condensed Novels" appeared, and



PAUL LEICESTER FORD.



SAN FRANCISCO.
(Early in the Mining Era, 1850-1851.)

"The Cliff House and Fort Point did not then exist."—*The Man at the Semaphore.*



THE HOME OF BRET HARTE'S "TRUTHFUL JAMES" ON JACKASS FLAT, TUOLUMNE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

"Stands to-day half hidden among the trees, a poor, ill-shapen old ruin of a house."

SCENES FROM BRET HARTE'S CALIFORNIA.

in 1864 was made secretary of the United States branch mint in San Francisco, during which time he wrote *John Burns of Gettysburg*, *The Pliocene Skull*, *The Society Upon the Stanislaus* and

many other poems. *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, his first great success, was not published until 1868. The *Overland Monthly* had just been started. Harte was one of the editors. He was asked

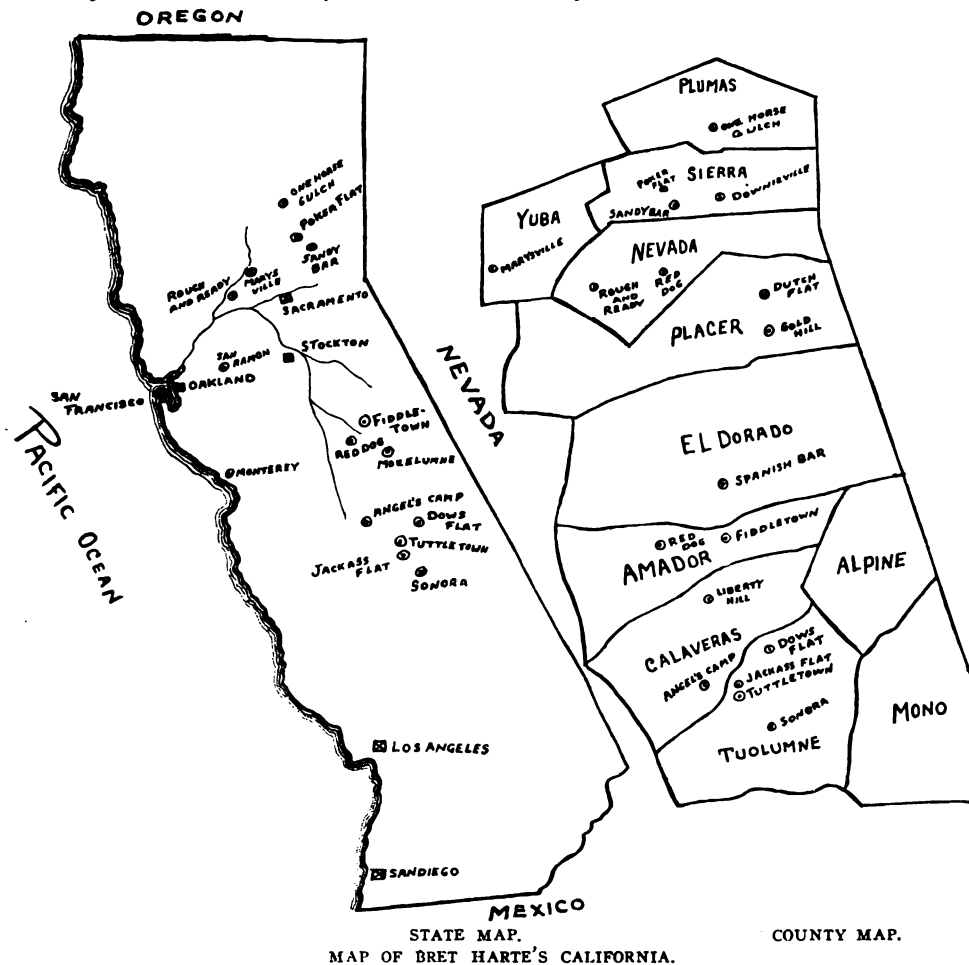


FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

to write a story for the August number. The publisher, upon reading the proof sheets of the story, said that it would be ruinous to the magazine to publish it. Harte still wished it to be used, and after much discussion the story appeared in the August number. Immediately after a letter was received from James Russell Lowell, at that time editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, addressed to the unknown author of *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, in care of the editor of the *Overland Monthly*, making a request for a similar story for the *Atlantic*. This request brought with it the cachet of the East, and Bret Harte sprang at once into a wide fame.

The celebrated poem, *The Heathen Chinee*, dates from 1869. Bret Harte continued as editor of the *Overland Monthly* for a number of years. Much

of his time was spent in New York, where he was employed as a writer on the staff of the *Evening Post*, and in 1878 he accepted a consulship to Crefeld, Germany, which in 1880 was exchanged for a similar post at Glasgow. Since 1885 he has lived in London. In 1870 and 1871 a number of Harte's poems made their appearance. Other writings followed in this order: *Mrs. Skagg's Husbands*, 1872; *Echoes of the Foothills*, 1874; *Tales of the Argonauts*, 1875; *Gabriel Conroy* and *Two Men of Sandy Bar*, 1876; *Thankful Blossom*, 1877; *Story of a Mine* and *Drift from Two Shores*, 1878; *The Twins of the Table Mountain*, 1879; *In the Carquinez Woods*, 1883; *On the Frontier*, 1884; *By Shore and Sedge*, 1885; *Snowbound at Eagle's* and *The Queen of the Pirate Isle*, 1886; *A Millionaire of Rough and Ready*, *Devil's Ford* and *The Cruise of*



the Excelsior, 1887; *A Phyllis of the Sierras and Drift from Redwood Camp*, 1888; *Cressy*, 1889; *A Waif of the Plains* and *A Ward of the Golden Gate*, 1890; *A Sappho of Green Springs* and *Sally Downs*, 1892; *Susy*, 1893; *Three Partners*, 1897; *Tales of Trail and Town* and *Stories in Light and Shadow*, 1898; *Mr Jack Hamlin's Mediation*, 1899; *From Sandhill to Pine*, 1900; *Under the Redwoods*, 1901. *Openings in the Old Trail*, his latest book, was published very recently.

Bret Harte has himself told the story of his first literary effort. "It was a poem," he said, "called 'Autumn Musings,' written at the mature age of eleven. It was satirical in character, and cast upon the fading year the cynical light of my repressed dissatisfaction with things in general. I addressed the envelope to the *New York Sunday Atlas*, at that time a journal of some literary repute in New York, where I was then living. I was not quite certain how the family would regard this venture on my part, and I posted the missive with the utmost secrecy. After that I waited for over a week in a state of suspense that entirely absorbed me. Sunday came, and with it the newspapers. These were displayed on a stand in the street near our house, and held in their places—I shall never forget them—with stones. With an unmoved face, but a beating heart, I scanned the topmost copy of the *Atlas*. To my dying day I shall remember the thrill that came from seeing 'Autumn Musings,' a poem, on the first page. I don't know that the headline type was any longer than usual, but to me it was colossal. It had something of the tremendousness of a three-sheet poster. I bought the paper and took it home. I exhibited it to the family by slow and cautious stages. My hopes sank lower and lower. At last I realised the enormity of my offence. The lamentation was general. It was unanimously conceded that I was lost, and I fully believed it. My idea of a poet—it was the family's idea also—was the Hogarthian one, born of a book of Hogarth's drawings belonging to my father. In lean and miserable and helpless guise of 'The Distressed Poet,' as therein pictured, I saw, aided by the family, my probable future. It was a terrible experience. I

sometimes wonder that I ever wrote another line of verse."

Speaking of *The Heathen Chinee*, Mr. Harte said: "I was always fond of satiric verse, and the instinct of parody has always possessed me. *The Heathen Chinee* is an instance of this, though I don't think I have told anybody, except a well-known English poet, who observed and taxed me with the fact, the story of its metrical origin. *The Heathen Chinee* was for a time the best known of any of my writings. It was written with a satirical political purpose, but with no thought of aught else than its local effect. It was born of a somewhat absurd state of things which appealed to the humorous eye. The thrifty Oriental, who was invading California in large numbers, was as imitative as a monkey. He did as the Caucasian did in all respects, and, being more patient and frugal, did it a little better.

"From placer mining to card playing he industriously followed the example set him by his superiors, and took cheating at cards quite seriously, as a valuable addition to the interesting game. He cheated admirably, but instead of winning praises for it, found himself, when caught at it, abused, contemned and occasionally mobbed by his teachers in a way that had not been dreamt of in his philosophy. This point I put into verse. I heard nothing of it for some time, until a friend told me it was making the rounds of the Eastern press. He himself had heard a New York brakeman repeating:

"Yet he played it that day upon William and me in a way I despise."

"Soon afterward I began to hear from it frequently in a similar way. The lines were popular. The points seemed to catch the ear and hold the memory. I never intended it as a contribution to contemporary poetry, but I doubt, from the evidence I received, if I ever wrote anything more catching. The verses had, however, the dignity of a high example. I have told you of the English poet who was first to question me regarding the metre, and appreciated its Greek source. Do you remember the threnody in Swinburne's *Atlanta in Calydon*? It occurred to me that the

grand and beautiful sweep of that chorus was just the kind of thing which Truthful James would be the last man in the world to adopt in expressing his views. Therefore I used it. Listen," and he quoted, marking the accents with an amused smile:

"'Atalanta, the fairest of women, whose name is a blessing to speak—
Yet he played it that day upon William and me in a way I despise.
The narrowing Symplegades whitened the straits of Propontis with spray—
And we found on his nails, which were taper, what's frequent in tapers, that's wax.'"

The two greatest manuscripts in America are the manuscript of the Declaration of Independence, which is in the Government archives, and which has become illegible, and the life of Benjamin Franklin, written by himself (the only manuscript entirely in his own handwriting), which changed hands a few weeks ago and was added to a private collection in New York City. The story of the discovery of the Franklin manuscript is substantially as follows:

The Hon. John Bigelow was appointed minister to France at the breaking out of the Civil War. His studies had called his attention to the fact of the existence of this manuscript, and had convinced him that the original manuscript was probably in existence somewhere in France. One of the first acquaintances he made upon arriving in Paris was that of Laboulaye, a French author, and a member of the Institute. It was while breakfasting with him one morning that he spoke of his belief that the manuscript probably existed in France, and was very likely in the town of Amiens. "If that is the case," Laboulaye said, "I can easily find out about it for you, as I know very well a member of the Institute who lives in that town." Mr. Bigelow heard nothing more from Laboulaye in regard to the matter. He was leaving Paris, and one of the last calls that he made was upon Laboulaye, and he again spoke of the Franklin manuscript. Laboulaye at once expressed his regret that he had not secured the information that Mr. Bigelow wished, but promised to see what

could be done about it without further delay. Mr. Bigelow left his English address and also his American address, and there the matter rested.

Shortly after his arrival in London, on his way home to America, he received a letter from Laboulaye, which began with the word "Eureka." Laboulaye went on to say that he had found the manuscript in the hands of the descendants of the man to whom Franklin's grandson had given it. Before his departure from London he had consummated the purchase of the manuscript, together with a very interesting portrait of Franklin painted by Duplessis, and a few letters. This original manuscript belonged to William Temple Franklin, Franklin's grandson by his natural son; but Franklin himself had given to Monsieur Le Vaillard a copy of this manuscript. William Temple Franklin had been made Franklin's library executor, and when he came to edit for publication his grandfather's writings, knowing of the existence of this fair copy in the hands of Monsieur Le Vaillard, and thinking that for printer's copy it would be easier to use, proposed to exchange the original manuscript with Monsieur Le Vaillard for the fair copy which his grandfather had given him. The Frenchman very wisely accepted the exchange, and thus it came about that the original was in France instead of in this country or in England. Monsieur Le Vaillard was killed in the French Revolution, but the manuscript which Franklin had given him was handed down to his descendants. The original manuscript, however, differed from all the fair copies, in that it contained a continuation which was never published until Mr. Bigelow's edition of the *Autobiography* was issued. Franklin wrote the autobiography at different times, commencing with the year 1771, and at different places. The last pages were written in 1789.

"Did you have a good time?" a French woman of the people was once asked after returning from the theatre. "Oh, yes, dear," was the answer. "I cried the whole evening." This woman belonged to the class for which Xavier de Montépin, who has just died in Paris, wrote his novels and his plays. Few writers

are so well known in France by the people. For years he was almost identified with *Le Petit Journal*, which was almost sure to publish in every issue an installment of one of his novels as a *feuilleton*. He was the favourite novelist of every janitor and every janitor's wife through the whole of France. It need hardly be said that he laid no claim to literary excellence. His novels all resemble each other; he took advantage of the inborn love of the popular classes for the innocent and downtrodden, and all his stories are of some poor girl or young boy who has to be rescued from the hands of unscrupulous and hard-hearted tyrants.

Providence always appears in the shape of some incident that no human wisdom could foresee, and virtue always triumphs at the end of several volumes. His dramas are of the same nature as his novels. As a specimen of the latter, we could name *La Porteuse de Pain*, and of the former, *Marâtre*. Montépin belonged to a noble family, and possessed the title of Count, but his heroes all belong to the popular class. He has had imitators whose success almost rivalled his—Émile Richebourg, Fortuné du Boisgobey—but he remained *facile princeps* in his own line. He was seventy-eight years old when he died.



ELEANOR HOYT.

A book which is deservedly being widely read and widely discussed just now is Miss Eleanor Hoyt's *The Misdeemeanors of Nancy*. Of the book and the author we shall say more in the next number of THE BOOKMAN.

A year or so ago the Parisian critic, Th. Bentzen, wrote an enthusiastic article in the *Revue Deux-Mondes* on "The Pierre Loti of America." By the Pierre Loti of America she meant Charles Warren Stoddard—of the South Seas—the friend and comrade of Walt Whitman, the Stevensons, George Eliot, Tennyson, in

fact, of a great many of the most brilliant minds in the world of letters of our time. Of late, in spite of the blare and riot of modern self-advertisement, a new work by this writer has been winning its own way among readers of discrimination. In *In the Footprints of the Padres* Mr. Stoddard goes back again to the scenes of his early life on the Pacific coast; he takes the reader across the Isthmus and shows the very beginning and growth of San Francisco, and tells sympathetically the story of the spoliation and decay of missions of Lower California.

A wanderer from his boyhood days,



CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

Mr. Stoddard has much to tell of many curious places and people. For years he made his home with the aborigines in the islands of the Pacific; he has been of the Samoan household of the Stevensons, and *persona grata* at the high-jinks of Hawaiian royalty. For some years past Mr. Stoddard has been Professor of English Literature at the Catholic University in Washington, where, in his curious house, "The Bungalow," among souvenirs of "Christian, pagan or man," of Father Damien, and Tahiti, of Kalakaua, and the Stevensons, he has received visitors that represent the culture and distinction of all parts of the world.

In a recent number of the *Revue Bleue* Émile Blavet narrated an incident in the early life of Henri Rochefort, of which no mention is made in *Aventures de ma Vie*. This adventure, which he calls "The Adventure Rochette," has, explains Émile Blavet, never before been printed. The reason was that there were but four witnesses: Rochefort, the printer Rochette, Victor Noir and Blavet himself. It was at the time when the *Lanterne* was first winning its great circulation. Blavet and Victor Noir were writing on the *Figaro*, and it was their custom, every morning after their work had been done, to breakfast in company with Rochefort. One of these mornings Rochefort, pale, wild-eyed, and trembling all over, burst in upon them and threw on the table a newspaper, of which the ink was not yet dry. "Read!" said he, in a stifling voice.

The astonishing success of the *Lanterne* had been responsible for the establishment of twenty other sheets of the same character, that needed, to enjoy the same prosperity as did the *Lanterne*, only the biting wit and the personal popularity of Rochefort. In one of these, *L'Inflexible*, Rochefort and his home were being attacked daily in the most outrageous manner by one Charles Marchal (de Bussey), who some time later died of delirium tremens, and over whose death Villemessant (the founder of the *Figaro*) preached his famous grotesque funeral sermon. This particular number of *L'Inflexible* went beyond all bounds, referring in the most infamous manner to a

member of Rochefort's family. The blow had struck the latter in his most tender spot and he was wild with rage and indignation. But, to the astonishment of Blavet and Victor Noir, he ignored Marchal and expressed his intention of killing Rochette, the publisher of *L'Inflexible*.

"Kill Rochette," cried Blavet; "you don't think of it! Rochette is but the publisher, and perhaps unaware of this infamy. It is not him, but Marchal, with whom you have to deal."

Rochefort interrupted him.

"What, deal with that escaped convict! Cross my sword with his pen! Sign for him even with his blood a certificate of moral decency! Never! I am going to kill Rochette!"

In this determination he could not be shaken, and, accompanied by Blavet and Noir as witnesses, he entered a cab and was driven to the office of the offending newspaper. After a few minutes Rochette appeared. He proved to be a physical giant. Victor Noir, himself a man of great height and strength, appeared puny beside him. As he caught sight of his visitors his lips curled into a sneering smile. There was no preamble.

"Monsieur," began Rochefort in a calm and firm voice, "my name is Henri Rochefort. Telling you that makes it unnecessary for me to explain why I am here."

"I protest," muttered Rochette, "that I do not understand."

"You will understand. Do you remember having published in the newspaper *L'Inflexible*, for which you are responsible, an article injurious to Made-moiselle Rochefort?"

"I accept the responsibility of all that I print," replied the other, bridling up.

"In that case," said Rochefort, still calm, "if you are a man of honour, as I wish to believe, matters will go better. One who is responsible is held to account. Consequently—"

Rochette burst into laughter.

"Ah, ah," cried he, "I understand. It is a duel that you are proposing."

"At least it is not a rigadon,"* said Rochefort, his anger rising.

"But, my dear Monsieur," replied the giant, growing playful, "you are ignorant

* Rigadon is a dance of Provence Editors.

of one detail that I am obliged to teach you."

"And what is that?"

"I am a Spaniard, and in my country the only kind of duel understood is that which is brought body to body, the knife in the right hand and the cape wound round the left arm."

The conversation was becoming farcical. Rochefort shrugged his shoulders, but always conciliating.

"Hé! Monsieur," he said, "what does that matter? With knife, dagger or poignard, or cannon even, just as you wish, only let us finish it. The boulevard is deserted at this hour. There we can settle the quarrel without fear of being disturbed. My friends, MM. Victor Noir and Emile Blavet, whom I present to you, will be very glad to act as my seconds. Two of your workmen will render you the same service, so it is understood. Come!"

Rochette did not laugh any more. He stammered unintelligently.

"Yes or no!" thundered Rochefort. "Do you wish to give me justice for these infamies published against my daughter?"

A timid refusal was hardly uttered when Rochefort struck the giant in the face, hurling him to the ground. Then, leaving his card, Rochefort and his friends withdrew. But the giant never challenged. He sent for the police.

The greater part of a recent paper on

**Author's
Sensitiveness to
Criticism.**

"Certain Ultimate Differences Between Men" "Claudius Clear" devoted to the subject of the sensitiveness of literary men and women to criticism. He points out that George Eliot and Charles Dickens (at least in his later period) could not bear to read reviews. Lewes used to read to George Eliot such criticisms as he thought would please her. There is no evidence of Dickens having read any criticisms of his last books. Claudius Clear has been looking up some of these criticisms, and he has found that not a few were evidently written with the desire to give pain, and in a spirit of insolent ingratitude for the lavish gifts of the author's genius. It was no doubt just as well that he did not see them; and yet, one wonders that so great a man could

have cared. We have had political leaders apparently unaffected by newspaper attacks. As his autobiographical chapter shows, Mr. Gladstone was not invulnerable. The joint in his armour could be found, but it is safe to say that very few of his foes discovered it. On the other hand, there have been, and there are, politicians whose happiness was at the mercy of journalists, whether the journalists might know it or not.

Carlyle was one of the bravest of men in some ways, and had a real scorn of what is called public opinion. But he was human. He was told once by a nobody that the papers were abusing him violently. "I never read them," said he. "I care nothing what they say. They have sunk to the lowest stage of putrescence and degradation. The state of journalism indicates only too sadly the state of the country. And—what are they saying about me?" It will be remembered that Carlyle once made a journey in Ireland. He wrote a particularly ill-tempered diary about this visit. There was at least one reason for his ill-temper. For part of his journey he had as his companion Charles Gavan Duffy. Duffy wrote the story himself years after, and three typical anecdotes will be sufficient for the discerning. Duffy tells us that as Carlyle and he were riding in the mail coach to Sligo they were joined by a young bride and bridegroom on their honeymoon. The bride was charming, and Carlyle courteously talked to her about sight-seeing and the pleasures of travelling, mounting at times to higher themes like a man who never had a care. He got out of the coach for a moment at a roadside station, and the bride immediately exclaimed: "Who is that twaddling old Scotchman, who allows no one to utter a word but himself?" Duffy "burst into a guffaw of laughter which was not easily extinguished," and told Carlyle the story, "expecting him to be as much amused as I was." Carlyle, however, was as much disconcerted by the incident as a beau of four-and-twenty. "The absurdity of her judgment he refused to see, and was disposed to insist that she was merely a charming embodiment of the *vox populi*, for undoubtedly he was an old Scotchman, and probably twaddled a great deal to no purpose." After-



OLD WHITEHALL FROM THE THAMES.

ward Duffy told Carlyle a story about somebody who confused him with the infidel publisher Carlisle, who had a shop in Fleet Street, and insisted on the identification. Poor Carlyle said that the bagman was better informed than his class. Opinions and criticisms about himself were things he heard with little satisfaction. They were for the most part utterly trifling and worthless. He was known in some small degree to a few men whom he knew in turn, and that was all that was needful or salutary. Once more, Duffy told Carlyle that at a dinner table the talk fell on the philosopher of Chelsea. After puzzling for a while to identify him, the official asked his neighbour in a whisper: "Is not that the man who wrote the *French Revolution*—with a Scotch accent?" Carlyle, says Duffy, laughed heartily and imitated his unknown critic in various banal phrases, always ending with a Scotch accent.

An important addition to the literature of the London of the Tudors and the Stuarts is *The Old Royal Palace of Whitehall*, by Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Deacon of H. M. Chapels Royal and Sub-Almoner to the King. In the London of Shakespeare's day and the London of Evelyn and Pepys, the name of Whitehall stands but with equal significance. It is frequently mentioned and discussed by both of the diarists, and in Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.* it is at a masked banquet given by Cardinal Wolsey, at Whitehall, that the dramatist

represents Henry as first meeting Anne Boleyn.

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For future reference we print a brief biography and bibliography of the late Francis Richard Stockton. He was born in Philadelphia, April 5, 1834. It was the design of his father, who was a Presbyterian minister, to make him a wood engraver; but young Stockton's literary bent soon manifested itself, and he drifted into journalism, working on Philadelphia and New York newspapers. Afterward he joined the staff of *Scribner's Monthly*—which became the *Century Magazine* of the present day, and later was the assistant editor of *St. Nicholas*. During the later years of his life he spent most of his time in New Jersey and West Virginia, frequently residing in New York City during the winter. His books are: *Roundabout Rambles*, *Tales Out of School*, *A Jolly Fellowship*, *Captain Chap*, *The Story of Vitau*, *Ting'd'ling Stories*, *What Might Have Been Expected*, *The Floating Prince Kobel Land*, *The Bee Man of Orne*, *The Clocks of Rondaine*, *Personally Conducted*, *Stories of New Jersey*, *Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coast*. All these were juvenile books. His other novels and stories are: *The Lady or the Tiger*, *The Young Master of Hyson Hall*, *The Late Mrs. Null*, *The Great War Syndicate*, *The Hundredth Man*, *Stories of Three Burglars*, *A Chosen Few*, *Adventures of Captain*

Horn, Mrs. Cliff's Yacht, Pomona's Travels, The Great Stone or Sardis, The Girl at Cobhurst, Rudder Grange, The Rudder Granges Abroad, The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, Christmas Wreck and Other Stories, The Dusantes, Amos Kilbright, Ardis Claverden, The Merry Chanter, The House of Martha, The Watchmaker's Wife, A Story Teller's Pack, The Associate Hermits, The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander, Afield and Afloat, Bicycle of Cathay and Kate Bonnet.

The following story appeared originally in THE BOOKMAN for May, 1896:

"Speaking of Mr. Frank Stockton reminds us of a little tilt that we once overheard between him and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The two gentlemen met at an author's reception, and after some preliminary conversation Mr. Stockton said:

"By the way, Kipling, I'm thinking of going over to India some day myself."

"Do so, my dear fellow," replied Mr. Kipling, with a suspicious warmth of cordiality. "Come as soon as ever you can! And, by the way, do you know what we'll do with you when we get you out there, away from your friends and family? Well, the first thing will be to lure you out into the jungle and have you seized and bound by our trusty wallahs. Then we'll lay you on your back and have one of the very biggest elephants stand over you and poise his ample forefoot directly over your head. Then I'll say in my most insinuating tones, 'Come now, Stockton, which was it—the Lady or the Tiger?' What would you do then?"

"Oh, well, that's easy enough. I should tell you a lie."



THE LATE FRANCIS RICHARD STOCKTON.

"Thanks, awfully! That's just as good as the truth, now that you've told me that it's to be a lie. If you say 'the Tiger' I'll know it was the Lady; and if you say 'the Lady' I'll know it was the Tiger. Good!"

"Then both of them drifted away from the interested group, and were presently observed to be standing in the immediate vicinity of a large china bowl with something pink in it."

A year ago last winter the Authors' Club of New York, of which for years he has been one of the most loyal members, gave a reception to Mr. Stockton, and in the course of the evening there were told many stories of more or less humour. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder,

for instance, narrated his experience with a young and ambitious author who aggressively invaded the office of the *Century Magazine*. The young author said that he had come not to be a casual contributor, but to write for the magazine every month. Asked what he intended to contribute, he replied that he had decided to write for each number a story like Mr. Stockton's *The Lady or the Tiger*. Mr. George Cary Eggleston, who was associated closely with Mr. Stockton during many years, tells another Authors' Club Stockton story. At the club's watch night, on the occasion of the outgoing of the old and the incoming of the new year last winter, the subject to be discussed was "Fame and Its Blunders." Each member received the privilege of explaining why he was not so famous as he should be, or why some other member was more famous than he. Mr. Stockton, when his turn came, said that he was quite satisfied. Referring to his long drudgery upon magazines and newspapers and his final breaking loose into literature, he illustrated his point by reciting the following lines:

There was an old monk of Siberia
Whose life it grew drearier and drearier
Till he broke from his cell
With a yell
And eloped with the Mother Superior.

Two or three days later Mr. Stockton went to Mr. Eggleston with a long and melancholy face, and asked:

"What did you understand me to mean by the verses I recited here the other night?"

"Why, there was only one interpretation possible," Mr. Eggleston replied. "You meant that for a space you made wages by editing other people's matter, and that at last you broke your bonds and went to making literature on your own account."

"Well," he answered, with his droll drawl, "that is what I think I meant. But perhaps others know better. That is what I meant to mean, anyhow, but perhaps I was wrong. You see, one is so often wrong in these matters concerning himself. To-day in a bisexual club Mrs. Stockton and I were greeted with the exclamation: 'Why, I never knew that your marriage was a runaway one!'"

Royal preferences in literature, probably for reasons easy to guess, are rarely given such open utterance as has been expressed both by His Majesty the King and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in the case of Mr. Arthur Morrison's novels. It is now fully two years since the King, then Prince of Wales, in his speech at the opening of the new County Council buildings at Shoreditch, made a strongly appreciative reference to *A Child of the Jago*; the only occasion, it is said, on which His Majesty has taken public notice of the work of a living novelist. On the 8th inst. the library of *H. M. S. Ophir* was sold by auction at Stevens's rooms, and it was then seen that in the copy of *Tales of Mean Streets*, which was one of the very few volumes of fiction selected to travel round the world with the Prince and Princess of Wales, His Royal Highness had written against the tale *Liserunt* the remark: "This is very powerful. George."

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In an article in *THE BOOKMAN* for April there appeared the statement that Sir Laurence Alma Tadema and Edmund Gosse married daughters of the manufacturer of Epps's Cocoa. We regret the publication of this statement, because it happens to be absolutely erroneous. Lady Alma Tadema and Mrs. Edmond Gosse were the daughters of a physician, Doctor G. N. Epps, of South Audley Street, London, and have nothing whatever, even distantly, to do with Epps's Cocoa.

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A novel and curious scheme of literary advertising is being used in *Le Journal*, the most literary and best written of the one *sous* newspapers of Paris. *Le Journal* has just hatched a beautiful prize scheme for readers of its new serial story, *Les Fétards de Paris*. A thousand prizes are to be bestowed upon the thousand sophisticated devourers of *feuilletons* who shall first send correct answers to a string of questions about the personages of the romance, and on the back page of the paper is displayed a huge examination paper headed, "What Becomes of

A Royal
Preference in
Literature.

Literary
Advertising.

Them? Here are a few of the questions:

LOUIS LACOURRIÈRE:

1. Combien de fois quitte-t-il Zizi?
2. Reste-t-il garçon?

MARIE:

1. Se marie-t-elle?
2. Meurt-elle au cours du roman?

CATHERINE, LIANE, GERMAINE, MARIE ET ZIZI:

1. Quelle est, de ces cinq femmes, celle qui meurt empoisonnée?

Le Journal's pearl, however, touches the future of one Germaine Lajaille. Here it is:

1. Quel sera son mari?
2. Le trompera-t-elle?



EFFIGIES

Here do they lie like mute engraven psalms,
 Crossed feet and smiling lips and folded palms,
 Where travellers pass and pause and muse awhile,
 Struck to the heart by the remorseless calms
 Of those draped feet, that fixed, unsmiling smile.

Uncounted springs have leaped to tender flame,
 The years have wheeled to centuries since they came,
 Dead, proud and smiling to their stone repose.
 What do they reck of youth or love or shame
 Or the red heart of yonder English rose?

Death, it can never be that as they lie,
 So shall this eager, passionate burning I,—
 Thrilled through and through with life's magnificence,
 Drunk with my birthright, stung with ecstasy,—
 Death, I'll have none of thy vast insolence!

Florence Wilkinson.

THE GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF THE UNITED STATES

The Boston Newspapers.

Boston enjoys the distinction of having had the first newspaper in what is now the United States, and that is equivalent to saying in America; for neither Mexico nor French Canada, though they had printing presses in the seventeenth century, employed them in newspaper printing. A London bookseller who had been set in the pillory under Charles II., either for selling a "Protestant Petition" or for asserting English liberties in some other way, Benjamin Harris by name, issued this first paper in 1690. But he did not get beyond the first number, for the vigilant Puritan authorities, William Phipps being Governor, practically suppressed it by ordering it not to print anything "without license first obtained from those appointed by the Government to grant the same." Not that *Publick Occurrences* (such was its name) got anything into its number of September 25, 1690, that was scandalous or especially objectionable, but the Bostonian magistrates, like that ambitious English philosopher, Benjamin Kidd, in our day, had an eye strictly to the future. They did not intend that any harm should come to what Marvel calls

Their sore, new-circumcised Commonwealth

from such a dangerous novelty as a monthly newspaper; and so they nipped Harris in the bud as journalist, though they allowed him to print the laws

which they were so fearful he would disobey. He did not expect to be a very frequent disturber of the peace by his sheets; for in his advertisement he only promised a paper once a month, "or, if any glut of Occurrences happen, oftener." Moreover, he there promised to take special pains to correct false reports, "if any well-minded person will be at the pains to trace any such false report, so far as to find out and convict the first raiser of it." All would not do. Harris must cease printing the news, and in a few years he goes back to London, where

Dunton, a more eminent bookseller, met and travelled with him, about 1700, and gave this account of him:

Having a deal of mercury in his natural temper, Harris travelled to New England, where he followed book selling, and then coffee selling, and then printing; but continued Ben Harris still. He is now, 1705, both bookseller and printer in Gracechurch street, as we find by his *London Post*. His conversation is general (but never impertinent) and his wit pliable to all inventions. In once travelling with him from Bury Fair, I found him to be the most ingenious and innocent companion that I had ever met with.

Harris's return to London was before 1695, and the Boston magistrates were left undisturbed in their provincialism, and the Boston ministers in their dictatorship from the pulpit, until the year 1700, when a sin-



LOOKING DOWN BOSTON'S NEWSPAPER ROW.

gular event disturbed their serenity. Increase Mather, President of Harvard College, which was already a sort of annex to Boston, published a treatise in defence of the Puritan order of worship, which he entitled *The Order of the Gospel*. A few clergymen, taking issue with the venerable champion of an order already decaying, wrote an essay in reply; but when they sought for a printer in Boston—Harris having returned to assert English liberties in London—they could not engage one. Accordingly, they issued their answer from a printer's in New York, with this explanation:

The Reader is desired to take Notice that the Press in Boston is so much under the Aw of the Reverend Author whom we answer, and his Friends, that we could not obtain of the Printer there to Print the following Sheats; which is the only true Reason why we have sent the Copy so far for its impression, and where it is Printed with some Difficulty.

The Mathers, and particularly that Bonanerges or son of imprinted thunder, Cotton Mather, the persecutor of old women at Salem as witches, took up the challenge thus thrown down, and a lively war of abusive pamphlets followed, and thus prepared the way for the next Boston venture in newspapers — Postmaster John Campbell's *News-Letter*, issued first on the 24th of April, 1704, and continuing until the evacuation of Boston by the British garrison in March, 1776. But in 1719 Campbell lost the post-office, and his successor, William Brooker, started a new weekly paper of his own,

the *Boston Gazette*, which lived for more than twenty years, and introduced the Franklin family to the world as printers and journalists. Its printer for the first two years was James Franklin, elder brother of the illustrious Benjamin, and when he lost this job he at once commenced a third Boston paper, the *New England Courant*, in which Ben Franklin, then a boy of fifteen, began his long-continued labours at enlightening and amusing the world. The Franklins at once encountered the grim form of Dr. Mather, rising up almost from his dying bed (for he had an apoplectic stroke in 1719 and died in 1723) to initiate that



GENERAL TAYLOR, EDITOR OF THE "GLOBE."

formidable custom of "Stop my paper!" which has been held *in terrorem* over Boston editors ever since, even to this day. Increase Mather gave forth this "Advice to the Publick" in the autumn of 1721:

Whereas a wicked Libel called the *New England Courant* has represented me as one among the Supporters of it; I do hereby declare, that altho' I had paid for two or three of them, I then (before the last *Courant* was published), sent him word I was *extreamly offended* with it: In special, because in one of his *Vile Courants* he insinuates, that if the *Ministers of God approve of a thing, it is a Sign it is of the Devil*; which is a horrid thing to be related! And he doth frequently abuse the Ministers of Religion, and many other worthy Persons, in a manner which is intolerable. For these and such like Reasons I signified to the Printers that I would have no more of their *Wicked Courants*. I that have known what New England was from the Beginning, cannot but be troubled to see the Degeneracy of this Place. I can well remember when the Civil Government would have taken an effectual Course to suppress such a



E. B. HASKELL, FORMER EDITOR OF THE "HERALD."

Cursed Libel! which if it be not done I am afraid that *some Awful Judgment* will come upon this land, and the *Wrath of God will arise, and there will be no Remedy*. I cannot but pity poor *Franklin*, who tho' but a *Young Man* it may be *speedily* he must appear before the Judgment Seat of God, and what answer will he give for printing things so vile and abominable? And I cannot but advise the Supporters of this *Courant* to consider the Consequences of being *Partakers in other Men's Sins*, and no more Countenance such a *Wicked Paper*.



STEPHEN O'MEARA, EDITOR OF THE "BOSTON JOURNAL."

Mather's hint to the General Court of Massachusetts to suppress the "wicked paper" soon took effect, for on the 14th of January, 1722, that body ordered "that James Franklin be strictly forbidden by this Court to print or publish the *New England Courant*, or any other pamphlet or paper of the like nature, except it be first supervised by the Secretary of this Province; and the Justices of His Majesty's Sessions of the Peace for the County of Suffolk, at their next adjournment, be directed to take sufficient bonds of the said Franklin for twelve Months' time." Or rather, this was the recommendation of a committee of the Legislature, which became a definite order in February, 1722, "that James Franklin no

longer print the newspaper." Whereupon Benjamin, not yet sixteen, became the publisher of the *Courant*, for which he had already been a contributor. Whether he wrote the salutatory in the *Courant* of February 11 may be questioned, but he must have had a hand in this description of the main editor and his composite photograph:

There is one person, an inhabitant of this town of Boston, whom we honour as a Doctor in the chair as a perpetual dictator. The Society had designed to present the public with his effigies, but that the Limner descried nineteen features in his face more than he ever beheld in any human visage before; which so raised the price of the picture that our Master himself forbid the extravagance of coming up to it. Besides, the Limner objected a schism in his face, which split it in a straight line from his forehead down to his chin, in such sort that Mr. Painter protests it is a double face; and he'll have four pounds for the portraiture. However, though his double face has spoilt us of a pretty picture, yet we all rejoiced to see *Old Janus* in our company. There is no man better qualified than *Old Janus* for a curanteer—or, if you please, an *Observator*,—being a man of such remarkable optics as to look two ways at once.

If ever a Bostonian was gifted with foresight, it was Franklin; for in this parable of Janus he delivered the character of the Boston newspapers one hundred and fifty years later than 1722. About 1872 they began to look two ways at once, politically and religiously, and have continued the practice increasingly for the past thirty years. Well did my old neighbour, Frederic Hudson (from whose invaluable "Journalism in the United States" I have taken most of this antiquarian lore), say of the young wit and philosopher who soon found Boston too narrow for his genius: "Franklin was only sixteen at this period; but even then he seemed to combine all the elements of a modern newspaper establishment—brains, courage, steam and electricity."

Gradually the agitating and liberalising spirit, represented by Franklin, Samuel Adams, James Otis and Jonathan Mayhew, got fairly good control of the newspaper press in Boston, as it did of the once repressive pulpit, and the Amer-

ican Revolution found its first voice in the utterances of several journals there. Samuel Adams and a few of his friends established the *Independent Advertiser* in 1748, of which Daniel Fowle, who later set up the *New Hampshire Gazette* at Portsmouth, N. H., was the printer and Mayhew a contributor. He was then a young preacher, and his sermons were occasionally published in Adams's newspaper—one in particular, about 1751, advocating a republic in America. Soon



THE HOME OF THE "BOSTON GLOBE."

after, the *Advertiser* undertook to censure the General Court, and Fowle, its printer, was sent to jail for its freedom of comment. Then came, in 1753, a new organ, the *Boston Gazette and Weekly Advertiser*, which was replaced in 1755 by the final trumpet of the patriots, the *Boston Gazette and Country Gentleman*,

published by those staunch revolutionists, Edes and Gill. For this paper the contributors were both the Adamses, Otis, Mayhew, Dr. Warren, Dr. Cooper, Thomas Cushing, Sampel Dexter, Josiah Quincy, Joseph Ward (the grandfather of Thoreau's "Gentle Boy"), and Oxen-



E. H. CLEMENTS, EDITOR OF THE "BOSTON TRANSCRIPT."

bridge Thacher. Most of these were "Sons of Liberty," the organisation of Samuel Adams, and in 1760 the cut at the head of the *Gazette* dispensed with "Britannia" (a portrait of the beautiful Duchess of Richmond, of Charles II.'s time) and substituted a "Minerva," "holding a spear surmounted with a liberty cap in her left hand, while with her

right she opens a cage and liberates a bird" (parent of the American Eagle), which instantly flies to a Liberty Tree. Old Janus had then been dethroned, and Liberty was mounting to the chair.

The spirit and talent shown in the new *Gazette* forced the royalists in Boston to set up a paper of their own, the *Chronicle*, printed by Mein and Fleming, and edited by a local Tory wit, Joseph Green, and a customs officer named Waterhouse; but it only lasted for two years, so small was the Tory interest in the revolutionary town. Coincident with its decease, Isaiah Thomas, the most famous printer-editor in New England after Franklin, set up in Boston his *Massachusetts Spy*, which just before Concord Fight was transferred to Worcester, a four-weeks' period intervening between its last issue in Boston, April 6, 1775, and its first in Worcester, May 3. Its tone everywhere was of intense patriotism, and this led the customs officers in Boston in 1771 to forbid Thomas all access to the ship news of this port. In retaliation Thomas made these gentle observations, which may indicate his views:

A Tyrant may be justly compared to a Polypus, of which the smallest portion broken off becomes almost immediately as big, as voracious and as deformed a thing as the original; entangling, plaguing and engulfing everything within its power and reach. Should the liberty of the Press be once destroyed, farewell the remainder of our invaluable rights and privileges! We may next expect padlocks on our lips, fetters on our legs, and only our hands left at liberty to slave for our worse than Egyptian taskmasters,—or,—or, FIGHT OUR WAY TO CONSTITUTIONAL FREEDOM.

This was said in October, 1772, three months more than a year before, as Carlyle says, "Boston Harbor was black with unexpected tea;" and it indicates the spirit of the Boston mechanics, whom Thomas specially represented, and whom Sam Adams led, in the Tea Party and elsewhere. Thomas also, after the Tea Party, copied from the New York *Courant*, where it came out in 1765, the celebrated serpent device—a snake cut into nine parts (New England and the eight other colonies), with the legend "Join or Die." The Boston *Chronicle* was re-

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Volume 1.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1813.

Number 1.

PROPOSALS FOR PUBLISHING THE MORNING POST.

DAILY ADVERTISER.

EDITORIAL BY HENRY WILSON.

IN every city where the press is not only necessary, but also useful, it is the duty of the publisher to be a public benefactor. In the city of Boston, the press is not only necessary, but also useful. It is the duty of the publisher to be a public benefactor. In the city of Boston, the press is not only necessary, but also useful. It is the duty of the publisher to be a public benefactor.

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THE FIRST COPY OF THE "DAILY ADVERTISER." THE OLDEST EXISTING BOSTON NEWSPAPER.

vived in 1776 as a patriotic paper, for which Sam Adams, John Hancock and Rev. William Gordon wrote; and it became, after the Revolution, the ardent Republican paper, which favoured Hancock and Adams, Jefferson and Gerry against the Boston Federalists, whose organ was the *Centinel*, edited by the strenuous Ben Russell. His lively partisan sheet was finally incorporated in the first successful Boston daily, the *Boston Daily Advertiser and Repertory*, which began its course March 3, 1813, and a year later, April 6, 1814, passed into the hands of Nathan Hale, nephew of the "patriot spy of the Revolution" and father of the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who, with all his brothers and sisters, was for years connected with Boston journalism.

The advent of Nathan Hale marked a gradual change in editorial management and introduced a new character, the editor who was not of necessity a printer. Franklin, Thomas, Isaac Hill, Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley, William Lloyd Garrison and the elder Samuel Bowles, though editors of fame, had originally been printers, as was J. T. Buckingham, who founded the *Boston Courier*. But Mr. Hale was not a printer, nor were the Greenes, who established first the weekly *Statesman* and then in 1831 the *Morning Post*; nor the Walters, who edited the *Evening Transcript* for many years; nor Richard Haughton, who edited the daily *Atlas*, and guided the Whig politics of Massachusetts for a few busy years. It is true that practical printers, like William Robinson, of Concord, Charles Hazewell and George Monroe (the sole survivor of Henry Clay journalism in Boston) have risen to eminence in the journalism of Boston; but, as a rule, for seventy years past our successful editors have not been printers. The result was, in Nathan Hale's case and that of his sons, Nathan, Edward and Charles, that leading articles, written in the office and not furnished by Publius, Fabius, Laco, Nov-Anglus, Massachusettensis, Honestus and other Romans of the period of John Adams, Jonathan Sewall, Stephen Higginson and Ben Austin, began to appear in the *Advertiser*, and set the fashion for later newspapers. Upon the death of Mr. Hale in

1863, his brother-in-law, Edward Everett, remarked in a speech:

It was said by the founder and editor of the *Boston Courier* (Mr. Buckingham) that the *Advertiser* was the first journal which systematically introduced the editorial discussion of political topics; that branch of journalism having before been left to correspondents, the most celebrated of whom are the authors of the *Federalist* and Junius. Certain it is that the columns of the *Advertiser*, for forty years, contained an editorial comment on passing affairs at home and abroad; and such comment was prepared by Mr. Hale in a manner to exercise a marked influence on the public mind.

So positive was Mr. Hale in this feature of his long-lived paper that when distinguished writers—Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, or his elder brother, Alexander—offered articles they had to go in as communications; only the official editors were to write the leaders. Perhaps in consequence of this original feature Mr. Hale's journal became a great swallower of earlier papers; besides the *Repertory*, it swallowed up before 1830 the *Chronicle and Patriot*, the *Columbian Centinel*, the *New England Palladium*, and the *Commercial Gazette*.

We have now reached the comparatively modern period of 1820, when American journalism began or continued its long flourishing period of political and religious partisanship, which, about 1870, began to give way to the phase called "independent journalism." From 1820 to long after the Civil War, partisanship was the aim of all Boston newspapers, whether religious, reformatory or ordinarily political, with the single exception of the *Transcript*, which has chiefly become partisan since the Civil War. Of journals still extant, though much unlike their originals, may be named the *Traveller*, founded in 1825; the *Post*, in 1831 (specially as an organ of the Jacksonian Democrats); the *Transcript*, a year earlier, in July, 1830; the *Christian Register*, in 1821 (organ of the Massachusetts Unitarians); the *Congregationalist* (swallowing up the earlier *Trinitarian Recorder*), in 1839; the *Watchman* (Baptist), in 1819; the *Zion's Herald*, and the *Boston Pilot*,

cities, Salem, Newburyport, Portsmouth, Plymouth, etc., to centre in Boston. It may also be mentioned that the *Journal* always had a turn for literature, and the persistent, though little-read poet and prose writer, Ellery Channing, began his essay writing in this newspaper before going to Illinois and Cincinnati, where he continued in journalism irregularly and soon became an associate or assistant of Horace Greeley in the New York *Tribune*, but only for a few months. The Boston *Journal* was swept into the tide of partisan politics before 1840, and has since been one of the most extreme partisan organs, though with an occasional relapse into independence or neutrality.

A truly independent editor, though sharply partisan in his way, was the founder of the Boston *Courier*, Buckingham, who may be said to have continued the line of printer-editors begun by Franklin and carried on by Isaiah Thomas. He was born, Joseph Tinker, in Connecticut, but not liking the odd name, he added to it, before he was thirty, the maternal name of Buckingham, which he made illustrious in Boston journalism and early magazine literature. After several newspaper ventures, more or less successful, he founded the *Courier* in 1824, and, seven years after, a monthly, the *New England Magazine*, which attracted to its pages all the rising literary young men of Boston and its vicinity—Hawthorne, Longfellow, Holmes, Willis, Dr. Howe, etc., and was the real precursor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. But the *Courier* was a far more important organ of Buckingham's opinions and tastes, and distinguished itself much on several occasions, either on the right or the wrong side. When in March, 1837, Bronson Alcott, the stately but misappreciated Socrates of Boston, had published his *Conversations on the Gospels*, the book was fiercely assailed by the *Advertiser* and *Courier* as indecent and blasphemous, as well as absurd. Emerson, who was lecturing in Salem, came to the rescue of his friend, and wrote for the *Advertiser* a communication, which that bigoted journal declined to publish. He then sent it to Buckingham, who had recommended that Alcott be indicted by the Grand Jury for

his book, and the candid veteran printed it with this introduction:

The truly Christian temper and amiable disposition of the writer (R. W. Emerson) are so well known to us that it is truly a pleasure to gratify him by placing it in our columns: although our own opinion of the *Conversations* and the Schoolmaster who has adopted so singular a plan of instruction has undergone no change.

The defence of this innocent volume by Emerson in the *Courier* is worth citing in part, for never did Emerson write better than on this topic. He said to Buckingham (March 26, 1837):

In the *Conversations* a passage or two occurs which, separated from the connection in the book, might give great uneasiness to many readers. Precisely those passages one of the daily papers selected, and, dragging them out of the protection of the philosophy and religion which hedged them round, held them up to censure. These unlucky scriptures, innocent enough to the reader of the whole book, were copied with horror into another paper, and now again have kindled the anger of your correspondent; and even your known urbanity has failed you, sir, for the moment. In behalf of the book I have but one plea to make,—let it be read. Any reasonable man will perceive that fragments out of a new theory of Christian instruction are not in the best place for examination between the Price Current and the Shipping List. Try the effect of a passage from Plato's *Phædo*, or the *Confessions of St. Augustine* in the same place. . . . Mr. Alcott's methods cannot be said to have had a fair trial. But he is making an experiment in which all the friends of education are interested. And I ask you, sir, whether it be wise or just to add to the anxieties of his enterprise a public clamour against some detached sentences of a book which, as a whole, is pervaded with original thought and sincere piety.

The suppression of the other side of a question discussed by the Boston newspapers was a characteristic then, and still is, of this provincial journalism; for Boston only rarely has risen out of the provincial and intolerant spirit which drove Franklin to the more liberal air of Philadelphia, which mobbed Garrison, spattered Alcott, and Emerson himself, with mud and suppressed the unpopular

side in most controversies. In the recent smallpox epidemic there it has been as difficult to get the matter discussed in the newspapers, from the scientific side, as it was before 1850 to have the anti-slavery side advocated in the Whig and Democratic newspapers, always excepting Mr. Buckingham's *Courier*. It was in his columns that young Russell Lowell, who had been converted to the anti-slavery side by his first wife and her friends, first published the immortal *Biglow Papers*; and he made his Yankee spokesman, Hosea Biglow, characterise the editor thus in the second of the Papers:

His folks gin the letter to me and i shew it to parson Wilbur and he ses it oughter Bee printed. send it to mister Buckinum, ses he, i don't ollers agree with him, ses he, but by Time, ses he, i *du* like a feller that aint a Feared.

There had been an earlier introduction of the Yankee dialect in the Boston newspapers by a writer then rather celebrated, Seba Smith, of Maine, who, under the disguise of "Major Jack Downing," had satirised President Jackson ten or a dozen years before Lowell broke out, as was said of Sir John Denham's poem, "like the Irish rebellion, forty thousand strong." The fame of the Major has departed, but he imposed on good old parsons of the Wilbur type; for Emerson, in his sketch of Rev. Dr. Ripley, his grandfather by marriage, has this to say of that venerable man, then owning and residing in the "Old Manse":

At the time (1832) when Jack Downing's letters were in every paper, Dr. Ripley repeated to me at table some of the particulars of that gentleman's intimacy with General Jackson, in a manner that betrayed to me at once that he took the whole for fact. To undeceive him I hastened to recall some particulars to show the absurdity of the thing, as the Major and the President going out skating together on the Potomac, etc. "Why," said the Doctor with perfect faith, "it was a bright moonlight night;" and I am not sure that he did not die in the belief in the reality of Major Downing.

Hosea Biglow created no such illusion, though it was some time before the young Cambridge poet was suspected of those delicious Yankee satires, with their pre-

lections by the imaginary Parson Wilbur, and their felicitous press notices, invented by Lowell, when they came out in a book, as they soon did. In the Boston *Morning Post* of November 3, 1847, it was alleged that Lowell was the author, and he was smartly taken to task for the letter on the subject of

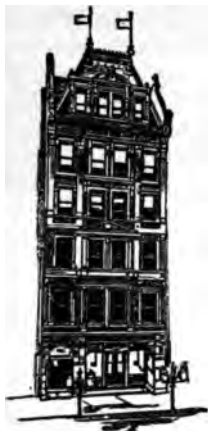
John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everything down in
Judee.

What really excited the *Post's* ire was the fact that its own prominence as a comic newspaper, which had been great in Boston, was threatened by those lively sallies in the *Courier*; but it professed to be greatly startled by the irreligious and unpatriotic meanings conveyed in this stanza:

We wuz gittin' on nicely up here to our vil-
lage,
With good old idees of wut's right an' wut
ain't,
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an'
pillage,
An' thet eppylets worn't the best mark of a
saint;

But John P.
Robinson he
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The Mexican War then being in full career, and the *Post* a Democratic supporter of Polk and the war, it was rather obliged to take the view it did; but its funny editors and contributors, one of whom invented Mrs. Partington and gave her sayings in the *Post* for years, did much enjoy this new comic writer, who put them to their trumps, and, indeed, quite beat them at their own weapons. When I first began to read the *Post* (it was its weekly edition, the *Statesman*, which dealt much in fun and in literary criticism) it was a valuable means of education for a boy in the country, with few books, and only small libraries of the "social" and "ministerial" kind open to him. With less stateliness and statistical exactness than Nathan Hale's *Advertiser* (the advocate of tariffs and banks), the *Post* was lively, and equipped with good book reviewers and satirists. The editor and founder, Charles Gordon Greene, from New Hampshire, continued



"THE HERALD"
BUILDING.

at its head for some forty years, and gave it the amusing, good-natured tone which distinguished it; and I observed for many years that it was more taken at city hotels and country taverns than any other Boston paper. In time, however, the *Herald* and the *Journal* both surpassed it in this. Neither the *Post* nor the *Courier*, nor the livelier *Atlas*, and still less the *Advertiser*, had in 1846-47 developed the modern type of journalist, such as Greeley and Dana and Bigelow were in New York, and such as were the great journalists of Paris long before any American newspaper can be said to have reached a very high level. The first of this class to appear in Boston, although his career there was not a very conspicuous one, was Elizur Wright, one of the most accomplished men who ever sat at an editor's desk in New England. He was a Connecticut Yankee, a little more than four years younger than Bronson Alcott, and, unlike him, a graduate of Yale, where he was contemporary with the poet Willis. He soon went westward, and for five years professed mathematics (his specialty) and natural philosophy at the Western Reserve College in Hudson, Ohio, where John Brown, of Kansas, had ten years earlier set up his business as tanner. It was an intensely anti-slavery community, and Mr. Wright used to relate how, one day in 1831, as he was coming from the post-office and reading his newspaper, old 'Squire Hudson, the founder of the town, was overheard saying: "Thank God for that! I'm glad on't. Thank God they have risen at last!" The young Professor, inquiring what the good news was, the old 'Squire replied: "Why, the slaves have risen down in Virginia, and are fighting for their freedom as we did for ours. I pray God they may get it." Mr. Wright did not go quite so far as that, but he soon joined the first anti-slavery society and became one of its ed-

itors, issuing various publications in that cause from 1834 to 1841, when he brought out the first American version of La Fontaine's Fables, in two illustrated Boston volumes. He was a good French, Latin and Greek scholar, and a writer of singularly piquant and forcible English. In 1846 he established in Boston a small daily, the *Chronotype*, well named, and actually giving a type of the times from week to week, without being the servant of any party or organisation, although allied with the voting Abolitionists and with the so-called "Conscience Whigs," whose leaders were John Quincy Adams and his son, Charles; Samuel Hoar, of Concord, and his sons, Rockwood and Frisbie (the present Senator), and Dr. Palfrey, with his afterward Congressional associate, Horace Mann, the educational reformer. Mr. Wright was less conventional, more witty, and, if possible, more fearless than these gentlemen; his newspaper was daring and liberal in almost every direction, particularly in reporting the sermons of Theodore Parker and the speeches of Wendell Phillips. No Boston newspaper so early, I think, developed this verbal reporting of speeches and orations—the first phonographic reporters in Boston being almost all active reformers and anti-slavery men. Phonography was itself a reform, and its votaries naturally took that progressive turn.

But the *Chronotype* was in advance of the times, as Emerson's *Dial* and Freeman Clarke's *Christian World* weekly had been, and in 1850 it was merged in the *Commonwealth*, which was first issued in January, 1851, and for which Mr. Wright continued to write during the four years of its existence. This was the year of Charles Sumner's first election to the Senate, and of Mr. Boutwell as Governor of Massachusetts; and the *Commonwealth* was the organ for two years of the "coalition" which elected these two very able men, and in that period W. S. Robinson, the most able journalist after Wright, said: "The *Commonwealth* exercised during its career more political influence than any other Boston paper; indeed, the political power of these anti-slavery newspapers has always been very great; the Whig party of Massachusetts was broken down mainly by the party which they repre-

sented." It was, therefore, a marked event when Wright came into the journalistic field in Boston, although the influence of his papers was by no means wholly or mostly his personal influence. Among his varied talents was not that of a good organiser; and at that time a political newspaper must be the organ of good political leaders. Then, seven years after the decease of the daily *Commonwealth*, a weekly journal of the same name was established as an emancipationist advocate. Mr. Wright became one of its best contributors, although he had then been long Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts, the best of her officials in that difficult specialty.

By 1845 the slavery question had become a very important one in Boston, and journalism there was deeply affected by it. Mr. Garrison's *Liberator*, since 1831, had been agitating the question and calling for immediate emancipation; but the drift of opinion in the city was, for ten years, violently against him and his cause. He was not a great journalist, but a grand moral agitator, capable of grasping the fundamental principles of a moral movement and of attracting, either as friends or foes, the most powerful minds to debate it. He mingled it too promiscuously with a dozen other reform movements, perceiving that they were related, but not that they must be carried forward, not jointly but severally. "Do not unite two weak causes," said Seward to one who was proposing to him to champion Italian unity, as well as the restriction of American slavery; and the advice, humanly speaking, was good. But when there came into the anti-slavery movement, either with Garrison or somewhat at variance with him, such men of great and varied ability as Emerson, Phillips, Theodore Parker, the Adams family, the Hoar family, the Quincys, the Danas, Henry Wilson, Charles Sumner, Horace Mann, Dr. Howe, etc., together with hundreds of earnest and accomplished women, of whom Mrs. Child and Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Dall may be named as excellent journalists, it was no longer a cause to be despised, and it speedily showed its quality in the editorial field. Garrison's *Liberator* could not be styled a model journal; it hardly aspired to be a newspaper, in the strict sense; but it had some virtues not yet

universal in Boston journalism. Garrison gave in his paper, as in his conventions, an absolutely free platform, and he had one corner (which he called "The Refuge of Oppression") where the most violent objurgations of the advocates of negro slavery found place. You might write what you pleased in criticism of the editor (having regard always to the limited space of its columns), but you must be prepared to see yourself called all sorts of hard names in his reply. Now this was far from common in the Boston dailies; nor is it yet everywhere accepted as either practicable or desirable. Among the religious weeklies contemporary with the *Liberator*, the *Recorder*, *Christian Register*, the Universalist *Trumpet*, the Baptist *Watchman*, the Catholic *Pilot* and the deistic *Investigator*, there was not much of this sharp courtesy of publication and reply. Each held on its own way, very wide awake to the tenets and interests of its own sect, but quite indifferent to the cardinal virtue of charity,



THE OLD "TRANSCRIPT" BUILDING.

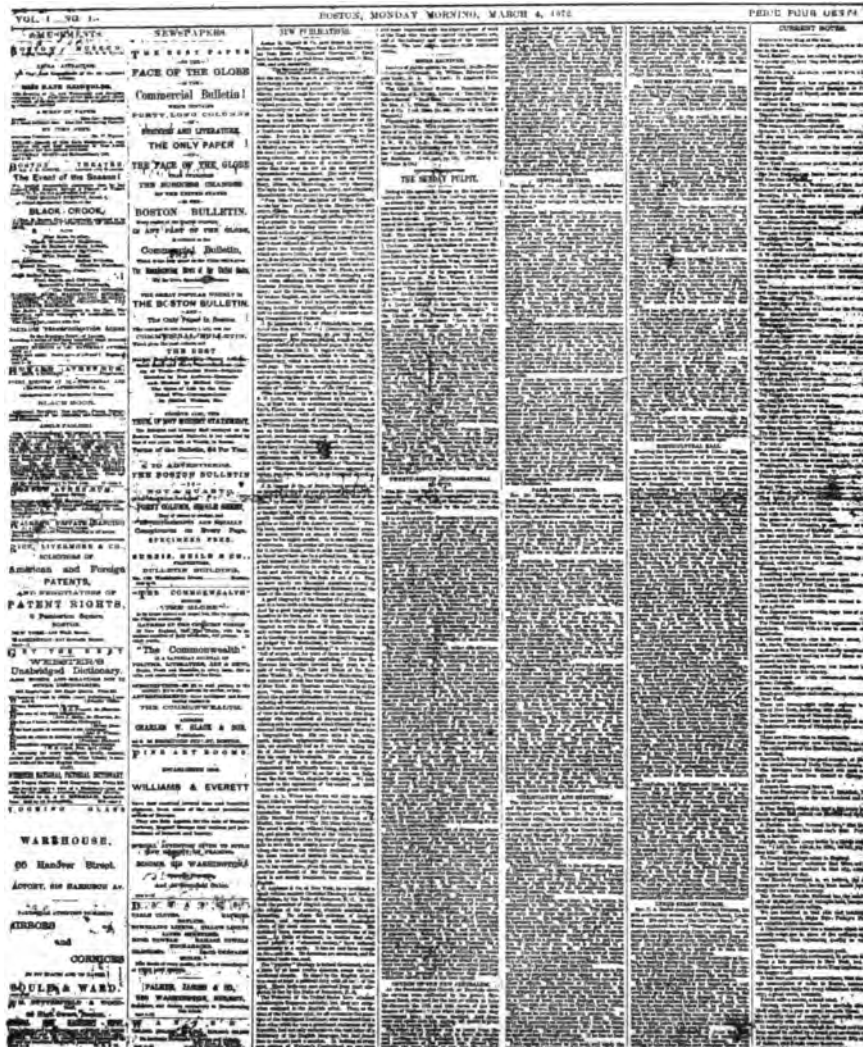
PUBLISHED DAILY, BY J. FORD & CO. AT NO. 17, CONGRESS STREET—TERMS \$4 PER YEAR, SEMI-ANNUALLY IN ADVANCE.

or even of fair play, toward an opponent. The general drift toward more liberal doctrines of faith, even in the Bostonian Catholics, has softened much of the sectarian rigour which I noticed as a youth in these weeklies fifty years ago. Nor were the dailies then exempt from bigotry in the religious discussions they sometimes carried on. Bigotry and intolerance are, rather, traits of New England, and were mitigated, not abrogated, in the Boston of 1846-61. The union of all men in support of the country, in the Civil War, did something to break down

the sectarian walls existing in Boston, which the clergy took pains to keep in good repair. Out of this nest of journals representing the "evangelical" sects in the city, was slowly developed the weekly which is now of largest circulation there, the *Youth's Companion*. But traces of religious bitterness are seldom seen in its lively and beautifully-printed pages.

The Unitarian and Universalist predominance in the places of influence at Boston—very marked from 1815 to 1850—was gradually and at last completely

The Boston Daily Globe.



THE FIRST COPY OF THE "GLOBE."

worn away. But while it lasted it introduced to the field of Boston journalism a high and peculiar class of writers, both men and women, of whom Lydia Maria Child, the sister of a Unitarian professor, and Edward Everett Hale, a Unitarian clergyman from his youth, were types. Mrs. Child's great talent for journalism was shown in her once-famous "Letters from New York," which appeared first in Mr. Buckingham's *Courier*, and were collected into volumes; she was also for some years the editor of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, which outlived the *Liberator* by a few years. Dr. Hale was almost brought up in the newspaper office of his father, the editor of the *Advertiser*; and journalism divided his time with the reading of French and the college and divinity-school studies by which he rose to eminence as a preacher. Had he given himself wholly to newspapers, he might have been the one great modern journalist whom Boston lacks, with all her array of second-rate and third-rate editors or journalists who have migrated to New York because Boston pinched their growing wings a little, as very early happened with Ben Franklin. In the years from 1868 to 1872, when I was an office-editor with Samuel Bowles of Springfield (a truly great journalist) and a near neighbour of his, we frequently discussed the newspaper affairs of Boston, where, a dozen years earlier, he had tried to establish the one newspaper that Boston needed. In one of these talks Mr. Bowles said to me, with a heavy sigh: "They've got only one good journalist in all Boston"—a pause—"and they're spoiling him in the pulpit"—meaning Dr. Hale. Lowell, the poet, also made his first essays at journalism in Boston, and was of the same order (lacking the unwearied industry) as Edward, Nathan and Charles Hale, three brothers to whom journalism was native, as it was also to their two sisters.

But while this cultivated and genial caste of journalists was coming forward in Boston, there emerged from the alleys and theatres and taverns of the town another type of editors and reporters, who followed each other through the vanishing fortunes of unsuccessful dailies and weeklies—the *Galaxy*, the *Times*, the *American Eagle*, the *Mail*, etc.—and in course of a dozen years built up what

has long been the best journal for news in Boston, the *Herald*. Mutability was its law at first, and very humble and traditional its origins; but a little more than thirty years ago it took the stride that brought it into the front rank. One George Roberts, an adventurer with no particular morals, set up the *Times* as a penny daily, under the Tyler Presidency, and from his printing-office in 1844 came the young man who printed a "Native American" sheet, called the *American Eagle*, in which Moses Kimball, afterward made rich by the Boston Museum (a theatre in disguise), and other rising politicians took an interest; and from the *American Eagle* in August, 1846, came the egg of the *Herald*, a small penny paper, rather Bohemian in character, and with a purpose of saying the things that Boston had not fully heard from her respectable dailies and partisan *Posts* and tea-table *Transcripts*. Like many small beginners, this "literary and dramatic and People's newspaper," with a large P, talked rather big. It informed the small world of Boston in September, 1846, that "the day when a staid and solemn article, originating in presumption and sustained by arrogance, could overawe the people has passed;" and further, that "in politics we shall be firm and consistent." In carrying out this noble policy the *Herald* had for some time a Democratic editor for the morning, and a Whig editor for the evening; finally, the two quarrelled, and the Democrat migrated to New York. Then appeared as editor a striking figure in the journalism of Boston sixty years ago, William Snelling, who had great powers as a satirist, and had shown them, to Boston's disgust, a few years earlier. He at once plunged into politics, opposed the election of the second Josiah Quincy in 1847, but saw him elected, and in many ways sought to draw attention to itself. A Boston distiller appears in 1861 as the owner of this "People's paper;" he was bought out in 1866 by E. C. Bailey, a half-brother of Senator Fessenden, of Maine, and a kinsman of the Greenes, of the *Post*; who took on as editors and reporters the Andrews brothers, E. B. Haskell and David Pulsifer; and they, in 1869, bought the *Herald* from Mr. Bailey, and began to make it prosper as never before. During its first fifteen years of life the *Herald*

had but an indifferent moral reputation, advertised much unsavoury matter, and was sarcastically called by General Butler in a libel suit "that venal and venereal sheet." This ill-repute it lived down, flourished, like the *Journal*, by its correspondence during the Civil War, and produced during that contest the first and best Sunday newspaper of Boston.

Politically, the *Herald* has been very far from that "firm and consistent" attitude which its grandiloquent early editor promised; it has been everything by turns and nothing long; but in many respects has been a truly independent journal. Its present editor, John Holmes, succeeded Mr. Haskell about 1876, and has been at times a large owner in the valuable stock of the *Herald*, which at one time was a very lucrative newspaper, and never has failed to make money by its large advertising space. So much did it allow of this to one active "dry-goods" firm in Boston, that James Parton, at a meeting of the old "Radical Club" in Chestnut Street, where journalism was often discussed, said: "You show me a newspaper and tell me 'tis the Boston *Herald*; no, I find it is the *Jordan & Marsh Gazette*." Its editorial writers have been many and able, among them that veteran of the Boston press, George H. Monroe, who is also "Templeton" of the *Hartford Courant*, and was for years editor of the *Norfolk County Journal*, the (weekly) *Commonwealth*, or the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, the last-named a very ancient journal, edited by the Clapps, father and son, who were long associated with the *Advertiser* and the *Journal*; and in the time of the younger William Clapp this was the weekly that chiefly published those thrilling short stories by which, for years, Miss Louisa Alcott supported herself and added to the resources of her intellectual, but impoverished, family. The *Herald* was one of the first Boston papers to employ a woman or two as sub-editors, although the fashion of women journalists was set, long before the *Herald* existed, by Miss Cornelia Walter, sister of the first editor of the *Transcript*, and who herself edited that evening paper for years after her brother's death in 1842.

Though the leading Boston newspapers were fairly steady in their ownership and management for many years,

from 1820 to 1860, yet mutability has been the law of most of them, as of the early *Herald*, during the past quarter-century. In that time the *Post*, the *Advertiser* and the *Journal* have been bought and sold more than thrice each; politicians have made them their organs and stepping-stones to office, high or low; and it has been difficult to keep track of their political affinities, even when nominally allied to the party of their early choice. The *Transcript*, however, has been, on the whole, the steadiest of the entire band of existing journals since its foundation, more than seventy years ago. It was Whig, but moderately Whig, while that party flourished in Boston under Webster, Everett and Winthrop; it became Republican, but moderately so, after the Republican party succeeded to the Whig majorities; and though it was led away, like other Boston papers, by the will-o'-the-wisp imperialism of the last four years, it has not gone to the wild extremes of the *Journal*, and it is quietly swinging back of late to the old and safe Republicanism of Lincoln and Sumner—favouring low tariffs, honest liberty and the subordination of the military power to the civil. It is believed to be the best-paying newspaper property in Boston; not so exorbitantly productive, at times, as some of the papers of biggest circulation have been, but frugally managed and very steady in its prosperity. It is the family newspaper, *par excellence*; deals but little in sensations, engravings, "scare heads" and the other devices of cheap advertising, and gives great space to long letters and special articles, and that sort of correspondence which the French call *intime*. It is read by more New England women than any other paper, and when they go to their summer homes or to Europe the *Transcript* follows them as naturally as their dog or parrot goes along.

The *Traveller*, which began as the *American Traveller* before the era of railroads, and then attended specially to the needs of what was called "the travelling public," soon fell into the editorial management, in part, of a Calvinistic minister without a parish, and was a sort of organ of the "orthodox" religionists, opposed to theatres and dancing, when the word "orthodox" in Boston meant Trinitarian Congregationalist. The paper had

various political fortunes under Roland Worthington, a kind of Swiss in politics, who took part on the side of the personal politicians at several of their crusades in Massachusetts. It favoured the "Know-Nothings," who elected Gardner as Governor in 1854, upon the final rout of the Whig party, to which Worthington had belonged; and it tried to elect Amos Lawrence, a benefactor of Kansas and father of the present Bishop Lawrence, Governor of Massachusetts, against the Republican candidate. In later years it favoured the raid on the Governorship made by General Butler, first as a Republican and then as a Democrat, in which capacity he was finally chosen in 1882. But at intervals the *Traveller* had been staunchly on the side of the growing anti-slavery party, particularly in the Kansas troubles of 1855-59; and then had among its correspondents several of the active Free-State men of Kansas, one of them the late Colonel Richard Hinton, and another James Redpath, both English Radicals, who had a career as journalists in America. Of its editorial writers, the most accomplished was Charles C. Hazewell, whose "Review of the Week" on Saturdays, used to add some five thousand to the ordinary circulation of the *Traveller*. At this stage of its career, early in 1857, upon the approaching decease of two of the surplus newspapers of Boston (which has always had more journals than it could well maintain), Mr. Worthington listened to overtures from friends of Samuel Bowles in Boston and consented in March, 1857, to the union of three papers, the *Atlas*, *Bee* and *Traveller*, with what was left of the *Telegraph and Chronicle*, two moribund or defunct newspapers, the whole composite to be called the *Traveller*, and to have for editor Mr. Bowles, and for counting-room head Mr. Worthington. It began its brief career April 13, 1857, with a large staff of editorial authors and correspondents, and with this ambitious announcement of its purposes and *raison d'être*:

The grand idea of the new paper is that of universality,—a full presentation and a liberal discussion of all questions of public concernment, from an entirely independent position; and a faithful and impartial exhibi-

tion of all movements of interest, at home and abroad.'

When Imlac, in Johnson's elephantine romance of Abyssinia, was explaining to Rasselas the impracticable requirements of poesy, the Prince replied, "Enough! thou hast convinced me that no human being ever can be a poet. It is so difficult that I will at present hear no more of his labours."

In its own estimation Boston has always been the "Happy Valley;" and it found itself now in complete accord with Rasselas; it did not wish for universality, and it would hear no more than a few months of this Springfield Universalist and his labours. On September 10, 1857, Mr. Bowles withdrew from the inharmonious yoke-fellow who was itching to be an organ of Governor Gardner, and cared nothing for an independent position, except as the term applied to his private fortune. It was some years later, but while Mr. Worthington was still owner of the organ, that General Butler, with his usual turn for exaggeration, but not without some truth, gained from his personal experience, gave this emblematic picture of the newspaper: "*Traveller*, eh?" (taking from his vest-pocket one cent and laying it on the palm of his left hand) "that's the *Traveller*," taking a two-cent piece and laying it ostentatiously in the palm of his right hand. The symbol seemed to be comprehended by the person who told me the tale. It was fully realised by Mr. Bowles in his brief campaign for Universality and Independence in Boston. He returned to Springfield, taking many of his Boston contributors with him (in their contributions), and he made the *Republican* what no Boston newspaper has ever been for three years at a time, actually independent and only *not quite* universal. The *Traveller* is now a penny paper of the sensational sort, large in circulation but small in influence.

Still more singular was the fate of the *Courier*, which in the Mexican War period was a bold opponent of Polk's administration and Whig subserviency, and welcomed Lowell's Yankee satires. In time it passed into the control of the "Old Whigs" of Pierce's and Buchanan's time, whose attitude was thus defined by an irreverent Republican: "An Old

Whig is a gentleman who takes his bit-
ters regularly, and votes the Democratic
ticket occasionally." The two men of this
ilk, selected to make the once independent
Courier into an organ friendly to slavery,
were George Hilliard, a literary lawyer,
and George Lunt, a suppressed poet, both
at different times District Attorneys for
Boston under pro-slavery administra-
tions. Hilliard was an amiable but dis-
appointed man, once a dear friend of
Charles Sumner, but separated from
him by the stress of political and so-
cial differences. Lunt was reputed
unamiable; so that Governor Andrew,
before he was Governor, amused Presi-
dent Buchanan and his Cabinet greatly
by describing him, when District Attor-
ney, as "disinterestedly malevolent."
"Mr. President," said Andrew, pleading
for the pardon of a convict whom Lunt
had got convicted in the United States
Court, and whose pardon he opposed,
"you have heard theologians speak of
'disinterested benevolence'; well, Mr.
Lunt is a person of disinterested malevo-
lence;" and Buchanan made him tell the
Cabinet so. "Warrington" (W. S. Rob-
inson), in a letter to the *Republican* in
1860, said of Lunt: "He has a great
facility for exciting mirth and contempt.
Mr. Hilliard's sarcastic compliment to
him is one of the best things; he said:
'Mr. Lunt must be loved before he could
be fully known.' That is so." Early in
his editing of the *Courier*, Hilliard urged
his friend, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, to
write for it; she said nay. "But make
your own terms," said he. "What would
induce you to become a permanent con-
tributor?" "Nothing less than the head
of George Lunt on a charger," was the
instant reply. The Civil War coming
on, and the star of General McClellan
(which was adored for a time by the Old
Whigs of Boston) going down in a
cloud, after 1864, the *Courier* as a daily
went down, too; but continued as a lit-
erary weekly, in which George Lathrop,
Arlo Bates and others made some public
reputation.

While the *Traveller* was finding its
market, and the *Courier* was withdraw-
ing from daily view, a new journal came
to light—the *Globe*, with a new name and
an ambitious owner. Maturin Ballou
had made a small fortune editing one of
those semi-literary weeklies which find

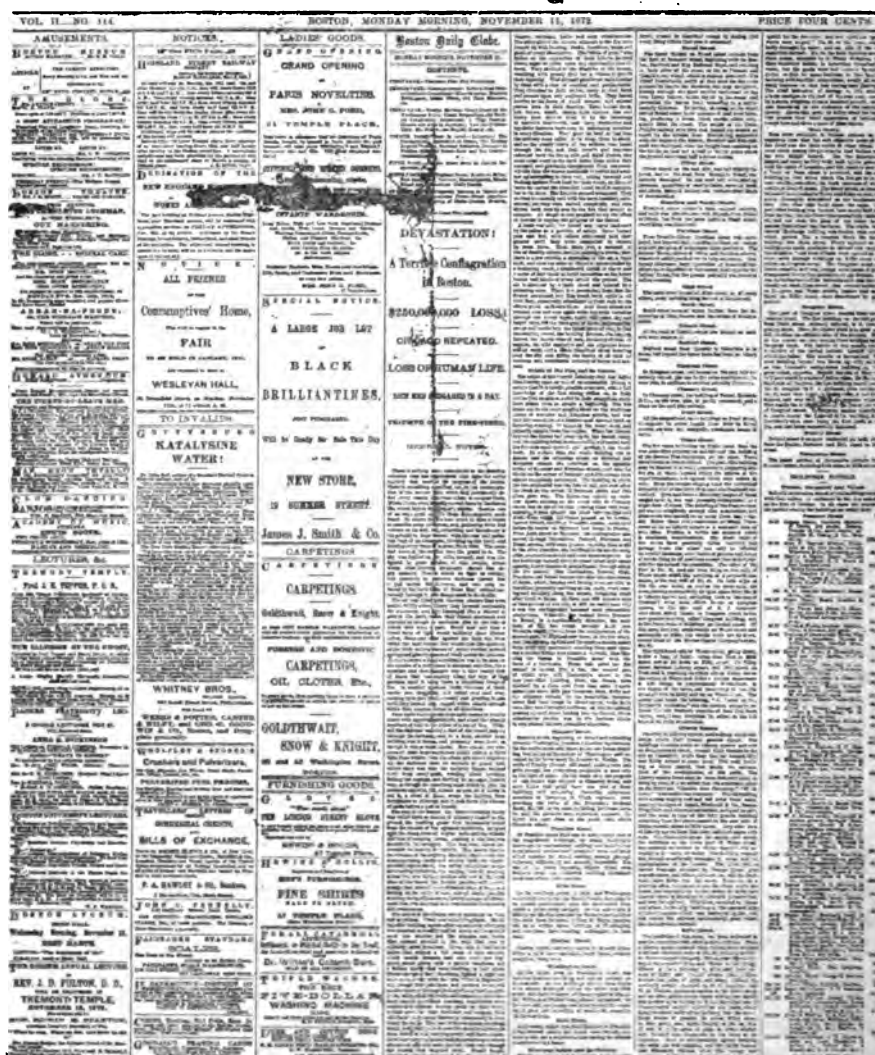
numerous rural readers but seldom come
to the notice of critics. He was ready to
spend some of his money in a Boston
daily, and there were plenty of young
men in the city ready to help him do it.
So on the 4th of March, 1872, when Gen-
eral Grant was entering on his second
term as President, the *Globe* came forth,
large, bright and clean, and without much
in it but space. Its colourless existence
continued until Mr. Ballou had parted
with as much money as he could well
spare from his travelling expenses (for he
was a globe-trotter as well as a *Globe*-
owner), and he turned the experiment
over to an ambitious younger man who
had made a start in Republican politics,
Charles Taylor. It has made his fortune,
while gently detaching him from active
politics, and almost from positive views
on any but social topics. Under Mr.
Taylor the *Globe* followed the fortunes
of Dr. Loring, perennial candidate for
Governor, and of General Butler, who,
from strict friendship with the handsome
doctor, became his bitter enemy, on
Shakespeare's principle that "if two men
ride one horse, one must ride behind."
Having helped to bring Butler in as Gov-
ernor in 1883, and thereby much enlarg-
ing its circulation, the *Globe* became his
chief organ in his amusing campaign
against the Tewksbury Almshouse,
which the *Globe* had defended when the
offences that Butler had censured had
been exposed and remedied. Since then
it has been mildly and profitably Demo-
cratic, without giving umbrage to adver-
tising Republicans, and is now the paper
of largest circulation in Boston—possibly
in New England. It is skilfully news-
edited, has a Kentuckian for managing
editor and an Englishman for Washing-
ton correspondent; all which proves that
it is a genuine Boston newspaper. I was
once in its office of an evening, but before
it passed into General Taylor's hands,
when Mr. R. H. Dana, then District Attor-
ney, came in to give the editor some bit of
news. Seeing that Mr. A. did not show
any signs of recognising one of the right
Bostonians, I said, as Mr. Dana went
out: "You know who that is, of course?"
"No," was the answer; and I had to ex-
plain that nobody could succeed in edit-
ing a Boston paper who did not know
Richard Dana. That period has gone
by; *les dieux s'en vont* has been the cry

of woe for twenty years; and it is as much as ever that the office-editor now knows the Mayor when he sees him. The city advertising has become comparatively unimportant; to print it is apt to imply that the newspaper is short of cash, or that the editor has been speculating in mines. The great retail shops and the columns of "wants" now pay better than other advertisers, and each great newspaper has a drummer of its own to beat up for advertising, and sometimes to intimate blackmail if business is not forthcoming. Newspapers depend on

their advertising for profits; and in Boston as much as anywhere, perhaps, the news waits on the pleasure of great advertisers. Hence the suppression of news, and the columns of seemingly impartial comment on enterprises that are bringing thousands of dollars to the newspaper's counting-room.

The old newspapers of Boston were "slow coaches," there is no denying it; but the country itself was slow compared with the modern pace. This was a favourite jest when I entered college at Harvard fifty years ago: "Why is the Ad-

The Boston Daily Globe.



THE ISSUE OF THE "GLOBE" OF NOVEMBER 11, 1872, TELLING OF THE GREAT BOSTON FIRE.

the Western humourist said his thriving but overweighted town needed, "a few first-class funerals." Its newspapers are always too many, and the weeding-out

process, which the gardeners are now so busy with, cannot be too soon applied to redundancy of journalism at the Hub of the universe. *F. B. Sanborn.*

MY HEART HATH SUNG OF THEE

My heart hath sung of thee
All the soft hours of the slumbrous day,
As through the arch of tree and tree,
'Mid springtime's wooing volubility,
One fuller, more insistent note,
From unseen, love-pained throat,
Comes down the leafy way.

Here, hour by heedless hour,
Upon the moss-stained fence I lean,
And wonder at the sudden shower
Of blossoms on the rippling green,
And watch the hand of God unfold
The poppy and the marigold.

The rose is lovely, and the fleur-de-lis,
And apple blossoms, dear to thee and me;
But now I choose those richer-coloured flowers,
Lifting gold faces to the golden hours.
My fancy is robust as they: one sweet, warm kiss
Befits a day like this.

Herbert Müller Hopkins.

THE BOUND OF THE ASTORBILTS

A MODERN DETECTIVE STORY.

I.

The great detective gave utterance to a mystifying chuckle, as he scrutinised the crushed bone collar-button which he had just discovered beneath the dresser. The next instant he had placed it in my hand.

"What do you make of it, Watson?" he asked, opening a fresh carton of cigarettes and lighting two packages at once.

As I did not immediately reply, he stepped over to the table, rolled up his sleeve and injected a half-ounce of cocaine into his forearm.

"Well," said he presently, "are you not decided?"

"Our visitor," I replied, desperately

discarding the ingenuousness he always insisted upon, "was a tall, slender female of about forty-five, unmarried, and carrying a pug pup under her left arm. From the peculiar traces of reddish-brown mud on the rug, I deduce that she came here directly from East Ontario, Ohio. She wore a light-green bombazine ulster over a yellow-and-red percale waist and a lavender brocade skirt, a black patch over her left eye and a mouse-coloured wig. She remained in this room exactly seven minutes and thirty-nine seconds, three minutes of which period were occupied in smoking a Trichinology cigar and gazing fixedly at yonder painting of 'The Monster Hound.'"

Sherlock Holmes uttered an ejaculation of amazement.

"In Heaven's name, Watson," he cried, "how did you arrive at these conclusions?"

"Holmes," I replied, with the deepest feeling in my voice, "as I live, you are at liberty to search me."

II.

Sherlock Holmes donned his dressing-gown and slippers and stood before the fireplace, a copy of *Monsieur Lecoq* in one hand and one arm resting affectionately about the portrait of Edgar Allan Poe. The picture thus formed was most effective.

"I will hurriedly describe our visitor, Watson," he said calmly; "and mind, you take it all with the most astounded admiration—that's your job. Our man, who left this room not more than an hour ago, was short and thin, and wore checked drab trousers and a grey frock-coat, and was disguised in a light-green beard and a monocle, which he was compelled to hold in place with one hand. He is the possessor of great wealth and absorbing ambition, considerable integrity and blue eyes. He is a man who is held in the utmost esteem by his ex-countrymen. To conclude—of course, I have saved the most startling fact for the last—he is of American birth, and though, as I have said, thin, yet his coat was 'Size 48; Extra Stout.'"

When I had sufficiently revived, I said weakly: "Go ahead; the sooner it's over the better."

"The diamond coronet which the Lord Chamberlain entrusted to me has been abstracted from this room within the last two hours. During that time, you and I being absent, there arrived here the man I have just described. He entered without knocking, shortly after ten; the first thing his eyes lighted upon was the sparkling coronet lying there on the centre-table, where I had left it—purposely, as, indeed, Watson, I do all things in this life. Instantly our visitor seized the bauble and proceeded to substitute it for a small pillow which he had been wearing beneath his cravat. The pillow he flung out of that open window; you will observe that it still lies in the mud below. In stuffing the coronet into his breast, however, this collar-button became loosened and fell

to the floor. At this our visitor lost his temper, and, having crushed the button beneath his heel, he angrily kicked it under the dresser. Another collar-button now became a requisite, and, as your diamond stud was lying before him, he made instant use of it. Being an honest man, he then drew from his pocket a package of paper money—curiously enough, all in American greenbacks just received from his investments in New York—flung it on the dresser and was gone."

Sherlock Holmes held up a fat roll, evidently of money, wrapped in a \$1,000,000 bill.

III.

"But the green beard?" I cried, readily accepting my cue to re-enter the dialogue.

"If you will take the trouble to notice carefully, Watson, you will find a long, verdant hair coiled about the stem of the button. Now, no natural beard is ever raised in that shade; consequently, our visitor adopted this chin-covering as a disguise."

"And the blue eyes?"

Sherlock Holmes took from his experiment rack a test-tube containing a dark-red fluid. "You will observe that the interior of this room is absolutely devoid of the slightest trace of the colour blue. Very good; in this test-tube is a quantity of bi-citrate of Guggenheim, a peculiar chemical known only to myself, which, originally orange in tint, when brought into the presence of the colour blue instantly becomes a dark red. This man wore checked trousers and a grey coat; he was of American birth; consequently his necktie was red. The change having occurred in this fluid, it is perfectly plain, therefore, that his eyes must have been blue."

"But his size, his clothing, the monocle, the ambition?" I began, protesting.

In reply the detective merely presented me with a small magnifying glass and the crushed collar-button.

"Examine the base of the button," he said, without a flourish.

I hastened to follow his suggestion. Engraved in the substance I beheld the microscopic monogram "W. W. A."

"But," I insisted, "this proves nothing—"

"It proves everything," interrupted

Holmes, "for I know this W. W. A. He is the one who in his desperation employed me to secure for him this coronet. So great was his impatience to possess it that he came here this morning to appropriate it, even if only an hour before I was to deliver it in person."

"Impossible!" I cried, thoroughly stupefied.

"Unquestionable," replied Holmes, unmoved; "it was I who planned the entire move. Look!"

My glance followed his gesture admiringly. There in the doorway stood the American Millionaire, exactly as the de-

tective had described him, *boldly wearing the coronet in place of a hat!*

IV.

As I gazed, from far out upon the moor there came the deep, unearthly bay-ing of a gigantic hound. Weirdly it rose and fell in blood-curdling intensity until the inarticulate sound gradually shaped itself into this perfectly distinguishable wail: "I wonder how much of it Robinson wrote?"

Charlton Andrews.



AN OXFORD MAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES

It has always seemed to me remarkable that the late George W. Steevens, whose academic career was no less full of achievement than his life as a whole, did not devote one chapter to the American universities in his otherwise comprehensive and excellent work, *The Land of the Dollar*. My own impression certainly was that Great Britain had more to learn from American universities than from any other transatlantic institution. An Oxford friend of mine was once about to review a book written by a professor in the Chicago University, and he talked of it as if its very binding must be redolent of Mr. Armour's pork. I told him that the University in question contained one of the finest Latin scholars of Europe, and gently hinted that if he had studied there his attitude would have been less provincial. Provincialism, indeed, is a distinct characteristic of English universities, though the Oxford don now practises a severe cult of Teutonic learning (which is perceptible enough in his style of writing), and frequently employs his vacations in different forms of journalism, while the Cambridge don dabbles in psychical research and Christian Science. But I certainly felt an atmosphere of invigorating cosmopolitanism in all of the American universities I visited, and this

was the more striking the further West I went.

Perhaps, however, the most pleasing and the most vital quality of American universities is their genuine democracy. In England democracy is still far off, although its outward forms command a conventional respect in political circles. Mediæval Oxford, where the long vacation was arranged so as to enable the students to help gather in the summer crops, was probably far more democratic than the Oxford of the twentieth century. Examples are quoted of artisans and others who attained distinction there; but few who have not seen the actual experience of such men can realise what disadvantages they have had to contend with. Their seriousness and lack of means put them at a great disadvantage as compared with the ordinary undergraduate, who often lives far more plutocratically at this stage of his existence than at any other; for the British *paterfamilias* commonly thinks it his duty to give his sons a larger allowance than they know what to do with, in order that they may reap the social advantages for which primarily he sends his son to a university. The luxurious standard of life and the extortionate ways of local tradesmen are very serious, if homely,

difficulties. There is next to no feeling, such as I observed in Harvard, for example, that simple living among the rich will do much to prevent a poor man being put out of countenance. Consequently, many a poor man has left Oxford not only burdened with debt, but also with expensive tastes which hardly help him to right himself again.

Such is the inevitable result of the transitional state of English society. In 1800 the nobility and gentry, professional men, "traders" and workingmen formed a series of concentric circles, inside which each man walked with the dignity that comes of knowing one's place and being proud "to work and labour truly in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me," as the Church Catechism has it. To-day the concentric circles have been replaced by a kind of Hampton Court maze, in which people never know whom they will next have to accost, and where they look around the corners at each other for mutual guidance. The democracy of American universities is, however, as real as it is in a Scotch university; and perhaps each has been moulded by its Calvinistic origins.

Hence, the American whom you meet casually has probably been to a university and has a range of companionship and of intellectual interests which the Englishman of a corresponding class has not. Such an Englishman will have a distant and purely social veneration for Oxford and Cambridge, though he may profess a hearty contempt for the unfledged university man on the threshold of business life. So long, however, as Oxford and Cambridge continue to be regarded primarily as "finishing" establishments for wealthy young men, this undesirable state of things will without doubt continue.

The incident which made more impression on me than anything that I saw in the United States admirably illustrates this. I went down to see a great factory. Out of the smoke and uproar emerged a splendidly built young fellow, grimed from head to foot with soot and grease. I began talking to him, and was amazed with the charm and intelligence of American mechanics. Shortly afterward I discovered that he had only just left Yale, and had rowed in the Yale eight against

Oxford. Nothing ever convinced me so much of the genuine greatness of American democracy, which on its purely political side seems at first sight so unattractive. I cannot pretend to have seen much of the American undergraduate, but the salient feature of him to English eyes is (outside Harvard) his extreme boyishness—which would, of course, be accounted for by his often beginning his university work one or two years earlier, which, I understand, is not usually the case at Harvard. He seemed to me much more like the type of English public schoolboy—less individual and more regimental than the Oxonian. His exuberances were more deeply thought out, more carefully organised, and planned on a bigger scale. Another symptom was his childlike joy in belonging to a nominally secret society. For a similar reason, perhaps, there seemed to me much less tolerance of intellectual eccentricities and mere posing than at Oxford or Cambridge.

The contrast between the senior members of the universities was no less striking. I gathered that it was not at all uncommon for professors to have seen a great deal of the world in different walks of life before settling down to the work of teaching. In any case, they generally appeared to be far better acquainted with German and French universities, and to have much less insular ideas of European culture as a whole than the average Oxford or Cambridge don, whose ideas are often far too deeply tinged with the sole experience of an English public school and their own undergraduate period of life; nor is this very effectually cured by occasional Continental tours at a later and less impressionable time of life. Even in manner the American professor is essentially a man of the world in touch with the practical problems of the age, and entirely free from all suspicion of what in England is known as "donnishness"—a quality which is no doubt partially due to the curious predilection of the British public for shovel-hats and white ties in seats of learning.

It is only fair to add that this tendency is beginning to be less obvious in England; laymen—even unorthodox laymen—are now sometimes admitted to professorships, and the scandalous boycott-

ting of a great teacher and scholar like Jowett would now be impossible. The don, too, is making valiant efforts to be modern; he bicycles, discusses social problems and serves as a war correspondent—but his modernity is still only in the making, and the old vapours are not yet altogether dispersed. To the Oxonian, therefore, the liberal open-mindedness and practical sagacity of the American professor is extremely bracing, and in subjects like English literature he feels that a standard of scholarship has been attained which puts the mother-country a little to the blush. I venture to think that no Englishman can leave the United

States without realising for himself the profound truth of Mr. Bryce's words:

While of all the institutions of the country they (the universities) are those of which the Americans speak most modestly, and indeed deprecatingly, they are those which seem to be at the moment making the swiftest progress, and to have the brightest promise for the future. They are supplying exactly those things which European critics have hitherto found lacking in America; and they are contributing, to her political as well as to her contemplative life, elements which are of inestimable worth.

E. S. P. Haynes.



TO THE SOUND OF ROLLING LOGS

It is a great thing to write greatly. I yield to no one in my reverence for the world's great writers. I like to think of the King walking into his library, that he might pay his respects to his rugged old pensioner, Dr. Johnson. I like to think of the great friends of Dryden quarrelling among themselves for the privilege of defraying the costs of his funeral. I should like to have been included among the "friendly concourse of the vulgar" that attended the funeral of Milton in the chancel of St. Giles. I rejoice with Swift when finally he is invited to those little dinners of Hartley's with the Lord Keeper and the Secretary of State. I can even bear with equanimity the thought of the vast throngs coming from afar to seek out Samuel Richardson in his grotto at North End, to hear him read from his novels, or to kiss his inkhorn. But it is really no great thing in itself to write. To "catch the pen and publish what one thinks"—to adapt Chatterton's phrase—does not in itself impose any serious claim upon the gratitude of mankind. It would almost seem supererogatory at the beginning of the twentieth century to assert that a mere knowledge of chirography, even when coupled with some notion of orthography, does not place the possessor apart as following a clerically

career." And yet, when one notes on all sides the court that is paid to third and fourth-rate writers, one begins to think that some virtue must be supposed to exist in the mere ability to cover some hundreds of sheets of pure white paper with some thousands of lines of fine black ink. Having accomplished this, if the chirographer has furthermore been fortunate enough to hit upon a publisher with an ingenuity for arousing curiosity which may fairly be called diabolical (compared to whom the serpent in the garden was a mere tyro!) he will find himself besieged by Clubs, Needy Institutions, Tea-givers and Autograph Fiends enough to have turned the heads of any three authors of a less blattant age. And the highest pinnacle for the literati is reached, not when the publishers apologise in a stage-whisper for the slowness of their printing-presses, but when at last the author falls into the outstretched hands of the genial author-exploiter, who, going the way of other Trusts, at present reposes in the arms of Jersey.

So much is made of the small-fry of literature that there is really nothing left to do when the really Great Writer by chance slips into the net. In that case the public is in the position of the "yellow" editor, who, having helped himself freely to scare-heads for fires,

forgeries and faithlessness, at last discovers no possible crescendo on the assassination of a President. Only the other day a friend of mine—an exceptionally brilliant woman—announced that she was going to a tea “to meet” a certain author whose books she confessed she could not read, and for whose slender talents she had no respect whatever. She confessed that it was “pure curiosity,” and that alone, which led her there to grasp the author’s hand, take a snap-shot impression of her gown, murmur half an epigram and be pushed on. Now, while I can understand curiosity concerning all greatness in whatever form it presents itself, I confess I am at a loss to understand this curiosity concerning mere mediocrity. It is inconceivable, for instance, to imagine any considerable number of people in a large city flocking to see a painter of poor portraits, a pianist who played badly or a singer who sang falsely. Then, whence this tumbling over one another to stare at a writer whose works the majority present will cheerfully condemn as trash? Is it the mere tribute paid to material success? I think not, for it is within bounds to say that the successful dressmaker or the successful plumber has probably gathered together a fortune even larger than one whose rising scale of sales we are forced to take with our coffee and rolls. Either the standard of good writing is far behind the standard of good music or good painting, or, as I have hinted before, there is some notion abroad that the mere pursuance of the profession of writing lifts one at once to a special Parnassus. That there exists a delightful vagueness concerning literary workmanship is happily illustrated by an experience of mine that took place a few years ago. Awaiting a friend in the dressing-room of an apartment where a musicale was in progress, I had noticed for some time the fluttering in and out of a young woman whose glances I at first complacently set down to admiration, but later, with some

fall of spirits, to a solicitude for the silver toilet set.

At last she summoned up courage and approached me.

“Are you a reporter?” she asked.

I explained the situation.

“Oh,” she exclaimed with evident disappointment, “Oh, I am so sorry! I hoped you were waiting to write up the guests. *I just love to meet literary people!*”

Now, far be it from purpose of mine to do or say aught to rob the calling of letters of any of its just rewards. I may even confess to a certain lively satisfaction derived from the contemplation of the “divinity that doth hedge about”—an author. But surely it must take away somewhat from that divinity to discover the same tribute being paid alike to the author of a glorious sonnet or of an inglorious dollar-dreadful*.

There is really no reason why a mere money-seeker in literature should hold a position above a mere money-seeker in any other profession. The novelist who writes with a finger on the pulse of the public has no higher claim for regard than has any other bread-winner. Let us admit frankly that, while there may be no special harm in the ear-to-the-ground attitude, it is scarcely the posture we should look for in our leaders. No calling is so great that it can lift a man above the spirit he brings to its performance. Let us refuse longer to allow the glamour of any high station whatever to blind us to that homely truth. No juster or more needed admonition could be taken to heart to-day than that sage reflection of Oliver Goldsmith:

“After all,” he says, “the author who draws his quill merely to take a purse, no more deserves success than he who presents a pistol.”

Annie Nathan Meyer.

*Why should I not use this term to describe an article which has risen in price at the same time as in prestige?



MARION CRAWFORD'S ROME

WITH DRAWINGS BY WALTER HALE.

"My business is with Rome, and not with Europe at large." Before writing these words, found in the first pages of *Saracinesca*, Mr. Marion Crawford had shown a cosmopolitan knowledge of many countries and many types, and since this novel others have appeared laid in and out of Europe, but through the medium of his Roman stories he is forever identified.

The catalogues of public libraries devote many pages to Rome, ancient and modern; Poole's Index presents an array of titles on the Eternal City that makes the heart of the magazine writer, ever striving to throw new light on old subjects, sink into his boots. In that list of chronicles no street is left unexplored, no monument unmentioned; every edifice has its label, each householder is ticketed. Customs are described that would mightily surprise the citizen himself, and criticisms are thrust upon a reading public with the reckless verbosity of the space writer.

With a coin in the palm of one's hand



"In Santa Catarina dei Funari."—*A Roman Singer.*

in lieu of the Italian language, for surely in this country "money talks," leathern curtains are uplifted, pictures unveiled and reliquaries unlocked. Rome shows her treasures gladly, but the sealed holy door of St. Peter's is not more impenetrable than the palace of a Roman nobleman; to the tourist storming the city the Pope himself is not as far removed as the courtyard beyond the majestic porter who stands, mace in hand, at the entrance of these homes of the aristocratic.

"Their palaces are historic. Their equipages are magnificent. That is all the foreigners see of Roman families." The words are given to Anastase Gouache in the story of Don Orsino, and many a worldly pilgrim can add her testimony. Strangely enough, it is from an American that we receive our best idea of the blue-blooded Roman. Mr. Crawford was born in Italy, has spent his life here, and he knows whereof he writes. So we who look on may read his novels serene in the consciousness of acquiring knowledge and enjoying it at the same time.

Mr. Crawford sighs for the days of '65, when the Villa Aldobrandini had not been sliced off to make way for the Via Nazionale, before the Corso was widened, while its mile of shops and palaces was still gay with French officers and Papal Zouaves, and the fashionable promenaders of the Pincio dropped on their knees to receive the benediction of Pius IX., who often descended from his carriage to walk among the people.

To the later comers who know nothing better, the Villa Aldobrandini is still a lovely spot; the Corso remarkably narrow even now for the commingling of pedestrians and big English horses; and the uniforms and habits of State and Church so rich in colouring that the stranger confusedly salutes the policeman and humbly makes way for the scarlet-gowned students. The Pincio is to-day the chosen drive for the *beau monde*, though the good Pope of this generation, on account of the animosity between him and the monarchy, has not been out of the Vatican grounds

for twenty-three years; and in place of his white-gowned Holiness, the King, in quiet dress, acknowledges the uplifted hats of his subjects.

From the time of the old Prince Saracinesca through the best days of Sant' Ilario, his son, and the youth of his son's son, Don Orsino, the Roman type has altered but slightly. "There is no one at once so thoroughly Roman and so thoroughly non-Roman as the Roman noble," says Mr. Crawford. For generations they have taken wives from other nations, who, like the Princess Monteverchi, at first make feeble attempts toward innovation, compromise on a carpet for the drawing-room, and in the end adopt the customs of their husbands and adapt themselves to their surroundings.

Their sons are tall, fine men, far different in appearance from the Italians of other cities. Blue-eyed, many of them, and blonde-haired, but with the Latin vanity that prompted the old Duke d'Astrardente to ogle every passing seamstress. It is difficult to realise that these same men who, in the street, will brutally stare a young girl out of countenance will quarrel over a fancied slight to a woman dear to them, and fight with the ferocity of Don Giovanni and the skill of Pietro Ghisleri, but not, it is thought, with the deadliness of Spicca's sword-thrust.

The emancipated woman is not known in Italy. The signora of to-day is quite as charming in real life as she is in Mr. Crawford's books. She laughs and chatters, and tries not to gesticulate, and wears the most extravagant jewels while, like Corona d'Astrardente, she may never have had a hundred francs in her purse at one time. If she lives with her father-in-law under the big roof of one palazzo, in the patriarchal manner, she cannot order a cup of tea "out of hours" without the price of it being extracted from the interest on her dowry, this sum having been handed to her husband's father on her wedding day. She is probably a happy woman, and does not take her marriage contract, which allows her at least two kinds of meat at dinner, two new gowns a year and a daily drive, very seriously. They follow the beaten paths of their ancestors, these handsome men and women; their carriage wheels

roll along in the ruts of their forefathers, and, being already Romans, ask for nothing better.

San Giacinto, to show his faith in Pietro Ghisleri, drove with him "six times round the Villa Borghese, six times round the Pincio, and four times the length of the Corso." He knew the afternoon tea-table and the topics discussed over the teacups, for in Rome gossip is luxury to youth and necessity to old age. Nowhere can a phrase have so many shadings as in Italy, nor a sentence so many inflections. Mr. Crawford dwells continually on this weakness of the social world, and illustrates the truism in the story of Laura Arden, who had first been avoided and then deserted through a single malicious suggestion of her step-sister. The accusation of the evil eye is a death warrant to any one of worldly aspiration. This past winter an American woman married to a titled Italian has been practically ostracised through this absurd charge; and an Italian cavalry officer in a few months' time has found himself a bugbear to his friends.

The novelist is wise in leaving ancient Rome to the archæologist. It does not belong to this century, and is seldom the board for his chessmen. Hedwig longed to see the Pantheon by moonlight, as does the tourist to-day, but she was of German birth; and the Appian Way served only as the playground for Donna Tullia's picnic party.

The churches, too, are largely left to guide-books, though Faustina met Anastase Gouache in Sant' Agostino much as sweethearts do to-day; and in the Church of the Capuccini, where we go to see the "St. Michael" of Guido Reni, Corona sobbed out her heart to her confessor. Don Giovanni sat alone in the dark on the steps of St. Peter's, overwhelmed with the thought of his love for her, and later, they were married in Santi Apostoli, a church generally overlooked by the traveller, but containing one of Canova's masterpieces. Pietro Ghisleri, still wearing the garb of Mephistopheles, come from the Ash Wednesday revels in the studio of Gouache, meditated bitterly in the gloom of the church of Prayer and Death; and Marzio, of the people, no less a cynic, but despising others rather than himself, sat



THE PALAZZO GABRIELLI.

"The vast old palace which has sheltered so many hundreds of Saracinescas."—
Don Orsino.



ENTRANCE TO THE PALAZZO GABRIELLI.

"Of the three enormous arched gateways, one alone is usually open."—*Saracinesca*.



"The steep ascent to the Capitol."—*Murzio's Crucifix.*



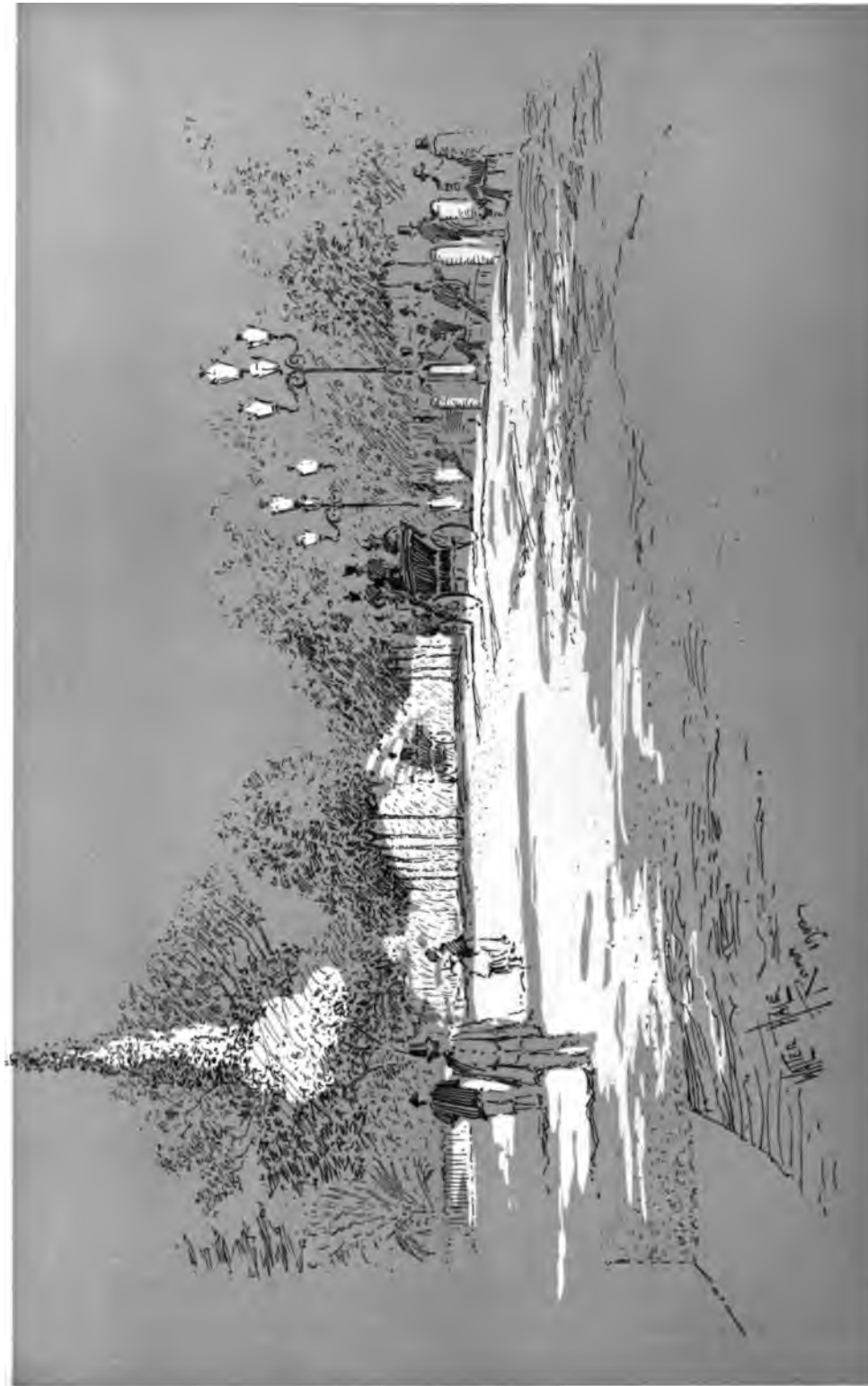
"The Tempietto, which stands just where the Via Gregoriona and the Via Sistina end."—
Pietro Ghisleri.



"The Piazza Colonna of an afternoon."—*A Roman Singer.*



"The Palazzo Barberini . . . with the big windows overlooking the little garden."—*Don Orsino.*



“The Pincio near the entrance . . . opposite the band stand.”—*Pietro Ghisleri*.



"The Appian Way with the broad Campagna stretching away to right and left."—*Saracinesca*.



"The Pantheon by moonlight."—*A Roman Singer.*

in the rich Church of the Gesù and planned the perfect crucifix.

If the edifices themselves are little concerned in Mr. Crawford's books, the power of the Holy Office made itself felt in the lives of many of the characters. To quote the author: "No one who considers the social life of Rome, either then or now, can afford to overlook the influence of political events upon the everyday doings of men and women." In Giovanni's youth the Pope was the great political force; now it is doubtful if he could exercise the authority to waylay letters sent through the mail, as he, or rather as Antonelli, intercepted those of the spy, Del Ferice. This same Cardinal, the envoy of the Holy Father, protested against the marriage of Saracinesca to Donna Tullia, but encouraged that of Corona to him and demanded their brilliant church wedding. Since Italy has become a united kingdom the process of matrimony has grown more complicated. The ceremony of the priest is not sufficient to bind the two legally; there must be a civil service as well; and though the Church may refuse to sanction a marriage, a State ceremony will tie the knot securely—blessed or cursed. Soon the furious debate in Parliament over divorce, pro and con, will come to a vote, and, judging by the consensus of opinion, the Holy Office will find itself still less a political power in this latter-day régime. However that may be, generations will elapse before the opposition of the Church will cease to be a menace to those invoking the law. Even Marzio Pandolfo felt the resistless arm of this great religion, and raved the more over his helplessness.

It is in *Marzio's Crucifix* and *A Roman Singer* that we gain an idea of the life of the side streets. The few remaining silver chisellers of Marzio's class are in the neighbourhood of the Hotel dell'Orso. (It was in front of this mediæval hostelry that Gouache was injured by the horses of the Montevarchi.) They are quiet people, artists as well as artisans, who live in unbeautiful surroundings while evolving beautiful creations. Marzio is an excellent type, whom a wise Government allows to rail unmoled. Indeed, the freedom of thought as expressed in the socialistic journals of Italy, suggests the country to be a Re-



THE BELFRY FROM THE PIAZZA SANT' APOLLINAIRE.
"The Parish Church of Sant' Agostino."—
Sant' Ilario.

public rather than a Monarchy. Like the noble Montevarchi, Marzio could bargain over a marriage settlement with the acumen that makes the whole world kin, though the Prince sat in his study, and the silver chiseller squabbled on the steps of the Capitol with the suitor for his daughter's hand.

Nino, the Roman singer, lived with the gentle old Count who tells the story, in the Via dei Funari. The palace of one of the greatest nobles in Rome lies across the way, and the ancient Palazzo Gabrielli, which Mr. Crawford chose as the Saracinesca home, is not far distant.

The palace is now divided into smaller apartments, though coroneted carriages still pass in and out the big archway, fine horses are kept in the stables of the ground floor, and liveried servants move quietly about the courtyard. The neighbourhood is dingy, but these squalid streets matter little to the aristocrat. They are but the means to an end; the Corso lies beyond, and in and around its narrow length are woven the life stories of its *habitués*.

At the far end of the Corso is the Pincio, where the grandees stop their horses as they did forty years ago, and listen to



"The Orso, one of the most ancient inns in the world."—*Santi Ilario*.

the band, the footmen standing with military precision a few feet behind the carriage wheels. Here Don Giovanni watched eagerly for a glimpse of Corona, and afterward, in defence of the Pope, sat his horse a long afternoon, a target for the bullets of the monarchists. It was at this entrance that Lord Arden received his first intimation of the unfounded cause for his future wife's unpopularity; and at the other end of the Pincio, near the Spanish Steps, is the Tempio, where Laura and Arden afterward lived.

Along the Corso are the restaurants, which have not changed their excellent reputation in the passing of time. The Caffè Aragno has bettered its locality since the day the old d'Astrardente sank into one of its chairs upon hearing the perverted story of Saracinesca's duel. The Caffè di Roma retains its air of dignity, and, though the restaurant with the garden where Don Orsino and Count Spicca ate their August dinners is now the home of the Commercial Club, the Caffè San Carlo rejoices in its *cliente*.

Ices are still eaten in the Piazza Colonna, and the band plays on Sunday as it did before the bombs in the square gave the signal to the Garibaldian insurrec-

tionists. In front of the Parliament buildings young Orsino met Del Ferice and took his first step toward speculation. As remarkable a departure for an aristocrat as his proposal of marriage, in the Palazzo Barberini, to Madame d'Aranjuez, the lovely woman whose antecedents were at the time presumably not worthy of mention. A mile away, in the Via della Croce, was the apartment of the "melancholy Spicca." Like Hamlet, his very mournfulness endears him to us, and, though a most human being, it is difficult to imagine him one of this gay throng. He is drawn from life, however, though his prototype, a man but recently dead, was not an expert swordsman.

Mr. Crawford does not attempt portraiture. As Meissonier modelled his soldiers after a type and not an individual, as the actor takes the eccentricities of many men to make one impersonation, so Mr. Crawford has studied Roman life on a large scale, and through his broad experiences gives to each character the qualities, good or bad, that are pre-eminent in the world of men and women that constitute his Rome.

Louise Closser Hale.



NINE BOOKS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

I.

A DICTIONARY OF ARCHITECTURE.*

The second and third volumes of Mr. Sturgis's dictionary are before us, and it would seem almost praise enough to say that they fully sustain the promise given by the first volume, which we examined a few months ago. But the matter comprised in these two concluding volumes is of so wide a range and interest that a

* A Dictionary of Architecture and Building, Biographical, Historical, and Descriptive. By Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D., Fellow of the American Institute of Architects, and many Architects, Painters, Engineers, and other Expert Writers, American and Foreign. In three volumes. Vols. II. and III. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1901.

careful review of its treatment becomes imperative. The excellence and fulness of the illustrations and diagrams in conjunction with the definitions, cross-references and bibliography, prove emphatically the conscientious care with which this work has been prepared. Mr. Sturgis aptly says, in his preface to Volume II.: "A good dictionary will be good reading even if a column or a page be read consecutively, but it will be still better reading if the reader is in the mood to take a little pains and turns to one article after another, following, not the alphabetical sequence of the terms, but the sequence of his own thought. . . . An obvious instance is that subject, the most important to us moderns of all

matters of architectural history, the system of building and design of the great Empire, from 50 B.C. to 250 A.D. The building and the art of the European world since that time, and of much beyond the European world, take their origin in what was done during that epoch; and yet there is so little generally known about it, and it is so misunderstood, that all architectural thought and writing is seriously marred by this lack of accuracy." He then goes on to trace a line of inquiry in historical sequence which develops the architecture of Imperial Rome and its many ramifications. Imperial architecture, if followed as he directs, will be presented to the student in a clear and all-embracing manner.

Much might be said, in fact, of other orders. "Grecian Architecture" has been treated by Professor Allan Marquand, and the "Græco-Roman," by W. P. P. Longfellow, admirably presented, and accompanied by significant and carefully printed plates. "Gothic Architecture" and "Gothic Revival" are written by the editor himself with much fulness. In "Gothic Revival" attention is called to some satisfactory examples of the Gothic to be seen in New York, notably Holy Trinity, Borough of Brooklyn, built in 1845; Trinity Church, New York, and the recently demolished National Academy of Design, New York, in which latter building "an attempt not matched for thoroughness, except in one or two English buildings, was made to revive Gothic sculpture according to its supposed mediæval methods and processes." The new appliances of "Engineering" and "Chemistry," in their bearing on building, the many factors of expert thought and opinion which now enter into the construction of complicated structures designed either for the business needs or the habitable comfort of complex modern man are discussed and explained with a clearness and evident accuracy which commend them to the student. "Thrust," "Tie," "Buttress," "Flying Buttress," their substitutes in modern building, devices which now supplant them owing to change in building material, none of these seems to have been forgotten. Indeed, for the mere intellectual worker and for those who are mentally curious, there is a fund of attractive information bound up here that he who would be

really well informed will not care to be ignorant of. When one remarks the extensive use artists sometimes make of architectural forms and orders, much of it in current illustration, it is astounding how flagrantly and frequently they offend; these are not cases necessarily of artistic inability, but of an architectural ignorance which seems unpardonable. The fault probably extends to literature, as well as existing in the graphic arts, when an attempt is made at description where architecture is involved. This present work strikes one eminently suitable as a book of reference and study for all who are pursuing literature or art, either appreciatively or as a profession.

Returning to the practical and esoteric features of the dictionary, we would like to call attention in passing to the very explanatory article on "Iron Construction," which appears to be full of the right sort of information on the subject, from the competent hand of the late W. R. Hutton. No modern architect can get away from the conditions now exacted in matters of construction, although "wrought iron does not appear as a material of construction until late in the eighteenth century." He goes on to say: "It was, indeed, largely used in the shape of ties and anchors, and its abuse in those forms gave cause for the remark of Vignola that 'a building should not be held together by strings.' Cast iron was first used about the end of the fifteenth century, but it was not applied as structural material until late in the eighteenth. Both cast and wrought iron were used for minor constructions, as grilles and stairways. The formation of iron plates by passing them between rollers dates from 1783." He then follows historically the use made of iron in construction, citing prominent examples from this time on to the present, when it has reached such perfection of manufacture and is so universally employed. The "Hotel," that marvellous modern invention as it may almost be called, is defined by that designer of great hotels, H. J. Hardenburgh, he who reared the Waldorf-Astoria, Manhattan and other great hostleries. Naturally, every detail concerning facility of service and the demands of modern living are here described and amplified, and these features embrace the requirements from kitchen

to roof-garden. In this period of humanitarian enterprise and benefactions it is satisfactory to note the space given to the definition, details of construction and the multiform demands of the "Hospital." Edward Cowles, A.M., M.D., covers this title at length. The extent of subjects covered in Volume II., from F to N, includes "France," "Germany," "Italy," "Japan," "Greece," "Græco-Roman," "India," "Latin Architecture," "Mexico," "Mural Painting" and "Neo-Classic Architecture." "Ceramics" is also a title of much interest; and "Library," in view of the importance this character of building is assuming at present in America, is one that is peculiarly valuable. In small, technical definitions this second volume abounds. In fact, it is difficult by the mere selection of haphazard titles to indicate the wide range of topics that are included in this sweep from "Façade" to "Nymphæum;" but it is safe to assume that perhaps all and more than the student can imagine may be found here, either directly or collaterally.

If in the second volume, by their alphabetical position, most of the centres of architectural activity were discussed, we can find no fault in the interest of the concluding volume, where "Persia," "Portugal," "Scotland," "Sicily," "Spain," "Tudor Architecture," "Turkish Architecture," "The Vatican" and "Westminster Hall" come in for description. These titles comprise "Pelagic Architecture," "Romanesque Architecture," "Roman Architecture," "School of Architecture," "Synagogue," "United States" and an exhaustive article by John La Farge on "Windows." To select a few of these titles for review may be sufficient in this short comment. It is diverting, in this volume—from O to Z—to familiarise oneself with the vagaries to which architecture was subjected at certain periods of its decline from legitimate orders, when Palladio's perfect prettiness became the vogue, or when the "Rococo" style prevailed. Fantasies of this kind have been indulged in in every art at different periods, and they seem the expression of the human mind which, after years of legitimate exercise, must relieve itself in moments of play. Sometimes this play is very graceful and pretty, and at others awkward and insignificant in the extreme. A wave of this ec-

centric frivolity is now passing over France, under the name of *L'Art nouveau*; but it is only a repetition of similar moments of artistic aberration with which the world has long been familiar. The pseudo-classic state under Napoleon I. in dress, furniture, ornament and building was a moment of similar æsthetic whim; and the definition of the Palladian style and of the "Rococo" period, with their accompanying illustrations, in this last volume are of peculiar and fascinating interest. The cold charm and pretty correctness of Palladio found appreciation among the classical revivalists of England, while it was the French who were influenced by the more original and imaginative qualities of Vignola. The florid rococo style may be seen in its perfection in the illustration of an interior at Bruchsal on the Rhine, given here under the heading "Rococo Architecture." But these are alphabetical diversions merely, taken in turning over the pages in sequence, and they truly tend to lighten the task of the reviewer, as well as to indicate the variety and richness of the titles treated.

To turn to more serious and legitimate subjects, we find "Romanesque Architecture," by W. P. P. Longfellow, remarkably full of information on this dignified style, which became generally the architecture of Europe between the Roman period and the Gothic. "The name has been most commonly restricted to the distinct and homogeneous style that was evolved in Western Europe in the ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries, leaving the name of Latin for the transitional style which had intervened between the breaking up of the Roman in the fourth century and this; but it may be broadly used to cover the interval from the fourth century to the appearance of Gothic in the latter half of the twelfth. The Romanesque was emphatically the architecture of the round arch and the vault, as the Greek had been that of the order and the lintel, and the Roman a compromise between the two." He then goes on to trace its evolution, with introduction of the clearstory, the consequent strengthening of the walls, and, finally, to the period when "the French builders, more inventive, tried every means to lighten their construction. Sometimes they tied their vaults across with iron,

stiffening the clearstory walls with timbers, which in time rotted away. Sometimes they relied on buttresses applied to the clearstory, and those, too, at first betrayed them. At last they invented the flying buttress, set across the aisles at the springing of the main vault above the piers. They built their vaults on independent ribs, transverse, diagonal and longitudinal, which bore them like a permanent scaffolding. They lightened the shells of their vaults and the clearstory walls between their buttresses as much as possible, expanding the windows and shortening the bays of the naves; and finally equalising the height of the ribs and levelling the crown of the vaulting by the use of the pointed arch, they led the way to the wonderful development of Gothic in the thirteenth century."

In his article "Preliminary Studies," to be found in this volume, Mr. Henry Rutgers Marshall deprecates the too general use of the flat drawings to present the elevations of buildings projected, and strongly urges the employment of the "sketch model." "They may be made in paper, or wood, or wax, or clay; but the disadvantages of working in these materials are considerable, and this fact doubtless goes far to account for the little use that has been made of them in daily practice. Of late, however, certain clay preparations have been discovered in which inexpensive models can be made which do not easily lose their form, and which do not need to be kept wet during preparation or afterward." He reminds us: "It is a most significant fact that during the time of the Renaissance in Italy the great architects, to whom we look back with admiration and reverence, are known to have used sketch models very freely. Geometrical or pictorial drawings were not felt to suffice in the proper study of a projected building. These sketch models were often made in wood, and some of them are still extant, *e.g.*, that of the Strozzi Palace in Florence. Michelangelo is said to have modelled his buildings, in all cases, in clay." The article on "Shade and Shadows" is a clear statement of the subject by F. D. Sherman, Ph.B., of Columbia University. "Sculpture," by the editor, is an extended and richly illustrated title, and carries one from the earliest times through the period of the Renaissance. That rich pe-

riod in the architectural history of England, which has been named "Tudor," is treated by R. C. Sturgis, and is illustrated by a fine half-tone print of the chapel of Henry VII., a typical example of "Tudor Architecture" in Westminster Abbey. "United States, Architecture of," has been mainly covered by Montgomery Schuyler, the Pre-Columbian Era being furnished by F. S. Dellenbaugh. Mr. Schuyler devotes much space to the rural mansions of colonial times, but he brings his remarks up to the present "tall building" which culminates in the "office building."

In concluding, we reach the very interesting subject, "Window, Part III. The Translucent Falling of the Lights," which title is written by John La Farge, who is so identified with the revival of stained glass in this country, and who has produced work which recalls the best traditions of this art, to which he has added much that is new and of exceeding value. In experimenting in the use of what is called "plating," the "superposing one colour on another so as to increase its depth and richness, to modify its transparency, or to change its tone; as, for instance, when we plate a colour with its complementary colour or variation of that complementary," Mr. La Farge felt that it was possible to go still farther in securing a full transparent use of glass and to lessen the need of painting on the glass. He goes on to say: "Yet there seemed to be a possible future in a strictly logical order; that is to say, the use of glass in its purity, untouched by pigment or added colour, and joined together by leads, which should be as carefully designed as the choice of glass itself. It was at this time," he says, "that it occurred to the writer that opal glass, then made in this country and used for the imitation of porcelain, but often so badly made as to be more than translucent, suggested a means of meeting the defects of thinness of texture and flatness of colour, and of securing a permanent recall of the necessary complementary. The deficient pieces, which were translucent, exhibited that peculiar effect of two contrasting colours which we call opaline. The making of such glass seems to have been known for an indefinite period, though it does not appear that this glass has been used in this way in window work. After

many experiments in having it coloured, in testing its variations in density, the material seemed to be the proper basis for a fair venture into the use of free colour in windows, even when it was used only in small patches, alongside of the English glass, whose flatness was relieved by the opal's suggestion of complementary colour—that mysterious quality it has of showing a golden yellow associated with a violet; a pink flush brought out on a ground of green." This was of much use in modelling parts of the figure and draperies, and did service that was formerly done by the means of pigment. Mr. La Farge has done much in this and other ways, in "leading," etc., to advance the art of stained glass, and has, doubtless, other refinements of the art to offer if the conditions and spirit of our time were more than those of the period of the Renaissance, when "every citizen was a judge of art."

Enough has been shown of the contents of this work of Mr. Sturgis to prove its value and thoroughness, and, as we said in our review of Volume I., the great activity in building and the demand for good architecture in this country make the appearance of these volumes most timely.

Frank Fowler.

II.

CHATEAUBRIAND'S MEMOIRS.*

Mr. de Mattos—a name I do not remember to have met before on a title-page—has seen a rare chance, and has taken it boldly. Few Englishmen who read French for amusement now turn to Chateaubriand. If such idlers were to be examined, how little they could tell about *Le Génie du Christianisme*, *Les Martyrs*, *Les Abencerrages*, and those other volumes, once familiar in every circle where French was spoken? And these *Memoirs from Beyond the Tomb*? They are certainly unploughed land, inviolate as some Greek temple-enclosure—or, to put the matter more temptingly, if half a dozen books overflowing with incidents, reflections, descrip-

tions of persons and landscapes, picturesque, irritating, curious and brilliant, equal to these, were flung upon the circulating libraries, some one would make his fortune. Let us hope it will be Mr. de Mattos. Readers must agree to the rules of the game; then they will enjoy it. They are to fancy a French Byron writing his own life before a looking-glass, putting on and off the costumes that he affects—now chivalrous Middle Age, now democratic and almost sans-culotish—with a sigh which is half-theatrical yet sincere and even catching. We all know (do we know at first hand?) that Byron's journals and correspondence are among the jewels of English literature. Chateaubriand's *Memoirs* hold a similar place in France. There was no need for Mr. de Mattos to repeat the fatigued but insolent saying of M. Pierre Louys, uttered in a Parisian café: "The *Memoirs* will live forever." They will, and *Atala*, *René*, many pages in the *Génie*, will live as long. M. Louys is but a literary Byzantine, for all his contempt of the great ancients. Flaubert, who was a critic unsurpassed where language and style came up for discussion, taught the latter half of the nineteenth century that Chateaubriand excelled all other artists of French prose. The vain creature thought so himself and has affirmed it here, not once only; but what difference can that make, if it is true? "Then," cries the Saxon bluntness, "what is the use of translating Chateaubriand? Can you translate his style?" A nice question, the answer to which, if scientifically expounded, would do us more good than a course of literature.

No, style is strictly incommunicable. Those who would feel the magic of this Breton, this Celtic master, will be compelled to pluck the secret from his French. And yet something may be caught by one so excellently versed as Mr. de Mattos in both languages. I would say that his rendering is in many ways so fit, a very little more would make it perfect. Fewer particles, a slight but all-important condensing of the native phrase—there is probably the rule of perfection. Let me quote a penetrating remark of M. Maeterlinck, which applies at all times in dealing with French. "Our language," he says, when introducing to it Novalis, the mystic, "is a minute and

* The *Memoirs* of François René, Vicomte de Chateaubriand, etc. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. In 6 volumes. Vols. I. and II. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

severe interpreter, which before it will consent to express anything demands explanations that it is often dangerous to give." In other words, French prefers logic to poetry. The wonder in our delightful Bretons—Châteaubriand, Lamennias, Renan—is that they have laid a spell upon it, and, as if in trance, it murmurs of the sea, the woodlands, the old kingdom of Faëry; it is transformed to Merlin and sleeps enchanted in the Forest of Broceliande. Nevertheless, logic in grammar and construction it will not forego. English moves along a path less even. Châteaubriand read and spoke our island-tongue for years; it has left its mark on him, and he envied Milton, as well he might.

But there is no end to one's reflections on this incomparable prose-poet. Rhetorician, as Mr. Arnold thought was the judgment of Englishmen about him; megalomaniac, to such a degree that when he contemplates himself and his doings he falls into ecstasy; charlatan, no doubt, and unconsciously hard because self-centred; he is not likeable, but he stands alone. It is rather a shame to fix on this creator of Childe Harold the epithet Byronic. Byron was pupil, not master, and in the first of these volumes we may study *Lara*; in the second we follow a pilgrimage that traversed the Mediterranean and did homage to the Isles of Greece years before Byron carved his name on the marble column where one can read it still in the temple at Sunium. If plagiarism, it must be charged on the canny Scot; but stealing in this fashion is god-like—would there were more of it!

One was nearly forgetting to say that Châteaubriand met and knew everybody, from Washington to Metternich, from Burke and Mirabeau (what a conjunction!), to Nelson and Bolivar; he sketches them all to the life. Whoever wishes for an easy acquaintance with French men of letters under Napoleon may begin it here. The translator's notes, brief and frequent, make a small dictionary of famous names, in which one or two slips are pardonable. I may observe that Fénélon never set out for Greece; he only talked of it. The first volume, with its gloomy pictures of Saint Malo, its Château de Combourg and its old Brittany is most admirable, thrilling

in no conventional sense. Equal but unlike is the story of Brunswick's futile campaign in 1792, told with inexhaustible spirit. Other episodes—the wanderings in America, the execution of the Duc d'Enghien—carry us to quite different, but not less fascinating, scenes. And four volumes are yet to come. Finally, observe the illustrations, of which one, showing us George III., blind and insane, seated in his easy-chair and looking on vacancy, haunts the imagination when we turn from it, and would not be out of place in *King Lear*.

William Barry.

III.

MRS. DUDENEY'S "SPINDLE AND PLOUGH."*

In view of the stigma which seems to lie in the term "sex-problem novel," one hesitates to apply it to such eminently sane, clear-sighted pictures of life as *Folly Corner* and *Spindle and Plough*. Yet the vital and dominant note in both these books, the note which differentiates them sharply from the works of many other careful and able writers of to-day, is their delicate yet pervading consciousness of sex. Mrs. Dudeney's literary creed might best be defined as a sort of wholesome realism, the sort of realism which does not go out of its way in search of the unpleasant side of life, but does not ignore or shrink from what it finds in the natural and ordinary course. With the psychological writers of the Continental schools, and their morbid curiosity for what is abnormal and perverted, she has little in common. There is nothing of pathological interest in either her characters or her plots. She simply recognises quite frankly certain basic, elemental physical facts, and handles them with a fearlessness characteristic of those who live their lives close to nature, who have grown up in the atmosphere of field and farm, and delight in the study of nature's methods of growth and of fruition.

In treating the sex element, it is quite unnecessary for a novelist to go to the length of a Maupassant or a Tolstoi or a d'Annunzio in order to recognise that

* *Spindle and Plough*. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

this is a serious factor in modern social life, that no amount of conventional ignoring or glossing over will prevent it from becoming a paramount issue in the life of many a normal man or woman; that below an apparently tranquil surface, an unspoken and inexplicable aversion or preference contains the key of many a life which otherwise would have been lived far differently; and that while the novelist who sees nothing else in life than these unseen undercurrents runs the risk of sinking to the level of the pornographer, the novelist who deliberately shuts his eyes to sex problems is at best in danger of giving only a warped and distorted picture.

Mrs. Dudeney wisely follows a middle course. Her characters, one and all, stand forth from the printed page endowed with life, not because they are better individualised, clearer portraiture, with all their little idiosyncrasies of manner and of taste, but because of their obvious consciousness of sex, because she has made them living men and women, tingling with vitality and presented to us under the life-giving touch of fundamental human passions. One thing that is pleasant about Mrs. Dudeney's characters is that they are all thoroughly normal, well-balanced types. Her men, at least the men in whom she seems to take particular interest, are stalwart, hard-working farmers of the more prosperous sort, with an atmosphere of the glebe about them; her women are large, well-built, and without being beautiful, are at least good to look upon, and with a suggestion of physical well-being about them. They are none of them of the neurotic, anæmic type of the Continental novelists. There is not a Magda or a Hedda Gabler or a Madame de Burne among them. They are as far from being spoiled by the modern higher education as they are from sinking to the level of mere household drudges. In short, they are simply types of the average Englishwoman of to-day, with all her virtues and her limitations.

It is in these studies of women that Mrs. Dudeney reveals all that is best in her genius. Her chief preoccupation seems to be the conflict which goes on in the hearts of some women between two opposing instincts—that of independence and freedom and physical com-

fort on the one hand, and on the other that of sex and sacrifice and self-surrender. Hitherto the type which seems to have interested Mrs. Dudeney to the exclusion of all others is that in which the second of these impulses is paramount. She has given us some interesting studies even in those slight sketches contained in *Men of Marlowe*, especially in that one telling how a weak, foolish little woman comes stealing back to the scene of former rendezvous simply because the old compelling power of a burnt-out passion is still too strong to be combated. But, of course, the supreme example of this type is that of Pamela in *Folly Corner*. Here is a girl who by nature is essentially ease-loving, fond of curling up cat-like in a warm corner by the fire; a girl who, after long suffering and anxiety, has obtained, to all intents and purposes, what she wanted—a pleasant home, a social standing, a husband who will never be inconveniently exacting—and all this she throws aside at the sound of the voice of the one man in the world who happens to appeal to her in just that way; and because he calls her carelessly by the foolish little monosyllabic name, which he alone used, she follows him blindly into poverty and danger and possible disgrace. The type is drawn with a masterly touch. It is undoubtedly a type which is not uncommon, and the question which involuntarily arose in the reader's mind was whether Mrs. Dudeney herself intended it to represent the average normal woman—whether, in short, she thought that for every woman there exists somewhere in the world a man whose voice would possess that same compelling power. *Spindle and Plough* is an interesting answer to this question, and it is emphatically negative. In this story Mrs. Dudeney has undertaken to portray the opposite type, the woman largely lacking in what the French so conveniently term *tempérament*; the woman with a deep-rooted contempt for love and marriage and mankind in general—a contempt based upon ignorance and immaturity.

Shalisha Pilgrim is a distinctly interesting type, a big, broad-shouldered, somewhat masculine girl with an innate spirit of freedom and independence—a girl to whom air and outdoor life are es-

sential, and who would stifle in the artificial air of a London drawing-room. As a child, her ugliness was her mother's despair; as a woman, she has just fallen short of beauty, in spite of her dark, arching brows and her heavy ropes of red-gold hair; but she has that rarer charm of expression, which is better and more lasting than any physical loveliness. Intolerant as she is of love and sentiment, Shalisha is by nature qualified for deep devotion. The maternal instinct, the spirit of self-sacrifice is highly developed, and she is impelled to lavish it upon something or somebody. While her father, an impoverished invalid artist, lived, she lavished it upon him. After his death, she transferred it to her mother, a silly, flighty, Dresden-china little woman, whose mature years in no way interfered with endless flirtations, and whom Shalisha guarded jealously from a second marriage, looking with youthful austerity upon such a possibility as a profanation of her father's memory. Shalisha is by profession a landscape gardener, and at the opening of the story she has just obtained an excellent situation in the country, through the kindness of her "Godmother Bloss"—a piece of good fortune which she welcomes chiefly as an opportunity to break off her mother's latest matrimonial entanglement with portly, pompous Mr. Poundsberry, a well-to-do auctioneer, who confuses his aspirates and drinks his tea from the saucer.

At Bramble Tye, Mr. Boylett's estate, Shalisha comes in close personal contact for the first time with men—two men in particular, her employer and Felix Rule, the bailiff. Both of these men, attracted by the novel charm of the girl's freedom, her masculine independence, her unconventionality, soon seek to win her, each in his own way; and their attention vaguely troubles her, although the trouble is not wholly unpleasant. Yet so little does she know of matters of the heart that Boylett's proposal takes her unawares, and what Felix says to her on the eve of his departure for America is said and answered, and he is well on his journey before she realises that he has offered himself and that she has refused him. Boylett she refuses with her eyes open. His offer means much to her—it means a lifelong home on the place

where she has laboured so lovingly; it means the care of Boylett's orphaned daughter, whom Shalisha longs to take under her maternal protection; but the price is too high if it means the sacrifice of her freedom, the abandonment of her out-door life, the necessity of fulfilling a wife's obligations to Boylett, a man who "is guilty of the effeminacy of a Pullman car," and "talks about the beauties of nature instead of feeling and living them." Besides, deep down in her heart, under the austerity of her unawakened senses, she already knows that, sooner or later, Felix, sensible, plodding English farmer though he is, will return and claim her in spite of herself.

In point of fact, Felix does return—a transformed Felix in all the opulence of new raiment, heavy watch-chain and blazing pin, and with the comfortable assurance of a neat little fortune amassed by honest toil. He makes the mistake of taking Shalisha's consent almost for granted, and blurts out his plans to take her away from Bramble Bye, to lavish jewels on her, to transplant her to the very life which she has always held in contempt. In his eagerness and impetuosity he gave her no time to collect herself:

He frightened and chilled her. The old disquieting thrill which she had felt before under his touch convulsed her now. She distrusted this joy. It opened the flood-gates of emotion. She didn't want to be stirred. She wanted to lead her celibate, calm life. She wanted nothing tangible. He might love and admire and serve and guard—no more. She experienced an old maid's prudery and cautious retreat. She tried to put a greater distance between them. His eyes, his hands, ardent; his mouth so near that she could feel the hot breath of his hurried breathing—alarmed her. She felt herself to be in a vague way sullied.

He retreated farther than she wished. He seemed to divine the distaste she felt; perhaps it was written on her twitching, averted face.

"What do you want?" he asked in a voice like a whip.

"I don't know," she returned brokenly.

"Is it possible that a woman can be such a fool?"

This is the way in which Felix came

and went a second time; because Shalisha, unlike Pamela, was not one of those women who sacrifice everything and come at the first careless word of the man they love. She is capable of self-surrender to a high degree; but it must be on her own terms and in her own good time. And when Felix at last comes again, stripped of his fortune and his finery, hungry and in rags, and she takes him in and gives him a prodigal's welcome, one feels that the great devotion of which she is capable and which has at last found a permanent object upon which to spend itself is, after all, even now far more maternal in its nature than it is the devotion of true passion.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

IV.

MR. QUILLER-COUCH'S "THE WESTCOTES."*

It is very rare to come across a book which so fully satisfies the demands of the fastidious reader as does Mr. Quiller-Couch's latest story. A light, graceful structure, finely proportioned, with not one clumsy excrescence, it has all the artistic merit of the best of the writer's shorter tales. But it is not only our sense of art that is ministered to; the book is a masterpiece of delicate sentiment. The scene is laid in a West Country town, at the time of the Napoleonic wars, and the main persons of the drama are, on the one hand, members of a highly respectable, solid local family, and on the other, French prisoners of war stationed in their neighbourhood. Romance has its unforeseen, irresistible way with the heart of a plain woman of thirty-seven, who responds shyly, staidly, but with burning gratitude, to the attentions of a Frenchman almost young enough to be her son. This is a theme which could be decently handled by, say, one writer in a thousand. Mr. Quiller-Couch is that one, and he has created an unforgettable woman. Dorothea's late blossoming of romance is treated with perfect sincerity. Its crudity, its perilous nearness to the ridiculous are never concealed; nor is her own helplessness in dealing with a situation too difficult for her. Yet she comes out of the coil with a halo of pathetic dignity.

* The Westcotes. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

nity. Her shrinkings and her incapacities are not of our time. We have changed all that for our women—or so we say. And yet among the more self-reliant, more boisterous types in the living world around us is there one that is more real than Dorothea?

But the writer has not given the deprecating heroine undue prominence. The book is a gallery, a small, selected gallery, of gems of portraiture. Raoul, the lover, is a finely discriminating study of a fascinating young Frenchman, whose emotional nature, with its need of drama and of audience, and whose wit tempt him to belie his real nobility. But our special delight is Endymion, the stately, high-handed, benevolent banker-squire, with his pride in his tolerance, in his culture, and his consummate talent for saying the wrong thing with a conscious air of being specially delicate and keen-witted. Nowhere is there caricature. His capability is given as much weight as his pompousness. The humour of his portrait depends greatly on the fine moderation of the painter, who, with a few light touches, lets us see the man.

"I take, you must know," says Endymion, "a somewhat broad view on such matters—may I, without offence, term it a liberal one?" "A broad-minded fellow" was the general verdict; and some admirers added that ideas which in weaker men might seem to lean toward free thought, and even toward Jacobinism, became Mr. Westcote handsomely enough. He knew how to carry them off, to wear them lightly as flourishes and ornaments of his robust common sense, and might be trusted not to go too far. Endymion, who had an exquisite *flair* for the approval of his own class, soon learned to take an honest pride in his liberalism and to enjoy its discreet display.

Let us thank Mr. Quiller-Couch with heartiness for allowing us to share his enjoyment of Endymion.

A. Macdonell.

V.

CHARLES MAJOR'S "DOROTHY VERNON."*

Some months ago Mr. Major published a book called *The Bears of Blue*

* Dorothy Vernon. By Charles Major. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

River. It created no great stir, when compared to the remarkable popularity of *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, two or three years earlier; but there was much in it that elicited commendation, and a number of reviewers pointed out what an excellent thing it was that Mr. Major had abandoned the field of the English historical novel, of which he could necessarily know little or nothing, and had turned to a subject with which, as a Westerner, an Indiana man, he must, of course, be thoroughly at home. The point looked not unpalatable and was very generally accepted as an excellent one, summing up the whole matter. But in the interest of truth it must be pointed out that the reviewers in question were on both points a little bit astray. To the time of the Tudor dynasty in England and the corresponding period in France, Mr. Major has given the study of a great many years. In the reading of countless long evenings he has followed the careers of great personages and their companions, not only through the pages of conventional history, but in the sidelights of history, the memoirs and the letters, until there is probably hardly a man or a woman of even minor importance of whose life and personality he does not know something. On the other hand, in the matter of *The Bears of Blue River* Mr. Major confessed to the present writer a short time ago that his acquaintance with bears had been limited to those he had seen in zoölogical gardens or being led about at the end of chains. "Why, I've never seen a bear in the woods in my life!"

Although she appears on the scene only when the novel is drawing toward its end, in *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*, Mr. Major handles Mary, Queen of Scots, with scant ceremony. The luckless rival of Elizabeth has found champions to conspire for her even in history, to suborn or distort evidence, to explain away certain episodes concerning Darnley, and Bothwell, and Rizzio and many others—but Mr. Major is not of these. He is ready to believe the worst of her—and the worst is probably the truth—and paints her as wholly selfish, treacherous and frankly wanton. Of Elizabeth, he says that she was a great queen and a wise queen, though this is nothing new,

and dwells upon her man's brain and her love of justice. Yet in half a dozen little scenes he has illustrated the violence of her temper and her inordinate, blind vanity.

Briefly, *Dorothy Vernon* is another *Knighthood*. In detail it is a somewhat better-written book than *Knighthood*; but in the main it possesses all of the earlier story's virtues and about all of its faults. The heroine, Dorothy Vernon, is simply another Mary Tudor, who says "damn" prettily and passionately, and breaks hearts and crockery with equal intensity. Her lover, Sir John Manners, is away from her, guarding Mary, Queen of Scots, who is in hiding at the castle of Lord Rutland, the father of Sir John. Dorothy grows jealous, and questions a serving-maid as to the relations between her lover and the Queen.

"Indeed, yes, mistress," returned Jennie. . . . "They do walk together a great deal on the ramparts, and the white snaky lady do look up into Sir John's face like this"—here Jennie assumed a love-lorn expression. "And—and once, mistress, I thought—I thought—"

"Yes, yes, Jesu!" hissed Dorothy, clutching Jennie by the arm, "you thought, you thought. Tell me! Tell me! What in hell's name did you think? Speak quickly, wench."

"I am not sure, mistress, but I thought I saw his arm about her waist one evening on the ramparts. It was dark, and for sure I could not tell, but—"

"God's curse upon the white huzzyl!" screamed Dorothy. "God's curse upon her! She is stealing him from me, and I am helpless."

She clasped her hands over the top of her head and ran to and fro across the room, uttering inarticulate cries of agony. Then she sat upon the bedside and threw herself into Madge's arms, crying under her breath, "My God! My God! Think of it, Madge. I have given him my heart, my soul, oh, merciful God, my love—all that I have worth giving, and now comes this white wretch, and because she is a queen and was sired in hell she tries to steal him from me and coaxes him to put his arm around her waist."

When we realise that poor Sir John in this matter is quite innocent, it is evident that Dorothy, despite her wondrous crown of red hair and her transcendent beauty, would not be the most comforta-

ble woman in the world with whom to live. But in an historical novel of two centuries and a half ago it is another matter.

As for the story—well, let us append the following publisher's note, which contains fewer adjectives and is more generally intelligent than publishers' notes usually are:

The plot is centred around Haddon Hall, famous in history as one of the places which sheltered Mary, Queen of Scots, during her captivity. The story itself is of the romantic attachment and elopement of Dorothy Vernon and young John Manners, in spite of the opposition of parents and guardians. The time is around 1560. The story of the hero and heroine has long filled a romantic place in the more personal annals of Elizabethan history. Both Elizabeth and Mary Stuart come into the story, which is set in perhaps the most beautiful of English scenery—the hill country of Derbyshire, in the neighbourhood of Chatsworth, beautiful hills through which flow the Wye and the Derwent. This neighbourhood is one of the most interesting in England. Not far from it is Chatsworth, where Walter Scott was often seen, and where Byron met fair Mary Chaworth, the heiress of Annesley. Not far to the south of it is Leehurst, where Florence Nightingale used to live, while to the north of it is the grave of Little John, famous in the Robin Hood legend. Some of the rooms in Haddon Hall stand exactly as Dorothy herself saw them three hundred years ago. In the state chamber still stands the canopied bed of green velvet and white satin in which tradition says Queen Elizabeth slept when she visited Haddon to open the first ball in the new ball-room of that day.

It should be suggested that in the course of the narrative Mr. Major has neglected several opportunities to heighten scenes and to score effective points. For instance, where the fact that there had been years before a love affair between Lady Crawford and Lord Rutland is hinted at, the reader's curiosity is aroused inartistically. To the mind of the present reviewer more should have been said or much less. Mr. Major's discursiveness of style leads him frequently to take the bathos. Nowhere is this more noticeable than at the end of the last chapter of the book, where the very last sentence completely spoils the effect of the whole

preceding paragraph. But these shortcomings are merely those of detail. As a whole, *Dorothy Vernon* possesses qualities which should commend it to every one of the several hundred thousand persons who enjoyed *When Knighthood Was in Flower*.

Firmin Dredd.

VI.

MRS. BANKS'S "OLDFIELD."*

If one wishes for a few brief hours to slip away from the strenuous life in fiction and in fact, it is worth while reading *Oldfield*—a quaint, unusual story, marked by much fine feeling and beauty of expression. Oldfield is a peaceful, pastoral village in the Pennyroyal Region of Kentucky, probably much the same to-day as it was fifty odd years ago. It did not have a large population; just a handful of people, who patronised one small "store," and who gathered together on Sunday at one meeting-house.

It was a pleasant, peaceful sight to see the people coming out of their green-bowered houses on that radiant May morning. The old locust trees were at the sweetest and whitest of their flowering; the light, fine foliage seemed to float on the south breeze; the long clusters of snowy flowers swung gently to and fro over the heads of the churchgoers, like silvered censers filling the air with richest incense. And there at the base of every fragile spray—emblem of life's mortality—lay the bed of next year's leaf, symbol of life's immortality. But the simple people, walking beneath, went on their way heeding only the beauty, and the sweetness, and the warmth of the sunshine. . . . From the opposite direction, also, the pious people of Oldfield were approaching the meeting-house, the men to enter one door and the women another. Even the children were strictly divided, the boys sitting with their fathers and the girls with their mothers. Once when a man, who was a stranger and unacquainted with Oldfield customs, wandered in and unknowingly took a seat on the women's side, a scandalised shock passed over the entire congregation. It was a serious matter, to be gravely discussed for many a day thereafter.

From the first chapter one breathes the

* Oldfield. By Nancy Huston Banks. New York: The Macmillan Company.

atmosphere of the place. The characters in the story, long since dead, soon become real to the reader.

The most lovable figure in *Oldfield* was Miss Judy Bramwell.

She was so very pretty, so small, so slight, so exquisite altogether. Old as she was, she had still the movements of a bird. Her sweet, old face was as fair as any girl's, and as ready with its delicate blushes. Her soft hair, white as falling snowflakes and as curly as a child's, was burnished by a silver gloss lovelier than the sheen of youth. And her beautiful eyes were still the blue of the flax flowers.

Miss Judy and her sister were maiden ladies, living alone in one of the "green-bowered" houses, where genteel poverty finally broke the fluttering heart of sweet little Miss Judy. Near them lived Sidney Wendell, the village news monger, and Doris, her daughter, the pride of Miss Judy's maternal spirit. Not far down the road were Tom Watson and his wife; the former a strange figure, indeed, and the latter divided between love for her husband and faith in her religion. There were also the Widow Gordon, who drove in a coach, and whose grandson, Lynn, fell desperately in love with Doris. The following description of Doris, as she took her first dancing lesson, is certainly charming:

And more serious than Monsieur Beauchamp was Doris herself, facing him from the opposite side of the passage; grave, indeed, as any wood nymph performing some sacred rite in a sylvan temple. When the young man saw her first she stood poised and fluttering, as a butterfly poises and flutters, uncertain whether to alight or to fly. The thin skirt of the book-muslin party-coat, delicately held out at the sides by the very tips of her fingers, and lightly caught by the soft wind, spread like the wings of a white bird. The slippers, heel-less, and yellow as buttercups, were thus brought bewitchingly into view—with the narrow ribbons daintily crossed over the instep and tied around the ankle—as they darted in and out beneath the fluttering skirt. Her golden hair, loosed by the dance and the breeze, fell around her shoulders in a radiant mantle, growing more beautiful with every airy movement. The exquisite curve of her cheek, nearly always colourless, now faintly reflected the rose-red of her perfect lips as the snow-drift reflects the glow of the sunset.

Her large, dark eyes were lost under her long lashes, and never wandered for an instant from the little Frenchman's guiding toes. . . . She followed their every motion as thistledown follows the wind: stepping delicately, advancing coquettishly, courtesying quaintly—as Miss Judy had taught her—and retiring, alluring, only to begin over and over again. It was all as artless, as graceful and as natural as the floating of the thistledown; and such a wonderful dance as never was seen on land or sea, unless, as the young man thought, with the sight going to his head like royal burgundy—the fairies might have danced something of the kind on Erin's enchanted moss within the moonlit ring.

But the story is not all romance and maidenly innocence. There is an undercurrent of tragedy and mystery surrounding the figures of Judge Stanley and the Spaniard Alvarado. The author touches upon Kentucky's attitude on the taking of human life, and the effect that its unwritten law had upon the Judge. To write a story of Southern life in the middle of the last century without drawing upon the Civil War for material, or upon dialect for local colour, is something of a feat. Mrs. Banks has done this and more. She has taken her readers away from everything that is sordid and unwholesome, and for awhile has bidden them enter a community of loving and lovable people. Figuratively speaking, the pages are fragrant with the odour of dried rose leaves. In writing her first novel, Mrs. Banks has borne in mind the words of Cyrano de Bergerac: "Never write a word that comes not from the heart."

Flora Mai Holly.

VII.

EMERSON HOUGH'S "THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE."*

The historical novel, with its promise of large rewards, has lured so many promising writers aside from their chosen path that one defection more or less has ceased to be a surprise. Mr. Hough's case, however, seems at first sight to be exceptionally flagrant. He had already identified himself with a group of young Western writers, a group

* The Mississippi Bubble. By Emerson Hough. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

broad enough to include men of such varied calibre as Frank Norris and Stewart White, and while lacking sufficiently definite aims and aspirations to be called a school, yet bound together by certain characteristic traits and methods. They all possess a certain breezy freedom of word and phrase, and a big, almost epic, fashion of treating the basic problems of life, very effective when not overdone. And in his *Girl of the Half-Way House* Mr. Hough was wise enough not to overdo it. His success, so far, has been distinctly in the realm of modern life—the rough, rugged life of the Western frontier—and when the announcement came that he had deserted his post to write a historical romance, a French tale of the period of the Regency, those who wished him well could scarcely be blamed for feeling that he was making a rather sad mistake.

For these reasons it is all the pleasanter to own that the mistake was all the other way. *The Mississippi Bubble* is not only its own justification, but distinctly an advance upon the author's previous work. Mr. Hough claims that instead of his writing the story it in a large measure wrote itself, so firm a hold had the character of the hero taken upon his imagination. In this respect he does not stand alone, for many another novelist, from Harrison Ainsworth to Archibald Clavering Gunter, has come under the spell of John Law, adventurer, gambler and financier, and wrought him into fiction according to their several talents. Take down the average cyclopædia and turn to the article on John Law, and you will find even in such a meagre, colourless skeleton of his life, as the typical cyclopædia article must be, material ready made for a romance. Mr. Hough has in all essentials followed history rather closely. He shows us John Law journeying to London, a stranger, penniless and on foot, begging a ride over the last few miles in a carriage occupied by two fair women. He shows us Law at the fashionable gambling rooms in London, provoking wondering comment by his daring returns, his marvellous luck, his fabulous winnings; he shows him again in counsel with the leading statesmen and financiers of the realm, dominating the meeting with the obvious simplicity and soundness of his advice, and successfully

steering the fortunes of the Bank of England, then in its infancy. And at the same time he shows him not only a bold player and shrewd economist, but an intrepid, tempestuous lover, breaking down all barriers of etiquette and rank and fortune, and wringing a confession of answering love from the fair owner of the coach which brought him to London.

History records the unfortunate duel which destroyed Law's prospects at the outset, his imprisonment in Newgate, his escape, and his reappearance many years later in France as the founder of the famous "System" and promoter of the "Mississippi Scheme," which, bursting, left a wreckage still unparalleled in the annals of finance. Mr. Hough's bold innovation consists in accounting for the intervening years by making Law, a fugitive from justice, bury himself in the unexplored wilds of America, joining a band of intrepid *voyageurs* and pushing on westward and southward to the unknown lands beyond the Mississippi. Here Law beholds the boundless expanse of rolling prairie, of a fertility never yet put to the test; he sees some acres of maize, thinly sown by Indian women, a plant never yet seen by European eyes; and his far-seeing mind of economist and financier grasps at a bound the limitless possibilities of wealth spreading out before him—a dream since realised, of the West converted into a vast granary, rolling its flood of golden grain across the Continent and across the ocean to bring renewed prosperity to Eastern nations. This is the dream which the John Law of Mr. Hough's imagination carries back with him to France; it is this on which he bases his "system," his Mississippi Company and all the rest of the financial schemes which ended so disastrously. According to the author's conception, Law was an economist far in advance of his time; his methods were sound and should have succeeded, had not the Regent, in defiance of his advice, flooded the market with worthless paper and precipitated a panic. The chapter in which Law, foreseeing the bankruptcy of France, firmly tells the Regent that he refuses to take a further part in the finances of the kingdom, is told with a dramatic power that deserves recognition, suggesting, as it does, something of that audacious disregard of the majesty

of sovereigns which was one of the most valuable stock-in-trades of Alexander Dumas, *père*.

The present review has intentionally dwelt upon one side of the story—that which concerns John Law, the reckless gambler, the bold financier, the soldier of fortune. Of the other side of the story, the love element, there is less to be said in praise. There were two women in the coach which bore John Law, ragged and penniless, to London town, and while he loved one only, not wisely but too well, both women fell in love with him. The one whom he scorns convinces him, during his imprisonment, of the falsity of the other, to whom he is betrothed, and plays her part so well that it is she, and not the other, whom he bears with him over seas to share his exile in the wilderness. In all frankness, it must be confessed that Mr. Hough's strength lies rather in his pictures of men, virile, dauntless men of action, than in his attempts to draw women—the dainty women of the days of the Regency. And it is questionable which is less convincing, the treachery of the woman whom John Law did not love and the success of her trick to win him, or the final chapter, in which the woman whom he did love through good and ill comes to him at last in his hour of sorest need. The public, of course, prefer a happy ending, and this Mr. Hough has conscientiously tried to give them. History, however, tells us a different story; that John Law, after the bursting of the "bubble," dragged out ten more lonely, unhappy years in Venice, where at last he died, haunted to the end by visionary, impossible schemes for regaining his prestige and assuring the prosperity of all Europe.

P. R. O'crast.

VIII.

HENRY HARLAND'S "THE LADY PARAMOUNT."*

Another novel of exceedingly airy, flimsy, though not ungraceful proportions, has been produced by the author of *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box*, a book which was much praised in nosegay terms, one remembers, by its admirers. From

* *The Lady Paramount*. By Henry Harland. London and New York: John Lane, The Bodley Head, 1902.

The Lady Paramount there emanates also something akin to the scent of flowers—not of very wild posies, to be sure, but of the sophisticated variety that are picked from a basket on Twenty-third Street or at the Royal Exchange. It is, indeed, a pretty tale, most tastefully and cleverly put together; the reader marvels at the facility, the invention, and, above all, the inextinguishable spirit of merriment that are employed in the intricate elaboration of the little bit of whimsicality which constitutes the plot. It is a fair remark that scarce any one else could have made as much of it. To add that the reader's wonderment is chiefly speculative, being rather an interest in the process than in the results achieved, and that, in common with the reviewer, a good many people will doubtless feel a desire to toss *The Lady Paramount* into a convenient waste-basket because it fails to amuse—to say this is unnecessary; for there are, doubtless, as many others to find it delightful in every line.

The notion of the book is certainly piquant. "The Duchess" might have handled it enticingly under the title of *A Beautiful Girl's Caprice*. Susanna, Countess of Sampaolo—

a little castaway island in the Adriatic . . . a little mountainous island, all fragrant of rosemary and basil, all grey with olive-trees,—all grey save where the grey is broken by the green of vineyards, or the white and green of villas with their gardens, or the white and red of villages, with their red roofs, and white walls and campanili,—all grey, and yet all blue and gold, between the blue sea and the blue sky, in the golden light,—the little, unknown, beautiful island of Sampaolo.

Susanna, the mistress of all, or most all of this marvel, a sumptuous Italian girl of twenty-two, who wears ropes of pearls, and delicate ball costumes from Paris, decides to journey to England in order to surprise with an offer of marriage her cousin, Anthony Craford, of Craford, a handsome young gentleman whom she has never seen. Craford is the rightful heir to the great estates of which the Countess holds adverse possession, but as he has not the ghost of a chance to regain his property and title, it is the lady's pleasure to thus gracefully right the wrong her ancestors committed. So

she goes to England disguised as a widow; in her own words, "a rich, charming, dashing, not too disconsolate widow," the Widow Torrebianca—after the island peak of that name.

Having hired Craford's house of him, she becomes a near and tantalising neighbour. There is nothing bold or unromantic about her methods. Quite the contrary. He does not know who she really is, and she meets him in "the hours immaculate," when

the flowers, beyond there in the sun, the droning of the bees, the liquid bird-notes, the perfumes in the still, soft air, all seemed to melt and become part of his thought of her, rendering it more poignant, more insidiously sweet,

and she does not tell him, but permits him first to succumb to the glances of orbs which are described as follows:

Her eyes were eyes you could imagine laughing at you, mocking you, teasing you, leading you on, putting you off, seeing through you, disdaining you; but constant in them was the miracle of womanhood; and you could imagine them softening adorably, filling with heavenly weakness, yielding in womanly surrender, trusting you, calling you, needing you.

The gentleman of Craford melts like wax.

He pressed her nose to his mouth, crushing it, breathing in its scent, trying to possess himself of the touch her mouth had left upon it.

The rest of the novel contains numerous sentimental, and, withal, sprightly scenes between the two, the disclosure to Craford of the fact that Madame Torrebianca is Countess of Sampaolo, with all that this implies, and the happy consummation of her plans, being withheld quite cleverly until the end.

Carl Hovey.

IX.

MR. MEAKIN'S "THE ASSASSINS."*

This is a story of the Crusades from the Saracen point of view, and, as the title indicates, with the sect of the Hashashin (eaters of hashish) and the "Old Man of

* The Assassins. By Nevill Myers Meakin. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

the Mountain" as its centre of interest. One may have an under-feeling that it is suggested work in several respects; that, but for *Richard Yea-and-Nay*, it might never have been written, and that the opening chapter—"The Assassins' Feast," is coloured closely after the somewhat similar feast in the corresponding chapter of *Salammbô*; still, this is, after all, only an impression, and the inside history of fiction makes it easily possible that Mr. Meakin never read Hewlett's and never heard of Flaubert's romance. Viewed generally, *The Assassins* is a pretty good story, and holds the romantic-loving reader very well. Naturally, its motives are superstition, battle, murder and sudden death, suitably stimulated and relieved by love. Saladin is introduced as one of the leading characters: a noble, beneficent and enlightened prince, who is followed with a devotion that borders upon worship. What little of Richard is seen, on the other hand, shows him a thoroughly disreputable barbarian, which is probably close enough to the fact. As for the Old Man of the Mountain and his subjects, we are inclined to believe the picture more accurate than Hewlett's, in whose book these appear as figures in a subsidiary and palpably imaginary episode. Altogether the possibilities of the story are great, for there is no setting in which so brilliant an atmosphere for mediæval romance of the stirring type can be conjured up. It is at this point that the book seems to fall short of our hopes. As a story of its kind it is, with one exception, which I shall note later, nearly all that can be desired, and this, no doubt, will be quite enough for the average reader. For one, however, who looks to find in historical romance something more than story—a certain verisimilitude of character and manners, and thought and speech, we fear there is much to seek. It is difficult to define what we call "local colour." In its highest form, it means truth (or seeming truth) in the picture of scene and men and deeds. Study and knowledge alone will not bring this; mere archaic phraseology will not bring it; in fact, stories in which conventionally archaic phraseology is deliberately ignored have sometimes voiced it best. On the other hand, a single jarring term or expression will often break

the charm, as might a word spoken in Fairyland. In the matter of ideal local colour, then, I think *The Assassins* must be described by that much-used and abused word "unconvincing;" while, as for jarring terms, they are certainly much too frequent. I know of no authority for paraphrasing "Sheikh-al-Ajebal" as "Grand Master;" "Sire," as addressed to Saladin, strikes me as unhappy; while an allusion to the crusading army as being composed "for the most part of volunteers" seems to quite ignore the fact that the *entire* army was pre-eminently one of volunteers and that no regular troops, in any modern sense of the term, then existed in Western or Central Europe. These and slips like them are, of course, trifles; but it is only by the strictest scrutiny into just such trifles, as well as into more momentous matters, that the best historical romance can be written.

Perhaps the most practical objection to the tale, though, is its ending. I hold that murder may be done in fiction as

in real life, and I maintain that an author has a right to kill only according to the dictates of literary art. To lead readers through four hundred pages of pure romance and to awake their interest in a hero and heroine only to have them "in at the death" needs a good deal of justification; and the slaughter of Hassan and Saida does not strike me as coming under the definition of justifiable homicide. An artistic reason for it seems to lie in a wish to emphasise the inexorable element of fate as decreed by The Lord of the Mountain, and, therefore, it is perhaps not murder; but Saladin escapes, Richard escapes, and altogether, I fear I must charge the author with literary manslaughter in some degree as the measure of the crime of his last page. That the book is interesting and not unsatisfactory despite these criticisms, speaks well for Mr. Meakin's ability to plot and narrate skilfully; in fact, unless he had succeeded in interesting us there would be no basis for a criminal charge. *Duffield Osborne.*



MOTHERHOOD

So still and wonder-rapt you lie, my sweet!
 From your pale forehead to your folded feet
 Seems such a little space, yet— Ah, mine own!—
 Between them all my world and heaven meet.

Elsa Barker.



April was a notable month at the Irving Place Theatre, for the plays presented and for the skill of three actors from Germany. Ferdinand Bonn appeared in a comedy of his own called *Kiwito*, which, in general idea, has a distant resemblance to Montesquieu's *Lettres Persanes*. A Japanese nobleman on a visit to Germany is amused by the contrast between the moral pretences and the actual motives of the Western nation. His comments are an accompaniment to scenes which satirise the Germans, at times lightly and at times severely, and his errors in the use of the language are often funny, and sometimes used by him for his own purpose, which is to bring about one marriage and prevent another. The plot is slight and conventional, although the play is fresh and lively, and, skilfully adapted, might be successful if played by an American actor like Mansfield, provided even he could look like a Japanese and act like one, as Herr Bonn, with his amazing versatility, does perfectly. Among the many failings which this play attributes to the Germans, the foremost are snobbery, avarice and pretence. The characters, people of the upper class, talk solemnly about morals, but act for selfish and even sordid ends. The worship of money and position is painted in extreme colours. A girl whom these people despise when they think she is poor they fawn upon when they imagine her to be rich. They talk about "the best families," and what is or is not done therein; they live pretentiously for the public and almost squalidly in private; and they are eager to have the heir apparent maintain an illicit connection with the girl who is expected to marry into their family. Their talk about "honour" vanishes before the name of a prince as readily as their ideas of a girl's refinement change when she has money. We are less snobbish, perhaps even less mercenary, than German society, but we have enough of

these qualities to give the comedy a basis. Some years ago an obscure literary man was being praised by a friend to a society woman. After he had drawn a long catalogue of virtues, the woman asked: "But is he a gentleman?" "Oh, I don't know as he is exactly what you would call a gentleman, but he is a very good fellow." A few years passed and he became very famous. By dramatic chance the same friend, forgetting the former conversation, was praising him to the same woman. She remembered, and for experiment asked again if he was a gentleman. "Oh, a perfect gentleman!" exclaimed the friend. Herr Bonn is evidently a cultivated man, and his satire has much more ease and assurance than what we are given in the few American plays which pretend to deal with social conditions. *The Climbers*, for instance, *The Way of the World*, or *Soldiers of Fortune*. Much of it, however, is so local that it can be understood only by keeping purely German customs in mind.

Bonn is faultless in such comedy as *Kiwito*, so far as execution is concerned, although he seems willing to run into farce when it is unnecessary. The *Kean* of the elder Dumas gave him a harder test. Charles Coghlan successfully palmed off on a careless press and public a translation of that play as an original drama of his own, calling it *The Royal Box*, and he acted the title part inadequately, relying on mere polish to take the place of the impulses of disorder and genius which Dumas drew. Bonn also showed the limits of his art in the trying rôle, although he acted much of it with skill and charm. It was in the most dramatic scenes that he fell short, in the intensity of love, in the agony of jealousy and in the uncontrolled outbreak on the stage at Drury Lane. He did show with delightful veracity the histrionic nature, of which the play is so full. The artistic nature is a favourite theme for

dramatists to-day. We have it treated in Sudermann's *Sodom's Ende*, where the artist's hunger for pleasure destroys all the soundest parts of human nature and leaves no basis for a decent social life. D'Annunzio has treated it twice recently, in a play and in a novel. Hauptmann's *Versunkene Glocke* and Ibsen's *When We Dead Awake* use it for poetry. The male actor has not been so much used as protagonist as the actress has, naturally enough, since the profession is one which emphasises the feminine nature and perverts or degrades the masculine. In *Kean*, however, the actor is a thoroughly sympathetic hero. The public probably does not grudge him his artistic freedom from the moral law, his heavy drinking, his caprices, his need of being in love with somebody always and having one face in the audience to which he can play as a lover, since in this comedy he is allowed to atone for his actor nature by a conventional marriage at the end, based on a sudden understanding of the superiority of true and lasting feeling to such currents as he has been accustomed to. Miss Annie Russell, addressing the students of Mr. Sargent's school at their graduation this season, said: "There is one real danger to character in our profession, which lies in our eagerness for emotional experiences which we imagine will help us in our portrayals. If we are not content to wait until they come into our lives, as they inevitably will, we risk falling into a habit of emotional exaggeration, affectation and insincerity." Her plea that for this "emotional intoxication" it would be well to substitute more interest in life and art was a wise one to make to actors, so many of whom acquire the habit of needing a love affair in each new cast and with each new season; but it is also true that for most actors, great and small, what Kean calls "artistic love," sympathetic, but often fleeting, is necessary; and in other details, apart from the end, the character is genuinely and brilliantly drawn, and is the most valuable part of the play, although there are a few excellent acting scenes. Bonn diminished the effect of the most dramatic episode by substituting Hamlet's soliloquy on suicide for the parting of Romeo and Juliet, but he acted and recited that soliloquy with admirable understanding and training, although with-

out any great volume of emotion or imagination.

If the atmosphere of the stage in *Kean* is true in general, a novel which has recently been published is poignantly true in particular. Whether Yvette Guilbert received any help in writing *La Vedette* is not known; but the material, the atmosphere, the ideas and much of the expression must be hers. On the subject of whether she wrote her novel or not, her own book might be quoted, as she amuses herself in it by describing the habit which stage people have of acquiring literary reputations through the pens of others. Her hero, a music-hall singer, almost believes, after it has been sufficiently advertised, that he is the author of his songs—words and music—and it is a rude shock to him when, after four years of glory, the author, a poor and dissipated poet of Montmartre, in a drunken confidence reveals the truth. Yvette sees with pitiless clearness the effect of stage life on the character without ceasing to love the stage and its persons. It is the music-hall world that she describes, but fundamentally it resembles the legitimate theatre, or any other life in which publicity far exceeds importance; as, for instance, the life of a woman conspicuous in frivolous fashionable society. It is not a book, by the way, for the innocent to read. It is only for the hardy, but it breathes, as few other books do breathe, the very air of the show world. From Yvette's songs one would think that her keen satirical intelligence played mostly about love, on the seamy side; but in this novel, love has only the importance which it has in life, and the story is of the struggle to succeed and of the conditions of success and of failure. "The Headliner" himself is a creation, simple, yet full of qualities, attractive and ridiculous, and the minor characters live poets, managers, or music-hall "artists." The longing of these "artists" for their *semblant de petite gloire* is made delightfully real in every chapter. What does anything matter, *pourvu qu'on chante*? "Try to make a woman who does badly on the stage understand that she might do better in trade, or in any other occupation. She will never believe you. It seems impossible to her to make linen garments or millinery, but very simple to enact the dandy on the stage." What

makes actors and the stage attractive, the frankness and simplicity with which human nature exhibits itself, without the ordinary constraints and veils—the spontaneity, the dreams of glory, the malice, the vanity, the love of pleasure, the pleasure of love—these things are in Yvette Guilbert's picture. There is none of the Shakespearean contempt, shown so often in the plays and so bitterly in the sonnets for the life of the men and women who make themselves "a motley to the view." She loves them while she laughs at them, "dispensing laughter and pleasure to a public which deems them happy and envies them." "Caper without cease, and caper again. . . . You are gaiety, which passes away." From garish paint to obligatory smile she understands, pities and enjoys, and she sympathises with the dissimulation, the concealment of suffering and failure. "It is, therefore, that we should esteem and love them, the brave mummerys, and not jeer at their native vanities, their puerile pride, in which they forge some compensations."

Something like this appeared in a comic paper the other day:

English nobleman: "Will you marry me?"

American girl: "You must have made a mistake, I am not an heiress."

Nobleman: "I knew that. I wish to marry you because I love you."

Girl: "But I am not an actress."

There is at least some truth in it, in the charm of the mimic world and its artists among the sex which fits it best. Yvette speaks of the hats of part of the audience as "costing more than the women who wear them," and she never fails to give full justice to the frivolous side of her people, on the stage or off; only she is likely to say of her heroine, as that artist's companion did: *Elle aime avec un tel bien à faire.*

All women are alike. All demand stimulation for their sense. That *pierreuse* has just been howling with pleasure under the blows and the gross words of her lover. These ladies of society also feel the need of a language brazen enough to stimulate them. It is the same thing, the same animal at work in them. Licentiousness takes them all in the same manner. *Leur besoin de s'encanailler est intense.*

In the end the book is dismal, sad, almost terrible.

The histrionic fate and character also enter into the motive of one of the dramas played by Sonnenthal, Wildbrandt's *Die Tochter des Herrn Fabricius*, in which one character is a singer who has deserted her husband and little daughter in order to follow her "art." When she grows older she feels more human needs, and seeks her daughter, who tells her to find companionship in art if she can. As a little girl, hungry, deserted, the daughter had sought the house of her rich mother. She found lights streaming from the windows, for the singer was giving an entertainment. "You were singing a song about mother's love," the daughter says, "and about a 'sweet child.' You certainly sang very beautifully and all applauded, but to me the music that I heard was terrible! So I took myself to another door and resolved rather to starve than to go to you, and to forget you forever, as you had forgotten me, and motherless to remain, even until death. Go, sing in theatres, and concerts about mother's love and the 'sweet child.' On that night I buried you."

Hedwig Lange acted the daughter at the Irving Place so beautifully, with such artistic skill and emotional sincerity, that her departure at the end of this season seems more of a loss than ever. Sonnenthal's part is the husband of the singer. He had given up reputation, his future, his family, out of love for her. In one night she became famous. People called her "the heavenly nightingale." Then she looked over him as over a man of wood, to dukes and princes. She drove him away, and he became a criminal. This convict, released after twenty years in prison, was acted by Sonnenthal with wonderful simplicity and vividness. The scene between him and Miss Lange when they learn that they are father and daughter was acted with a power in reserve and in expression seldom to be seen on our stage, and Sonnenthal's own greatest acting was in the court room scene at the end, while he believed he was going back for another term in prison, and when he found that instead he was to have liberty and his daughter's love.

King Lear naturally aroused the most curiosity among Americans of the plays in Sonnenthal's repertory. Since Booth

used to act it the tragedy has been banished from our stage. Germans could see it often; Americans and English never. We had to guess about it. We might imagine that the drama was so spiritual, so general in its significance, so purely imaginative, that it was unactable; that actual men and women and scenery would but parody the mental tempests of the mad king, the wildness and majesty of the scenes where human irony and woe cry out in harmony with the raging elements. We could imagine this, or the opposite of it, but there was no opportunity to find out for ourselves. Of the gloom which hangs so heavy over the play, we could not know whether it would be more or less oppressive on the boards for which Shakespeare wrote. There is a saying which is heard too often: "I don't care to see Shakespeare acted. I am too fond of the plays as I read them." The remark comes usually from persons whose reading of them is rare. Lamb was an exception. Many persons may like books who do not like the theatre, but most of those who care for the serious-acted drama must regret the infrequency with which the stage gives us our greatest dramatic poet.

There are pleasures of reading which do not belong to the stage.

So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and
laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them
too,
Who loses and who wins, who's in, who's out;
And take upon the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies.

Many of us, reading such a passage as that, after having almost forgotten it, would linger over it, re-read it, think of it for days. But the stage, not giving us all that reading does, gives many things which reading does not, and they are things for which Shakespeare's plays were written. To feel Shakespeare most we need the passion for the theatre added to the love of literature, for he is not all of himself without his theatrical greatness. Undoubtedly acting brings out less new strength and beauty from *Lear* than it does from *Hamlet* or *Othello*, and it is likely also to destroy more; but, nevertheless, it gives enough to add to a dis-

content with a stage which is divorced from dramatic literature.

One makes such statements with no arbitrary confidence, but *Lear* seems to me the greatest, as well as the most difficult acting part in Shakespeare, and consequently in the English drama. *Hamlet* and *Iago* can be played well with little more than intelligence added to histrionic ability. There is frequently a good *Othello*. *Lear* requires intelligence, like *Hamlet*; force, like *Othello*; and, far more than either, a sweeping imagination. Sonnenthal's *Lear* is beautiful. His sense of beauty is one of his finest attributes—the sense of beauty in its nobler forms. He takes his seat upon the throne in the opening scene, and the splendid, excitable, spoiled old man is a portrait by a master. He curses his daughter, and we do not forget the picture which the actor made in his impassioned, long, unbroken prayer. An embodiment of former imaginings was, for me at least, combined with new light when, after his madness, he appealed to Heaven to hear him. His sincere, direct communion with the powers, as if he was seeing them, addressing them from near by, with conviction and unconsciousness, was deeply and finely imagined. He was a noble sight, too, in his mere make-up,

As mad as the vexed sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,
With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flow-
ers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.

Everything that Sonnenthal did was right, elevated, beautiful. Where he did not fill out the part, great actor as he is, was in giving the elemental feeling, in making *Lear* seem more than a man, in lending him the impressiveness of an upheaval of nature. He was noble, majestic; not as tremendous as the character might be. The weak old man side was perfect. In the surprise when Cordelia for the first time gives to the flattered monarch a taste of honesty, in the growing feebleness of the mouth as the strings of reason snapped one by one, in the caressing delight in the new companion, Edgar, and the accustomed love of his fool, in a hundred other touches, in

everything except the volcanic, he was faultless, and what he lacked he did not seem to try for.

Bonn's fool was a thoroughly remarkable and memorable execution of a very attractive conception. His fool suffered, as he seems to most readers to suffer, tenderly, bitterly, unselfishly; but he did not attempt to cover his sincere meaning with his jests—in which Bonn stretched somewhat the evidence in the play on which he based his view; but the variety, intelligence and beauty of his interpretation made one of the finest Shakespearean performances seen in America in our day.

Helene Odilon added to the feast of the acting art crowded into a month at the German theatre by her facile and genial comedy in Fulda's original of the play which we have been seeing in English as *The Twin Sister*, in a translation of Bracco's *Infedele*, and in other parts from which an ocean voyage takes me unwillingly away. One for whom the stage, even at its American level, has a fascination, naturally enjoys beyond expression the higher class of plays acted by such visitors as Sonnenthal, Bonn and Odilon, and by members of a regular company so far above any of our own. If Hedwig Lange were an American she would be a "star" in about two minutes.

Performances in English have not competed seriously in interest with those in German. *The Importance of Being Earnest* proved to be amusing as acted, rather well on the whole, by the Empire Theatre Company. Although this "frivolous comedy for serious people," as the author called it, is as slight in plot and structure as an ordinary farce, the situations are handled with some of Oscar Wilde's theatrical skill, and the dialogue, in its kind, is well suited to the stage, the wit being successful when it is obvious

without ceasing to be so when it has some subtlety. Some of the changes made were ridiculous, caused partly by virtue and partly by conventional ideas of dramatic technique; but in the main the text was followed, and, what was still more surprising, a majority of the actors played as if they felt what artificial comedy needed. Mr. Richman was the only one who tried to rely on methods suited to ordinary extravagant farces, whereas usually when a play depending on smart and artificial wit is produced here, all the players proceed to kill the language by exaggerated activity. The cause of this improvement may only be surmised.

The balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet* played once at Wallack's served as an argument that Kyrle Bellew, who is well suited to cheap heroics like those in *A Gentleman of France*, is an evil sight when he struts and stamps and poses in a part like Romeo, in which his reading of the lines suggested that he saw them not at all as words with actual meanings, but as dead sounds to be used in any way that suited the way he wished to sound his voice at the moment. Of Eleanor Robson I should like to speak as enthusiastically as so brief a test would make safe. Her Juliet was young, gentle, natural; but above all it was poetical. The imagery in the lines was delivered as genuine feeling, and yet at the same time the pictures were kept, and the mood of the girl changed many times, quietly and sweetly, but clearly, in the few moments of acting. Miss Robson's work is so solid, so dramatic, so intelligent, that it would be pleasant to see her, young as she is, try the whole part, a tremendous task, but one to which—to hazard a surmise from a slight indication—she might prove more adequate than any actress who has played it here in many years.

Norman Hapgood.



FUEL OF FIRE*

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

CHAPTER VI.

RUFUS WEBB.

O Lord, I knew Thou were austere;
And so my heart was filled with fear,
And dared not count Thy creatures dear
In awe of Thy great name:
And if my terror of Thy rod
Has left my heart a lifeless clod,
Untouched by love for man or God,
Dread Lord, am I to blame?

"I have no patience with Alicia Baxendale," said Mrs. Fairfax to her daughter that same afternoon.

"Why not, mother?"

"She talks so much nonsense."

"She does; but if it is any pleasure to her, I don't see why she shouldn't. She has precious little pleasure in her life, poor thing!"

"Not at all. She has a good son, and that is pleasure enough for any woman," argued Mrs. Fairfax, who had never quite forgiven Faith for having been born a girl instead of a boy: a youthful error which it is difficult to rectify in after life.

"But, mother, think of coming to live in that little farm-house after being mistress of Baxendale Hall and then of Drawbridge Castle!"

"Humph! That was a come-down, I admit."

"And she really bears it beautifully. It is always horrid to be poor; and most especially for a woman brought up as Lady Alicia was."

"Well, it is a great deal her own fault that she and Laurence are so poor now. If she had been less extravagant when she was first married, poor Alwyn would not have lived beyond his income as he did."

"Still, it wasn't altogether her own fault that she was extravagant. Remember the way in which she was brought up."

"Really, Faith, the way you have of always sticking up for the absent is most aggravating! I believe if any one said that the devil himself was not altogether a nice character, you'd find some excuse for him in the way he was brought up."

Faith smiled her sweet smile: "But as a matter of fact he was brought up among the angels; so I'm afraid I couldn't find much excuse for him on that score."

"Well, then, you'd say he had been too well brought up, which comes to the same thing

nowadays. By the way, what are you going to do this afternoon?"

"I'm going to see Mr. Webb and to take him some flowers."

"You are a wonderful woman, Faith; you are always doing something for somebody else's happiness. I wonder if you ever think of your own, my child."

"It doesn't do much good thinking of one's own," replied Faith rather wistfully. She did not consider it necessary to add that hers was bound up in Laurence Baxendale; and that the truth was slowly dawning upon her that his, in turn, was bound up in Nancy Burton.

There is a good deal of "setting to corners" in this world.

"You would have made an ideal clergyman's wife," continued her mother reflectively; "you are energetic and capable and amiable and unselfish, and you have not the ghost of an idea how to dress yourself or to do your hair."

Faith only laughed.

"Unmarried women with energy," Mrs. Fairfax went on, "remind me of those horrid motor-cars, which, when some unforeseen obstacle stops their career, have no power of standing still, but plough up the earth all around them and dig their own graves. There are scores of single women in England digging their own graves with wasted and unappropriated energy."

"I am afraid there are, mother; but it isn't altogether their own fault, poor things!" And Faith left the room with a sigh.

Rufus Webb, for whom Faith had designed her flowers, lived alone in a little, white, gabled house in the lanes leading from The Ways to fairyland; but the gates of this latter were forever closed to him. Those who have once heard these gates shut-to behind them can never enter that magic territory again; but for them—as for all of us—there is still prepared some better country, which shall forever cast fairyland into the shade: a country of green pastures and living waters and cities whose foundations are of jasper and gold: in short, a country whereof fairyland at its best is but a type and an image, where we shall find as abiding realities the things of which in fairyland we only dreamed.

Rufus was a big, red-haired and red-bearded man of about fifty. Originally he had been a

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missionary, but the great tragedy which spoiled his life had likewise cut short his career; and now he lived in the cottage at The Ways as a guide, philosopher and friend to all the poor people for miles round. He had a certain knowledge of medicine, which he had studied in his missionary days, and which he had practised successfully among his Chinese converts: and this knowledge he exercised for the benefit of all the cottagers in the neighbourhood, who were too poor to employ a doctor on their own account and too proud to do so at the expense of the parish. But he never preached now, nor had he done so since he left China, twenty years ago. He had passed condemnation upon himself as unfit for God's ministry, and no arguments could induce him to take up his sacred office again.

He was a man subject to terrible fits of religious depression and spiritual anguish when he believed that the heavens were closed against him and the face of God was turned away from him; but through it all he was faithful to the God whom he maligned. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," was his cry; and he believed that God would indeed slay him were it desirable, and would have no pity. "I am willing to be eternally damned should my damnation redound to the glory of God," was his heartfelt confession; and he knew not as yet that such servile submission to Divine Power was an injustice toward Divine Love.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Webb: I have brought you some flowers," said Faith, as Rufus opened the door to her and showed her into his bare little sitting-room. "I know you are fond of them."

"Thank you, Miss Fairfax, I am," replied he, taking from her the bouquet which she had prepared for him, and sniffing its scent with the epicurean delight of the born flower-lover. For a moment his stern face softened as he gazed into the hearts of the roses; then suddenly it hardened again, as he threw the posy upon the floor and trampled its soft petals beneath his feet. "And because I am fond of them I destroy them," he cried, his voice metallic with suppressed suffering. "Is this a time to be gathering flowers, and going down into the garden of spices to see whether the pomegranates have budded? Nay, it is rather a time to be girding oneself with sackcloth and covering one's head with ashes: for the day of the Lord is at hand; and who shall abide the day of His coming?"

Faith looked pitifully at the bruised roses, and at the man who was yet more cruelly

bruised. "And even if His day is at hand, is that any reason why we should despise His gifts?" she asked gently.

"He brings no wreath of flowers but rather a crown of thorns; and in His hands is a sword which shall pierce us to the quick. Child, be not deceived: it is only by self-repression and self-renunciation that men can attain unto salvation, and not all of them even then."

"Yes, Mr. Webb; self-repression and self-renunciation for another's sake, by all means; but not merely for the pain's sake. I can see that God would be pleased with you, who loved flowers so much, if you gave them up to some one whom you thought needed them more; but I cannot see that you will please Him by trampling them under your feet, and so spoiling them for yourself and everybody else."

"Child, blind not yourself by vain words: the God whom you serve is a jealous God, and He will brook no rival in the hearts of sinful men. Remember that those who love houses or lands, gardens or flowers more than Him are not worthy of Him; and from such He shall hide His face in anger."

Faith looked up with sweet severity: "No one would be so foolish as to love the gift more than the Giver; but it is for the sake of the Giver that one loves the gift—and the more so the more one loves Him."

"Do not tempt me," Rufus cried, walking up and down the small room, as was his custom when at all moved; "for His sake I have put away from me all pleasant things and have abjured the world with its many delights; in the hope that when He sees my anguish and humiliation He may turn again to me and forgive me my sin."

"You do Him an injustice, believe me. He did not make the world so beautiful only in order to torture us with unsatisfied longings: He gives us every good gift in order that we, in our gratitude, may love Him all the more. And it is because we love Him that we find His gifts so fair. I do not think that we ever properly enjoy a fair landscape or a beautiful sunset until we realise that He is in it all, and through it all, and beyond it all: just as we never enjoy any other books or pictures as much as we enjoy those that are written and painted by the hands we love."

Rufus was silent, so Faith—being a wise woman—changed the subject.

"I wish you would let me lend you some books, Mr. Webb. They would divert your mind and rest you altogether."

"I read no books but my Bible; that is

enough for me, and it ought to be enough for all."

"We ought not to read other books instead of our Bibles," persisted Faith with sweet placidity; "but I don't see why we shouldn't read them as well."

"What sort of books would you wish me to read?" asked Rufus, and his voice was very stern.

But it took more than sternness to frighten Faith. "I would advise you to read novels," she calmly replied. "I think there are few things which rest one's mind and divert one's thoughts as much as reading good novels; and I am sure that just now you are sorely in need of such rest and diversion."

Again Rufus began to stride up and down the small room, like some caged wild animal. "Read novels, do you say? Why, I would rather pluck out my right eye than that it should offend by reading such trash as novels."

"But I would advise you to read such novels as are not trash," persisted Faith.

"All novels are trash—and, what is worse, they are vanity and lies. Child, do you not know that whosoever loveth and maketh a lie shall have part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone? Those who write novels make and love a lie; and those who read what they have written are like unto them."

"Then would you call all forms of art vanity and lies too—pictures and statues and poems, for instance?"

"I would; and if I had my way I would burn them all, so that they should not lure the souls of men to destruction."

"Burn books and pictures?" gasped Faith.

"Yea, every one of them on which I could lay my hand: for they are indeed the false gods and graven images which we are forbidden to worship. And is it not better that they should be destroyed by earthly fire than that men's souls should be destroyed by the fire which is never quenched?"

"But art would never destroy men's souls: it is a revelation, or rather, an interpretation, of truth; and so is meant to bring men nearer to God instead of driving them away from Him."

"Child, child, do not prophesy vain things. All false gods shall be destroyed, and likewise those who have set them up and worshipped them," persisted Rufus, growing more and more excited. "Look at that fine house yonder," he continued, pointing to the top of the hill where Baxendale Hall gleamed red among the trees; "is it not written that it shall once more be made fuel of fire? And blessed shall

be the day that sees it reduced to ashes, and blessed shall be the hand that sets it alight! Rase it, rase it, rase it even to the ground, until not one stone shall be left upon another!"

"Mr. Webb, you don't mean what you say. Think of the trouble it would be to Mr. Baxendale if the home of his fathers, which is so dear to him, were to be burned to the ground; and surely he has had trouble and disappointment enough in his life already without your wishing this final blow to fall on him."

"I do wish it. My soul yearns over the soul of Laurence Baxendale, and I pray that whatever comes between his soul and God may perish forever? Have you forgotten that other young man who went away sorrowful because he had great possessions? And shall I sit still and see this young man also condemn himself to the outer darkness because he loves houses and lands better than the God who made him? No; Baxendale has once more to be made fuel of fire by something which is greater and stronger and higher than king or state, and that I hold to be the fear of God."

"I think there is no need for Baxendale Hall to be burned in order to teach Laurence to fear God and to keep His commandments; he has learnt that lesson already from God himself and his dead father."

"Maybe; but science, falsely so called, and pleasant pictures, and the sorcerer's spells which men call novels, are fast blinding his eyes to the hidden things of God's law, and are making him of the earth earthy; nevertheless, the Lord shall destroy them in His displeasure, and the fire shall consume them."

"You have no right to say such things of Mr. Baxendale," replied Faith, for the first time showing signs of a weak spot in her almost perfect temper; "he is the best and noblest and most unselfish man I ever met."

"The young man in the Gospels had kept every commandment from his youth up, yet his great possessions were the undoing of him. Child, listen to me: I love Laurence Baxendale, though I had sworn never to love mortal man or woman again. To my everlasting shame, I love him—I, who had abjured human love as a snare of the Evil One; and I pray that his house and his books and his pictures may be destroyed by fire before he has offended past forgiveness that God who hath said, 'Ye shall have none other gods but Me!'"

"There is no possibility of offending that God past forgiveness," said Faith softly.

"So I thought when I was your age," groaned the fanatic, sinking exhausted into a

chair and burying his face in his hands; "but I fell away from my high calling—I loved the creature rather than the Creator—and now outer darkness is reserved for me for ever. And because I love Laurence Baxendale—love him against my will and against my vows and against my conscience—I would destroy my soul again, were it possible, to save him from the pit wherein I have fallen myself."

"You are unjust to Laurence, but you are still more unjust to God."

"Child, you know not what you say; did you ever hear my story?" asked Rufus, looking up; and Faith's anger against him died down before the abject misery of his face.

"No; please tell it to me," she said gently, seeing that silence and loneliness had well-nigh thrown Webb's brain off the balance, and believing that confession—even to her—would be good for his soul.

"I was the child of stern and godly parents, and was brought up by them in the fear of God, and in the knowledge that His all-seeing eye was ever upon me to mark iniquity should I do amiss. With all my heart I strove to obey His word and to fulfil His precepts and to keep His laws. Like the infant Samuel, I had been dedicated to His service from my birth; and when I was old enough I took holy orders, and offered myself as a missionary, so that I might go forth and make known His word among the heathen and among the kingdoms that had not called upon His name."

"Yes; I understand," said Faith; and, encouraged by her evident sympathy, Rufus proceeded:

"But a few months before I started for China—the spot to which the Church had seen fit to appoint me—I met a woman—a young and beautiful woman; and I—the man set apart by God to bear upon the mountains His tidings of peace—turned away from my high calling, and loved this one woman with all my heart and with all my strength and with all my soul and with all my mind: loved her as I ought to have loved my God."

"And as you would have loved Him if men had not lied to you about Him," added Faith softly—so softly that Rufus did not hear her, but went on:

"So I married her, and took her out with me to China. And I loved her—my God! how I loved her, my little Lettice; I, who had given up all human love for the sake of the Cross, having put my hand to the plough, turned back because of the beauty of a woman. Yes, I loved the curls at the back of her neck, and the

dimple on one side of her mouth, and the way her eyelashes turned backward, making stars of her pretty eyes. And, to my shame, I remember all these things, and love them still; for the which God will bring me to judgment."

"Again I say you are doing God an injustice. Your love for her ought to have taught you something of His love for you; instead of which you turn His good gift into one of the nails whereby you have crucified Him afresh—for surely Annas and Caiaphas did not misjudge Him more terribly than you have done."

"But he punished me," Rufus went on, heedless of the interruption; "our God is indeed a jealous God; the idols which we worship instead of Him shall be cut down and cast into the fire; and wherewithal a man sinneth, by the same also shall he be punished. I let her deck herself with fine garments, though I ought to have known that a meek and quiet spirit is the only adornment which becomes a woman; I let her read novels, though I ought to have known that she who loveth a lie is no whit better than he who maketh a lie; and I let her laugh and sing all over my house, though I ought to have said of laughter: 'It is mad: and of mirth, What doeth it?' And for this also will God bring me to judgment."

"Then what became of this beautiful woman whom you loved and married?"

"Listen, and I will tell you; and then you will see what a terrible thing it is to fight against the living God."

"But you are fighting against Him still," argued Faith; "every good gift and every perfect gift comes from Him—be it the beauty of art, the glory of nature, or the joy of human love—and we are fighting against Him when we refuse to accept humbly His gifts, and to let them draw us nearer to Him."

Rufus did not seem to hear what Faith was saying. The memory of the past was so strong upon him that for the time being it effaced the present.

"I took Lettice out with me to China, and for a year we were ideally happy together—so happy that God was wroth with us for letting mere human bliss fill the place in our hearts which ought to have been filled by Him. Then there was a rising out there against the missionaries, and the mission house was besieged. I and my brethren held out for as long as we could; but our adversaries were too many and too strong for us, and at last we were overpowered and taken prisoners."

"And your wife? What became of her? Was she taken prisoner too?"

"Do you think I was going to let her fall into the hands of those yellow devils? Not I. When I heard the walls crash in, and knew that our enemies were upon us, I shot her dead with my own hand; shot the tender heart which had lain upon my own, and dabbled the pretty hair in blood. For love of her, and to save her from a fate which I could not bear to contemplate, I broke God's commandment which saith, 'Thou shalt not kill;' and so lost my own soul in order to save her body from torture. And for love of her I would do the same again—yea, even were my punishment ten times greater than it is."

Faith was almost breathless with interest: "And you did not try to kill yourself as well?"

"No; I should have held it a cowardly act to save myself from the consequences of my disobedience to God's word. The Chinese made me and my comrades prisoners, intending to torture us to death; and I welcomed their tortures as some meet punishment for the sin I had committed. But God, in His justice, saw fit to make my punishment even greater than a lingering death at the hands of the Chinese: when two of us were dead and two dying—we were four in all—relief came, and we two survivors were rescued. And since then my soul has suffered agonies compared with which my bodily sufferings in that Chinese prison were as nothing."

Faith's grey eyes were full of tears. "Poor Mr. Webb, I am so sorry for you. I don't wonder, after all you have suffered, that you have formed false ideas of God; and I am sure that He doesn't wonder either."

But Rufus did not hear her; his eyes had grown dreamy and his thoughts were far away. "She had such pretty eyes," he murmured, half to himself; "and when she smiled she nearly shut them, which gave her a dreamy look, as if she were smiling at something which other people could not see. And she never could keep her hair neat, though she used to laugh and say that a clergyman's wife ought at any rate to be tidy; but how could I blame her when it went into such dear little curls at the back of her neck, as soft as silk and as yellow as gold? And as for the dimple in her cheek——"

But Faith did not stay to hear more; she felt that she was treading on holy ground, not intended for any feet save those of the woman who was dead. So she slipped out of the room and out of the house; and Rufus Webb never heard her go, being lost for the time in the memory of a dimple which had been dust for twenty years.

CHAPTER VII.

A WOMAN TEMPTS.

You took my life and filled it all;
Then turned its sweetness into gall,
And doomed me to despair, dear,
The life you spoiled is nearly done;
And if there be another one
In some strange land beyond the sun,
I hope you won't be there, dear.

That summer was a wonderful time for Laurence and Nancy—so wonderful that it would always stand out in their minds' eyes as long as they both should live in a sort of *bas-relief* against the ordinary winters and summers and seed-times and harvests of everyday existence.

For a while Laurence forgot his anxieties and poverty and the many trials which beset him, and gave himself up to the enjoyment of those repeated coincidences which so often brought himself and Nancy together: he deliberately shut his eyes, for the time being, to the lions in his way—of which there were in truth a veritable *menagerie*—and made the most of the beauty of Nancy's eyes and the music of her laughter. And it is but fair to Nancy to add that she in no way stinted his opportunities of enjoying these simple pleasures, but promoted the frequent recurrence of them by every means in her power.

As for her, she was radiantly happy: happier than she had ever been in her life before; and happier than she would ever be again, in the same irresponsible, light-hearted way. Locked up in a remote cupboard at the very back of her mind was the certainty that Laurence loved her, although he had not told her so; and she was never weary of weaving, for her own discomfiture, doubts of him and of his honourable intentions, which she enjoyed to the full, supported as they were by that locked-up cupboard in the background.

She and Laurence talked a great deal about their friendship, and pretended—both to each other and to themselves—that this was the correct name for the thing. But they would have been terribly disappointed in their own cases, and extremely disgusted in each other's, if the pseudonym had finally proved itself to be anything but the flimsiest *nom de plume*.

Laurence found it so easy to talk to Nancy. He had not found it easy to talk to any one since his father died; and there is a luxury in the rare unreserve of reserved natures which the habitually outspoken find it impossible to appreciate. Nancy, on the contrary, felt more shy with Laurence than she had ever felt with any one; in fact, he was the only

person she had ever met who could give her an inkling of what the sensation called shyness really is: and the naturally shy person has no idea how exquisite is a faint *souppçon* of that (to him) most uncomfortable sensation, to the person who has hitherto but known it as a name.

"Isn't it funny," Nancy remarked confidentially to Laurence one day when he and she were walking in the lanes, "that it is so easy to say you are glad to see people unless you really are glad to see them; and that then it is impossible?"

"Is it?" replied Baxendale with a smile. "Then I am to conclude that you are always glad to see me save when you happen to mention the fact, and that then you are distinctly annoyed."

"I never do say I am glad to see you," said Nancy innocently; and then became rather pink when she had realised the inference which might naturally be drawn from her statement.

Laurence pretended not to notice the inference; though in going over the conversation afterward in his own mind (as he had a knack of going over all conversations wherein Nancy had taken a part) he treated that particular remark as if it had been the utterance of an inspired Sibyl. But at the time he merely said: "I thought, however, that you prided yourself on never making inane and conventional speeches, Miss Burton: although of course I am aware," he added, "that to pride oneself on not doing a thing is by no means the same as leaving it undone."

"That's true," agreed Nancy with a laugh: "do you know I pride myself upon being a good listener?"

"Ah!"

"And upon never saying indiscreet things?"

"So I should have supposed."

"And upon thinking too poorly of my own charms and excellencies."

"I can quite believe it."

"You are very rude, Mr. Baxendale."

"Far from it. I am merely avoiding the rudeness of contradicting a lady."

And then they both laughed, with the careless and delightful laughter of the young and foolish.

"But you are right in thinking that I can't stand the civil and obvious in the way of conversation," Nancy said: "there is a class of people who always make certain stereotyped remarks which almost drive me mad."

"As for instance?"

"Well, when you have been away from home for a week or two they invariably call you 'a

bird of passage.' It is a most horrid expression, I think; but that type of conversationalist revels in it. And then they say, 'How the days are closing in;' and 'Christmas will soon be upon us;' as if Christmas were a movable feast, and as if the days hadn't closed in and lengthened out at the same rate since the time of Adam."

"And even before then, if science is to be believed."

"Exactly. Do you know it is such a comfort to talk to you, Mr. Baxendale, because you have what the Psalmist calls an understanding heart."

"You mean that I understand you pretty well? Perhaps I do. But I don't know that that presupposes any unusual perspicuity on my part."

"Because I am so prone to say what I think," suggested Nancy.

"Not altogether. As a matter of fact it is when you don't say what you think—when you go out of your way to say the exact opposite—that you are most enlightening and instructive."

"Then why doesn't the understanding of me prove your abnormal cleverness," Nancy persisted.

"Because even a fool can generally master one subject, when that subject occupies the whole of his thoughts and attention to the exclusion of everything else," was Laurence's reply.

Whereupon Nancy was seized with one of her delightful and inexplicable attacks of shyness; and consequently confined the conversation to most uneventful and ordinary grooves until she and Mr. Baxendale had parted at the iron gate which guarded the back entrance to Wayside.

When Laurence reached home that afternoon he found his mother as usual in a chatty mood. She was sitting in the little drawing-room, watching the haymakers at work in the meadow below the garden; and as the sweet scents and the sweeter sounds of summer filled the air, which was as yet vibrating with Nancy's laughter, Laurence felt that the world was indeed very good, and that life was abundantly worth the trouble of living. But Lady Alicia soon dispelled the golden glamour: she had a knack of spoiling the sweetest illusions and the most exalted moments with a rapidity and completeness which fell little short of genius.

"Isn't it a lovely afternoon, dear Laurence?" she began, as her son sat down on a chair beside her. "I think there is nothing that

gives one such beautiful thoughts as the smell of new-mown hay—except perhaps the sound of a band in the distance. A few days ago there was a Flower Show at Tettleigh Wood, and as the wind was in that direction I could hear the band as I sat in the garden.”

“I shouldn’t have imagined that the band at a Flower Show was in itself a liberal education,” said Laurence, in a voice out of which all the boyish ring had been suddenly eliminated.

“Ah! that is because you’re so prosaic and commonplace that you never hear or see all the sweet and romantic things round you; but I cannot blame you for this, as you inherit it from your poor dear father—the most unpoetical and unromantic creature that ever lived.”

“What sort of beautiful visions did this particular band call up before your mind’s eye, my dear mother?” asked Laurence, wincing—as he always did—at his mother’s way of speaking of the father whom he had adored.

“Oh! it made me feel so tender and softened and chastened (it was playing *Two Lovely Black Eyes*, if I remember rightly; or else *The Girl I Left Behind Me*; I’m not sure now which) that I felt I quite forgave your poor dear father for all the trouble and poverty and economy that he had entailed on me by his most unjustifiable marriage with a young girl brought up in luxury as I had been—too young, alas! to know her own mind.”

Laurence did not speak. However trying Lady Alicia might be he never forgot that she was his mother; and this remembrance often obliged him to take refuge in silence, so that he might not offend with his tongue against that commandment which makes no exceptions in favour of those who have no sympathy with the idiosyncrasies of the father and mother whom they are bidden to honour.

Lady Alicia placidly continued: “The power of association is very strong in poetical natures such as mine, and that is why sounds and scents affect me so much. I remember dear Wordsworth said something very sweet about something—I forget what it was, but I fancy it was a pet lamb or a daisy—which made you think of things ‘too deep for tears.’ I so often feel like that.”

“Indeed?” Laurence knew he was ungracious, but for the life of him he could not help it when his mother talked in this way.

“For instance,” she went on, “I never smell mint-sauce without thinking of the day when dear Lord Watercress proposed to me. We

were at a dinner-party at the time, and the lamb was just being handed round: and even yet, after all these years, the smell of mint-sauce always recalls poor dear Watercress—how beautifully he spoke, and how heart-broken he was when I refused him. Ah! I had such good offers when I was young; and it was the knowledge of how much better I might have done that made it so hard for me to forgive your poor father when I discovered that he was not so well off as I had been led to expect.”

Then Laurence felt constrained to expostulate: “I am sure my father never deceived you as to his income. He was the most single-minded and upright and honourable man I ever came across. He was incapable of deceiving anybody—least of all the woman he loved.”

“Well, he didn’t exactly deceive me in so many words: and even if he had, my dear father would have ferreted out the truth about his prospects.”

“Then what do you mean by saying that father was not as well off as you had been led to expect?”

“I was such an unsophisticated, romantic young creature—full of love and fire and poetry and things of that kind, don’t you know?—that, when he told me he was poor, I imagined I loved him all the more for it. Even now, and although I am speaking of myself, I cannot help feeling that there was something very beautiful and touching in a young girl who had been brought up as I had been being ready to sacrifice the world for love. It is the sort of thing that one would read about in a novel, and think so very, very sweet.”

“But, like the celebrated sacrifice to Baal on Mount Carmel, the fire from heaven was apparently wanting in your case,” remarked Laurence somewhat bitterly.

Bitterness, like humour, was however lost on Lady Alicia. “Yes,” she went on, in her well-bred, expressionless voice, “I can see how unspoilt and unsophisticated my nature was: and such simplicity was indeed beautiful in a girl who had never done her hair herself, or put on a dress worth less than twenty guineas since she was born. I can remember now how beautifully I spoke to Alwyn about caring more for him than for wealth or rank or any of the other necessities of life; and how the tears came into his eyes when he kissed me, and said he hoped to God that he should prove himself in some measure worthy of such love. Oh! it was all so very, very touching and pathetic.”

"But if you said all that to him, how can you blame him for believing you?"

Lady Alicia sighed plaintively: "Ah! he was older than I was, and knew more of the world and of how very unpleasant it is to be poor; and he ought not to have taken advantage of my nobility and generosity. I blame him for taking me at my word; and I shall always consider it showed a sad selfishness on his part."

"Did you ever tell him that you blamed him?" asked Laurence quietly.

"Of course I did—over and over again. I think it is such false kindness to keep from people the consequences of their own folly and selfishness. We are put into this world to help other people; and how can we do this better than by pointing out to them their faults and their mistakes, and so helping them to correct them?"

"Ah!" murmured Laurence. His mother's garrulousness threw most instructive lights upon his father's character.

"But I grieve to say that your poor father never took his chastenings in the right spirit. When I used to tell him what a bitter disappointment my marriage had been to me, and how I regretted the too great sacrifice which he had demanded at my hands, instead of apologising, as he ought to have done for having exposed a woman of my rank to such inconvenience, he used to become quite sarcastic and say things which he apparently intended to be funny, though I never could see the point of them."

"I wonder if all women end by hating their husbands, unless those husbands happen to be rich," said Laurence, meditating as to whether—should he succeed in attaining his heart's desire and winning Nancy's love—she would finally break that heart as his mother had broken his father's.

"Of course they do—all nice-minded women, that is to say, who are too delicate and sensitive to put up with a hugger-mugger home and to do without the refinements of life. It is very beautiful to believe that love is everything when one is quite young—very, very beautiful—and it would pain me inexpressively to think that I had not believed it in my innocent girlish days: but as one grows older—and one does not mind growing older when one thinks of how beautiful the autumn tints and flowers are, and how attractive it is to grow old gracefully—one cannot but realise that a thoroughly capable butler makes a house more comfortable than the most devoted of husbands; and that one cannot really get

enough to eat unless one has a cook who can make good *entrées* and savouries: the young may digest plain joints, but not the middle-aged."

A flood of pity for his poor silly mother rushed into Laurence's heart. He had not understood before how much she minded being poor. Like his father, Laurence would have believed that a man could make a woman happy quite apart from the question of money, if only they loved each other enough. And so he could, were the said woman's heart of the best quality. But many women have hearts not of the best quality; and these also have to be reckoned with. If a man build his house upon the sand, the plea that he mistook that sand for rock will in no wise avail him when the rains descend, and the floods come, and the wind blows, and the house falls; and great is the fall of it.

"I'm afraid our present circumstances are a bit rough on you, mother," Laurence said very gently; "I wonder if there is anything that I could do which would make things easier for you."

"Dear Laurence, what a dutiful son you are! You are more unselfish than your poor father, after all. I suppose it is the Portcullis strain in your blood which makes you superior to him and more like me and my people. The Moates are all peculiarly sensitive; and this poor Alwyn never could understand."

"Still, my father's family is a considerably older one than yours, if you come to that." Laurence had made up his mind to keep his temper, whatever his mother might say; but it was no easy matter.

"Yes; there is no doubt of that. Your ancestors were owners of Baxendale while mine, poor dears! were selling wool or leather or something equally unpleasant. Nevertheless, there is a refinement and delicacy of perception among the Moates which is sadly lacking in the Baxendales."

"Then, my dear mother, considering that—according to your own showing—my density is rather my misfortune than my fault; won't you take the trouble to point out to me, more clearly than would be necessary were I a Moate, how I can make life easier for you?"

"Ah! now you are reasonable, and remind me of my dear father, who was ever the most sensible and trustworthy of men. Well, you see—poor as we are, to begin with—this horrid fire insurance makes us still poorer. A hundred and fifty pounds a year is a large sum to pay out of an income of barely five hundred."

"It is, mother; confoundedly large! No one knows that better than I do."

"Then, dear Laurence, couldn't you leave off paying it? We should be so much better off if you did."

"I know we should; and to tell you the truth—were I free to follow my own judgment—I should leave off paying it, and should take the risk of Baxendale being burned down for the third time. More than a quarter of one's entire income is a good deal to pay to insure oneself against an off-chance; for it is only an off-chance that the Hall should be burned down again, at any rate, in our time."

"Dear Laurence, you are a Moate at heart, though outwardly you resemble poor dear Alwyn. Then why not leave off paying that tiresome insurance money?"

"Because, unfortunately, I can't. It was stated in my grandfather's will that my father and his son only inherited the property on condition that we insured the house and the books and the pictures for a hundred thousand pounds. And if I fail to fulfil this condition I forfeit my claim on the estate, which then goes to the Hampshire Baxendales."

"You are sure of this, dear Laurence?"

"Perfectly sure. You don't suppose I should pay all that money without assuring myself that I was bound to pay it, do you? But I grant you it is a confounded nuisance."

"Then why not sell some of the books? There are lots of clever, interesting people who would only be too glad to buy some of the dear, dirty, old things."

"Because that tiresome old grandfather of mine only left his library to my father and his heirs in trust: we have no right to part with a single volume."

Lady Alicia was silent for a moment. So was Laurence, while his thoughts ran riot on what he would say to Nancy if only he were not so horribly poor. He did not believe that his mother was right, and that Nancy's love would be measured according to his riches; nevertheless, Lady Alicia's remark had conjured up an uncomfortable doubt in his mind as to how far Nancy was actually superior to the ordinary run of girls; and he ground his teeth as he realised that his poverty made it impossible for him to set this detestable doubt at rest, once and for ever, by putting a single question to her and reading the answer in her pretty blue eyes.

Then Lady Alicia began to speak again, in her sweetest and most ingratiating manner—that manner in which she used to clothe herself for the opening of bazaars and the giving

away of prizes and such-like functions in the days of her prosperity, and which invariably elicited a very ecstasy of appreciation from the local newspapers, whose pleasing duty it was to send forth a report of her ladyship's graciousness to all such dwellers in outer darkness as had not enjoyed the privilege of beholding it for themselves with the eye of flesh.

"Does it never strike you, dear Laurence, what a good thing it would be if the Hall were burned down and we had that hundred thousand pounds to live upon?"

"But we couldn't use it for anything save rebuilding the house, mother; my grandfather's will sees to that."

"I know we couldn't touch the capital, my love; but we might live on the income. Or else we might spend half the capital on rebuilding and live on the interest of the rest. We could build a sweet house for fifty thousand pounds, or even less; a dear, lovely home, with all the refinements of life, and a green drawing-room carpet. I cannot tell you how I long for a green drawing-room carpet, Laurence; it has such a softening influence on the character, I think, and makes one feel as if one were living in the primeval forest, or the garden of Eden, or some other sweet spot near the heart of Nature, just as the sky-blue wallpaper seems to bring one nearer to heaven, don't you know?" For all her sentimentalism, the spirit of her commercial ancestors still lived and moved in Lady Alicia Baxendale; and she knew to a penny how that hundred thousand pounds should be invested, if only she could lay hands on it.

"I wish I could afford to buy you a green drawing-room carpet, mother." And Laurence sighed.

"Well, so you could, if you were not so absurdly careful—old-maidish, I should almost call it—in seeing after dear old Mrs. Candy. I have often heard you caution the good soul against carrying a lighted candle into the library. Now, why shouldn't she, if she wants to?—and if a spark did fall among the old books and manuscripts, all the better for us!"

"Oh! mother, you are not thinking what you are saying."

"Yes, love, I am, and I have often thought it. Sometimes, when I recall the old legend, it seems to me that it would be a positive duty, instead of a sin, to burn the Hall down for the third time and so fulfil the prophecy. It is really a duty to fulfil prophecy if one can: see how anxious Daniel and Isaiah and people of that kind were to do so; and they were re-

markably good men, and have always been considered so."

"Nevertheless, those who do evil that good may come are not considered remarkably good men—or, at any rate, were not by St. Paul," replied Laurence, his lips tightening into a grim smile.

"Ah! dear child, it does not do to dwell too much upon St. Paul's sayings: I often think that he was a little hard and narrow, especially where women were concerned."

Laurence thought that the Apostle to the Gentiles had some excuse for his opinions, even if Lady Alicia's strictures upon him were correct; but he did not say so, and his mother went on:

"For my part, I think you would be quite justified in lighting your pipe in the library at Baxendale or in insisting upon Mrs. Candy keeping up the fires, or in putting up hayricks close to the house."

"Oh! mother, don't; I can't bear it," cried Laurence, an almost physical spasm of pain clutching his heart. He had always wondered why his father had been so glad to die—so glad to say good-by to the red earth and the green woods and the sunset glories of the western hills. Now he knew.

"You see, dear Laurence, the Hall has got to be burned down once again: we all know that; and it would be so much nicer if it happened in our time, while we were still able to enjoy the benefit of it. It isn't as if the Hall needn't be burned again: if that were so, I should say it was very, very wrong to do anything that could occasion the slightest danger, and you know I am the last person to countenance what I consider really wrong. But the Hall is obliged to be burned once again by something which is stronger than king or state. I so often wonder what that can mean."

"Avarice, according to you, mother," was Laurence's bitter rejoinder.

"Oh, no, dear child—something much more poetical and beautiful than that: perhaps the love of a son for a mother, or a mother for a son, or some other of those delightful and touching emotions which are so refining to the character. In fact, it seems to me that it would not only not be wrong—it would be actually right—to help to fulfil that strange old prophecy, and show one's faith in the supernatural; for there is nothing that elevates one's own mind and has such a good influence on the servants as belief in the supernatural. It keeps one from growing sordid or mean or commonplace."

Laurence fairly groaned. Never had the

gulf which separated his mother from himself yawned so wide as it did now. And he knew it would be useless—worse than useless—to argue with her; he and she spoke different languages and moved on different planes.

"And then," she went on cheerfully, "think how nice it would be for you, dear Laurence, to have an income of two or three thousand a year. You might marry some nice girl, who would cure you of the somewhat morose and unsocial habits which are fast growing upon you. There is nothing like a charming wife for making a man sociable and unselfish; though, alas!" with a sigh, "his marriage never had that effect upon your poor father. I'm sure it wasn't my fault: I was always as agreeable and well-dressed as it was possible to be on our limited income; but he never seemed to appreciate my efforts to make his home attractive to other people—which I hold to be one of the chief duties of a wife."

Still Laurence was silent. A darkness which might be felt was enveloping his soul; it was all so hopeless.

His mother went on: "I sometimes think that Nancy Burton is attracted by you; and I don't know that she would be a bad wife for you, though you ought to do better. She is always well-dressed, and has quite nice manners for a person of that class. I feel sure she would jump at you, as people like that are always so glad to ally themselves with us; and no doubt Mr. Burton—dear, sensible creature that he is!—would allow his daughter a handsome sum in consideration of her making such a brilliant match. But I don't think his allowance would be sufficient to marry on, as of course you would have to keep up a separate home for me: you will understand that I—with my sensitive perceptions—could not possibly live in the same house with a girl whom—"

But this was too much for Laurence. "Excuse me, mother, but I would rather not discuss Miss Burton, even with you," he said, as he bounced out of the room and banged the door behind him.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

The course of true love never ran
Quite easily since time began:
So said our wisest Englishman.

Michael Arbuthnot, the vicar of Tettleigh, was a man of about five-and-forty, endowed with exceptional gifts. In the first place, he was extremely good-looking, having brown hair

and eyes, excellent features and a pale complexion; in the second place, he was undeniably clever, owning an admirable knack in the compiling of sermons; and in the third and most important place, he was a very good man, being distinguished by unusual keenness of spiritual insight. He also possessed in full measure that uncommon sense known as common sense: but in one of the most important decisions of his life this sense had signally failed him. Fate and circumstance and the general fitness of things—and all such powers as go to the shaping of the ends of men—deemed that Faith Fairfax was the proper wife for Michael Arbuthnot. She was made and fashioned specially to fill the rôle of a clergyman's wife; she had sufficient intellect to appreciate his powers and attainments, and sufficient grace to help, instead of hindering, him in his duties as a parish priest. True, she was in love with Laurence Baxendale; but her affection was a very early growth and was not returned; and love—whatever poets may say to the contrary—is not a flower which flourishes in arctic regions.

Although the course of the truest love may be a stony channel with countless rocks ahead, the stream of inferior quality, which runs smoothly along neat and artificial canals, is not without its compensations. Real romance has its moments compared with which commonplace attachments become flat, stale and unprofitable: it opens the gate into a fairyland which must for ever put into the shade all the ordinary comforts of the dusty highway. Who that has once danced in a fairy-ring wants to jingle up and down the road in a tram-car?—and who that has once been dazzled by "the light that never was on sea or land," can go into ecstasies over incandescent gas? Nevertheless, tram-cars and incandescent gas have their uses; and for those people who have never caught glimpses of some better thing they are very excellent inventions indeed. It is not to be denied that when the world has been well lost for love, they who have thus lost it gain their own souls in exchange, and enter into life's Holy of Holies; but when love has been well lost for the world there are compensations likewise; the Parisian style of the trousseau and the solid nature of the wedding presents are capable of affording a joy which the more romantic lovers could in no way enter into or appreciate. So that the wise and the foolish are both happy after their kind: and which of them is wise and which foolish each man must decide for himself, and each woman also.

But Mr. Arbuthnot (either fortunately or

unfortunately—that is a moot point) was of the romantic manner of man who is set upon the marrying of the woman of his choice, and not the woman whom his world has chosen for him; and consequently that rebellious heart of his inclined toward Nora Burton and not toward Faith Fairfax; and whither his heart inclined there Michael himself followed.

His world blamed him even more for loving Nora Burton than for not loving Faith Fairfax; as a matter of fact, it always does seem worse to do those things one ought not to have done than merely to leave undone those things one ought to have done; although the General Confession thinks differently and puts the two sins on the same level. And his world went even further; it decreed that if Mr. Arbuthnot must so far forget himself and his sacred calling as to fall in love with a Burton at all, Nancy rather than Nora was the one for him.

Nevertheless, it is possible—though it seems both ungrateful and presumptuous to suggest such a possibility when we consider how generous and unsparing our friends and neighbours always are in meting out condemnation upon our past and counsel with regard to our future actions—that Mr. Arbuthnot knew his own business best.

Now, it may be taken as an axiom that if a man is a good son—and, still more, a good brother—that man will be a good husband; and any woman is safe in entrusting her happiness to him until death them do part, with an absolute certainty that her trust will not be betrayed. But on the other hand, strange to say, it does not follow that a good daughter and sister will necessarily make a good wife: she may or she may not. In fact, very often the rôle is reversed. The reason for this lies in the deep-rooted difference between a ruling and a subject race. If a man has learnt to govern wisely and kindly the woman of his father's household, he will wisely and kindly govern the women of his own; but if a woman has submitted herself with all meekness for the first term of her natural life, she grows weary of subjection and wants to reign in her turn. Therefore, in all probability, the most dutiful daughter will make the most wilful wife; while the "revolting daughter," who has implicitly disobeyed all her father's commands, will be as tired of rebellion as her gentler sister is of subjection, and will settle down quite meekly into double harness. In the same way it is a noticeable fact that the naturally bad-tempered woman is amiable toward nobody except the men she loves; while the naturally good-tempered woman is amiable toward everybody ex-

cept the man she loves: which proves that to the normal woman the world is divided into two unequal parts, to which she shows the two directly opposite sides of herself—the man she loves being the larger half, and everybody and everything else the other. But, after marriage, the real nature of the woman reasserts itself; thenceforward the naturally good-tempered woman is good-tempered, and the naturally bad-tempered woman bad-tempered, to the end of the chapter. Wherefore it behooves the man who is wooing to walk circumspectly and with wide-open eyes.

Although Nancy was the more amiable and adaptable sister in the home life, Nora was the easier to get on with from a lover's point of view. As far as in her lay, Nora provided that the course of true love should run smooth: but Nancy amused herself by making artificial little rapids and shallows, in case nature had not supplied sufficient excitement for her in this respect. She loved to tease Laurence in and out of season, and to rouse his jealousy; she was always inventing some excuse for a quarrel and making it up again; and he never delivered himself of the simplest statement that she did not openly dispute. Nora, on the other hand, sweetly obeyed the law Mr. Arbuthnot laid down; and contented herself and him by letting him make up for her that clever mind of hers. He had not yet told her that he loved her, but she was perfectly cognisant of the fact; and, having once grasped it, would never again doubt it, as Nancy would have done fifty times a day—and would thoroughly have enjoyed the doubts, too. No; Nancy was not altogether easy sailing; but she was great fun; and there are men who enjoy amusement more than ease.

"What are you thinking about, Mr. Arbuthnot?" Nora enquired of the vicar one afternoon, as he and she were walking together from Tettleigh to Wayside.

"Well, to tell the truth, I was wondering how far short of our ideal we may fall without being in any way to blame. One cannot always

be at one's best; that is impossible; but I wonder how far below one's best one's daily walk and conversation may lie."

"I understand what you mean: you are wondering how many half-holidays we may take from the ideal without playing truant."

"Exactly," argued the vicar, with a smile.

"And half-holidays are absolutely necessary, aren't they?"

"They are; but, on the other hand, the ideal ought to tinge our half-holidays; if we have once seen the heavenly vision, we must never be disobedient to it, you know."

Nora was quick to catch his idea: "You mean that though we can't always be looking at the vision, we mustn't forget that we have once seen it," she said.

"Yes; that is exactly what I do mean. And I think it is a little difficult to hit upon the happy medium between disobeying the heavenly vision on the one hand and dwelling upon it in exclusion to our daily duties on the other."

"Which of the two evils do you think the least?"

"Undoubtedly the latter. If one has ever seen the best of anything, in love or life or art as well as in religion (for I believe the heavenly vision comes to us in innumerable ways), it is sin for us not to obey it. We need not be always thinking about it; but we must never be disobedient to it. Therefore, it seems to me, that the few among us to whom it is granted to see the best in any walk of life have duties entailed upon us from which ordinary men and women are exempt."

"Then we have to pay even for our heavenly visions," said Nora, with a sigh.

"We have. There is an old heathen saying that the gods give nothing—they only sell; and I believe there is some truth in it. We can get nothing for nothing in this world: and I think it is a very good thing that we can't."

Thus Michael taught and Nora listened; and in the process they grew to know and love each other better every day.

(To be Continued.)

THE QUEERNESS OF HENRY JAMES

A year ago, when Henry James wrote an essay on women that brought to our cheek the hot, rebellious blush, we said nothing about it, thinking that perhaps, after all, the man's style was his sufficient fig-leaf, and that few would see how shocking he really was. And, indeed, it has been a long time since the public knew what Henry James was up to behind that verbal hedge of his, though half-suspecting that he meant no good, because a style like that seemed just the place for guilty secrets. But those of us who formed the habit of him early can make him out even now, our eyes having grown so used to the deepening shadows of his later language that they can see in the dark, as you might say. We say this not to brag of it, but merely to show that there are people who partly understand him even in *The Sacred Fount*, and he is clearer in his essays, especially in this last wicked one on "George Sand: The New Life," published in the April *North American*.

Here he is as bold as brass, telling women to go ahead and do and dare, and praising the fine old hearty goings-on at the court of Augustus the Strong, and showing how they can be brought back again if women will only try. His impunity is due to the sheer laziness of the expurgators. They will not read him, and they do not believe anybody else can. They justify themselves, perhaps, by recalling passages like these in the *Awkward Age*:

"What did this feeling wonderfully appear unless strangely irrelevant."

"But she fixed him with her weary penetration."

"He jumped up at this, as if he couldn't bear it, presenting as he walked across the room a large, foolish, fugitive back, on which her eyes rested as on a proof of her penetration."

"My poor child, you're of a profundity."

"He spoke almost uneasily, but she was not too much alarmed to continue lucid."

"You're of a limpidity, dear man!"

"Don't you think that's rather a back seat for one's best?"

"'A back seat?' " she wondered, with a purity."

"Your aunt didn't leave me with you to teach you the slang of the day."

"'The slang?' she spotlessly speculated."

Arguing from this that he was bent more on eluding pursuit than on making converts, they have let things pass that in other writers would have been immediately rebuked. He has, in fact, written furiously against the proprieties for several years. "There is only one propriety," he says, "that the painter of life can ask of a subject: Does it or does it not belong to life?" He has charged our Anglo-Saxon writers with "a conspiracy of silence," and taunted them with the fact that the women are more improper than the men. "Emancipations are in the air," says he, "but it is to women writers that we owe them. The men are cowards, rarely venturing a single coarse expression, but already in England there are pages upon pages of women's work so strong and rich and horrifying and free that a man can hardly read them. Halcyon days, they seem to him, and woman the harbinger of a powerful Babylonish time when the improprieties shall sing together like the morning stars. Not an enthusiastic person generally, he always warms to this particular theme with generous emotion."

His latest essay, discussing what he calls the "new life," cites the heart history of George Sand as "having given her sex for its new evolution and transformation the real standard and measure of change." It is all recorded in Mme. Karénine's biography, and Mme. Karénine, being a Russian with an "admirable Slav superiority to prejudice," is able to treat the matter in a "large, free way." A life so amorously profuse is sure to set an encouraging example, he thinks. Her heart was like an hotel, occupied, he says, by "many more or less greasy males" in quick succession. He hopes the time will come when other women's hearts will be as miscellaneous:

"In this direction their aim has been, as yet, comparatively modest and their emulation low; the challenge they have hitherto picked up is but the challenge of the average male. The approximation of the extraordinary wo-

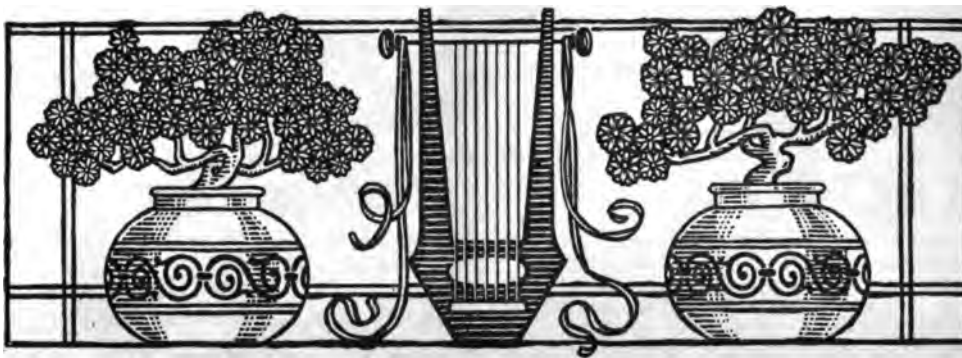
man has been, practically, in other words, to the ordinary man. Madame Sand's service is that she planted the flag much higher; her own approximation, at least, was to the extraordinary. She reached him, she surpassed him, and she showed how, with native dispositions, the thing could be done. These new records will live as the precious text-book, so far as we have got, of the business."

This is plain enough. Any other man would be suppressed. In a literature so well policed as ours, the position of Henry James is anomalous. He is the only writer of the day whose moral notions do not seem to matter. His dissolute and complicated Muse may say just what she chooses. This may be because it would be so difficult to expose him. Never did so much vice go with such sheltering vagueness. Whatever else may be said of James, he is no tempter, and though his later novels deal only with unlawful passions, they make but chilly reading on the whole. It is a land where the vices have no bodies and the passions no blood, where nobody sins because nobody has anything to sin with. Why should we worry when a spook goes wrong? For years James has not made one shadow-casting character. His love affairs, illicit though they be, are so stripped to their motives that they seem no more enticing than a diagram. A wraith proves faithless to her marriage vow, elopes with a bogie in a cloud of words. Six phantoms meet and dine, three male, three female, with two thoughts apiece, and, after elaborate geometry of the heart, adultery follows like a Q. E. D. Shocking it ought to be, but yet it is not. Ghastly, tantalising, queer, but never near enough

human to be either good or bad. To be a sinner, even in the books you need some carnal attributes—lungs, liver, tastes, at least a pair of legs. Even the fiends have palpable tails; wise men have so depicted them. No flesh, no frailty; that may be why our sternest moralists have licensed Henry James to write his wickedest. Whatever the moral purport of these books, they may be left wide open in the nursery.

To those who never liked him he is the same in his later writings as in his earlier. There were always mannerisms in his work, and his hunt for the distinguished phrase was always evident. His characters never would do enough things, and he was too apt to make them stand stock-still while he chopped them up. He was too apt, also, to think that when he had made a motive he had made a man. And there were many then, as now, who loathed his little cobweb plots and finical analyses. He often hovered very near the outer boundary of common sense, and it was a wonder sometimes how he escaped burlesque; but, still, he did it. His world was small, but it was credible—humanity run through a sieve, but still humanity. Since then his interests have dropped off one by one, leaving him shut in with his single theme—the rag, the bone and the hank of hair, the discreditable amours of skeletons. They call it his later manner, but the truth is, it is a change in the man himself. He sees fewer things in this spacious world than he used to see, and the people are growing more meagre and queer and monotonous, and it is harder and harder to break away from the stump his fancy is tied to.

Frank Moore Colby.



BOOKMAN BREVITIES

Ever since "Chimmie Fadden" first won his wide and long-lived popularity, there have been appearing from time to time in various places criticisms of the character in his different aspects, on the ground that he is a rude, coarse creature, who is constantly violating the rules of grammar, and who is utterly unfit to associate with people who deem themselves "genteel." These criticisms have been written in perfect seriousness. Mr. Townsend has seldom paid much attention to them, but to one written recently he replied in the following letter:

MONTCLAIR, N. J., March 4, 1902.

DEAR SIR:

Thank you for your good-tempered and personally friendly letter.

I shall not attempt to oppose your opinion of the "Chimmie Fadden" stories with my own; but out of an abundance of circumstances arising from judgments contrary to yours, I shall relate some which discredit the value of yours.

You sum up your objections thus: "My surprise is not that you write, but that *Harper's* gives you a place in its columns. If indulgence in street diction is ever justifiable, it might be in a sheet circulating upon the Bowery."

Let us see: The only publications for which I have written "Fadden" stories are the *New York Sun*, *Harper's Weekly*, and the *Century Magazine*. (My contribution to the latter, written by request, will appear, I believe, in April.) During their two years' currency in the *Sun*, their place in that paper's make-up was personally directed by the late Charles A. Dana. Whether the *Sun*, *Harper's*, and the *Century* address Bowery, or, to preserve your figure, Fifth Avenue readers, I leave you to judge.

In book form the "Fadden" stories have sold about 150,000 copies—and still sell. The publishers were curious as to what class of readers bought the book, and learned that it sold almost exclusively through dealers whose patrons were—preserving your figure—distinctively of a Fifth Avenue, rather than a Bowery, class. For example: at a time when legal complications threatened to take the book out of the market, Dodd, Mead & Co. leased the plates, printed a large edition, and sold it. Whether that firm did this to meet a demand from a Bowery, or—to preserve your figure—a Fifth Avenue patronage, your knowledge of book publishers will, of course, suggest.

In the three years' continuous use of the stories in dramatic form, "Chimmie Fadden" was played in every considerable city of the United States, and only in high-class theatres—twenty-six weeks in a Broadway theatre the first season—before audiences which were—preserving your figure—distinctively of the Fifth Avenue, rather than the Bowery, class.

I quote from a digest made—not by me—from about one hundred reviews of the book

in leading American and English journals: . . . "Beneath the intentional solecisms of 'Chimmie's' speech lies the attraction of what, for want of a better term, people call 'human nature;' 'real' in goodness, not abasement; and endeared to the cultivated by the piquant contrast of its sturdy kindliness with those very solecisms in its expression."

However, sir, I have tested, and found true, the familiar remark that among London cab and coachmen you will never hear a favourable opinion of Sam Weller's wit.

Very truly yours,

E. W. TOWNSEND.

Mr. Charles Frederick Stansbury has compiled a number of anecdotes of the late Mr. Thomas Nolan of the New York Bar. These anecdotes have been brought out by the "Mab Press," of 116 Nassau Street, New York City, under the title of *The Barrister*. Mr. Nolan was a Tammany man, and evidently noted for his Irish wit. We should feel ourselves deeply indebted to the "Mab Press" and Mr. Stansbury for letting us know about him.

Mr. Harrison Robertson in *The Opponents* (Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons) just misses it. He wrote a first chapter tense with tragic possibilities, and suggestive of a plot complicated and dramatic. It gave promise of a story to come which would be far and away bigger and stronger than any of the author's previous work. But this promise was not fulfilled. The book, a story of present day politics in Kentucky, is pretty good, and if it had not been for that first chapter we shouldn't have felt so cheated. The opponents themselves are rivals in politics and in love, and the loser in the game is the one who has been cursed by perhaps the worst fate which can befall a man in his domestic relations.

In *She Stands Alone* (L. C. Page and Company), Mr. Mark Ashton has used for his heroine the wife of Pontius Pilate. It is what the publishers call a religio-historical novel.

Fables of the Elite (R. F. Fenno and Company), written by Dorothy Dix and illustrated by James A. Swinnerton, may be amusing enough, but the general impression that they make is that they are a vulgar imitation of Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam's *Fables for the Fair*, with a blend of George Ade.

Mr. Edward Fuller, who for the past ten years has been editor of the *Providence Journal*, is at work on a novel to be called *John Malcolm*. Messrs. Snow and Farnham of Providence announce that they intend to publish this book in the early autumn. Mr. Full-

er was graduated from Harvard in 1882, and since that time he has been an active newspaper man, being connected with the *Boston Advertiser and Post* before removing to Providence. His novel will deal with a certain phase of New York life.

Mr. Francis W. Halsey, editor of the *New York Times Saturday Book Review*, is the author of *Our Literary Deluge, And Some of Its Deeper Waters* (Doubleday, Page and Company). He has much to say about the "Enormous Output," "Yellow Journalism in Literature," "Modern Editing," and so on. In his chapter on "Books that Live On Through the Years," Mr. Halsey takes an optimistic view:

We may be absolutely certain that whatever is good will not die. Wherever exists a book that adds to our wisdom, that consoles our thought, it cannot perish. Critics may assail it with their hundreds of columns. Its own generation may neglect it. Fire may burn up the entire edition, save a handful of copies; and yet that book will live. Nothing is so immortal as mere words, once they have been spoken fitly or divinely. A good book die! We shall sooner see the forests cut away from every hillside, the volume of water in great rivers run dry; walls built of granite or travertine lying prostrate on the ground. Critics may go right or may go wrong. It matters not. There exists in the world that eternal tribunal, greater far than they, its verdicts final and infallible,—the central heart of cultured mankind.

A book which presents an attractive appearance, and which bids fair to be another worthy contribution to the fiction of the Civil War, is Mr. William Sage's *The Claybourns* (Houghton, Mifflin and Company). Of course, war stories must have a spy, and in this case the author has varied the monotony by making his spy a young and attractive woman. Mr. Sage is a son of Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, and his former book, *Robert Tournay*, left an agreeable impression on the minds of those who read it.

Mr. William Ordway Partridge, the well-known sculptor, is the author of a book which he calls *Nathan Hale, The Ideal Patriot* (Funk and Wagnalls Company). Mr. George Cary Eggleston has written a foreword to the little volume, and the book is further enhanced by photographs of Mr. Partridge's statue of Nathan Hale.

Adelaide L. Rouse would probably never have written *Under My Own Roof* if a certain lady had not been responsible for *Elisabeth and Her German Garden*. However, these two books are not alike, except in the fact that the one suggested the other. Miss Rouse con-

fesses to forty years of age, and many years boarding and lodging houses in New York have driven her to attempt to make a home for herself in a Jersey suburb. The story has a homelike flavour, and it will chiefly appeal to women. (The Funk and Wagnalls Company.)

Under the title, *Seven Great American Poets* (Silver, Burdett and Company), Beatrice Hart has written short biographical sketches of Bryant, Emerson, Poe, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell.

The Catholic (John Lane), "a tale of contemporary society," is published anonymously. This is the third book which has appeared recently dealing with the influence of Roman Catholicism on the social life of the present time. The other two are *Casting of Nets* and *A Roman Mystery*, both by Richard Bagot. To the persons who have read these books it may be somewhat of a surprise to learn that Mr. Bagot himself is a Roman Catholic.

R. H. Russell is the publisher in this country of Gabriele D'Annunzio's play *Gioconda*, which is translated by Arthur Symonds. The dedication reads: "For Eleanora Duse of the Beautiful Hands."

Charles Livingston Bull, who has been working for some time on the illustrations for *The Kindred of the Wild*, Charles G. D. Roberts's new book of animal life, which L. C. Page and Company expect to publish in May, has taken up his residence in Boston temporarily, in order to devote his whole time and attention to the completion of the work.

Someone is responsible for another deadly comparison. It has been said, according to Messrs. A. S. Barnes and Company's "Literary Note," that the hitherto unknown Mr. Edwin Carlile Litsey has written a book which reminds one of *Paul and Virginia*. It seems to us rather a far cry from the love story of Paul and Virginia to *The Love Story of Abner Stone*.

The same publishers announce a "Second Series" of *Home Thoughts*, which appeared some months ago and which met with much success. The author, Mrs. James Farley Cox, held a position on the New York *Evening Post* for some time, to which paper the essays in *Home Thoughts* were previously published. The author's name will appear on the title page of her new book. We understand that Mrs. Cox has recently accepted an editorial position on the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

A really valuable book to housekeepers is Mrs. Seely's *Cook Book* (The Macmillan Company). Do not be misled by the impression that it is merely a cook book. It is far

more than that. It is a complete guide for the proper management of a large establishment, with chapters on "Dinners and Dinner-Giving," "Rights and Duties of Servants," and "Don'ts to Servants." Mrs. Seely knows whereof she speaks, and the book should be looked upon as somewhat of a reference manual by women who wish to keep house properly. The publishers have brought out the book in an elaborate manner, with many illustrations.

Beatrice Whitby's *Flower and Thorn* (Dodd, Mead and Company) is a novel which teaches a lesson without appearing to do so. It is the story of a young married couple who start out with a large capital of love, but who squander it by the wayside. Then the demon jealousy steps in, and there is an estrangement. After much bitterness of spirit, however, there follows a reconciliation. The author has an easy style, and she handles her characters with nicety of feeling.

Messrs. Tennant and Ward are the publishers in this country of a little book entitled *The Lady Poverty*, which is described as a "XIII Century Allegory." It is translated and edited by Montgomery Carmichael, and contains a chapter on the spiritual significance of evangelical poverty by Father Cuthbert. The book bears this dedication: "To Dives, That He May Come to Bliss with Lazarus."

An interesting book of essays is Mr. Richard Burton's *Forces in Fiction* (Bowen-Merrill Company). It is readable as well as helpful. In his chapter on "The Fundamentals of Fiction," Mr. Burton says:

"The folk of fiction in the future will not be so much pegs to hang theories upon as human beings to associate with, to laugh and cry with, and to part from right unwillingly. And they will be more wholesome company withal than they have been, as a rule, of late. Novelists must so realise their characters that the bidding them good-bye means pain and loss to the writers themselves—as Dickens walked the streets of Paris the best part of one night in utter misery because little Paul Dombey had fallen on final sleep; or as Daudet was overcome when he had similar experience with his lad of the imagination, the Piteous Jack. The inexorable corollary to such feeling on the side of the creator is an affectionate faith in those characters on the side of the world of novel-readers. Let this not be forgotten in a day of the deification of technic and of an overweening desire to handicap the personages of fiction by making them more or less colourless exponents of a principle, a class, a theory."

Miss Jennette Lee's people in *The Son of a Fiddler* are real people, and the book, as a whole, is in advance of *A Pillar of Salt*. The

Son of a Fiddler is an intensely interesting story of a group of people in a New England village, where the little tragedies of the commonplace life are borne with grim New England fortitude. There is something about the story which reminded the present writer of *The Road to Ridgeby's*, a book which received favourable mention in these columns. If Miss Lee continues to write up to the standard she has set for herself, Miss Wilkins will have a serious rival in the field.

Hildegard Brooks's novel, *The Master of Caxton* (Charles Scribner's Sons), is the story of a young Southern woman who, when a child, was adopted by a Northern family of money and position. After many years of separation, nostalgia makes her discontented with her lot, and she forthwith gives up everything and returns to the South. There she finds the family dwindled down to three brothers, who live as wild men of the forest. She shares their lot and helps to civilise them. In spite of the difference in their social position, however, the best families in Rolfe take up with them. The master of Caxton is, in himself, not especially fascinating. But the big, rough-speaking brothers, in their simplicity and tender love for their sister, redeem the story from mediocrity.

Mr. George Cary Eggleston's *Dorothy South* (D. Lothrop and Company) should appeal to the young person. It is sentimental and true to life as one sees it at eighteen. Further than this, it is a pretty and undoubtedly a faithful picture of Virginia before the war. There is a simple charm about the story, too, because Virginia, with its family traditions and aristocratic tendencies, affords a romantic setting for any story. Mr. Eggleston's books are always welcomed in certain circles, and his followers who enjoy a story of the old plantation days will find much to admire in *Dorothy South*.

Scarlet and Hyssop, by E. F. Benson (D. Appleton and Company), is not an agreeable book. It is a novel of London society life, where everybody vies with each other in exchanging machine-made epigrams. Marriage is scoffed at and ideals are jeered at. The whole tone of the book jars upon one, and a few platitudes dragged in at the last moment do not redeem it.

Messrs. Marlier and Company of Boston are the publishers of a book entitled *The Perfect Woman*, which is translated from the French of Charles Sainte-Foi by Zéphérine N. Brown. This is not a novel, but a series of essays on how to perfect womanhood. The translator says in the preface:

"As the original of this book in French has been a safeguard and help to many, so it is to be hoped that this translation may perform a like service for its English readers."

The Sin of Jasper Standish, by "Rita" (R. F. Fenno and Company), belongs to the type of English novel which one outgrows at a certain age. Writers of this sort of fiction have a trick of turning out readable stories, and "Rita" is no exception. *The Sin of Jasper Standish* boasts of a murder which is all that it should be, a villain who is consistently villainous, and an ending satisfactory to all concerned.

Another English novel, bearing the title of *Charlotte* (Longmans, Green and Company), is by L. B. Walford. This is the seventeenth novel to this author's credit, and yet how many persons in this country are familiar with his name?

Mr. Harris Dickson's *The Siege of Lady Resolute* (Harper Brothers) is good of its kind. The scenes of the story are laid in France and in America in the time of Louis XIV. Mr. Dickson's former story, *The Black Wolf's Breed*, met with a certain degree of success.

Among the recent publications in Messrs. D. Appleton and Company's Town and Country Library are *Love's Itinerary*, by J. C. Snaith, and *Love in Its Tenderness*, by J. R. Aitken. The first looks interesting; the second does not.

Mr. Guy Boothby has turned out another novel, *A Millionaire's Love Story* (F. M. Buckles and Company). It is sensational in character, and quite in keeping with Mr. Boothby's previous books.

Mr. Richard Bagot, author of *Casting of Nets*, has been living during the winter in Rome, where the scene of the new book he is now writing is to be laid.

Owing to the illness of Mr. Henry James, the publication of his new novel, *The Wings of the Dove*, has been postponed for some months.

Mr. Stewart Edward White's *The Blazed Trail* (McClure, Phillips and Company) is an American story dealing with the lumber-jack of the Northern forests. It is a book to which the stock phrase, "a rattling good story," will doubtless be applied many times. Mr. Thomas Fogarty, the illustrator of the book, has done some excellent work.

A players' edition of Clyde Fitch's fantastic *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines* has been issued by Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company. The sketches by Percy Anderson are

amusing, and the photographs are attractive, but the cover design is decidedly bad. Miss Barrymore has sufficient ground for a grievance.

The success of Lucas Malet's *The History of Sir Richard Calmady* is no doubt responsible for the reappearance of *The Carissima*, by the same author. Messrs. H. S. Stone and Company are the publishers of the later book. Mrs. Harrison is already at work on a new novel, and hopes to have it ready for publication in the autumn of next year.

A book which is rather out of the ordinary in its theme is *The Thrall of Lief the Lucky*, by Otilie A. Liljencrantz. It is a romantic tale of Viking days. The publishers, Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company, have brought the book out in an attractive manner with pictures in colour. The artists are Troy and Margaret West Kinney.

The Lover's Progress (Brentano's), as Told by Himself, is not to be recommended indiscriminately. It is dedicated to "All Who Love," and, incidentally, it should be read only by those who understand.

Mr. George Ethelbert Walsh's name became rather well known as the author of *The Mysterious Burglar*. He has now brought out another book, entitled *Allin Winfield*. This is a love story with plenty of adventure thrown in, judging from the illustrations. Messrs. F. M. Buckles and Company are Mr. Walsh's publishers.

Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes and Company will publish shortly a new novel by Miss Elizabeth Robins, *The Magnetic North*.

Abroad With the Jimmies (L. C. Page and Company), by Lilian Bell, is just about what the title indicates. The book contains a frontispiece, a duogravure of the author from the painting by Oliver Dennett Grover.

We are in receipt of a copy of the 1902 "List of Books for Township Libraries of Wisconsin." The list was prepared by Anne H. McNeil, Library Clerk, under the direction of the State Superintendent, Mr. L. D. Harvey.

Every time Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar writes a novel we wish it had been a book of poems, for he is a far better poet than he is a novelist. The darkeys of his verse are picturesque types; the darkeys of *The Sport of the Gods* are bad "niggers." Mr. Dunbar shows the low and vicious side of life in New York among the coloured people, and the story is not a particularly pleasant one. Let Mr. Dunbar's admirers read and re-read his several books of verse and forget that he has written such a story as *The Sport of the Gods*.

THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1902.

Publications of the month past proved to be of unusual number for the time of year, and in addition to a large list of new fiction included many titles, covering a variety of subjects of more or less interest. Fiction, however, is so pre-eminently the feature of the spring sales as quite to overshadow all else. *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*, by Charles Major, and *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, by A. Conan Doyle, both had a considerable sale in advance of publication, and have continued in such demand as easily to place them in the lead in point of sales for the month. Other April publications at once coming into popularity were *A Double-Barrelled Detective Story*, by Mark Twain, *None But the Brave*, by Hamblen Sears, and *The Mississippi Bubble*, by Emerson Hough. Such well known authors as William Sage, Cyrus Townsend Brady, William Dean Howells, and Joel Chandler Harris were also represented with new works, making altogether a notable output of fiction for the month. The demand as well for *The Leopard's Spots*, *The Lady Paramount*, *Audrey*, *The Valley of Decision*, *The Conqueror*, and *Kate Bonnet*, together with advance orders for *The Diary of a Goose Girl*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, *Miss Petticoats*, by Dwight Hilton, *Stephen Holton*, by Charles Felton Pidgin, and other novels to be shortly published, only emphasises the phenomenal demand at this time for the popular fiction of the day.

In referring to works on miscellaneous subjects, but few can be mentioned as having any considerable demand, but *The Carpenter Prophet*, by Charles William Pierson, *Commonwealth or Empire*, by Goldwin Smith, and *In the Footprints of the Padres*, by Charles Warren Stoddard, of the month's publications should meet with fair sales, and *Field Book of American Wild Flowers*, by F. Schuyler Matthews, and *Nestlings of Forest and Marsh*, by Irene Grosvenor Wheelock, are additions to outdoor literature which may be expected to sell readily at this season of the year.

The falling off of sales in paper bound fiction noticeable in the past few years is more pronounced than ever this year, and there is practically nothing new of importance in this form, several of the formerly well known series having been given up entirely. European guide books and other distinctively seasonable lines seem also to be in less demand than usual.

Library business has kept up remarkably well, and the orders cover so large a variety of subjects as to make possible the publication of many books which without this field would be unprofitable. The last of the text-book trade in any volume before the opening of the fall terms is now over, and little may be expected from that quarter before the latter part of August. Some reports of dullness are heard, but on the whole the volume of business continues large for the time of year, no doubt much helped by the unusual amount of advertising and profuse publication.

The list of best selling books for the month past, composed entirely of fiction, follows.

Dorothy Vernon. Charles Major. \$1.50.
The Hound of the Baskervilles. A. Conan Doyle. \$1.25.
The Leopard's Spots. Thomas Dixon, Jr. \$1.50.
The Lady Paramount. Henry Harland. \$1.50.
Audrey. Mary Johnston. \$1.50.
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Alice Caldwell Hegan. \$1.00.
The House With the Green Shutters. George Douglas. \$1.50.
The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop. Hamlin Garland. \$1.50.
The Right of Way. Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.
The Valley of Decision. Edith Wharton. \$2.00.
The Conqueror. Gertrude Atherton. \$1.50.
The Man from Glengarry. Ralph Connor. \$1.50.
Kate Bonnet. Frank R. Stockton. \$1.50.
The Crisis. Winston Churchill. \$1.50.
D'ri and I. Irving Bacheller. \$1.50.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK.

American Book Company:

Little Stories for Little People. A. W. McCullough.
Europe. Frank G. Carpenter.
A Writer of Attic Prose. Isaac Flaggs.
Graded Work in Arithmetic. S. W. Baird.
Civil Government in the United States. G. H. Martin.
Mon Oncle et Mon Curé. Jean De La Brete.
Story of China. R. Van Bergen.

Appleton and Company:

Many Waters. Robert Shackleton.
A Damsel or Two. F. Frankfort Moore.
The Outlaws. Le Roy Armstrong.
Morchester. Charles Datchet.
Deep Sea Plunderings. Frank T. Bullen.
T' Bacca Queen. Theodora W. Wilson.
Heralds of Empire. A. C. Laut.

Baker and Taylor Company:

The Evolutionary Philosophy. L. T. Chamberlain.

Barnes and Company:

The True Aaron Burr. Charles B. Todd.

Bonnell, Silver and Company:

The Man in the Moon. B. Dendron.

Century Company:

The Rescue. A. D. Sedgwick.
Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Paul. E. W. Townsend.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Lord Alingham, Bankrupt. Marie Manning.

Works and Days. H. W. Mabie.
Fashions in Literature. C. D. Warner.
The Autobiography of Sir Walter Besant.
The Sport of the Gods. Paul Laurence
Dunbar.
At the Back of Beyond. Jane Barlow.
The Buried Temple. Maurice Maeterlinck.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Spiritual Heroes. David S. Muzzey.
The Reasonableness of Faith. W. S. Rainsford.
The Empire of Business. Andrew Carnegie.
The Coast of Freedom. A. M. Shaw.
The Misdemeanors of Nancy. Eleanor Hoyt.
Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines. Clyde Fitch.
An Introduction to the Study of English Poetry. Mark H. Liddel.
The Brook Book. Mary R. Miller.

Fenno Company:

When Love is King. W. Dudley Mabry.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Nathan Hale. William Ordway Partridge.
Daniel Everton. Israel Putnam.
Tales from Gorky. R. N. Bain.
The Rustler. Frances McElrath.

Harper Brothers

A Double-Barrelled Detective Story. Mark Twain.
Philip Longstreth. Marie Van Vorst.
Margaret Vincent. Mrs. W. K. Clifford.
The Kentons. W. D. Howells.
William Black. Sir Wemyss Reid.
A Tale of True Love, And Other Poems. Alfred Austin.
Her Serene Highness. David G. Phillips.
Hardwicke. Henry E. Rood.
Meditations of an Autograph Collector. Adrian H. Joline.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Claybournes. William Sage.
Openings in the Old Trail. Bret Harte.
Social Salvation. Washington Gladden.
In the Days of Giants. A. F. Brown.
Education and the Larger Life. C. H. Henderson.
Roman Biznet. G. W. Pangborn.
An American at Oxford. John Corbin.
Daniel Webster. Samuel W. McCall.
The Diary of a Goose Girl. Kate Douglas Wiggin.
To the End of the Trail. Frank L. Na-on.
Bread and Wine. Maude E. King.
John Kenadic. Ripley D. Saunders.

Jenkins:

Le Morceau de Pain. François Coppée.
Maid of Montauk. Forest Monroe.

Lane:

The Lady Paramount. Henry Harland.
Garden-Craft. Old and New. John D. Sedding.
The Catholic. A Tale of Contemporary Society.

India's Love Lyrics. Collected by Laurence Hope.
Florilegium Latinum. Edited by Francis St. John Thackeray and Edward D. Stone. (Volume II.)
The Spanish Conquest in America. Sir Arthur Helps.
Flowers and Gardens. Forbes Watson.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Seventy-One Days' Camping in Morocco. Lady Grove.
A Ride in Morocco. Frances Macnab.
Pen Pictures from Ruskin. Caroline A. Wurtzburg.
The Old Royal Palace of Whitehall. E. Sheppard.
Some Unpublished Letters of Horace Walpole. Edited by Sir Spencer Walpole.
Little Engravings. Albrecht Altdorfer. (No. 1.)
Little Engravings. William Black. (No. 2.)

Mab Press:

The Barrister. Anecdotes of the Late Tom Nolan.

Macmillan Company:

Michael Ferrier. E. Frances Poynter.
Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. G. Brandes. (In six volumes. Vol. II.)

Maynard, Merrill and Company:

American Literature. J. W. Abernethy.

Ogilvie Publishing Company:

More Ex-Tank Tales. Clarence L. Cullen.
Messages from Mars. Robert D. Braine.

Oxford Press:

Companion to English History. Edited by F. P. Barnard.

Putnam's Sons:

Field Book of American Wild Flowers. F. S. Mathews.
The Memoirs of François René. Vicomte de Châteaubriand. Volumes III. and IV.)
The Naturalness of Christian Life. Edward E. Keedy.
Labour and Capital. John P. Peters.

Scribner's Sons:

Shakespear. W. Carew Hazlitt.
A History of English Literature. W. V. Moody and R. M. Lovett.
Bridge. J. B. Elwell.
Fragments in Philosophy and Science. James M. Baldwin.
The Opponents. Harrison Robertson.
American Citizenship. David J. Brewer.
At Sunwich Port. W. W. Jacobs.
A History of English Literature. William V. Moody.
When Old New York was Young. C. Hemstreet.
Music in the History of the Western Church. Edward Dickinson.
The Barbarian Invasions of Italy. Pasquale Villari. (Volumes I. and II.)

Silver, Burdett & Co.:

Poems. Charles G. D. Roberts.

Stokes Company:

Margaret Tudor. Annie T. Colcock.
Sarita, the Carlist. A. W. Marchmont.

Stone and Company:

The Carpenter Prophet. C. W. Pearson.

BOSTON, MASS.

Ginn and Company:

Nature Study and Life. C. F. Hodge.

Goodspeed:

Bacon and Shakespeare Parallelisms. Edwin Reed.

Francis Bacon Our Shakespeare. Edwin Reed.

University of Pennsylvania. Compiled by G. E. Nitzsche.

Lee and Shepard:

King for a Summer. Edgar Pickering.

Lot on the Orinoco. Edward Stratemeyer.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Heroine of the Strait. Mary C. Crowley.

The God of Things. F. B. Whitehouse.
In the Country God Forgot. Frances Charles.

Page and Company:

Abroad With the Jimmies. Lilian Bell.

CHICAGO, ILL.

McClurg and Company:

The Book Lover. James Baldwin.

Letters to an Enthusiast. Mary C. Clarke.

Stone and Company:

Mazel. Richard Fisguill.

The Story of Mary MacLane. By Herself.

EVANSTON, ILL.

Lord:

A Book of Epigrams. Gathered by Ralph A. Lyon.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Lippincott Company:

The First and Second Books of Samuel.
Edited by J. Sime.

Deuteronomy. Edited by G. Wilkins.

Old Saint Paul's. Harrison Ainsworth.
(Volumes I. and II.)

Guy Fawkes. Harrison Ainsworth. (Volumes I. and II.)

Star Chamber. William Harrison Ainsworth.

The Architectural Annual. 1901. Edited by Albert Kelsey.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Neale Publishing Company:

Poems of Frances Guignard Gibbes.

BALTIMORE, MD.

John Hopkins Press:

A History of Slavery in Virginia. J. C. Ballagh.

PARIS, FRANCE.

Librairie Centrale:

Le Premier Livre des Cachets, masques et monogrammes dessines. George Duriol.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Bowen-Merrill Company:

The Mississippi Bubble. Emerson Hough.
Julius Cæsar. Edited by Michael Macmillan.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Bardeen:

Scientific Sloyd. A. Molander.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Brooks:

Poems by Arthur Upson and George Northrop.

LANSING, MICH.

Santanelli Publishing Company:

The Law of Suggestion. Santanelli.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Elder and Morgan Shepard:

The Antigone of Sophocles. Translated by H. R. Fairclough and A. T. Murray.

San Francisco News Company:

Ragtime Philosophy. Fred W. Stowell.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Chapman and Hall:

The Wessex of Romance. Wilkinson Sherren.

Bell and Sons:

Gerard Dou. W. Martin.

Line and Form. Walter Crane.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between April 1 and May 1, 1902.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
2. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

5. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
5. The Lover's Progress. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
6. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. None But the Brave. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Banquet Book. Reynolds. (Putnam.) \$1.75 net.
6. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. None But the Brave. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Crimson Wing. Taylor. (Stone.) \$1.50.
6. The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
2. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. My Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. Letters of James Murry. Loyalist. Tiffany and Lesley. (Clarke Co.) \$2.25 net.
5. None But the Brave. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.

5. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Rockhaven. Munn. (Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Conquerors. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$2.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. José. (Brentano.) \$1.25.
2. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
5. The Lover's Progress. By Himself. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
2. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) \$1.50.
4. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.

6. *The Right of Way*. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
2. *Audrey*. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
3. *A Double-Barrelled Detective Story*. Twain. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. *The Conqueror*. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. *The Battleground*. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. *The Strollers*. Isham. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
3. *The Blazed Trail*. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
4. *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. *Audrey*. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
6. *The History of Sir Richard Calmady*. Mallet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. *The Mississippi Bubble*. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. *The Strollers*. Isham. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
4. *The Thirteenth District*. Whitlock. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. *The Thrall of Lief the Lucky*. Liljencrantz. (McClure.) \$1.50.
6. *The Leopard's Spots*. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. *Audrey*. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. *Dorothy Vernon*. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. *The Leopard's Spots*. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. *The Right of Way*. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. *Kate Bonnet*. Stockton. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. *The Rubaiyat* (comparative edition). (Parker.) 75 cents.
2. *Audrey*. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
3. *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
4. *The Fifth String*. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. *The House With the Green Shutters*. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
6. *The Valley of Decision*. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$2.00.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. *The Opponents*. Robertson. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. *The Battleground*. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. *The Fighting Bishop*. Hopkins. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. *The History of Sir Richard Calmady*. Mallet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
6. *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. *The Battleground*. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. *The Siege of Lady Resolute*. Dickson. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. *None But the Brave*. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
4. *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
5. *Dorothy Vernon*. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. *Kate Bonnet*. Stockton. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
2. *The Lady Paramount*. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. *The Battleground*. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. *Dorothy Vernon*. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. *The Conqueror*. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. *The Leopard's Spots*. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. *Audrey*. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
3. *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
4. *The Siege of Lady Resolute*. Dickson. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. *Kate Bonnet*. Stockton. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. *The History of Sir Richard Calmady*. Mallet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. *The Leopard's Spots*. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. *Audrey*. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
3. *The Battleground*. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
5. *The Conqueror*. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. *None But the Brave*. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. *Audrey*. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.

2. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Marble Faun. Hawthorne. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 25 cents.
4. Bitter Sweet. Holland. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 25 cents.
5. None But the Brave. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
2. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
3. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$2.00.

PITTSBURG, PENN.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
3. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Western Civilisation. Kidd. (Macmillan.) \$2.00 net.
6. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Rockhaven. Munn. (Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.
3. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. None But the Brave. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Thrall of Lief the Lucky. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. Birds of Oregon and Washington. Lord. (Gill Co.) 75 cents.
5. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The House With the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Misdemeanor of Nancy. Hoyt. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Strollers. Isham. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
4. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) \$1.50 net.
2. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
4. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The History of Sir Richard Calmady. Mallet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
4. A Double-Barrelled Detective Story. Twain. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

TOLEDO, O.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
4. The Thirteenth District. Whitlock. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Crimson Wing. Taylor. (Stone.) \$1.50.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (Morang & Co.) \$1.25.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Morang & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Briggs.) 75 cents.
4. Arms and the Woman. McGrath. (Copp-Calrk Co.) 75 cents and \$1.25.
5. The Red Chancellor. Magnay. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and \$1.25.
6. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Mussar Book Co.) 75 cents and \$1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) \$1.75.
5. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. When Knighthood Was in Flower. Major. Bowen-McMillan Co.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
3. The Crimson Wing. Taylor. (Stone.) \$1.50.
4. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. A Double-Barrelled Detective Story. Twain. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The House With the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
2. If I Were King. McCarthy (Russell.) \$1.50.
3. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Nature Study. Hodges. (Green & Co.) \$1.75.
5. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. Rockhaven. Munn. (Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

POINTS.					
A book standing 1st on any list receives	10				
" " 2d " " "	8				
" " 3d " " "	7				
" " 4th " " "	6				
" " 5th " " "	5				
" " 6th " " "	4				

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS.
1.	The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50....	240
2.	Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.....	206
3.	Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.....	203
4.	Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.....	100
5.	The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.....	89
6.	The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.....	73
	The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.....	73



Vol. XV

JULY, 1902

No.

The X
BOOKMAN
for **JULY**

Price 25 Cents \$ 2.00 per Year.



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& COMPANY**
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ton himself, and which represents the author of *The Gentleman from Indiana* and *Monsieur Beaucaire* in anything but a genial light. The gigantic figure with the bloodthirsty expression is that of the artist; the diminutive fugitive is an unintentional offender, whose only desire is adequately to express his apologies.

Mr. John Kendrick Bangs's two recent books, *Uncle Sam, Trustee*, and *Olympian Nights*, remind us of some stories which we recently heard him tell at a club dinner in New York City. Some of our readers may perhaps have heard these stories before, but to the majority we believe they will be new. Mr. Bangs began by remarking casually that he had travelled uptown during the rush hours of the evening before by the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad. He had worked his way slow-

ly through the crowd until he reached the rear platform of the last car, where he found a man whom he understood to be the largest policeman on the New York police force. This policeman, according to his own statement, was six feet eight inches in height, and weighed in his best condition two hundred and ninety-two pounds. Mr. Bangs fell into a pleasant conversation with the giant, in the course of which he complimented him on his great size, which he said he supposed must be a very valuable asset to a man of his profession. "Well, sor," replied the policeman, meditatively, "I ain't got no grievance against me size when I am travellin' along with a rough crowd. But when it comes to buying pants, it's h—ll."

Another story, hinging upon a policeman and at his own expense, Mr. Bangs has told upon several occasions. It concerns Mr. George Horton, the author of *Like Another Helen*. Mr. Horton had travelled from the West, and from New York proceeded to Yonkers, in which city Mr. Bangs resides, and where he made, a few years ago, a very entertaining, but unsuccessful, campaign for the mayoralty. After alighting from the train Mr. Horton approached the group of cabmen at the station and made inquiries as to the situation of Mr. Bangs's residence. Each of the drivers shook his head and maintained stoutly not only that he did not know where Mr. Bangs lived, but that he had never heard of any such person. In considerable surprise, Mr. Horton crossed the street to a prominent establishment, where alcoholic beverages were sold at retail, and made the same inquiry, with very much the same re-



JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

sult. For a time he continued his search with no better success, but at the end of fifteen minutes or so good fortune brought him into contact with one of the local policemen. At first the policeman professed the same ignorance that had been shown elsewhere, but after awhile a light broke over his face, and he said: "Oh, ye mean that gazaboo that ran for Mayor here a few years ago?" Mr. Horton smiled and looked his interlocutor over curiously. "Mr. Bangs's reputation," he suggested, "is, I should say, considerably larger than you seem to think. Mr. Bangs has written books. These books are read all over the country. I have found them pretty much everywhere that I have been—in Chicago, in Florida, in New Orleans, and out on the Pacific Coast." The policeman looked thoughtful for a minute, and then grinned. "Well, sir," he said, "perhaps that's true; but all I've got to say is that Mr. Bangs's reputation may be national, but I'm d——d if it's local."

The following anecdote, though trivial, is not unentertaining: At a dinner one night given for the late Mr. Frank R. Stockton there was a sudden pause when the dessert arrived, and on looking around, the novelist saw two blocks of ice cream, one made in the form of a lady and the other of a tiger. Amid a breathless silence the hostess asked Mr. Stockton which he would take. Quick as a flash the answer came: "A little of each, madam."

A curiosity among strikes has been on in Paris recently. This is the strike of the newspaper critics against the theatrical managers who have decided to suppress the press rehearsals. "If you suppress the press rehearsal," say the newspaper critics, "we shall simply deal with a play when it pleases us to do so. It will be useless for you to think that we shall keep our forms open till four o'clock in the morning for a perfectly gratuitous advertisement." In the affair the theatrical managers have the sympathy of the Authors' Society. The actresses, however, are furious at the idea of a change that will interfere with a description of their dresses.

The Maeterlinck plays at Paris recent-

ly were a great success. During one week *Pelléas et Mélisande* and *Monna Vanna* were given at the Opéra Comique. M. Maeterlinck's two recent volumes will be discussed in a later number of this magazine.

Another link binding fiction and fact.

The Great Safe Hoax and "Monte Christo." This time it has to do with the great safe hoax which so astounded Paris, which brought disaster to so many Parisian business houses, and which has kept the police of New York City very busy watching the arrivals on the incoming transatlantic steamships. The American newspapers have had, of course, a great deal to say about the affair, but we do not remember that any one of them has called attention



M. MAURICE MAETERLINCK IN HIS HOME IN PARIS.

to the fact that this gigantic scheme of fraud was inspired by the reading of Dumas's *Count of Monte Christo*. It was that book which first started in the mind of Madame Humbert the idea of boundless wealth. In time she constructed the imaginary American mil-

lion francs a year. The whole case was summed up very admirably by Waldeck-Rousseau when he described it as "the greatest fraud in history."

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This allusion to the *Count of Monte Christo* leads us to call attention to the



ALEXANDRE DUMAS. BORN JULY 24, 1802.

lionaire, Henry Robert Crawford, and then created the two nephews who prevented her opening the famous safe with its hundred million francs. This strange story became a tradition in Paris life, a tradition which enabled the Humberts, who were absolutely without any assets, to live at one time at the rate of three

million francs a year. The whole case was summed up very admirably by Waldeck-Rousseau when he described it as "the greatest fraud in history."

fact that very close at hand is the centenary of Alexandre Dumas, who was born at Villers-Cotterets, July 24, 1802. Assiduous and careful readers of **THE BOOKMAN** during the last three or four years may have noticed one or two allusions in the magazine to this author and to his works.

Stories about the personality of Dumas are so plentiful that one might easily fill a book without exhausting them. It was his own son, the author of *La Dame aux Camélias*, who said of him: "My father is so vain that he would climb up on the seat of his own carriage in order to make people think that he kept a negro coachman." When the younger Alexandre was a boy, the father introduced him to a roomful of company as "Mon chef d'œuvre." The following story,

who knows anything about the dear, interesting little creatures. You will find it will be a great success—this article.' The editor, half-convinced, agreed to accept this article 'on snakes,' saying to himself: 'After all, Dumas is very likely to hit on something effective.' 'If you want a little cash in advance you can draw on me.' 'I have plenty,' said Dumas, 'for the first time in my life, I confess; but still, I really have enough.' They parted, and the editor returned to



The bay of Marseilles with the Château d'If, immortalised by Dumas in *The Count of Monte Christo*. It was here that Edmond Dantès was imprisoned for fourteen years, finally escaping by taking the place in the sack of the dead Abbé Faria and being thrown into the sea.

which was gleaned from a French source and recently reprinted in the *Page*, is as typical as any: "When M. de Villemessant was founding *Le Grand Journal* he wrote to Dumas asking for his assistance. Dumas at once prepared a romance in six volumes. In the meantime the editor asked him for some articles or causeries which were to be published immediately. 'I have the very thing!' cried Dumas. 'I was just about to start on a whole series about snakes.' 'On snakes?' 'Yes. I have the entire subject at my fingers' ends. I spent half my life studying them. There's not a soul

his office. On arriving there he found Alexandre's secretary waiting for him with the following paper ready signed: 'Received the sum of fifteen napoleons on account of my story. A hearty squeeze of the hand. A. D.' The next day the secretary arrived with the first *feuilleton*, and a letter which ran: 'My dear friend: Be kind enough to hand the bearer the sum of nine napoleons. A. D.' The very same evening came a despatch from Havre: 'On receipt of this please send twenty napoleons to my lodging at Frascati. A thousand thanks. A. D.' An hour later came another:



JOHN CORBIN.

'My Dear Boy: I should have said thirty, not twenty, naps. You are my best friend. The *feuilleton* is on the road. A. Dumas.' The finale of this capital story is no less characteristic. The *feuilleton* arrived by post the following day, and was found to contain exactly four lines of Dumas's composition—two at the beginning and two at the end of the paper. Thus it ran: 'I copy from my good friend, Dr. Revoil, the following particulars about snakes.' Then came a long essay on that subject, all copied out in his own neat handwriting, and closed by this original remark: 'In my next I will deal with the boa constrictor, the most curious of all the snakes.'"

Mr. John Corbin's *An American at Oxford and the American Undergraduate* is likely to have a success due not altogether to the merits of the book itself. It is a good bit of writing—it seems to be just what its author intended it should be, but what will chiefly commend it to readers is, in view of the widespread American interest in the bequest of the late Cecil Rhodes, its happy timeliness. The body of the book was about ready to go to the binder at the time of the publication of Mr. Rhodes's will, which provided that each of the United States is forever to be represented at Oxford by two carefully selected undergraduate students. Mr. Corbin was just able to prepare hurriedly a preface, in which he summed up some of his ideas about the much-mooted matter.

While he considers Mr. Rhodes's bequest on the whole fortunate for the future of American education, Mr. Corbin does not believe that the plan will result in any speedy realisation of the ideals of the great exponent of English power in the new worlds. Highly assimilative as our national American genius has always been, it is and will remain fundamentally native and independent. "We have assimilated, or are assimilating," writes Mr. Corbin, "the best spirit of German education; and if we were to make a similar draft on the best educational spirit in England, our universities would become far superior as regards their organisations and ideals, and probably also as regards what they accomplish, to any in Europe." The author goes on to point out that at first sight the testator's intention seems to have been to send the students to Oxford directly from American schools, a course which he believes could work only harm. He does not think the educational and residential facilities of Oxford are any better than those of American universities, and if they were, that alone would not compensate the student for the loss of his American university course, with all it means in forming friendships and in developing the national spirit. What he believes is, that great advantage might result if the Oxford scholarships were awarded to recent graduates of American universities.

Then the student might modify his native training so as to complete it and make it more effective. It was very much in this way that Mr. Corbin himself went to Oxford.

In that part of the book devoted to the problems of the American University, Mr. Corbin is open to considerable criticism. In his titles he professes to deal with the American undergraduate at large; as a matter of fact, he tells only of the undergraduate of Harvard. American university social life means to him Harvard social life; when he writes of the educational system of the English university, he looks only to new Cambridge for the American contrast. He is on surer ground when he compares English and American university athletics, and he says quite frankly that he enjoyed writing this part of the book best. There are very few men so well fitted to judge the undergraduate sports of both countries; and, as a result, the chapters dealing with "Oxford Out of Doors" are very well worth while. With Mr. Caspar Whitney, he believes that American football, as played by the colleges, "has improved English Rugby off the face of the earth." The English game he finds "haphazard and inconsequent." The moderation of English training, the utter absence of "diplomacy in the arrangement of contests, and the apparent indifference of the Oxonian or the Cantab to the success of his university," are something he cannot understand. Mr. Corbin went to Oxford with much curiosity; he left it with a thorough liking for his hosts; but, naturally and happily, he came away preserving intact the ideals and convictions on the whole question which he had formed while an American undergraduate.

By no stretch of the imagination can any of Anna Katharine Green's novels be ranked as literature; with the makers of great detective stories—Poe, Gaboriau and Doyle—she has little in common; nevertheless, for work of a certain kind she enjoys a wide and well-deserved popularity. In a crude way Anna Katharine Green possesses a very strong sense of sensational dramatic effect. Few writers to-day can handle



ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

mystery and assassination so picturesquely and effectively. Even in the days of *The Leavenworth Case* and *Behind Closed Doors* she had thoroughly mastered the mechanism of the detective story, and if, as has been said, types such as Dupin and Lecoq and Tir au Clair and Sherlock Holmes are far beyond her powers; in Ebenezer Gryce and his young assistant she has constructed two excellent sleuths of the second order of merit.

Years ago, Thackeray, when he was sending newspaper and magazine letters

from Paris, poked huge fun at Paul de Kock because the latter, in one of his novels, introduced an eccentric English nobleman whom he had christened Lord Boulgrog. In much the same way some of the Paris correspondents of London journals have recently been having an amusing time with a French playwright, who, in a new play, calls one of the characters, an Englishwoman, "Netche Ems." But even better than this was the French daily whose *feuilleton* a few weeks ago set forth the career of an English milord named Lord Mrougham.

When, some time next January, writers begin the work of summing up the books which have won popular favour during 1902, there is little doubt that all the lists will include Alice Caldwell Hegan's *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* and Owen Wister's *The Virginian*. *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* has already established a secure place among the widely read books of the year, and we expect much along the same line from Mr. Wister's novel. The title, by the way, is daringly near to that of Thackeray's sequel to *Henry Esmond*.



ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN.

In England lately they have been writing a good deal on the subject of man's achievement after he has passed the age of fifty. On the literary side of the question it has been pointed out that Samuel Richardson, for instance, attained his success after passing that age. The first part of *Pamela* was written in two months of the winter of 1739-40, and published in the latter year. Boswell had passed fifty when the work that has made him immortal, his *Life of Dr. Johnson*, was published. After achieving this success he lived for only four years, and died sadly and ignominiously. Cervantes was fifty-eight when, in spite of all his miseries, he found the opportunity for completing the

**The Age of
Fifty.**

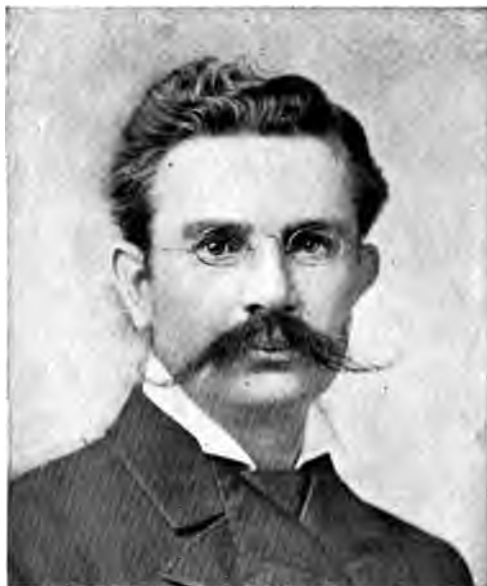
first part of *Don Quixote*. Daniel Defoe was fifty-eight years of age when he wrote *Robinson Crusoe*, and at the same period of life John Locke produced his essay "Concerning Human Understanding." Milton was fifty-nine when *Paradise Lost* was published. Samuel Johnson was sixty-eight when he began to write his *Lives of the Poets*, which has been called the most masculine and massive body of criticism in the language.

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It is painful to note how many great men have died in the fifties. At fifty-one Tasso, Sir Humphry Davy, Henry Fawcett and Walter Bagehot, Madame de Staël and Cavour; at fifty-two Shakespeare and the great Napoleon, Thackeray, Eugène Sue, William Haz-



OWEN WISTER.



THE LATE WILLIAM BLACK.

litt, Alfred the Great and Lessing; at fifty-four Descartes, who in his early days had planned the restoration of the patriarchal period of life, on the ground that he could not accomplish his work in a shorter term of years. Hugh Miller's brave heart cracked, to use Carlyle's words, at the same period. Dante died at fifty-six, and so did Francis Drake, Captain Marryat, Philip Massinger, George Whitefield, Pope and Paganini. Blackstone died at fifty-seven, and so did Canning, Heine, Charles J. Fox and Vanbrugh. At fifty-eight Defoe, Charles Dickens, Andrew Marvel, John Donne, Richard Steele and Ann Radcliffe passed from this world. Montaigne, Oliver Cromwell and Lord Macaulay were among many who died at the threshold of sixty.

Elsewhere in the present number of THE BOOKMAN will be found reviews of Sir Wemyss Reid's *William Black, Novelist*, and *The Autobiography of Sir Walter Besant*.

The writer of the department "Musings Without Method" in *Blackwood's Magazine* took as his main subject a month or two ago dictionaries, their merits, their pe-

culiarities and their making. He began with the dictionary of the French Academy, passed to Dr. Samuel Johnson and his dictionary, discussed the "bundle of words" which Randall Cotgrave published in 1611, and finally turned to the subject of the Slang Dictionaries which purported to introduce the student to the jargon used by the outcasts of society. "Whence came that strange, canting tongue known by its professors as St. Giles's Greek, Thieves' Latin, or Pedlars' French? From the Gypsies, we are told alike by science and by tradition. But whenever it came, it was well established in England by the sixteenth century. Harrison, in his *Description of England* (1577), not only explains the origin of the language, but dates its birth. 'In counterfeiting the Egyptian roges,' says he of the beggars, 'they had devised a language among themselves which they name Canting, a speache compact thirty years since of English and a great number of odde wordes of their own devising, without all order or reason; and yet such it is, as none but themselves are able to understand. The first deviser thereof was hanged by the neck, as a just reward, no doubt, for his desartes, and a common end to all of that profession.' Harrison's account cannot be accepted without revision. St. Giles's Greek is not a speech compact of English and odd words. Its syntax is English, but its vocabulary is all unspoiled by the written tongue. Nor can we believe that so useful an instrument of deceit as a secret language was devised by one man. Had it been, the inventor would have deserved a better fate than to be hanged by the neck. A chair of philology should have been his, and he should have been left to pursue his valuable enterprise in peace. But a language spoken, according to Harrison, by 10,000 people, had a natural growth, and came slowly to efflorescence. At any rate, by Shakespeare's time the lingo was firmly established, and its influence is conspicuous in the works of Ben Jonson and other dramatists. Its purpose is obvious enough: it was the best instrument wherewith to befog the ministers of justice. A criminal who could speak with his comrades in a tongue unknown to the honest man had a far better chance to escape the consequence of his misdeeds.

"But justice was not slow to learn the jargon of the criminal, and science followed in the train of justice with treatise and lexicon. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, books were composed in the flash tongue, while hand-books, falsely ascribed to Jonathan Wild, to Barrington and other famous cracksmen, followed one another into the bags of the book-pedlars. And very curious they are, these little chap-books, ill-spelled, and worse printed though they be, for they reveal the science of the highway, and illustrate the career of the bully-ruffians from the moment they go upon the pad until they pay the last debt at the nubbing-cheat. Such a book is the *Dictionary of the Canting Crew* (1690), by B. E., Gent., which the title-page informs us is 'useful for all sorts of people

(especially Foreigners) to secure their money and preserve their Lives; besides very Diverting and Entertaining, being wholly new.' Its entertainment we readily admit, while we doubt its use; and we pity the reckless foreigner who was persuaded to consult it. How, for instance, would it have profited a plundered Frenchman to hear his assailant murmur to an accomplice: 'We fork'd the rum cull's meggs to the tune of fifty'? Would it have warned a trusting German if he heard whispered behind him, "Let's kinbaw the cull"? Of course not; and B. E., Gentleman though he was, boasted a little when he recommended his book to the notice of foreigners. But his book is as full of profit as of pleasure, and it solves many of the riddles which confront us in the literature of its age."



THE LATE SIR WALTER BESANT.



In an article on "The Russian Soul," which he contributed recently to the *Saturday Review*, Arthur Symonds found in the pages of

The Russian Novel.

George Borrow's *Lavengro* an analogy to the early writings of Tolstoy. As an example, he compares the chapter describing Lavengro's paroxysm of fear in the dingle with the pages in *Sevastopol* describing Praskhouhin's sensations before and after the bomb strikes him. Tolstoy's position of calm and dogged and well-thought-out revolt, he thinks, could only have been adopted or maintained in Russia, and in Russia it is conspicuous only because Tolstoy is a man of genius. "The Russian novel," says Mr. Symonds, "is the novel of uncivilised people who give us their impressions of civilisation, or who show us how one can do without civilisation. They try to find out the meaning of life, each for himself, as if no one had ever thought about the matter before. They are troubled about the soul, which they are unable to realise, with Balzac, as 'nervous fluid;' with

this man; I must go to Sevastopol, though I shall probably be killed if I go there; I am convinced that this or that is my duty.' Sometimes they reason out their feelings; but the reasoning never makes any difference to their feelings. The English novelist shows us an idea coming into a man's head; when he has got the idea he sometimes proceeds to feel as the idea suggests to him. The French novelist shows us a sensation, tempered or directed by will, coming into a man's consciousness; even his instincts wait on the instinctive criticism of the intelligence; so that passion, for instance, cools into sensuality while it waits. But to the Russian there is nothing in the world except the feeling which invades him like an atmosphere, or grows up within him like a plant putting out its leaves, or crushes him under it like a great weight falling from above. He wonders at this strange thing which takes possession of him so easily, so unexpectedly, so irresistibly. He may fight against it, but it will be as Jacob fights against the angel in Mr. Nettleship's remarkable design: he is held in the mere hollow of a hand, while he conceives himself to be wrestling with the whole of that unseen force."



EDITH EUSTIS.

Thackeray, as the schoolboy's response to his master. Like Fomá Gordyéeff, 'they bear within them something heavy and uncomfortable, something which they cannot comprehend.' Russian novels are the only novels in which we see people acting on their impulses, unable to resist their impulses or to account for them. They are never in doubt as to what they feel; it is as simple as when one says, 'I am cold; I am hungry.' They say, 'I love this woman; I hate

Marion Manning, by Edith Eustis, is a story of Washington, which, however, was published too late to be included in the article in this number on "Washington in Fiction." Mrs. Eustis is a daughter of former Vice-President Levi P. Morton.

It was at the inn at Burford Bridge, near Dorking, shown in the illustration on the opposite page, that Keats wrote part of his *Endymion*. The inn is further noted as having been the lodging-place of Lord Nelson just before he sailed to Trafalgar.

A literary event of real importance was the gathering of Indiana authors in Indianapolis during the last week of May to give

The Hoosier Group.

their services to the work of increasing the Benjamin Harrison Memorial Fund—a work which, as has been pointed out, should not be left to Indiana alone. During the evenings of Friday, May 30,

and Saturday, May 31, a series of authors' readings was held at English's Opera House; on Saturday an authors' luncheon took place at the University Club, and late in the evening a reception was given by the same club. Probably there is no other State which could have carried so large an affair along these lines to so complete a success and with such dignity as Indiana. It was in no way a matter of mere local literary reputations. The authors who took part were Hoosiers only in the secondary sense; for almost all of them belong widely to the literary activity of the nation. General Lew Wallace, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Meredith Nicholson, George Ade,

first home was in a square, three-story brick building at No. 82 Cliff Street.

Seventy-two years later, in November, 1899, financial disaster overtook the house of Harper, and the work of reorganisation was undertaken by Colonel George B. McClellan Harvey, one of the most successful of the business and newspaper men of the younger generation. Colonel Harvey comes of Scottish ancestry, and is a native of Vermont, where he was born, at Peacham, on February 16, 1864. He was educated at the Caledonia Grammar School in that town, and when fifteen years old began to write for the local newspapers. At the age of eigh-



THE FAMOUS INN AT BURFORD BRIDGE, NEAR DORKING.

Booth Tarkington, George B. McCutcheon, Charles Major, James Whitcomb Riley—one need only call the roll. Comment would be superfluous.

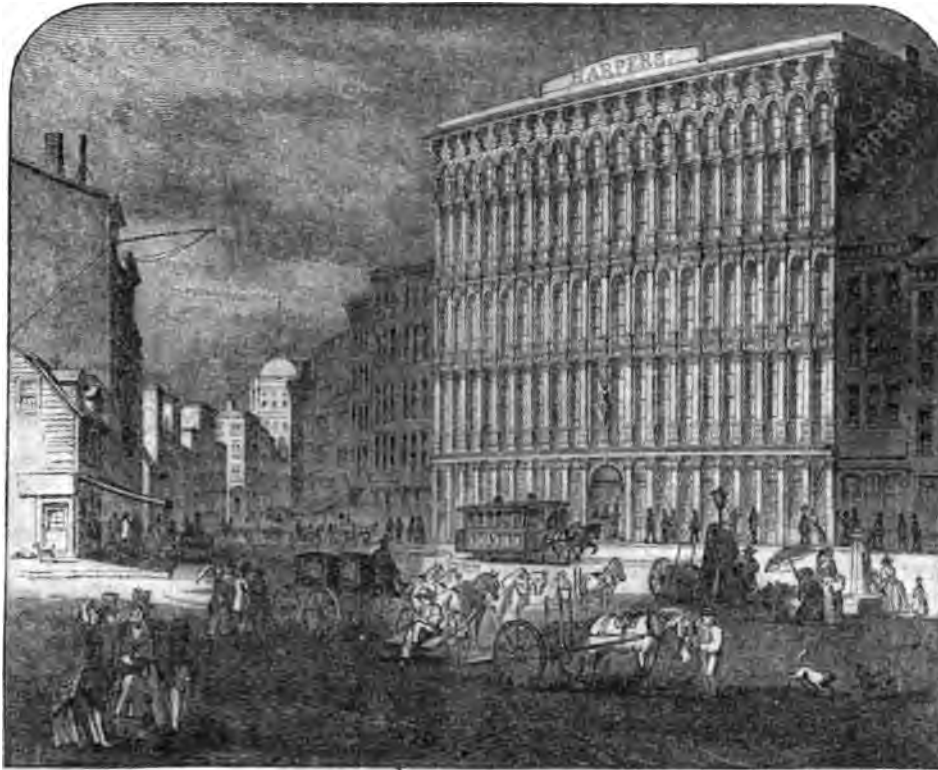
The fact that with the issue of July 5 there is to be a complete change in the form of *Harper's Weekly* lends a certain timeliness to

these, the first of a series of paragraphs which we shall print from time to time on the great publishing houses of the country and the men who actively direct them. Of the New York publishing houses which exist to-day that of Harper is the oldest. It was established in 1817 by John and James Harper, and its

teen he became a reporter on the staff of the *Springfield Republican*. Two years later he went West, and for the next year was a reporter for the *Daily News* of Chicago. When he was twenty-one, with his Peacham, Springfield and Chicago experience behind him, Mr. Harvey came to New York and became a reporter for the *World*. For nearly seven years he served that paper, rising from place to place on its staff until he became managing editor, and then editor-in-chief. The last-named place he held for six months, when his health became impaired and he was compelled to resign. That was in 1893. Mr. Harvey then turned his attention to business affairs. For two years he was associated in busi-

was, at the age of twenty-one, appointed aide-de-camp, with the rank of colonel, on the staff of Governor Green, of New Jersey. He was reappointed and made chief of staff by Governor Abbett, and declined another reappointment at the hands of Governor Werts. He was also appointed Commissioner of Banking and Insurance by Governor Abbett, but resigned the place after a few months in order to give his full time to newspaper work. He also declined the place of

writer of an opera libretto. Yet many of the last months of his life were given to work on this libretto, which he did not live to see produced. The subject of the opera was first broached by Emanuel Moór, a Hungarian composer, who has a summer home in England. While Mr. Moór is comparatively unknown in this country, his symphonies have been heard and appreciated in England and on the Continent; and his opera, *La Pompadour*, was performed last winter in Germany.



THE PUBLISHING HOUSE OF HARPER. FROM AN OLD PRINT.

Consul-General at Berlin, which was offered to him by President Cleveland. Early in 1899 Colonel Harvey purchased and became editor of the *North American Review*.

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Every one who claimed any acquaintance whatever with American literature knew the late Bret Harte very well indeed as a writer of verse and of short stories; very few, we think, knew of him as the

**Bret Harte in
a New Field.**

In 1899 some of his friends urged him to write an opera to English words; but the difficulty was to find a good libretto. Bret Harte was at last induced to try his hand at this unaccustomed work; but, though plots were talked over, nothing further was done until last year, when the story of "Alkali Dick" was chosen and modified. The result was beyond every one's expectations, including even those of the author who had produced an opera full of incident, sentiment and humour. The words of the libretto are said to be

admirable, and there are some really exquisite verses, in particular the "Angelus," which is a perfect lyric.



The hero of the opera is a gentleman who, in search of a lark, has joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show as a cowboy. Grown tired of the life, he leaves the show in Paris and rides across country to take passage for home. He loses his way in a forest adjacent to an old château, and creates a great sensation, which he can in no way understand, among some young maids who are preparing for the fête of their mistress. He does not know that in his cowboy costume, which curiously resembles that of a cavalier painted in the time of Vandyke—an observation which Bret Harte said was the cause of his writing the story of "Alkali Dick"—he is taken for the ghost of a Count Armand, an ancestor of the present occupants of the château, who, condemned on account of sacrilege, is obliged to wander forever through the forest. The young mistress of the House of Fontenelle, who has always been mysteriously attracted by the face and fate of Count Armand, on beholding the American, falls into the same error, which leads to strange complications. The mother represents the old *régime*, the Abbé is the humorous character, and the *deus ex machina*, a young cavalry officer, who arrives from Paris at the proper moment to vouch for the respectability of the supposed Count, now unmasked as a circus rider, who in the meantime has of course fallen in love with the young Countess.



One who was with Bret Harte during the time that he was at work on the opera says that he wrote rapidly, and almost every day brought from his writing table new songs written in his fine, neat hand. These he read aloud and explained what was to follow. Then he would beg to hear the music which had been composed since the day before, and would lean back in his chair, a cigar in his mouth, an ear-

nest look in his eyes, which changed to a smile of delight at some especially fine passage, and give himself up to a thorough enjoyment of hearing his own words sung. Though no musician, he declared that nothing affected him so deeply as music. It was delightful to those assembled to see the interest of the writer in his new field, to note his willingness to take suggestions, and to listen to the discussions between the writer and composer in regard to the musical and literary value of words. He was very anxious to hear the opera performed, and was then so strong and hearty that there seemed no reason to doubt that he would have that pleasure.



Bret Harte often said that he owed all his popularity to the strength and freshness of his material, and that California at the time of the gold fever was a rich field for authors and the best possible working model of democracy. In discussing humour, he once said that the humourist must be able to look at both sides; must make the reader weep as well as laugh. For that reason he did not consider Mark Twain a real humourist, although he had often laughed until he cried over Mark Twain's writings. In his opinion, the greatest humourists were Thackeray, Dickens and Cervantes; but he considered that the greatest writers of all, in his opinion, Shakespeare and Dante, were too sublime for humour. Tennyson he looked upon as the greatest poet since Shakespeare, but thought that when he tried to be humorous, as in the "Monologue at the Cock," he succeeded only in becoming ridiculous. Another of his opinions was that a man's nature is richer in tenderness than a woman's. In view of this idea, it is interesting to re-read "The Luck of Roaring Camp." The story is a point in favour of that belief in his own case. His long residence abroad had by no means alienated his affections from his own country, and the news of the death of President McKinley last autumn greatly shocked and saddened him.

PAUL LEICESTER FORD AS BIBLIOGRAPHER AND HISTORIAN

Paul Leicester Ford was born in Brooklyn, New York, March 23, 1865, and had, therefore, just completed his thirty-seventh year at the time of his tragic and untimely death on May 8 last. It is well to keep this fact prominent while estimating the variety of his genius. One cannot forbear recalling a sixteenth-century parallel in the sudden death of Raphael Sanzio, when also of exactly the same age. Without pressing the parallel too far, it is safe to say that both accomplished more than a good life's work in a brief span of years, leaving the world a debtor to their worth and industry.

A fall from his nurse's arms in infancy permanently injured Mr. Ford and precluded his pursuit of education in academic fields, as enjoyed by robust young men; but he received rudimentary training under the guidance of private tutors. His father and mother were both persons of considerable culture; possessed of a fine private library, and a home to which many men and women prominent in American letters resorted. It was in this exceptional company, at dinner table and in the library, that his boyhood and youth were spent; his tastes cultivated and his plans for future life-work matured. He was equal to the advantages of his environment, and justified the ambitious hope which his father indulged for him. With his father and brother, Worthington Chauncey Ford, he aided in forming "The Historical Printing Club," of Brooklyn, which "for excellent work and for the number of books published easily takes a place in the front rank of modern book clubs." In fact, what is usually considered as the initial issue of the club's publications, in 1876, was a reprint, with notes and corrections by Paul Leicester Ford, then only eleven years old, of the *Webster Genealogy*, compiled originally in 1836 by Noah Webster, his great-grandfather.

Mr. Ford was small in stature, but great in mind. Among American historians of the nineteenth century who have accomplished great tasks in the face of physical drawbacks, Prescott, Parkman and Ford make an undying

trio. It is not generally known that Parkman early in life exhibited some versatility, but did not develop it. Mr. Ford, on the contrary, developed a remarkable versatility, which was yet destined to show itself in other fields than those in which he took a prominent part, namely, in bibliography, history and fiction. His mind, saturated with information on a vast range of topics, delivered up of its store whenever an occasion warranted, in a most natural, matter-of-fact manner and without ostentation. His industry exhibited "the strength of ten," and he knew well how to concentrate time to bear the best results. The pace at which he worked, or seemed to some to work, judged from the number of publications issued with his name in a single year, created the impression (as I have heard it discussed) that his many accomplishments were a flash of genius which was soon to produce an untimely end. But Mr. Ford baffled the alarm of his friends by producing yet more and better work in an enlarged sphere without the least evidence of physical disintegration. Possessed of sufficient affluence to embrace a life of ease, he chose work for pleasure. He once stated that, were he able, the height of his ambition would be realised by bringing out some new book or monograph every week! Such was the nature of his enthusiasm, yet it did not lead him to act rashly or to rush into print. On the contrary, he was a most painstaking scholar, and travelled far and wide to prosecute his researches or to procure the essential materials—or even sidelights—for the particular work he had in hand. It has been truly said of him that "probably no writer on American history was more widely known to librarians throughout the country." The afternoon before his death was spent in the Lenox Library building in quest for data relative to the biography of Mason Locke Weems for an annotated edition of Weems's *Life of Washington*, with a bibliography of the editions of that work, which he was soon to bring to press. Mr. Wilberforce Eames, Lenox librarian, recently stated that as far back as February, 1886, Mr.

Ford wrote to him that he had already "unearthed forty-two editions of Mr. Weems's *Life of Washington*, and there are yet long gaps in my list which remain unfilled."

It would take much space to enumerate the books or monographs of which he was the author or editor, not to include his many articles and book reviews contributed to many periodicals. In fact, were a single copy of each work placed in a pile, it would make a pyramid taller than a man of great stature. Most of his works relate to the Revolutionary and Constitutional periods of our history, although he did not strictly confine his activities within these bounds. At twenty-three he brought out a large octavo, *Pamphlets on the Constitution of the United States, Published During Its Discussion by the People, 1787-1788* (Brooklyn, 1888). It consists of reprints of rare contemporary pamphlets which were hurriedly issued by the writers during the intense partisan struggle carried on over the ratification of the Constitution. These he annotated and supplied with a full bibliography of the Constitution (55 pp.). His largest strictly bibliographical monograph was *Franklin Bibliography. A list of Books written by or relating to Benjamin Franklin* (Brooklyn, 1889). The introduction, a monograph in itself of particular value, fills about thirty pages. In the preparation of this volume he examined no less than seventeen public and corporate libraries, as well as Frankliniana possessed by several private collectors. In 1892 he supplemented his former volume on the Constitution by *Essays on the Constitution of the United States*. These essays were selected "from an examination of over forty files of newspapers and many thousand separate issues, scattered in various public and private libraries from Boston to Charleston." They were unknown by or inaccessible to historians generally, although five of the writers were signers of the Declaration of Independence, seven members of the Federal Convention, and many members of the State conventions which discussed the Constitution. All had a wide experience in law and government, and their contributions are valuable from their statement of facts. In 1895 the first volume of his *The Writ-*

ings of John Dickinson (Political Writings, 1764-1774) appeared, edited at the request of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. He had a second volume in preparation, and it is regrettable that he was not spared to complete this edition of the *The Penman of the Revolution* in his masterly editorial manner. Right here we may say that with Mr. Ford bibliography and history were a necessary and inseparable copartnership. In his Dickinson volume he demonstrated by practical application, as he did in other works, the undeniable value of exact bibliography as the handmaid to history. Even the Century Association profited from his bibliographic instinct, since he prepared for it. *A catalogue of the James Lorimer Graham Library* (New York, 1896), in which rare and valuable books were catalogued with true bibliographical exactness. Appreciating that much of the uncritical history of the past was akin to lying, he had no patience with those historians who sought to make demi-gods of imperfect mortals, or who cast a mantle of untruth around the nakedness of ancestry. This he elucidated with no uncertain sound in his *The True George Washington* (Philadelphia, 1896) in these words: "But to all who have studied the creation of a mythology no phase is a more curious one than that the keen, practical American of to-day should engage in the same process of hero-building which has given us Jupiter, Wotan, King Arthur, and others. By a slow evolution we have well-nigh discarded from the lives of our greatest men of the past all human faults and feelings; have enclosed their greatness in glass of clearest crystal and hung up a sign, 'Do not touch.'" He was for "humanising Washington," because, he wrote, "it seems as if the time had come to put shadow-boxes of humanity around our historical portraits, not because they are ornamental in themselves, but because they will make them examples, not mere idols." In his *The New England Primer: A History of Its Origin and Development* (New York, 1897), he gave a mass of new material about that long-lived text-book, and it may be doubted whether any of Mr. Ford's novels are more interesting reading than the vein of humour which pervades his long introduction to *The New*

England Primer. In this limited edition he presented a very careful bibliography of eighteenth-century editions, so far as discovered by him. A cheaper reissue in 1899 omitted the bibliography, but gave additional information in the introduction which he had discovered in England. The collection of essays known as *The Federalist*, although many times printed, had never been annotated or thoroughly indexed. Mr. Ford supplied this long-felt want in 1898 by issuing a new edition, to which he also added a long introduction (35 pp.), in which he gave an examination of the authorship of the various numbers. The editing of *The Writings of Thomas Jefferson* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1892-1899. 10 vols., 8vo) was his largest undertaking as an editor, which he affectionately dedicated to his father, Gordon Lester Ford, "as a memorial of his aid and sympathy, beyond either description or acknowledgment." For this fine set he personally read and examined thousands of letters from which to make a selection. His introduction in volume I (over 24 pp.) is a vigorous historical résumé of Jefferson's work and place in our history, and his annotations and bibliographical data exhibit a thorough mastery of the subject. His *The Many-sided Franklin* (New York, 1899), first issued serially in the *Century Magazine* during 1898-99, is one of his best historical works, in which his versatile subject is considered as diplomatist, politician, agitator, wit, moralist, inventor, natural philosopher—yea, in all possible aspects. On April 30 of this year his

last work, *Journals of Hugh Gaine, Printer*, was published in two handsome volumes by Dodd, Mead and Company. It is by far the largest monograph ever produced about an American printer. Besides carefully annotating the fragmentary journals, he gave a full biography of Gaine and a critical bibliography of every book, pamphlet and broadside known to have been issued from his press. From 1890-92 he was one of the editors of *The Library Journal*, and was the editor of *The Bibliographer* (Dodd, Mead and Company) from its initial number in January of this year until his death, and a contributor of special articles to each issue.

Dozens of volumes or pamphlets, his handiwork, have not even been mentioned; yet their value, too, is permanent, and they are a constant source of information to the librarian and the scholar. Mr. Ford was lavish in his willingness to aid others in their investigations, or to hand over gratuitously a mass of materials which he had garnered. I have personal knowledge of a number of instances, and was quite staggered once by his generosity when he offered me biographical gatherings relative to the lives of some twelve to fifteen thousand prominent Americans or persons identified with our past history. We cannot give a better apotheosis of him than by borrowing a line from Byron:

"Brief, brave and glorious was his young career."

Victor Hugo Paltsits.

THE BASES OF THE DRAMA

I. THE LANGUAGE OF THE PLAY.

To the eye of the novice a printed play would seem to be a story told in a series of conversations; but let him once try his hand at the trade, and he will quickly learn that in play-constructing, dialogue, the word written to be spoken, has been the last of the builder's tools. Indeed, certain masters of the craft go so far as to assert that the perfect play must be susceptible of being rendered intelligibly in pantomime alone, without verbal commentary or elucidation; but while such

undoubtedly would prove a strong test of a drama from the standpoint of pure actableness, still, it hardly is an end to be striven for, since pantomime at best is a cold perfection, renouncing the beauty of language and the matchless music of the human voice.

Accordingly, the highest dramatic art will speak two languages, addressing the intelligent sympathies of the audience through the two æsthetic senses by feeding eye and ear at one and the same time

with beauty. A play always must be regarded as an art-illusion, which many forces working together are necessary to produce. In the creative hour the dramatist who mimes his story in the puppet-booth of his imagination is speaking a curious sign-language which may be called the language of the play, its symbols including painted vistas, objects intended to represent other objects, objects intended to represent themselves, real human beings embodying fictitious human beings, action, illustrative gestures, and last, the accompaniment of speech.

The young playwright with the pen of a ready writer will begin his career by being prodigal of dialogue. Experience, however, will chasten him, teaching him that he is a craftsman employed in the service of public entertainment, working under inexorable rules framed by the theatre-goers of his day and generation. In this present year of grace he is given to understand that his task must be fulfilled between the overture at somewhere about eight o'clock, and the Star Spangled Banner at eleven, and that dinner parties will trample ruthlessly on his opening lines if he ignores their modern hours, while commuters will noisily turn the time-tables on him should he unduly prolong his story. Trivial as such considerations seem, nevertheless they are the conditions of contemporaneous life that help to mould the play's external form. It is to be remembered that of all the arts the drama is ever the most responsive to the popular habit of life, a fact that accounts for most of its faults, many of its virtues, but, above all, for its immeasurable influence. Accordingly, our young dramatist's first lesson, a harsh one, but necessary, will be in economics, and he will study his written story from a new standpoint, ascertaining how much of it should be told by the sign-language of the play, pictorially, by inference, by action, and how little should be left for words.

Time was when life was longer or its habit less impatient, that literature intended for perusal and literature of the stage were closer kin. In those days long, descriptive speeches held the place in play-constructing now relegated to the exhibitory arts. In those simple, unhurried days, you, the audience, were content that the Temple of Mohammed should be indicated by a placard and a declamatory

passage. Modernly the placard would excite your derision, the declamation weary you; your eye has been trained to expect some effect of realistic splendour, so that at least a practicable façade and a perspective view of the temple's self must be afforded you. Accordingly, the modern dramatist leaves all his scenic explanations to specialists; his sun and moon are controlled by a Joshua-like electrician at a keyboard, an art-upholsterer is summoned to furnish his *Arabian Nights*. His own part in these delineations is, having creatively projected them (for which give him fully as much credit as though he wrote them up in declamatory passages!), to provide clear directions for their realisation. Do you ask if the drama gains or loses by laying these accessories under contribution for its objective aspect? Gains, and is gaining every day. Were Shakespeare alive, he, with the prophetic instinct of genius, would surely be in the advance guard of those who profit by mechanical devices to visualise the scene. Just as in music the polyphony of Wagner is a development of the polyphony of Bach, so in dramatic art its later-day spectacularity is no innovation, but is a natural development along the lines of general progress. Even in his day of lettered redundancy and stunted scenic opportunity, it is to be noted that Shakespeare never delayed a dramatic moment out of sheer literary wantonness. In *Lear*, for instance, at a great emotional crisis, Shakespeare compresses a description of the concomitant convulsion of the elements into a single word of direction written in parenthesis in the prompt-book—the one word (STORM).

All said, it is a question of theatric values, and it is by the art-result, not by the means employed to produce them, that they are to be judged. The novelist may exhaust the resources of rhetoric and spend pages upon pages covering his scenery with snow, while the playwright merely engages a boy to throw down bits of paper from the flies, or a man to work the patent snow-machine: the tools differ, but the art result striven for is identical—to touch the imagination of reader or spectator with the white idea of snow!

Inference and suggestion are among the prime factors in the sign-language of the play, and when used aright are dramatically most potent. Think what a fine

effect is produced in Sardou's *Diplomacy*, when, by a wordless inference, a crime is hunted to its source! Early in the play there is an apparently casual mention of a woman's preference for a certain perfume—apparently, mark you! since one might as well forfeit a lot in the business section of the city as lose the value of a sentence in a play! Later, when the plot thickens, there is a difficulty in discovering who has been tampering with official despatches, and suspicion seems about to fall upon a person whom the audience know to be innocent. Suddenly the investigator pauses, gives a slight sniff, lifts a paper to his nose, and in the change of expression that passes over his face we read without the utterance of a single word that the silent witness of her favourite aroma has betrayed the intriguer. This is great art, and, when adroitly wielded, never fails to awaken a quick response from the audience, whose vanity is flattered by an appeal to the intelligence—an appeal, by the way, whose tax must not be over-subtle, since, however brilliant the several intellects that comprise it, as a mass the intellectual movement of an audience always will be slow.

When pantomime, gesture, or facial expression is thus used to supply a sentence and state a fact, be sure that it is a case of verbal suppression and that the playwright not only has mimed the act, but possibly has spoken the speech before he blots it out. The novice by degrees has learned that the finest things he says in his play are the things for which, perchance, he will get no credit, since they are unsaid in words, appearing in his manuscript merely as pregnant directions, or as lacunæ wonderfully potential in the opportunity they afford for illustrative "business," action that illuminates the situation, a start, a quaver of the voice, a broken phrase or an eloquent pause conveying feeling too great for utterance, thoughts too deep for tears!

When we come to consider the actual turn of words employed in dramatic conversations one generalisation may be laid down: that the play speaks the language of its period. Not only has it to fulfil its eternal office of holding the mirror up to nature, but also it is under social bonds to show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. And that the externals of dramatic art are susceptible to

the changes of fickle fashion may be seen by going no further than their opening lines in a comparison of plays of different epochs. Shakespeare, for example, likes best to discover to you an empty stage on to which he sends one, two, or several persons to start the story with a conversation that strikes directly at the keynote of the plot. Witness: *Richard the Third*. London. A Street. Enter Richard Duke of Gloster. "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this sun of York."

Two Gentlemen of Verona. Verona. An Open Place. Enter Valentine and Protheus. "Cease to persuade, my loving Protheus: Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits."

King Lear. Palace. Enter Kent, Gloster, Edmund. "I thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall."

King Henry the Eighth. Antechamber in Palace. Enter Dukes by different doors. "Good morrow and well met. How have ye done, since last we saw in France?"

Hamlet, the great exception to many precepts, varies this form.

Hamlet. Elsinore. Platform before the Palace. Francisco on his post. Enter to him Bernardo. "Who's there?"

As "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" resounded with the march of large events and echoed with the clang of arms, it was natural that the drama of the day should be conceived in a martial mood and written in heroics. Later, as the country's interests were temporarily more restricted, the play assumed a domestic shape and opened preferably with a matrimonial skirmish. Witness the comedies of the two Colemans, Goldsmith, Foote: *The Nabob*. Enter Sir John and Lady Oldham. "Not a syllable more will I hear! . . . Nay, but my dear . . . I am amazed, Sir John, at your meanness! . . . Nay, my dear, what would you have me done? . . . Done!" . . .

The Jealous Wife. Discovered Mr. and Mrs. Oakley squabbling. "Say what you will, Mr. Oakley, you shall never persuade me but this is some affair of yours! . . . I can assure you, my love. . . . Your love! Don't I know your love!"

The Heir-at-Law. Discovered Lord and Lady Duberdale at breakfast. "But

what does it matter, my dear, whether I drink my tea out of a cup or saucer? . . . A great deal, my lord, in polite circles." . . .

She Stoops to Conquer. Discovered Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle. "I vow, Hardcastle, you're very particular! Is there another creature in the whole country but ourselves that does not take a trip to town now and then to rub off the rust a little! . . . Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them a whole year! In my time. . . . Ay, your times were fine times, indeed!"

Now we come to a phase of the romantic and domestic comedy, when Cibber, Vanbrugh and others of their often sparkling, but always artificial, school send on to the unpeopled stage a single character to tell the story of his life in a soliloquy, at whose conclusion he slaps his forehead and pensively cries, "Let me reflect a while!" or, looking off, utters the teemful predication, "Here she comes!" Witness: *The Provoked Wife*. Enter Sir John. Soliloquy. "What cloying meat is love when matrimony's the sauce to it! Marriage has sunk me to such an ebb of resolution that I dare not draw my sword, though even to get rid of my wife! . . . But here she comes!"

The Suspicious Husband. Enter Ranger. Soliloquy. "Once more I am got safely to the Temple! . . . Let me reflect awhile!"

The Duenna. Enter Lopez with a dark lanthorn. Soliloquy. "Past three o'clock! But, hey, I hear music! Who have we here?"

The Provoked Husband. Enter Lord Townley. Soliloquy. "Why did I ever marry! . . . But let me be calm awhile! Here she comes!" And so on through a category longer than that of the Grecian ships, of husbands and wives, careless or too careful, injured and injurious, provoking or provoked! Then when the divorce question was agitating France, the French play conspicuously opened with a dialogue between some serving Joseph and Josepha, whereby the particular matrimonial tangle of the drawing-room was disclosed. Fortunately for art, the modern manner is plastic, and while there are certain fundamental principles of play-building that are as perennially operative as the attraction of gravitation, the playwright of to-day sets forth his initial sit-

uation unfettered by academic rules. Two brilliant instances of modern openings will be found in *Barbara Frietchie* and *The Climbers* by Clyde Fitch.

The vogue of the stage "aside," in which a character says something to some one on the stage that he does not mean, and then puts his head out of window, so to speak, to tell the audience what he does mean, long since has dropped away. The prevailing idea is to imitate real forms in stage conversations, so far as art may do. The soliloquy that once was an integral part in play-constructing still is used, but sparingly, and its use may be priceless or ridiculous, according to the measure of the art behind it. A speech addressed to no one on the stage, and designed to throw information directly at the heads of the audience, is bad art and no soliloquy, since the audience has been assumed as interlocutor. To take an example from a recently produced and as recently withdrawn farce: a meddlesome lady has to be disposed of, and the husband of her daughter hits upon the expedient of escorting her to the railway station an hour before her scheduled time. After the requisite stage-interval enters the resourceful one, saying with a confidential smile, in the direction of the footlights, "I've left her at the station!" Nothing could be clumsier or more calculated to destroy the art-illusion which farce no less than tragedy lives by engendering. In play-constructing there is an invisible wall stretching from flies to footlights—and what sane man would enter a room and smilingly confide his machinations to a wall! When the soliloquial form is resorted to, it is constructively necessary to subjoin to any statement of fact some reflection or expression of emotion—fear, joy, suspense, resulting from the act. A soliloquy is a thinking-aloud, and people do sometimes think aloud in real life, though less frequently than on the stage, but our thoughts never review our actions for descriptive purposes alone. Always the heart is present, colouring the occasion with feeling pleasurable or sad. The old dramatists dearly loved a good soliloquy for its own sake, and to this philosophic cast of mind we are indebted for some of the greatest moments in dramatic art, where the thinking-aloud strikes the highest note, psychic or emotional, to which the play attains. Im-

agine *Hamlet* bereft of To Be or Not To Be! How simply, how truly, that moment of self-communing reveals a man's soul while it forges a vital link in the dramatic chain! Some one enters a room alone, brooding over a question that from vague speculation has become the paramount issue of his life. He gazes dreamily before him—at the audience? Never. He is alone! Perhaps his glance rests on the fair prospect on which the windows give—the windows in that unseen wall!—and if a sentry paces to and fro without, if spying courtiers watch him, he pays no heed; to his preoccupation they are but as shadows on the battlements of Elsinore. No castaway on a desert island could be more solitary than this man, for his is the supreme solitude of spiritual isolation. And now a fragment of his musings escapes him and clothes itself in speech, and the unseen witness is privileged to behold a psychic denudation such as only marks a tremendous moral crisis in a life. "That dread of something after death—the undiscovered country!" . . . But, soft you now! His meditation is broken by the entrance of the fair Ophelia. When with words baffling as bitter, Hamlet leaves the maid among the ruins of her shattered love-dream, Ophelia, too, has her soliloquy. "Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!" she cries in excuse for her whilom lover. Then her exquisite plaint, "And I, of ladies most deject and wretched that sucked the honey of his music vows" . . . that virginal confession, tender and pure as spring's firstling snowdrop, how could it be uttered except in solitude! . . . Do you say that in real life such thoughts remain forever unexpressed, even to one's own heart? Ah, but you forget! The province of art is to transcend life's actualities, and give heart and soul a voice! Remember, too, that in the greatest drama that ever has been lived through there came a supreme moment in dark Gethsemane when the heart of humanity cried aloud to the Eternal and voiced his pain in prayer—and what is prayer but a soliloquy!

Because it has a long story to tell in a short time, the language of the play never can be identically that of literature nor of life. Its habit, generally speaking, will be more trenchant and less verbose. The playwright picks up a conversation from

fiction, from life, or he invents one, but in all cases he will discard every phrase that is superfluous or merely literary and without direct bearing on the play. Every sentence he will shape that it may carry a portion of the dramatic burden; his very words will be threaded with an eye to associate action, gesture, facial expression. His statements he usually will arrange in progressive form, since an audience cannot turn back over the pages to confirm a previous impression, have no opportunity to hark back in thought to what has gone before. Also, the dramatic sequence of sentences is strongest when climactic, on the model of "I came; I saw; I conquered!" Had Mr. Markham written *The Man With the Hoe* for the stage, probably he would have rearranged his closing couplet:

When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries!

and ended with the line that hits the hardest, both in sound and sense; with the word that spiritually has no peer:

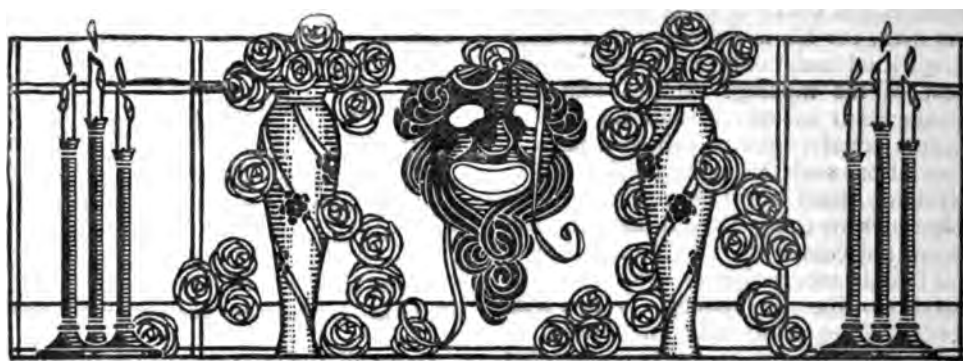
After the silence of the centuries
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God!

Above all, the language of the play must be clear, clear, clear! If the dramatist be subtle, like Ibsen, like Ibsen he must be explicit. Though time and typography read doubtful passages into his text, as with Shakespeare, so with Shakespeare there must be no uncertainty about the speech's general trend. And last, but far from least, unless he wishes to be commonplace, the playwright will idealise. Take, for instance, a love-scene: could anything in life be more fatuous or cloying than a love-scene, except for the two participants! An enforced spectator is fain to blush for human nature on seeing the most natural thing in the world, simply because nature never intended it to be seen. On the stage, therefore, it is necessary to counteract this undesirable effect by steeping the colourless sweets of a sentimental exhibition in the rainbow hues of art. On the stage the love-scene must have a comedy twist, or it must be idealised. In Sheridan's *Rivals* the passages that modern management omits, between Julia and her Falkland, impress the reader as dull and talkative, because they lack all saving humour, pathos, poetry;

while in the same play the sentimental episode between Lydia Languish and her Beverley will live forever by its enchanting comedy. There is one love-scene that stands out like a jewel from the plays of all ages, immortal by grace of its fanciful, yet human, touch and its divine, poetic quality. The situation is slight enough, and such as happens commonly in real life: two young people are bidding each other good-night and making an appointment for the morrow. The boy is in the garden, the girl is on a balcony, and there is a moon. "Hist, Romeo, hist! Oh, for a falconer's voice! . . . It is my sweet that calls upon my name! . . . Good-

night, good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow! . . . Would I were sleep and peace so sweet to rest!" Now, this is not the way people talk in real life, not even when the moon is at the full and they are very much in love; it needed a great poet, a great seer of human nature, so to translate into the terms of art the very flower and soul of love! . . . And that is the highest office of the language of the play: to phrase all the essential truth of life, but with a wit, a charm, an ideality that add to the language of life as we know it—the grace of aspiration and immortal beauty!

Marguerite Merington.



A CLEAR CASE

CYRANO DE BERGERAC AND THE PRINCE OF CORNVILLE.

There still, perhaps, remain many great treasures of art to be unearthed. This although the museums of Europe are full of monuments, statues, bronzes and the like found in the diligent delving of a single century of archæology. In the course of the last hundred years antiquity has surrendered countless weapons, tools and ornaments to the conquering energy of modern research. Schliemann at Troy, Caylus at Rome, Ebers and Renan in Egypt and Syria, discovered much that was beautiful or edifying, so earning the gratitude of all civilised peoples. These are but a few among an army of explorers. Only lately has the French Government made a grant allowing of certain excavations to be continued on the site of ancient Carthage. The work of enriching the present and future with tangible pieces of the past is one of the peculiar occupations of this scientific,

investigating age. Nor is that activity restricted to relics made of stone or metal. Papyri and parchments of extraordinary historical value or surpassing literary merit are occasionally discovered.

From time to time documents possessing the last-named attribute to a more or less eminent degree have come from the soil of America, and quite recently was it the present writer's good fortune to obtain a glance at a rare specimen of this kind. The document in question purports to be a dramatic work. It is a product, not of ancient, but of modern Chicago. The authorship, at least, is ascribed to a resident of that city or its environs. The printing would seem to have been undertaken by one Kimball. Consisting of one hundred and sixty-eight pages of folio parchment paper, rough-edged, with the water-mark "John

Dickinson and Co.," this (in many ways) curious example of nineteenth-century literature exists in the form of a book. The volume has covers of green cloth adorned with gilt decorations, and is provided with a gilt top. In the centre of the fifth page stands the legend in small, but clear, italics: "This Comedy, written at an earlier period as a diversion amidst business pursuits, is now printed for private circulation only. The edition is limited to two hundred and fifty copies, of which this is No. —."

A pity that the author, who, we see, confesses himself a *dilettante*, should have thus restricted and kept from the public his "Comedy." For it is a composition well adapted to excite emotions of hilarity in persons of either sex, and of any age or condition.

The first scene is headed by the simple stage directions: "An orchard by the sea. Sunrise. Birds singing." Birds frequently sing. By choice many of them sing at sunrise. And they are known to be fond of orchards. But how did they find that orchard on the sandy beach of the ocean? Enter Ideal, "a poet, suitor to Violet," who forthwith shows what an individual of his profession can do even before breakfast. He begins:

The hour of dawn!—how thrilling and intense!

The matin songs of birds, that dart and soar
On quivering wings, now break upon the sense
As sharply as the cannon's voice at mid-day.

Whether the hour of dawn is thrilling and intense, or whether the song of birds is so when delivered at that time of day, as to this the reader may suit himself; but he is given no alternative when it comes to similarity between the twittering of a sparrow and the booming of a twelve-inch hundred-ton siege gun. The remainder of Ideal's first speech is in blank verse, as about one-quarter of the play is, the rest, including all of the intentionally humorous matter, being in prose, with a sprinkling of quatrains. But Ideal, and, for that matter, the author of the "Comedy," is indifferently versatile in all three modes of expression. In their facility of giving original renderings to thought they are, however, rivalled by Violet, the girl who becomes the poet's bride. The first six pages of

the play bring deepest conviction concerning the aforesaid versatility. For in the compass of these six pages we find the following terms used in conversation between Violet and her lover:

"Sweet picture," "sweet flower," "sweet mysterious alchemy," "sweet spirit," "sweet maid," "sweetest reverie," "sweetly growing there," "sweetest herbs."

"Golden beams," "golden age," "golden butterflies," "golden as the sun."

"The pilgrim moon," "the cold moon's slanting beams," "last eve's moon," "O. gentle moon," "when moonbeams glide."

"Wood, sea, and sky," "the rising sun," "nor yet from the sky . . . nor yet from the earth," "the roseate sun," "dramas in the skies," "radiant skies," "woven of his [the sun's] beams," "hides the sun."

And here is one of the quatrains:

What pure mysterious alchemy
Doth beauty chaste as thine persuade
To sublimite its crude degree
In sweetest herbs of earth displayed!

Yes, that is one of the quatrains. Another—well, perhaps it were best to give a further example of the prose instead. Here, then, is a prose sentence from the page opposite that on which the quatrain is printed:

"What sweet mysterious alchemy could beauty such as hers persuade!"

The next personage to come upon the boards is Northlake, "a philosopher," the didactically disposed, middle-aged guardian of Violet, who has gambled away all his money, and hers as well, in the stock market. In no other of the world's dramatic masterpieces is the unique psychological phenomenon presented of a man of books and learning making railway shares his principal study. Of equally strange character is his wife, who has run away from him because of her "frensied jealousy," a passion commonly known to produce the opposite effect. Northlake is offered an enormous bribe to persuade his ward to accept the hand of a commercial magnate, Whetstone by name. Whetstone is the mayor of a provincial town, and a liberal patron of science and education. Among those subsidised by him to promote the cause

of science is Professor Scythe, always ready to instruct while diverting. Asked for a definition of love, Scythe replies:

"With the passionless precision of science, I say unto you, Mayor Whetstone, though she you love is the most symmetrical duplex pyramidal aggregation of atoms in the human saccharine conglomeration, shun love and court science; for by spectroscopic analysis of the light proceeding from the eyes of jealous lovers, I have seen their spleen turning a dark green."

The chief *dramatis personæ* have now been enumerated, with the exception of Fopdoodle, "a fop," and Bluegrass, Whetstone's secretary. The fop overhears the millionaire mayor making love to Violet, in consequence of which he challenges him to a duel—not of pistols or swords, but of invective. We have seen how eloquent the speakers are in the "Comedy," and therefore can imagine that the duel must have been a fine linguistic success. Meanwhile, it is due to Whetstone, the apparent hero of the play, to quote at least one of his speeches. Referring to Violet, he observes to the mercenary, stock-jobbing philosopher:

"I've made you a business proposition that's worth more than all your books. I've got the booty, and you've got the beauty. Is it a trade?"

The author's jocose vein manifests itself in a similar manner throughout the play many more times than the present critic dare avow. Here, for instance, is a charming flight of fancy from Mr. Bluegrass:

"Would that a seamaid I might be made to see."

And here is another from Northlake, the Socratic plunger in margins—a daintiness, fragrant thing:

"You could not have chosen a better suit [of clothes] in which to press your suit."

It will be remarked that at the be-

ginning of our description a well-ordered, synoptical scheme appeared to be promised. If that treatment was not carried through, it is because such a plan was useless to the comprehension of this play, the sense of which must forever remain a dark mystery. Nor is the secret object of the author in publishing so many as two hundred and fifty copies of the book ever likely to be revealed. He wrote the "Comedy," he says, "as a diversion amidst business pursuits." A diversion to whom? All one dares to hope is that some day—though, of course, not until many centuries after ours—excavations in the ruins of Chicago will bear the belated fruit of enlightenment to a waiting world—we hope that the archæologists of that distant era will discover such commentaries or annotations of this work as, when deciphered, will enable men to assign the "Comedy" its proper place in the literature of the ages.

Before concluding this article, be it said that Ideal marries Violet, Northlake becomes reconciled to his wife, Bluegrass obtains the hand of Violet's maid, and Whetstone takes his faithful housekeeper, Susan, to his bosom. And it would be unfair to the dramatist to leave unmentioned the scene—which he is so proud of—wherein Bluegrass, assuming Whetstone's voice, serenades the fair Violet (who is listening from her balcony), while Whetstone makes gestures appropriate to the song, and the secretary, besides lending the mayor his voice, impersonates his master's shadow. Be it stated, too, that the ballad in point is even below the par of the average merit of this monstrously absurd so-called comedy, "The Merchant Prince of Cornville," by Samuel Eberly Gross.

The only reason, aye, the only excuse for publishing any criticism whatever of this—this thing—is to make as widely known as possible the nature of the stuff claimed to have been stolen by the finest poet of the day from the worst.

Lionel Strachey.



A MAN'S WAY

Ask me not this:
To take from thee a single kiss,
Then go, forgetful of the store
Thy lips conceal, nor beg for more.

Yet bid me slake
Mine utmost thirst and so awake?
Lady, no longer should I see
Dawn, noontide, evening, clothed in thee.

Truth hath it still
That didst thou let me take my fill,
Drink down thine every charm and show,
I, like all other men, would go;

But since thou art
Shyness personified, my heart
Runs pit-pat underneath thy feet
And each grudged kiss becomes more sweet.

Come, Springtime, say!
How hast thou known so well the way
To hold me knotted to a thread
When ropes would fail to bind instead?
- Thou wilt not tell?
Still do I bless thy woman's spell,
Still, in the fervour of thine eyes,
Scorch me with kindled witcheries.

Mary Olcott.

ALFRED DE MUSSET AND "THE ENGLISH OPIUM EATER"

In his paper on De Quincey's work and literary method, which serves as an introduction to a new edition of the English essayist's books, Mr. Ripley Hitchcock has been good enough to refer to the present writer as having made him acquainted with a little-known translation of *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, by Alfred de Musset, and he adds: "Up to the meeting with Ann, Musset's course was comparatively smooth, but that pathetic and innocent relationship was incomprehensible. One can almost see him frowning, hesitating, and finally abandoning his original to substitute a *liaison*, a titled interloper, a duel and a triumphant hero." The announcement in Paris of a definitive edition of *Œuvres Complètes d'Alfred de Musset*, in which no mention will be made of the translation referred to, is suf-

ficient excuse to give a few particulars concerning it.

There is not the slightest doubt that Musset at the age of eighteen attempted to render into French Thomas De Quincey's masterpiece, for a single copy of the work, having upon its title-page the words *Le Mangeur d'Opium, par Alfred de Musset*, is still preserved in Paris among the treasures of the Bibliothèque Nationale. The story of the discovery of this unique volume, which for nearly forty years had remained unknown to biographers and bibliophiles alike, is almost as curious as we shall see its contents are when we come to examine them.

One day in December, 1868, M. Charles Soto, a lover of good and rare books, entered a second-hand shop on the *quais de la Seine*, and, unearthing there

a small brown-covered volume of one hundred and fifty pages, straightway paid five francs—the apparently exorbitant price demanded for it—and departed in feverish haste. From the date of this incident M. Soto became a monster of intolerable egotism, before whom publishers and booksellers fled as from a maniac. He amused himself by calling at the most celebrated book-shops in Paris and inquiring in a tone of apparent indifference: "Have you Musset's complete works?"

On receiving an affirmative answer he would add: "*Très bien*. Will you kindly let me examine *Le Mangeur d'Opium*? I am curious to know whether it is among *Les Œuvres Posthumes* or *Les Mélanges de Littérature*?" And the booksellers laughed in his face and told him to put his question to *La Bibliothèque des Cigales*. They laughed until the exasperating Soto held under their eyes a little volume on the title-page of which they read: "*Le Mangeur d'Opium par Alfred de Musset*."

For two years M. Charles Soto continued to play his little comedy to his heart's content. He was offered fabulous sums for his little book. But the joy of possession defeated all schemes to deprive him of it. With him its possibilities for egotistical enjoyment became a monomania. Having become *persona non grata* along the quais of the Seine, he visited fresh fields of conquest. We hear of him in Amsterdam, in Berlin, in London—everywhere ready to mete out the punishment of Tantalus to the innocent vendor of books. The Commune at length brought him to his senses. It burned his house, but *Le Mangeur d'Opium* was found intact among the ashes.

The work had appeared in 1828, and was a semi-translation and adaptation of *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, by Thomas De Quincey, published in London in 1822. I shall try to show what *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater* meant to the French poet, Alfred de Musset.

Musset at eighteen was affected with a romantic and sensitive desire for narcotics—drugs that would bear his senses beyond the bounds of the material world, and, in an artificial paradise, give to his hallucinations the sensibility of truth.

Thus Musset became acquainted with the drug of which the author of the *Confessions* writes:

O just, subtle, and all-conquering opium! that, to the hearts of rich and poor alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for the pangs of grief that "tempt the spirit to rebel," bringest an assuaging balm,—eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath, pleadest effectually for relenting pity, and through one night's heavenly sleep callest back to the guilty man the visions of his infancy, and hands washed pure from blood;—O just and righteous opium! that to the chancery of dreams summonest, for the triumph of despairing innocence, false witness, and confoundest perjury, and dost reverse the sentences of unrighteous judges;—thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples, beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles, beyond the splendours of Babylon and Hekatómpylos; and "from the anarchy of dreaming sleep," callest into sunny light the faces of long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances cleansed from the "dishonours of the grave." Thou only givest these gifts to man; and thou hast the keys of Paradise, O just, subtle, and mighty opium!

That Musset was deeply affected by the *Confessions* and was truly sensible of the prose-poetry element of the mystic style, is learned from the curious sympathetic diction of his translation, which concerning his age and ignorance of Anglo-Saxon idioms, is a remarkable effort; but that he failed to comprehend and to appreciate the Englishman's message is obvious where he leaves the original and dashes into a strain of weird comedy which would have done credit to Sardou in his early days, and utterly annihilates the personality of one who, above all others, is most cherished by the lovers of De Quincey—the Pariah-Saint, poor Ann of Oxford Street. Obliterate everything in the original but this creation and there remains enough to give immortality to the author. In her every repulsive feature is veiled in poetic haze; there is no prudery, no phenomenal conversion, no obscene detail of vice; she reposes in the imagination a gracious figure, a Magdalen, but a Magdalen without remorse, without sackcloth and ashes; a dim, fair vision, whose evanescence ever avoids the

substance of a *dramatis persona*. At one instant she appears upon the scene; her tender, generous nature preserves to existence a poor, wandering boy; then gently, silently she fades away into the past and is seen no more; he waits, but she comes not; he searches, but finds her not:

If she lived, doubtless we must have been sometimes in search of each other, at the very same moment, through the mighty labyrinths of London; perhaps even within a few feet of each other—a barrier no wider, in a London street, often amounting in the end to a separation for eternity! During some years I hoped that she *did* live; and I suppose that, in the literal and unrhettorical use of the word *myriad*, I must, on my different visits to London, have looked into many myriads of female faces, in the hope of meeting Ann. I should know her again amongst a thousand, and if seen but for a moment. Handsome she was not; but she had a sweet expression of countenance, and a peculiarly graceful carriage of the head. I sought her, I have said, in hope. So it was for years; but now I should fear to see her; and her cough, which grieved me when I parted with her, is now my consolation. Now I wish to see her no longer, but think of her, more gladly, as one long since laid in the grave—in the grave, I would hope, of a Magdalen; taken away before injuries and cruelty had blotted out and transformed her ingenious nature, or the brutalities of ruffians had completed the ruin they had begun.

Not a vestige of the above picture remains in *Le Mangeur d'Opium*. M. de Musset probably considered it inconsistent with the interpolation that he wished to add. But the story of the first meeting of Ann and De Quincey is preserved through sheer impertinence, a mere bit of rhetorical riff-raff, meaningless though fantastic, but withal utterly incongruous with what Musset causes to follow. In place of the pathetic lamentation above quoted, the Frenchman injected, as it were, a fantasy that is as absurd to English-thinking peoples as is the translation itself—robbed of the ideal figure of Ann, the individuality of De Quincey and the local colour of Oxford Street:

So then, Oxford Street, stony-hearted step-mother, thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children; at length I was dismissed from thee! The time

was come that I no more should pace in anguish thy never-ending terraces, no more should wake and dream in captivity to the pangs of hunger. Successors too many to myself and Ann have, doubtless, since then trodden in our footsteps, inheritors of our calamities. Other orphans than Ann have sighed; tears have been shed by other children; and thou, Oxford Street, has since those days echoed to the groans of innumerable hearts.

As has been said, Musset omits all this, but he gives Ann a much more palpable form in the continuation of his story, of which the following is a brief *résumé*:

Un jour, pendant l'hiver de 1810, l'auteur se trouvait encore une fois sur les longues terrasses de la rue d'Oxford. Il y rencontra un de ses anciens amis, qui dit—"Ce soir je vous amène au bal; c'est un bal à la française."

He goes to the "bal," and beholds without any astonishment a French dance in the heart of London. There he sees Ann again. M. de Musset is thus more fortunate than De Quincey.

On annonça le marquis de C—; il entrait donnant la main à une femme que plusieurs jeunes gens entourèrent aussitôt.

C'est elle!

Elle était pâle et couverte de diamants. Elle le vit en passant, mais sans paraître l'observer ni le reconnaître. Aussitôt, il sortit désolé et sans espoir. Mais deux hommes le suivent et l'un d'eux dit: "Ne vous nommez-vous pas M. de Quincey?" "Oui," répondit-il, "que me voulez-vous?"

"Si vous avez du cœur," lui dit-il plus bas, "trouvez-vous demain à dix heures précises, rue Albemarle, Numéro 6."

Le lendemain il fut exact au rendez-vous. Elle se jeta à son cou—(et tout le reste). Alors elle raconta l'histoire de ses aventures, ses tribulations aux mains de Lord C— et comment elle avait toujours conservé sa pureté pour lui-même—(c'est à dire le bon auteur, Thomas de Quincey). Il forme le projet pour la délivrer; mais à l'instant même une voix forte crie derrière la porte—"Ann! ouvrez, c'est moi; ouvrez sur-le-champ!"

Le marquis de C— entre.

Alors commence une scène!

Enfin le marquis va à une petite armoire, et en tire deux épées et des pistolets. Chacun prend une épée, et ils commencent à se battre

Le marquis est atteint au dessous du bras—il tombe.

Then poor De Quincey is made to take the amorous, yet ever-faithful Ann in his arms and bear her from the room. They find a "post-coach and four" waiting for them below. They enter the coach and travel far away, stopping only while "le bon auteur envoya un chirurgien au marquis blessé."

Thus Ann and De Quincey reunited enjoy many happy years together: "Voilà ce que fait M. de Musset!"

And the *raison d'être* of this sensational interpolation is not difficult to account for. The youthful Frenchman was not aware that he was tampering with an English classic. Baudelaire had not then written of *The Opium Eater*: "Un homme grave, aussi recommandable par

la spiritualité de ses moeurs que par la hauteur de ses écrits;" and the youthful poet, doubtless, imagined that he had to deal with the work of a romantic young Englishman, as he himself was Parisian; and he quite probably deplored the seemingly insipid and, to a Gallic mind, unnatural character of Ann as she was in life and as De Quincey painted her; and, actuated by the characteristic hate of his countrymen for all incomplete things, and with an environment and colour as un-English as the original had been un-French, he dragged poor Ann down from the clouds and into the gutters of Paris. Poor Ann! resurrected from simple truth and tranquillity, furnished with the gaudy paraphernalia of the cocotte and served up à la carte to tickle Parisian palates!

Walter Littlefield.

THE HOUSE OF THE GREEN SHUDDERS

A STUDY IN GENIALITY.

The frowsy chamber-maid of the Red Lion had just finished washing the front door steps, and feeling ill natured she dashed the dirty water over Tam Bair-r-r-nie who was passing up the street.

John Gourlay, the biggest and the richest and the most ill-natured man in Bar-bie, saw her do it and he chuckled to himself, not that he had anything against Tam but that it pleased him to see folk in discomfort.

John was in high feather the morn, for his twelve draymen had been ordered by him to drive as noisily as they could past the house of the Widow Balharrie, who was just convalescing after a fever and for whom the doctor had prescribed absolute quiet.

"I wish I could be in the sick-room to listen to the groans of her when she hears my twelve drays rattle past. Eh, but it'll like give her a relapse."

Five or six men were standing at the Cross when John's hard steppers went by the widow's house but although they knew that the noise would annoy the sick woman they were not so pleased as they might have been because it was Gourlay who was doing it. They could understand his doing the spiteful thing because it was just what they would have

been glad to do if they had had twelve heavy drays drawn by loud steppers but they were not men to applaud anything that John Gourlay did.

"I wish it was Gourlay's wife was sick an' us makin' the noise outside her window" said Sandy McSmeddum.

"Yeth," said the Deacon with the lisp that he used whenever Douglas remembered to give it to him. "Yes, I'd like to worry the dirty thlattern if I could."

"Oh, thyut your mouthth," said the Provost, imitating him.

The Provost was in an ill humor this morning just as he was every morning. He was the most ill-natured man in Bar-bie with the exception of nearly everybody else. But when it came to ill-natured jabs Geordie Douglas was not far behind the rest. There was not a character fit to put intil a buke in his estimation unless he was able to give a good tongue lashing at a moment's notice and as for him he had a supreme contempt for every character. Geordie had written a buke that was said to be the strongest thing in recent Scotch fiction. "So is cheese strong" said the Provost when they told him "but it leaves a puckery taste to the tongue."

It was a well known fact that John

Gourlay of the House of the Green Shudders hated his unlovely and untidy wife and strengthened his fists on her whenever he saw her of a morning. Punching-bags were not common in Barbie and not likely to be used by John as long as his wife held out. He had one son and a daughter. He could just abide the daughter because she was more a Gourlay than anything else but John looked so like his mother that his father never saw him without making a wry face at him and kicking him through the open or shut window.

The younger John could see things. Show him a primrose by the river's brim and he would fall to describing the Botanical Gardens at Kew. Let him hear a workman using his hammer on the kirkyard fence and he had a vision of a tropical thunderstorm and ran crying to his mother. He could stand the odor of one tulip but three would throw him into convulsions. No wonder that to lethargic, brutal, domineering John Gourlay (dammim!) the extreme sensitiveness of the boy was the strongest kind of irritant. Every few years the old man kissed his daughter Janet; but for the boy he had a withering contempt that kept his upper lip in a constant pucker. . . .

The villagers of Barbie wanted to obtain a water supply from Loch Barbie. If they could obtain the right of way through John Gourlay's land it would cheapen the cost one-half and it would be money in his pocket. Still there was not one of them dared go up and ask him. He had so much nastier a way with him than any of them had, although they were all as nasty as they could be with constant practice, that not one coveted the job of tackling big John. . . .

Finally the Deacon, suffering from acute dyspepsia, felt in the mood to go up.

"Bad morning to ye," Mithter Gourlay, lisped the Deacon.

"A waur one to ye, ye thick-tongued driveller. 'What's gnawin' at ye now?"

"We want to get the right of way for the new Barbie conduit."

"What's the right of way?" said thick-witted John.

"One of the six best sellers" said the Deacon, forgetting his lisp in his anxiety to perpetrate a play on words.

"There's no cellar equal to that of the House of the Green Shudders" said braw John with a sour glower.

"It'th money in your pocket if you vote for it."

"And it'll disappoint every one in the village if I vote against it. It's worth votin' nay for sic' an objec'. Put that un'er your double tongue and tathte it," said John. . . .

Hot Scotch words followed and it ended by John's planting his brawny fist on the Deacon's leg in such a way as to lame him.

The only good-natured man in the village, the baker, said that he was sorry that John hadn't broken his fist when he hit so religious a man as the Deacon. Of course the baker's good nature was only relative. In Thrums or Drumtochty he could have posed as a scold but at Barbie where the rest were so much worse his comparative good nature exposed him the more to the envenomed tongues of his neighbors. After all a man who is good natured or who tries to lighten the gloom of such a world as this is, gives abundant proof that his liver is in better condition than his head. . . .

John Gourlay's fortunes began to fall as soon as his hard steppers had disturbed the fevered slumbers of the Widow Balharrie.

He despaired of his sentimental son ever becoming a merchant and so he sent him up to Embro that he might be fashioned into a meenister—all he was good for.

If young John learned nothing else at the Univairsity he did learn the use of the bottle; and while under the influence of his potations he wrote a bit of a composition, using nothing at all but words in it, and the fool of a professor announced that he had won the Rab Burns prize, simply because every other composition was twice as long as John's and twice as senseless, if that were possible. The foolish oaf had the impudence to be pleased at having at last done something creditable (to give it so big a name) and he was so puffed up with conceit at his idiotic triumph that he actually went home with pride in his foolish noddle.

He was sure that his father would be glad and old John was glad; so glad, in

fact that he forebore knocking John down for nearly a minute after his arrival and only vented half his usual spleen on him before bedtime. . . .

It was no little consolation to all the villagers excepting the foolishly good-natured baker to hear that Janet was threatened with the blind staggers, the pleurisy, the pip, the mumps and the chicken pox, and it was hinted at the Red Lion that John's wife had a half dozen of specially assorted diseases, any one of which was sure death. . . .

Meantime young John who had gone back to Embro kept close to the bottle and the bottle kept close to him. And whenever he drank too much Tam Wilson, son of his father's business rival, who was in the same class, would send a telegram to Barbie and the villagers would hold a glorification meeting at the Red Lion and then send the good news to his mother who actually doted on her boy and who hated to hear that he was drinking at any fount but that of learning.

Things had been going from bad to worse with old John's fortunes. A neighbor had given all his horses the epizootic, and the culmination came when Sandy McSmeddum hamstrung the whole stud. It so happened that the same night John was expelled from the University for drunkenness and came home post-haste.

. . . . Old John was too angry to speak at first which made it all the more terrifying to both John, his mother and blind-staggering Janet. His two eyes gleamed like twin bullseyes.

He had been up on the step ladder mending a rent in a cobweb. His wife would have let the cobweb hang unmended for days but John Gourlay had always been tidy. His hammer lay beside him; likewise his gossamer nails.

After a silence of sixty minutes that seemed like more than an hour he sneered "Ye've won hame, I observe. Dec-ee-ee-ee-ar me. Im-phm!"

There's nothing so very deadly in "im-phm" just to spell it, but to hear John Gourlay say it was to think of slaughter-houses and Verstchagin's battle pictures and Holy Innocents' Day and I don't know what all. The sarcasm of the man was like vitriol on a bruised eye.

"Janet" said old John "get me the bottle of poison, the demijohn of whiskey, a carving knife, a pistol and a hatchet. We'll have fun the nicht. Johnnie has won hame from the Univairsity. He has lairned to be a braw drunkard, and it's monny the drink he'll hae before cock crow. Im-phm three times."

Shuddering and quaking, Janet did her father's bidding. Outside, the postman was peeking in at the strange group, and foreseeing what would happen, he soon left his vantage point and went down to the Red Lion to get the villagers to come up and be in at the death.

All night long John Gourlay poured whiskey into his son's mouth through a funnel and when the whiskey was all gone he poured in the poison; but long before that, Mrs. Gourlay and Janet had passed away, from mere horror of a scene that was to make excellent material for a gloom tale. Just before John was overcome he snatched up a huge Harlequin poker that Geordie Douglas had provided for just this emergency and with it he made a swash at his father that tumbled him off the ladder and put an end to his fortunes. At the same moment the mortgage was foreclosed with a bang and the villagers, led by the Deacon and winding up with the baker came to rejoice over the fall of the House of the Green Shudders.

"Served 'em good and raight too," said the baker, surly for once. "Pity George Douglas wasn't on the ladder when the poker swung up. He's more to blame for the condition of affairs than any one else. He's waur than a week of rain."

"Amen," said the Reverend Mr. Strothers. *Charles Battell Loomis.*



THE CONFESSIONS OF A HUSBAND

BEING THE OTHER SIDE OF A RATHER TIRESOME AFFAIR.

June the fifteenth.

It is indeed so, my darling, and we appear to be engaged. It is, of course, an extraordinary situation, and I appreciate your adjectives, but you must try to remember that we are not absolutely unique—that there are, in fact, others. Others like me, I mean. I should not dare to assert that there were any more at home like you, as the song says. Home would probably prove a little too strenuous for the average family in that case.

But we shall not constitute an average family—I am certain of it. The fact that in merely setting down the date of our engagement you “drove it into your memory like the nail that Jael drove into living flesh and bone and brain,” indicates a certain decision of temperament that promises, I am convinced, a very definite dinner-hour, to say the least. With all respect to Jael, don’t you think she was a little rude to Sisera? A trifle *exigeante*, perhaps? . . .

Do you really mean, my dearest, that you are continually “smouldering and sharpening knives and thinking things and humming war-cries under your breath?” You won’t mind my saying, now that we are engaged, that I find these occupations a wee bit disconcerting? Of course I shall grow used to them in time—probably before long I shall chide you if you cease to smoulder and sharpen; but just at present you won’t mind if I dodge now and then? Thank you.

Your unmitigated, Dana.

June the seventeenth.

My Only Treasure:—

Don’t you think you are a little unreasonable? Ingenuousness is a beautiful trait—as, I am sure, you thoroughly appreciate—but it has its limits. If you *will* sit in the dark, wrapped up in a lace curtain, and stumble over that convenient dog so opportunely, you must expect to be assisted to the partly perpendicular. You really must. It’s part of the game. And, by the way, that lace-curtain effect was particularly taking. Nobody ever tried it on me before, and I may say I went down directly. A girl

wrapped up in a curtain is so—but in case you really didn’t intend it, I won’t put ideas into your dear, innocent little head.

Only, my angel, in case you ever again have the intention of getting out of a suitor’s way, don’t on a summer night hang out of the window intermittently for an hour talking to him, and then start off for a little run in the garden at eleven-thirty. It misleads the man. And you must inevitably fail to accomplish your object of getting rid of him. I don’t know why we should be so intellectually dense, but we are. To get up a tree, subsequently, and sit at the top in the moonlight, is the poorest possible method of insuring his continued absence, I assure you. And when he arrives at the party, so to speak, if that invaluable dog, who, unlike his prototype of the conundrum, seems perfectly able to climb a tree, again causes you to very nearly pitch headlong, common humanity forces a man to catch you. And at that point—try, my divinity, to exercise your imagination a little—one feels that it’s up to him. I assure you it is the etiquette of the occasion; there is no other course possible. Ask the dog. I don’t suggest your father, because his peculiarly evanescent personality—a kind of now-you-see-it-and-now-you-don’t effect—makes it difficult for me to take very much stock in him. Honestly, my dearest, is he really your parent or did you rent him with the house?

As you say, “that a man should kiss you when you do not mean to be his wife is a dreadful thing;” but—a million pardons if I am wrong—I had an idea that you meant to be!

Yours apprehensively,
D. H.

June the nineteenth.

Would you mind, Marna dear, not referring to me as “the Man”? It gives me a kind of turn. I feel like the party in Victor Hugo who was wrecked, or something, on an island. Then, too, it doesn’t seem a respectful way of characterising a person who has “the bewildering beauty of a pagan god.”

Of course, if it eases your mind at all to continue to put into black and white "that you have promised a MAN that you would be his wife!" don't stop on my account. But why such large type? You couldn't promise a woman, you know. And I appreciate the fact that you are "so constituted that you must express yourself at any proper or improper cost," and that ink is much cheaper, for that matter, in the large pint bottles.

I am sorry that you "feel very strangely and a little seasick." It is a quaint expression; no one to whom I have been engaged before ever used it, that I remember. Try breathing with the motion of the vessel—but, of course, that wouldn't do. I suppose that was what the poet meant when he said that "Love was like a dizziness."

Don't be alarmed about your loving me less if I shaved. I shan't.

That's a sweet idea about my eyes reminding you of a revolving light-house, only—that is—really, Marna, I don't get the dimmest notion of what you mean, the more I look at it.

A little later.

I don't see what you mean at all. Do you think I impress other people in that way?

Later still.

Perhaps that's why I make you seasick.

Yours, D. H.

P. S.—I couldn't think of any dressy adverbs that sounded queer enough, so I just said "yours." Better luck next time. D.

August the twentieth.

My Most Inscrutable:—

It is probably quite true "your ruby gown, especially the velvet part, understands you better than anything in the world." For heaven's sake, hang on to it! It will be a good thing to have in the family.

I am afraid there is no way out of it: if you marry me you will have to be my wife; and, for that matter, you will have to be my wife if you marry me.

Yours regretfully, but decidedly,
D. Herwin.

September the seventeenth.

As you so felicitously observe, my dear

Marna, if you are quite determined to "flee to the wilderness of Womanhood, where no man ever sets his foot," it would be an obvious waste of time for me to endeavour to set mine there. So I won't come down over Saturday. Will you be back by the middle of the week? Expectantly, Dana.

October the sixth.

My Dear Wife:—

I am glad you admit it. I shall only be gone three hours, and you may write to me as much as you like. Don't forget where you put the notes, though, for when the maid dusts she is apt to confuse things. Of course, I will sign them any way you please, though it looks a bit odd.

Dana, Husband.

Still the sixth.

My Dearest:—

It is, as you suggest, a charming idea to fill your time by writing these notes and reading them to me on my return. And it was like you to kiss the chiffonier mirror where it has so often reflected my mouth. Only, judging by the spot on the glass, you have either greatly underestimated my height hitherto or else you changed your mind and really intended to kiss my Ascot. This is a little thing, but I mention it because little things, after all, make up our life so largely. Dana.

Still the sixth.

As you are in the next room, my love, this will not need to be a long note. I haven't read your last, because the dog inadvertently swallowed it. But I feel perfectly safe in replying that I still love you. And, by the way, don't put any more in the clock; ever since you kissed the minute-hand so much it's not worked quite right; and that last note stopped the striking part somehow and I missed my train. It's not that I am jealous at all, but it seems a pity to buy a new clock so soon.

Yours till death, Dana.

November the first.

My Dearest Girl:—

I'm sorry, but it never occurred to me that you would write a note on my shaving-pad, and it was gone before I real-

ised. I am delighted that you find marriage so bearable.

As ever, Dana.

November the fourth.

How could I have guessed that there would be a note in my dinner napkin, my pet? I shook it into the soup somehow, and—tomato bisque is such an impracticable soup under some circumstances.

Of course I do. Even more so.

Your Dana.

November the sixteenth.

My Dear Marna:—

It is true I have been away for twelve hours, but I am quite well. In case of any sudden indisposition I will telegraph you.

Apropos, my dear, while it is delightful in you to kiss the postage-stamp, and almost equally so, though perhaps a trifle marked if any one was about, to kiss the post-box, I think that in kissing the postman you went a little too far. You see, he is a married man, and I learn from the cook that his wife objected strongly. In fact, Ellen tells me that she—the wife—accompanies him mornings as far as our box, now. You will deny yourself this pleasure, I am sure, my darling, for my sake. People are so crude—not to say censorious—that I am afraid they will misunderstand my wife, and that would grieve me, for I know your simple nature, my dear, and how innocently you run against the stupid conventionalities of a longer-married experience.

Yours hastily,
Dana.

November the twenty-first.

My Dear Girl:—

It seems unwise to cry for five days because I said "yours hastily." I said it because, as a matter of fact, I wrote hastily. It no more meant that I was in a hasty temper than that I was in a hasty pudding. How could you think so?

I am sorry that I cannot conduct my business at home, but it does not seem a practical scheme. I never knew a lawyer that did.

Of course, it is trying not to be able to read the Old Testament with you this Sunday night while your face is bathed in tears and the wind howls dismally through the speaking-tube, but that will

be reserved for next week. You must remember that the Old Testament is short, and there will be so many Sunday nights! And I have never been able to get beyond the genealogies in Numbers.

Always, Dana.

December the thirtieth.

Will you be so kind as to keep that dog out of my way hereafter? I stooped to pat him, and his head was sopping wet. If you and your father will persist in using him for a handkerchief, at least have Ellen dry him out once a week. He will have rheumatism. It is a most uncanny taste.

D. H.

P. S.—I see now why his name is Job.

May the fifteenth.

Dear Marna:—

Don't mend the stockings any more, please. You see, you held them under your eyes, and as the tears are constantly streaming from them (of course, neither of us noticed it at the time) the stockings got pretty thoroughly soaked, and shrank so I can't wear them. They were all wool. Ask Maggie to do them. Not that I want you to stop crying for a moment, nor your father, nor Job. Some people think it detracts from the cheeriness of the house; they don't understand that it's just your impulsive way. I fancy it's something like my playing the violin without any training—a little trying to our neighbours, but you don't mind.

I shall have to be away this month.

With love, Dana.

September the second.

My Dear Marna:—

I am a patient man, but I warn you the end has come. If you put another message in the *Herald*, signed "M, wife of D," I shall take steps. They are just like those things that begin: "*Will the handsome blonde in pink shirtwaist who got out of Twenty-third Street cross-town car communicate with gentleman in mackintosh opposite, mentioning incident?*"

My sense of humour, of which you complained—perhaps with reason—early in our married life, has entirely gone, and it is necessary for me to take this seriously. Consider, in the first place, the cost of these insertions!

I am sorry to say that I cannot find

a suitable house, for the landlord had heard how our old one became too damp for safety. He says you would make any house malarial. I guaranteed that you would be perfectly willing to keep the lawn watered in summer—you know you said you would just as soon sit out there—but he said it would give the house a bad name. He said that strangers might get the idea that you really had something to cry about and that I treated you badly.

And he tells me that his wife thinks that Confessions are disreputable things,

anyway. She says that St. Augustine's early life was not what it might have been, by a good deal; and we all know what Rousseau and de Quincey were.

So you'll simply have to stop. Cut them right off just where they are, and if you must write, write an historical novel. It will be a little more expensive to advertise, they tell me, but on the whole it's more respectable.

Your (provisional) husband,
Dana Herwin.

Josephine Dodge Daskam.



ALEXANDRE DUMAS

(BORN JULY 24, 1802.)

It is in the nature of things impossible that Dumas's personal character should stand very high, especially at the present time. No one at any time could call him, by the greatest stretch of language, a good man, and it so happens that in the present period of artistic criticism those who might sympathise with him in the levity with which he regarded morals are filled with horror at the levity with which he regarded literature. He at least was a consistent profligate. He was not in the strict sense an honest man, and he was not what is now so much more admired, "a conscientious artist." He held himself free for his own pleasure to do bad actions, and he held himself free for his own pleasure to write bad books. He had not, like so many of our younger aesthetes, merely exchanged the large bondage of ethics for the small bondage of æsthetics.

The whole of Dumas's work and character must remain quite unintelligible unless we grasp this fact of his indifference to the literary virtues. For example, there is now, I believe, very little doubt that Dumas did really employ a whole staff of pupils or secretaries to

write whole passages in his voluminous works. There is more to be said for the proceeding than appears at first sight. Undoubtedly, the same thing was done by the great masters of painting, who set their disciples to work upon their backgrounds; and is still done by sculptors, who employ workmen upon the details of a group of statuary. But the more cogent and essential point of the matter is that nothing could better illustrate the difference between the reckless professionalism of Dumas and the worried and careful craftsmanship which is demanded from all artists in our day, quite apart from morality in any other respect. It would be difficult to imagine Mr. Henry James leaving an intelligent clerk to finish one of his conversations while he went out to lunch. Reliable evidence would be required to persuade us that Mr. W. B. Yeats gives out his manuscripts for completion to needy young men in the British Museum. But if Alexandre Dumas did do this we may be perfectly certain that he did it with complete cheerfulness, and, as the phrase goes, "without turning a hair." He might be called a great borrower, a borrower who

had brought borrowing to a fine art. He was the kind of man who will borrow money from his valet and ideas from his private secretary. But he would, in fact, borrow from anybody if he were driven to it, even from history or from Shakespeare. This indifference to indebtedness, this disdain of originality, cannot but appear contemptible to the current artistic spirit. But, paradoxical as it may appear, there is a great deal about it that is not at all contemptible, that is great, that is even classic, in a classic tradition.

The ethics of imitation in the arts are a matter which requires a great deal more clearing up than is commonly supposed. Plagiarism is with us the most abject of all literary attributes, an act which contrives to confess at the same moment stupidity and immorality. But marking plagiarism lowest in the scale of mean things, and kicking the plagiarist about like a football, leaves untouched one very strange and very solid historical fact—the fact that the great majority of the very greatest men in the history of the arts have been brazen and systematic plagiarists. What is the use of convicting some wretched youthful author before a horrified tribunal of having taken the idea for a novel from some comparatively obscure story by Flaubert or Pierre Loti, when he has it in his power to point out that Shakespeare was as ready to pick up old plots as a rag and bone merchant to pick up old clothes? What is the use of publicly insulting a painter by telling him that he copied the posture of one of his figures from Poussin, when art critics are at that very moment engaged discussing whether Poussin copied it from Raphael, and whether Raphael copied it from Perugino? Why should the modern artist dread above all things a disposition to steal from a set of celebrities, who liked above all things the chance of something good to steal? Why should modern criticism be founded upon this overwhelming and stringent reverence for the private property left behind by a race of highwaymen?

The idea of originality, like a good many other of the bold, wild, breezy ideas of which Mr. Henley and his school are so fond nowadays, would seem to be almost entirely a modern idea; an idea belonging to the age of silk hats and over-education. Homer

was not original in the Aubrey Beardsley sense; Dante was not original; Raphael was not original; Spenser was not original; none of the great men were original. They lived in a great tradition of literature. They conceived that they had a claim upon all the wisdom of the world, an intellectual communism. A theme was with them something of what a song is to singers, or a piece of music to pianists, a thing which any one might have a try at. Consequently certain themes, like the theme of the rescue of the lady by the knight; Andromeda, by Perseus; Angelica, by Ruggiero; Serena, by Calapen, became living and traditional things, handed on from generation to generation, and continually reshaped and developed. It is very difficult for a modern person to understand what this situation was and how great a difference it made. Imagine what the state of things would be if any one, anywhere, might write the story of *Diana of the Crossways* over again, not as a parody, not merely as an exercise, not with any change of style or concealment of origin, but simply because he thought he could do it better or as well. Conceive the situation if the first thing that a rising young poet published was almost invariably a reconstruction of *The Ring and the Book*. The change is very great, and it is not quite so obviously for the good as most people have supposed. People are very fond of discussing what is the cause of the comparative dwindling of literary greatness in our time. It may be, after all, that literature is dying of originality and starving from lack of plagiarism. It may be that if we wish to build high we must build more in concert. It may be that if we wish to retain the liberty of elves we must retain their stature.

And Dumas had undoubtedly about him this loose and dubious greatness. Thus he did regard the great material of romance as belonging to nobody in particular and every one in general, just as it was regarded at many of the great crises of literary triumph. Boccaccio, in the splendid springtime of Europe, would no more have called Chaucer a plagiarist for retelling one of his stories than one bishop would have called another bishop a plagiarist for wearing a mitre. Just as there was a common stock of religion, of heraldry, of military

etiquette, so there was a common stock of literature. Again, in the Elizabethan era, we find the dramatists, the most remarkable minds of the age, living frankly and almost grossly, the life of rag-pickers; borrowing plays, lending plays, abandoning their own plays, hacking about other people's plays, until so much confusion has arisen about which poet produced which masterpiece that the less sane people of our own day have even been able to maintain a theory that all the plays were written secretly by the Lord Chief Justice. That darkness, that confusion, that flinging away of a man's own work, that stealing of other men's work, that indifference at the same time to one's own honesty and to one's own glory, is a life-like picture and prototype of the atmosphere in which Dumas lived. It was an atmosphere which would be perfectly impossible to the modern man of letters, who thinks literature the most important thing in the world. The greatest literary works that English history has seen were produced by people who, in their poverty, and exuberance, and will to live, may be said to have despised literature.

Dumas's fame is wrapped in similar clouds to those which wrap the fame of about half of the great Elizabethans. Nobody is quite certain that any idea which Dumas presented was invented by him. Nobody is quite certain that any line which Dumas published was written by him. But for all that, we know that Dumas was, and must have been, a great man. There are some people who think this kind of doubt clinging to every specific detail does really invalidate the intellectual certainty of the whole. They think that when we are in the presence of a mass that is confessedly solid and inimitable, we must refrain from admiring that mass until we have decided what parts of it are authentic; where the fictitious begins and where the genuine leaves off. Thus, they say that because the books of the New Testament may have been tampered with, we know not to what extent, we must, therefore, surrender altogether a series of utterances which every rational person has admitted to strike the deepest note of the human spirit. They might as well say that because Vesuvius is surrounded by sloping meadows, and because no one can say

exactly where the plain leaves off and the mountain begins, therefore there is no mountain of Vesuvius at all, but a beautiful, uninterrupted plain on the spot where it is popularly supposed to stand. Most reasonable people agree that it is possible to see, through whatever mists of misrepresentations, that an intellectual marvel has occurred. Most people agree that, whatever may be the interpolations, an intellectual marvel occurred which produced the Gospels. To descend to smaller things, most people agree that whatever lending and stealing confused the Elizabethan Age, an intellectual marvel occurred which produced the Elizabethan drama. And to descend to things yet smaller again, most people agree that whatever have been the sins, the evasions, the thefts, the plagiarism, the hackwork, the brazen idleness of the author, an intellectual miracle occurred which produced the novels of Dumas.

In novels of this kind, novels produced in such immeasurable quantities, of such prodigious length, and marked throughout with its haste of production and dubiety of authorship, it is, indeed, impossible that we should find that particular order of literary merit which marks so much of the work that is now produced and is so much demanded by modern critics; the merit of exact verbal finish and the precision of the *not juste*. Stevenson would have lain awake at night wondering whether, in describing the death of a marquis in a duel he should describe a sword as glittering or gleaming, or speak of the stricken man staggering back or reeling back. Dumas could not, in the nature of things, have troubled his head about such points as that, so long as somebody killed the marquis for him at a moderate figure. All technical gusto, the whole of that abstract lust for words which separates the literary man from the mere thinker, were certain, through the facts of the case, to fade more or less out of Dumas. The supreme element of greatness in him was what may be called *ἀρχιτεκτονική*—the power of massing a building. He was a great architect, and stands among his hired scribblers like Sir Christopher Wren among the masons at work upon St. Paul's. The idea that he did actually publish books written in detail by others

is very much borne out by the fact that nothing is more noticeable in his work than that its talent is chiefly shown in the planning of an incident or a series of incidents. Without going into any of the actual examples, we can ourselves imagine the class of eventualities which are the glory of Dumas's romances; and

him scribbling on a loose piece of paper a list of six Royal Princes, each of whom in succession was to be summoned by the King to assist him against an assassin, and each of whom in turn was to turn his sword against the King. It was in this dramatic sequence that Dumas was greatest and most readable; he excelled



we can imagine Dumas planning them out as a general plans a campaign. We can imagine him telling a secretary, as he went out for the day, that the two cavaliers were to go to six inns, one after another, and find in each a huge banquet prepared for them by an unknown benefactor, or a man in a mask seeking to fix a quarrel upon them. We can imagine

in a kind of systematic disaster and a kind of orderly crime. He was, after all, a Frenchman in more ways than one, and with all his violence, worldliness and appetite there remains in his work something fundamentally logical. The man who made the finest scenes in his romantic writings turn on tangles of relationship, like the triple duel which opens *The*

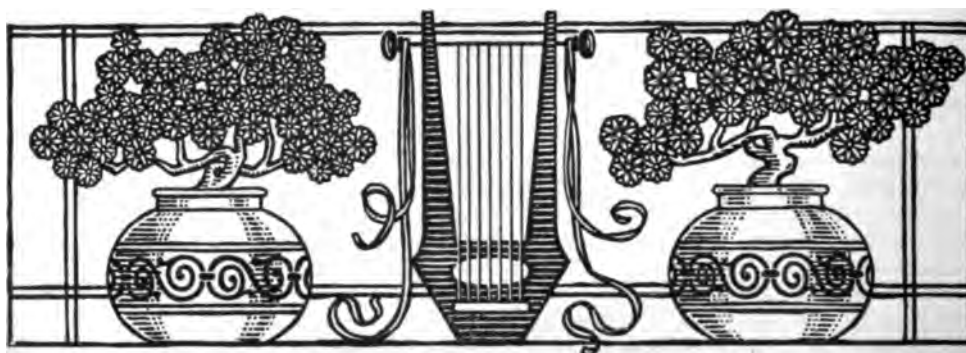
Three Musketeers, had almost the mind of a mathematician.

This structural, systematic, almost numerical method of Dumas's is really important as throwing some light on the conditions which produce romance so popular and so great as his. There is a very general notion in existence that romance depends upon the unexpected. This is altogether an error: romance depends upon the expected. Unless the elements already existing in the story point to and hint at more or less darkly, but more or less inevitably, the thing that is to follow, the mere brute occurrence of that thing, without rhyme or reason, does not either excite or entertain us. The theory that romance depends upon the unexpected could, of course, be easily refuted by a *reductio ad absurdum*. Nothing in the world is so difficult as to catch and put into printed words the true spirit of romance; but nothing in the world could be so easy as to introduce into a story something that was unexpected. Anybody could make a mad bull enter the drawing-room in the middle of one of Miss Fowler's epigrammatic conversations, or make one of Mr. W. W. Jacobs's stories end abruptly with the blowing of the trump of the Resurrection. Nothing could be more unexpected than these things would be; but they would not excite us; they would bore us like the conversational rambling of an idiot in a cell. Romance depends, if not absolutely upon the expected, at least upon something that may be called the half-expected. The true romantic ending is something that has been prophesied by our sub-consciousness. We feel the spirit of romance when Ulysses springs upon the

table, his rags falling from him, and shoots Antinous in the throat. It would be much more unexpected, if that were all, if he turned three somersaults in the air and announced that he was only Ulysses's ship's carpenter playing a practical joke. Similarly, we feel the spirit of romance when D'Artagnan joins his three adversaries in turning their swords against the musketeers of the Cardinal. It is not unexpected that the four should thus get into a fight together. The most unexpected thing one can imagine in Dumas would be that they should not get into one.

Dumas's *ἀρχιτεκτονική* therefore, his large scheme of orderly and successive adventures, is his great merit as an artist. He had the power of making us feel that his heroes were moving parts of a great scheme of adventures, a scheme as wide, as politic, as universal and sagacious as one of the plots of his own Cardinal Richelieu. And it is in this that almost all his imitators fail; they imagine that his triumph consisted in the swaggering inconsequence of his events, in innumerable drawn swords; in ceaseless torrents of blood; in the mere multiplication of cloaks, and feathers, and halberds, and rope ladders. These things are not romance: here, as everywhere, materials and materialism mislead us. Dumas was a great romanticist, because he had the sense of something solid and eternal in old valour, in old manners, in old friends. But a mere drawn sword is no more poetical than a pocket-knife. A mere dead man is not in any sense so dramatic as a living one. Men who find no romance in life will certainly find none in death.

G. K. Chesterton.



WASHINGTON IN FICTION

I. INTRODUCTORY.

Washington, more than any other city in the country, lends itself to the imagination; yet, curiously enough, the novelists to whom it has appealed as a background for romance are few in number. This may be, perhaps, because of the difficulty of making a composite picture of a life so kaleidoscopic. But in such fiction as there is we find political and social life depicted with a vividness which makes real the imaginary characters who become as much a part of the city life as the actual persons now making current history.

For many years Washington has had a certain literary prestige because of the brilliant writers who at one time or another made it their home. Among them were novelists, the scenes of whose fiction, however, were for the most part away from the capital. N. P. Willis, Poe, Motley, Bancroft, Cooper and Irving belong to the Washington of the past; Mark Twain—though still very much of the present—is, in a Washington sense, of this group, and the only man among them to depict the town in fiction. The Washington chapters of *The Gilded Age* are, we fancy, much the result of observation.

To Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth belongs the distinction of being the only *bona-fide* Washington novelist. This prolific writer of fiction—she wrote during forty years some sixty novels—was a native of Georgetown, where she lived in a picturesque cottage until her death in 1899. In many of her stories, notably *Fair Play*, *Winning Her Way*, *How He Won Her*, *Self-Raised*, *Ishmael* and *Retribution*, we get glimpses of early Washington days. *Retribution*, her first novel, was published in the *National Era*, a famous newspaper with a long list of dis-

tinguished contributors, not the least of whom was Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who brought out *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in its columns.

Washington at a little later period we find in the fiction of Mr. J. W. DeForest, whose *Honest John Vane*, *Justine's Lovers* and *Playing the Mischief* are well remembered. The public scandals of the time, affecting even such men as Mr. Blaine and Mr. Garfield, give a sombre colour to the last of these novels.

The atmosphere of modern Washington, political and social, appealed to that brilliant woman, Mrs. Atherton, who has given us her strongest novel in *Senator North*. By many it is claimed that the best work from the pen of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is *Through One Administration*. A novelette of this class is Julien Gordon's *The Wage of Character*. From the man's point of view we get political Washington in Mr. Low's *The Supreme Surrender*; touches of it in Judge Grant's *Unleavened Bread* and Mr. Wheelwright's *A Child of the Century*; while *Democracy*, published anonymously some twenty years ago, in a delightfully satirical fashion lays bare the national political machine. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor, in *The Vice of Fools*, cleverly depicts certain phases of the political and social life, albeit he merely uses politics as a background. Other phases of this many-sided city we find in Mrs. Dahlgren's *Washington Winter*, Miss Magruder's *Across the Chasm*, Pauline Bradford Mackie's *The Washingtonians* and Winston Churchill's *The Crisis*.

II. FROM CAPITOL HILL TO THE MONUMENT.

The fiction of Washington being largely given to things political, it is nat-



ural to find the Capitol a centre of operation to the men and of attraction to the women whom the novelists have created. In *The Gilded Age* Mark Twain—or is it Charles Dudley Warner?—gives us an inimitable description of the Capitol—first impressions of it and the city generally, and considerable amusement is to be derived from viewing the public buildings under their guidance. Because of the variableness of the climate, they direct that you “take an umbrella, an over-

embarkation on the political sea. Selma White (Grant's *Unleavened Bread*) as the bride (her third experiment in matrimony) of Congressman Lyons, went to Washington, where her emotions upon seeing the Capitol were quite in keeping with the intense pose she invariably maintained:

They went up to the gallery of the House of Representatives and looked down on the theatre of Lyons's impending activities. . . . Sel-



“The great Senate chamber looked very sumptuous with its ninety desks and easy-chairs, and a big fire beyond an open door.”—*Mrs. Atherton's "Senator North."*

“The place seems consecrated to great affairs.”

coat and a fan and go forth. . . . First you glimpse the ornamental upper works of a long, snowy palace projecting above a grove of trees, and a tall, graceful white dome with a statue on it surmounting the palace, and pleasantly contrasting with the background of blue sky. That building is the Capitol; gossips will tell you that by the original estimates it was to cost \$12,000,000, and that the Government did come within \$27,200,000 of building it for that sum.”

In *Senator North* Mrs. Atherton shows us the Capitol through Betty Madison's eyes—Betty, who, though Washington-born and bred, had never entered the building until her sudden

ma pictured him standing in the aisle and uttering ringing words of denunciation against corporate monopolies and the money power. . . . On their way down they scanned with interest the statues and portraits of distinguished statesmen and heroes, and the representations of famous episodes in American history, with which the walls of the landings and the rotunda are lined. “Some day you will be here,” said Selma: “I wonder who will paint you or make your bust? I have often thought that if I had given my mind to it, I could have modelled well in clay. Some day I'll try. It would be interesting, wouldn't it, to have you here in marble with the inscription underneath, ‘Bust of the Honourable James O. Lyons, sculptured by his wife?’”

By which it will be seen that Selma was as zealous as ever in wifely devotion.

We do not find the interior of the Capitol taken so seriously in *The Gilded Age*, wherein we are warned not to go to the dome, "because to get there you must pass through the great rotunda, and to do that you would have to see the mar-

vellous historical paintings that hang there and the bas-reliefs—and what have you done that you should suffer this?"

Fictional interest in the Capitol centres in the floor of the Senate, where to the imaginative the men of tact give way to the men of fancy. Here we see North, "who stood to the country as the embodi-



"That Library's the most beautiful buildin' I ever saw in all my seventy-two years."—Mrs. Atherton's "Senator North."

ment of its conservative spirit" (Mrs. Atherton's *Senator North*) in the exciting days which followed the destruction of the *Maine*, fighting with his great intellect to preserve the country from a war which even his statesmanship was powerless to avert. Of the Senate Chamber of the momentous 19th of April we have in this novel a graphic picture.

At an earlier period in Congressional affairs the imaginary Senator Dilworthy (*The Gilded Age*) was conspicuous on the floor of the Senate, as was Ratcliffe (*Democracy*), the Senator from Illinois,

"privy councillor," as was Dexter, a fictitious character who is a thinly disguised portrait of a man conspicuous to-day in Senatorial affairs. The Congressional Library is described by a countryman as "the most beautiful building I ever saw in all my seventy-two years. I've been twice a day to look at it, and it makes me feel proud to be an Amurrican" (*Senator North*).

Below the Capitol southwestward stands the Smithsonian Institute, which is identified with Professor Herrick (Mrs. Burnett's *Through One Administra-*



"The broad Pennsylvania Avenue, stretching ahead for a mile or more."—Mark Twain and Warner's *"The Gilded Age."*

who prided himself on a certain resemblance to Webster and a distant relationship to the expounder of the Constitution. Here, too, were to be found—though far more often in their committee rooms—the men of Edith Chester's "privy council" (Low's *The Supreme Surrender*). "In the Senate," she explains to the wondering Laura, "every man thinks he is a boss, but really they do what a few men tell them to—generally not more than half a dozen—and these father and I call the privy council. When a Senator becomes a member of the privy council he is at the top; he's such a big man that even the President has to be very nice to him." Laughton, of this novel, was a

tion), and near by is the market, of which we find a picturesque description in *The Washingtonians* when Portia goes there to lunch with Greenleaf. It is interesting to know that this novel is founded on fact, and the characters are easily identified by any one familiar with the career of Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, who figures as its heroine. The portraits of her celebrated father, Salmon P. Chase, "Phineus West," and of Horace Greeley, "Greenleaf," are particularly noteworthy. The atmosphere of "Edgwood," the country home of Chase, permeates the book. For recollections of those interesting days, when the fascinating Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague held the political

destiny of her father in her hand, the author of *The Washingtonians* is indebted to Mrs. Walbridge, a niece of the Chief Justice, who was for long periods a member of his household.

Wandering along Pennsylvania Avenue, we turn up Tenth Street for a glance at the site of the old Ford's Theatre, of which we are given a description in *The Washingtonians* on a gala night when President Lincoln and his wife attended the play. This, however, is not the fatal night. From here it is but a short distance up the avenue to Willard's, a fa-

III. IN AND ABOUT LAFAYETTE SQUARE.

The novelists have placed many of the scenes of their stories in and about Lafayette Square. This part of residential Washington appeals through its rich historic interest. First, here is the White House. The authors evidently do not feel called upon to give any description of the Executive Mansion, with the exception of Mark Twain, who in *The Gilded Age* shows it to us through the eyes of Washington Hawkins . . . "a fine, large, white barn, with wide, un-



"The house of the Presidents, with its beautiful portico and its broad wings."—Winston Churchill's *"The Crisis."*

mous hotel, which in the old days "sheltered a strangely mixed society. There at almost any hour of the day were to be found prominent men, and there was always a stream of people passing between Willard's and the White House." Shades of the immortal Colonel Sellers (*The Gilded Age*) hover about the house, and we seem to see him at the door, the centre of a group of loungers, talking patronisingly of the President, with whom he claimed to be on intimate terms, and discussing national affairs in picturesque language, which he embellished to suit the demand.

handsome grounds about it. The President lives there. It is ugly enough outside, but that is nothing to what it is inside." This was the White House of early days. When Dickens, on his visit to the capital, saw it, it impressed him as "more like an English club-house, both within and without, than any other kind of establishment with which I can compare it." But if the exterior, in fiction, is taken for granted, the interior comes in for a considerable share of attention, particularly the East Room. Betty Madison (Mrs. Atherton's *Senator North*), it will be remembered, attended an Army



“The East Room, where the President and his wife . . . were submitting to the ordeal of receiving the nation.”—Grant’s “*Uncle Sam’s “Unleavened Bread.”*”



"He had taken him to the Smithsonian and rambled from room to room with him."—*Mrs. Burnett's "Through One Administration."*

and Navy reception with the Montgomerys:

It was the first time Betty ever had entered the historic mansion, and as she waited for twenty minutes in the crush of people on the front porch, she reflected that probably it was the last. But when she was in the great East Room, which was hung with flags and glittered with uniforms, and was filled with the strains of martial music, she thrilled again with the historical sense, and almost wished there was a prospect of a war which would compel her to patriotic excitement.

In *Democracy* the fastidious Mrs. Lee



"Mrs. O'Hara and her daughter were living in a house in I Street."—*Wheelwright's "A Child of the Century."*

attended a reception which interested, yet shocked, her because of which seemed to her its mockery. We are told that, entering the reception room with the crowd,

Madeline found herself before two seemingly mechanical figures, which might be wood or wax, for any sign they showed of life. These two figures were the President and his wife; they stood stiff and awkward by the door, both their faces stripped of every sign of intelligence, while the right hands of both extended themselves to the column of visitors with the mechanical action of toy dolls. . . . What a strange and solemn spectacle it was, and how the deadly fascination of it burned the image in upon her mind! What a horrid warning to

ambition! And in all that crowd there was no one beside herself who felt the mockery of this exhibition.

There is a more brilliant picture of the East Room in Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's *The Vice of Fools*, wherein he describes a reception to the Diplomatic Corps:

In spite of the democratic simplicity of the ceremony there was considerable delay before the ambassadors and envoys, the secretaries and attachés, together with their wives and daughters, were sorted out and arranged in their proper places. Meanwhile, phlegmatic Teutons and reticent Britons, swarthy Northmen and saffron-skinned Celestials jostled each other good-naturedly, while impetuous Franks and imperious Spaniards, diminutive Japs and arrogant Slavs chattered in their several tongues and posed resplendent in the costumes of their several lands. There were the flowing robes of Oriental envoys, the gilded epaulets and clanking side-arms of Occidental attachés, mingling with the diplomatic dresses of many courts, some modest and simple like those of England, others of feudal splendour, glittering with jewelled crosses, sashes with the cordons of chivalric orders—the gorgeous liveries of imperial masters.

Selma White (Robert Grant's *Unleavened Bread*), filled with importance at being a Congressman's wife, learns astonishing things anent social Washington from Flossie Williams, whom she encounters at a White House reception. It was to be expected that Selma would take Washington with immense seriousness—a function at the White House most seriously of all—and she was inwardly resentful when the sprightly and very "smart" Flossie assumed a flippant tone regarding the character of the entertainment. "Of course, the President is a dear," commented Flossie, "and every one makes a point of attending a public reception once in a while, but this sort of thing isn't exactly an edifying society event."

Few titles of recent years have aroused more discussion than that of *Unleavened Bread*. Judge Grant gave the present writer this explanation: "Regarding the title *Unleavened Bread*, it occurred to me as a suitable characterisation of a personality which was without the inspiration of leaven, and hence was flat, hard

and half-baked. But it appears that leaven in the strict Biblical sense—the leaven of the Pharisees—is an evil quality and that the fermentation produced by it is an evil process, which is a totally opposite interpretation to the every-day use of ‘unleavened’ as meaning something which has not risen. ‘A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump’ suggests the yeast of righteousness and new life, but to those who regard ‘unleavened’ as a condition from which evil is absent, my use of the title has occasioned perplexity.”

In *The Crisis* we have a picture of the White House drawn in sombre colours. Virginia Carvel has journeyed from St. Louis to beg from the “Black Republican President” the life of her condemned cousin.

Through beautiful Lafayette Square flit many phantoms. Colonel Trendennis and Arbuthnot (Mrs. Burnett’s *Through One Administration*) frequently strolled and sat there. So, too, did Sybil Ross (*Democracy*), while the place is the scene of an amusing incident in *The Washingtonians*. Colonel Selby (*The Gilded Age*), crossing the Square to call on Senator Dilworthy, finds himself “looking at the remarkable figure of the Hero of New Orleans, holding itself by main strength from sliding off the back of the rearing bronze horse, and lifting its hat in the manner of one who acknowledges the playing of that martial air, ‘See, the Conquering Hero Comes.’” To just which house the Colonel was going we do not know, but the mansion of the Senator is described as

Sumptuous . . . rich carpets, beautiful pictures on the walls; books on religion, temperance, public charities and financial schemes; trim coloured servants, dainty food—everything a body could wish for. And as for stationery, there was no end of it; the Government furnished it; postage stamps were not needed—the Senator’s frank could convey a horse through the mails, if necessary. And there Washington Hawkins saw such dazzling company! Renowned generals and admirals, who had seemed but colossal myths when he was in the far West, went in and out before him or sat at the Senator’s table, solidified into palpable flesh and blood; famous statesmen crossed his path daily; that once rare and awe-inspiring being, a Congressman, was become a com-

mon spectacle—a spectacle so common, indeed, that he could contemplate it without excitement, even without embarrassment; foreign ministers were visible to the naked eye at happy intervals; he had looked upon the President himself, and lived.

Though the author of *Democracy* is indefinite as to the actual house, we know that the one chosen by Mrs. Lee for the residence of herself and Sybil was on this Square. So also is the quaint old residence described in *The Washingtonians* as the home of the Polonskis, occupied to-day by Senator Hanna.



The home of Senator North.—Mrs. Atherton’s “Senator North.”

A few doors away lived Victoria Dare (*Democracy*), and somewhere near was the home of Mrs. Sylvestre (*Through One Administration*), though Mrs. Burnett says she had no particular house in mind.

At the corner of the Square and H Street is the Arlington Hotel, where Gore lived (*Democracy*), while next door to it is the stately mansion described as the home of Senator Laughton (Low’s *The Supreme Surrender*). We glance somewhat sadly at the doorway, remembering that there the unhappy man was shot—a welcome enough death, no doubt, to one who had been robbed of all he held most dear. In his drawing of

Laughton, who is wholly fictitious, Mr. Low gives us a man, senatorially, of the highest type. The house in which lived this imaginary character is of further literary interest as having been the abiding place of "Owen Meredith" during his stay in Washington. It was then the British Embassy, and occupied in 1849 by Sir Henry Bulwer. Young Bulwer acted as private secretary to his uncle, and it frequently has been asserted that he wrote *Lucile* in this house.

At the corner of Sixteenth Street is fashionable St. John's—sometimes called

looked them over and told him that **they were** too good to waste on a mere army **commission**; he ought to use them to get a **pew** at St. John's.

Across from the church is the residence of the Secretary of State, John Hay.

In H Street, at the corner of Connecticut Avenue, is the house which Mrs. Atherton had in mind as the home of her Senator North—a house in appearance characteristic of the man who occupied it. A square away is the Metropolitan



JACKSON STATUE, LAFAYETTE SQUARE.

"The Hero of New Orleans holding itself by main strength from sliding off the back of the rearing bronze horse."—Mark Twain's *"The Gilded Age."*

the "Church of State," attended by many of the characters in Washington fiction. Edith Wentworth (Low's *The Supreme Surrender*), initiating Laura into the mysteries of Washington life and people, says of Mrs. Campbell Stafford:

She goes everywhere; she even has a pew at St. John's. Did you ever hear the Lincoln story about St. John's? A man went to him who wanted a commission in the army. He had endorsements from members of the Cabinet and everyone else. President Lincoln

Club, identified with the characters in Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's *The Vice of Fools*, and with Sewell, the hero of Mr. Wheelwright's *A Child of the Century*. Enfield and Laughton (*The Supreme Surrender*) also were members, and dined there together on the night Laughton was shot. "Their dinner was frequently interrupted," we are told, "by members who came over to their table to congratulate Laughton on his speech, which was still ringing in the ears of Washington."



"The shabby little house in the shabbier street."
—Julien Gordon's *"The Wage of Character."*



The home of Senator Laughton.—Low's *"The Supreme Surrender."*

IV. FROM MCPHERSON SQUARE TO DUPONT CIRCLE.

The McPherson Square neighbourhood is identified with the scenes of Mrs. Atherton's *Senator North*. In the centre

of the Square is the statue of General McPherson, to which Sally Carter was alluding when she said to Betty Madison: "I only love men when they are in bronze in the public parks. Poor, dear old General Lathom proposed to me four



ST. JOHN'S. THE CHURCH OF STATE.

"She goes everywhere; she even has a pew at St. John's."—Low's *"The Supreme Surrender."*



CONNECTICUT AVENUE.

BRITISH EMBASSY.

STEWART CASTLE.

AUSTRIAN EMBASSY.

"The British legation is by far the most impressive."—*Democracy*.
 "Murphy's Folly" (Stewart Castle) was the residence of Cyrus Penniman."—*Wheelwright's "A Child of the Century"*.

times, and the only time I felt like accepting him was when I saw his statue unveiled. I couldn't put a man on a pedestal to save my life, but when my grateful country does it, I'm all humble adoration." Mrs. Atherton takes a personal interest in this statue, owing to the fact that the real General was once in love with her mother, whose attitude toward him was evidently not unlike that of the fictitious Sally.

On the east side of the Square is the negro church where Betty on a sudden impulse went one Sunday to find there "all shades of Afro-American colour, and all degrees of prosperity. Coal-black women were there, attired in deep and expensive mourning. 'Yellow girls' wore smart little tailor costumes. Three young girls, evidently of the lower middle class of coloured society, for they were cheaply dressed, had all the little airs and graces and mannerisms of the typical American girl. In one corner a sleek mulatto with a Semitic profile sat in the recognised attitude of the banker in church, filling his corner comfortably and setting a worthy example to the less favoured of Mammon." A short distance beyond the Square, in a beautiful colonial mansion, lives the distinguished

Senator who is said to be the prototype of Senator North.

Under the disguise of "Welckley's," Wormeley's figures in *Democracy* as the place where Schneidekoupon gave his "lobby" dinner to "establish more intimate relations" with Senator Ratcliffe, who, under the influence of Mrs. Lee's fascinations or the champagne—the author leaves it to the reader to determine—astonished the guests by his brilliancy. "He seemed bent on proving his kinship to the immortal Webster," says his creator, "by rivalling his convivial powers. He dashed into conversation; laughed, jested and ridiculed. . . . Nay, he even rose to a higher flight, and told the story of President Lincoln's death-bed with a degree of feeling that brought tears into their eyes."

Not far from here, in I Street, lived the O'Haras (Wheelwright's *A Child of the Century*) in a house which had been hired for them for the winter. The author is descriptive of their home, though we learn from him that he had no actual house in mind. Genevieve O'Hara, his charming heroine, is a delightful study of the clever, well-bred girl who is outside the magic circle of society in an American city. In speaking of her, Mr.

Wheelwright said that there were naturally many more of her type than of her sister's, who are on the lists, yet he didn't think they were often found in fiction. It is so easy, he added, to give such a heroine any amount of money and all the "kingdoms of the earth."

Of I Street in the days of the Civil War, Mr. Churchill gives us a picture in

The Crisis, for here lived General Daniel Carvel "in a rather imposing house of brick, flanked on one side by a house just like it and on the other by a series of dreary, vacant lots where the rain had collected in pools." This habitation had no existence in fact.

Frances Weston Carruth.

THE POLITICIAN IN FICTION.*

Five novels and one book of short stories have been published in the past twelve months, in each of which the writer sought to come at the politician on his own ground. These books were received with respectful attention by the critical press, and read by a number of people sufficiently large to indicate that there is more than the interest of curiosity in the political story. It seems that our novelists are awakening to the possibilities of the American politician as a figure for fiction, and that the people are quite ready to give him a hearing as a romantic character, notwithstanding all that the newspapers print about him.

Indeed, there are reasons why no phase of activity should make wider popular appeal than politics. The number of persons who draw a part or the whole of their living from occupations which are directly or indirectly dependent upon politics or from opportunities resulting from political influences is probably between half and three-quarters of a million. Politics in some of its many manifestations touches society at almost every point, bearing with vital force upon the relations of both men and women. No other single occupation reflects so definitely in its personnel and performances the national temperament, and the changing attitude of the public mind toward the larger questions of the times. No other occupation at regular periods exerts such influences upon the conditions of business; no other occupation probably is responsible for the distribution of as large amounts of money. Most important of all from the view-point of the novelist, the American politician is

sui generis. He differs at almost every point from his English cousin and from the politician of European countries. And his life is full of excitement and sharp contrasts. The newspapers give daily glimpses of the world of intrigue, mystery and conspiracy in which he strives, a living comment upon the weaknesses of human nature—a signal example himself of the qualities which make a man master of men. Again and again he stands out boldly in episodes that are pregnant with suggestion and situations that are dramatic in the extreme.

At first sight, then, it seems remarkable that in the past sixty years we should have had not more than two score novels concerned with American politics, and that of these not more than half a dozen should have dealt with the politician—by that word meaning all those who occupy public offices, control them, or create them—in fashion to challenge serious attention. The timid or trifling manner in which the politician has often been approached suggests either complete ignorance of, or indifference to, the romantic possibilities of his career. For this neglect there is an explanation, of course, if not a good reason. In the case of the professional politician—the boss, ward-worker, lobbyist, or office holder of the lower grade—the explanation is conveyed as nearly as can be by the word "unloveliness." The average professional politician, neither in ideas, bearing or appearance, parades such qualities as invite admiration. His ethical code is a maze of fine-drawn distinctions and obvious obliquities. His dealings are largely with men of his mould; his daily life is almost wholly of the same kind.

* The 13th District. A story of a Candidate. By Brand Whitlock. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

his calling generally by a popular error, which supposes that late hours, heavy drinking and the grosser dissipations are essential to the cultivation of that good fellowship which so many of our most successful political leaders have made a foundation stone in the edifice of their power.

With all this so conspicuous, it has been very easy for the novelist to believe that the professional politician lived wholly for the game and the gain; that he touched life outside the circle of his fellow workers only to exercise the talents of the briber, bully, or thief. To such a conception, home life and the part of husband, father, or unselfish friend is an incongruity. Therefore, most of our writers dressed the politician for his rôle before they introduced him, and, with rare exceptions, he has appeared in American fiction until very recently as little more than a character of farce or melodrama.

But this criticism, as applied both to the politician and to stories about him, must be modified when we consider the political worker in a larger field. From his broader education, his more refined surroundings and his more dignified part in the political scheme, the Congressman, Governor, or other occupant of an important State or Federal office derives a distinction which makes his a figure less difficult to the romancer's imagination and more inviting to the average reader.

We have had some sound novels dealing with official life in Washington. The strongest of these is *Senator North*, published a few years ago, and of which Mrs. Gertrude Atherton is the author. That book shows an understanding of the subject and a grasp of character most uncommon. Besides many interesting pictures of life among the Congressmen, both within and without the legislative halls, it presents the portrait of a United States Senator which is almost to be identified with its original, and the potency of this character is chiefly due to the skill with which the writer has blended the weaknesses of the man and the strength of the intellect. Official life and society suffer, but the novel is pitilessly true. In its way not less an arraignment of public and social conditions in Washington is Mrs. Burnett's *Through One Administration*, in which

the evils arising from the dispersal of official patronage are lined in with firm hand. The same cabals, jealousies and conspiracies in official circles in Washington appear in the decidedly interesting anonymous novel *Democracy*, attributed to Clarence King. Senator Ratcliffe, one of the chief characters in that story, is a dominating and almost convincing figure. To mention four more books in which there is evident effort to give the impression of reality to political character, there are Marion Crawford's *An American Politician*, with its sketch of Boston society and some tolerably accurate political scenes; *A Politician's Daughter*, by Myra S. Hamlin, an interesting, if in places thin, story presenting a Down-East politician; Fox's *The Kentuckians*, with its illumination of contrasting types; and Tarkington's *Gentleman From Indiana*, doing a somewhat similar service for the Middle West.

Paul Leicester Ford was, perhaps, the first to show us at all adequately the municipal politician as a man, and to give that figure the homely setting of its unprofessional environment. He did this without excuse for the deficiencies of the scene and largely without prejudice, and *The Honourable Peter Stirling* will lose little with years. The conditions against which Peter fought and which are described so vividly will obtain in greater or lesser degree probably as long as democratic government exists; and Peter himself, with certain concessions to the ideal, will continue to stand for the honest and earnest political reformer who is yet something more than a theorist. Above all else he is human. In one respect only his story fails to carry conviction beyond the point of entertainment: The like of Peter in intellectual equipment and refinement could not probably be found under similar circumstances in all the "machine" wards of our biggest cities. For this, however, and for whatever discrepancies are to be noted in the sentimental chapters of Peter's life, many thousands of readers are ready to forgive Mr. Ford because of the quality of interest he has infused into his book.

Of different calibre from Peter, and yet in certain manifestations of spirit not unlike him, is the hero of Mr. Walter Barr's *Shacklett*, published within the past year. Peter worked among the

poor and corrupt of New York City during one of its most corrupt periods; the scene of Mr. Barr's novel is the middle West, and his political pictures are realistic and among the best things in the book. Here, too, is an endeavour to give us a fair idea of the politician as a man; to introduce the reader to the shrewd observer of men and conditions, and to other things than the mere trickery by which the politician is popularly known. Mr. Barr's intention was to show that political ambitions, even in the most successful leaders, do not always dominate to the exclusion of unselfish purposes.

Less satisfactory than *Shacklett* in some respects, yet showing careful study of certain phases of the subject, is *The Autocrats*, by Lusk. Here is municipal corruption and the power of money in politics at large, and an interesting story as well.

J. Devlin, Boss, the story of a city politician's rise, aims to show that his success is due to no occult power, but to personal truthfulness, staunch friendship and the exercise of a firm will.

Mr. Robert Barr in *The Victors* tells a story with his usual facility and appreciation of the picturesque. The politician is transplanted to New York City from the country, and there takes root and flourishes vigorously under influences unmistakably suggested by the phrase from which the book takes title, "To the victors belong the spoils." Mr. Barr's story is interesting, and some of the scenes revelatory of municipal political methods, are instructive; though not so much can be said for the character study.

The most recent addition to the ranks of political novels comes from a Western man, Mr. Brand Whitlock. It is entitled

The 13th District, and as a study of political methods in an Illinois congressional district and of certain local types it is a performance of merit. It evinces an intimacy with things political which gives it authoritative value. The author has concentrated attention upon two campaigns for congressional nomination and election. The course of these he follows with a care for detail that is impressive to the reader sufficiently interested in such things not to complain at a lack of sunshine and a paucity of humour. There is a grim earnestness about this story of the rise and fall of a man of ability, but of little moral stamina which commands respect. Garwood, from the moment we come upon him in the train returning in triumph to his home town, is a man of flesh and blood. If he seems to be posing, he never deceives the reader. To draw no invidious comparison, it may be added that Garwood in mental attitude, in professional equipment and in experiences appears to be typical of the politician of his class. And Mr. Whitlock has given us not only an exceedingly strong and well-written story, but also a study of temperaments which gains potency from its freedom from moralising. It is only a pity that he should not have been able to endow Garwood with some of that cheery, stalwart quality which makes sympathetic the figure of big Jim Rankin, Garwood's right-hand man and later his bitter enemy. As it is, his story causes us to wonder that one so piteously weak and in some respects shallow ever should have found a strong man to be his friend and sponsor, and so have reached an elevation on which he had no claim.

Francis Churchill Williams.

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

I gave my lover tears and sacrifice,
My soul's white prayer, my dreams of paradise,
The vision of my guardian angel's face,—
He laughed and turned away his weary eyes.

I gave my lover kisses bitter-sweet,
Strange, deadly blossoms for his soul's defeat,
The purple paths of Hell I lured him on,—
His lips burn fiercely on my tear-stained feet.

Elsa Barker.

BRET HARTE

Affection tinged with apology was the almost universal epitaph on Bret Harte. The charming sentimentalist of the Sierras crossed the bar on a flood-tide of charming sentiment. The dead disciple of Dickens drew from Englishmen an attenuated echo of the wistful sigh which made the death of Dickens an Anglo-Saxon sorrow. He loved Dickens, Dickens loved him, and therefore we loved him. As one born too late to bask in this dual enchantment, I vainly sought in the obituaries for an explanation of it. Praise there was in abundance, but it was vague, languid, blurred. Men seemed to be renewing an old emotion, a forgotten delight, a faded loyalty. There was a rustle in the newspapers as of old love-letters and ancient flowers. As I watched the faint stirrings of former enthusiasms in the dry, cold light of death I began to feel the pathos of it all, and to realise the gallant kindness of human nature. Somehow the memory of love is infinitely tenderer than love itself, for love is selfish, whereas the requickening of love is the pure gold of gratitude.

It is not my fault that fiction had left Bret Harte far behind before I came on the scene, and so made his work for me a landmark rather than a revelation. For there is no doubt that we have outgrown the art which relies on picturesque lay figures grouped against a romantic backcloth. Our emotions no longer respond to the gestures of the well-made marionette. We are not tired of romance, but we are tired of pseudo-romance. We demand romance mingled with realism, and realism mingled with romance. In Bret Harte's best stories the presence of the scene painter, the stage carpenter and the stage manager jars on our consciousness. The sharp, sudden invasion of life seldom surprises us. How, then, can we explain his vogue? Why did he thrill two continents? In the first place, I think he was a purveyor of new news. His background was novel, and his miners were not yet become a literary convention. They gratified that love of the strange and remote which is one of the curious eccentricities of human nature. In the second place, he supplied part of the demand for sentiment which Dickens stimulated in the Anglo-Saxon heart. He

used primary colours, and he laid them on thick. The rough, blasphemous miner was an irresistible conduit for pathetic emotions. Strength and wickedness turning into tenderness and virtue raised a lump in the throat of the most innocent audience that ever rejoiced over electro-plated art. To-day we smile where we used to snivel. Bret Harte did not change; we changed. Perhaps we have become more cynical. At any rate, our tear passages are blocked, and few can unseal them.

If you wish to discover how far we have travelled since the sixties and seventies, read *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and then read Maxim Gorky's *Twenty-six Men and a Girl*. Both writers try to show the effect of idealism on brutalised natures. Bret Harte takes "Cherokee Sal," an Indian prostitute, puts her in a degraded mining settlement and sanctifies her by motherhood. That is good art. He lets her die, while her child survives. That is not so good. It is the pathos of accident. He sends the miners in to see the child. That is good art. He makes the presence of the child work a revolution in the camp. Strong men wash their faces and wear clean shirts in order to be worthy of the child. That is not good art. Finally, he drowns the child and his readers in a deluge of melodramatic sentiment. That is bad art. Gorky, on the other hand, keeps rigidly within the bounds of plausibility. He makes a young girl the one gleam of idealism in the life of obscene bakers slaving in a cellar, but he does not pretend that Tanya made them wash their faces and wear clean shirts. He simply shows that into the foul misery of these wretches came a glimmer of romance. Then he lets you see the selfishness of romance. These twenty-six bakers set up a lien on Tanya's innocence, and when Tanya failed their selfish idealism, they insulted her, while she scornfully hurled them back into their joyless cellar. That is good art, for it never goes an inch beyond the limit of sincere belief. It does not ask you to weep over accidental pathos. It is the pathos of human will, human temperament, human desire. In short, while Bret Harte assaults your emotions by deliberate artifice, Gorky al-

lows life to assault you through the medium of art.

The Outcasts of Poker Flat might be analysed in the same way. The whole tableau is arranged with a barefaced resolution to draw your tears. You feel that there is nothing inevitable in the isolation of the outcasts, in the snowstorm, in the suicide of the card-sharper, or in the in-death-they-were-not-divided pathos of vice and virtue. And even *Miggles*, I fear, will hardly bear a close examination. The assault and battery on our emotions is too direct, too deliberate. We like to be outflanked nowadays, and the old-fashioned frontal attack melts away before our indulgent smiles with their high velocity and flat trajectory. *M'liss*, alas! no longer moves us. We prefer *What Maisie Knew* to what *M'liss* didn't know. Perhaps, after all, the fault is ours, not Bret Harte's, and we ought to apologise for the sophisticated fastidiousness of our nerves.

In one respect Bret Harte was unrivalled—as a master of solemn humour in verse. "The Heathen Chinee" is hackneyed, but it is as fresh as the day it was written, and it is likely to endure. Why? Simply and solely on account of its perfect form. It is merely an anecdote, an American anecdote, not more dryly humorous than a hundred other American anecdotes. But it is cast in an imperishable mould of style. Of course, Bret Harte was no metricist. He had hardly any sense of rhythm; but Mr. Swinburne's noble rhythm sang itself into his soul, and he gave it forth again in an incongruously comic theme. The rhythm of a melancholy dirge became the rhythm of duplicity in the garb of innocence. The sadness and the sighing of Meleager became the bland iniquity of Ah Sin and the indignantly injured depravity of Bill Nye. It was a miracle of humorous counterpoint, a marvel of incongruously associated ideas. I think there is an element of chance in the fabrication of great poems. The concatenation comes, the artist puts the pieces into their places, and the result is permanent wonder. "The Heathen Chinee" in its happy felicity is quite as unique as "The Blessed Damozel." The kind of felicity is different, but in its inimitability it is the same. No man will ever write a sec-

ond "Heathen Chinee," and no man will ever write a second "Blessed Damozel." Bret Harte tried the "Atalanta" metre in "Dow's Flat," but it failed because there was no exquisite discord between the sound and the sense, between the rhyme and the reason:

Dow's Flat. That's its name,
And I reckon that you
Are a stranger? The same?
Well, I thought it was true,
For thar isn't a man on the river as can't spot
the place at first view.

There the metre is meaningless, but here how perfectly derisive:

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table, with a
smile that was childlike and bland.

In order to feel the full force of this incomparably derisive rhythm, the "Atalanta" chorus and "The Heathen Chinee" ought to be mixed up together, thus:

Let your hands meet
Round the weight of my head;
Lift ye my feet
As the feet of the dead;
For the flesh of my body is molten, the limbs
of it molten as lead.

Which I wish to remark,—
And my language is plain,—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,—which the
same I would rise to explain.

O thy luminous face,
Thine imperious eyes!
O the grief, O the grace,
As of day when it dies!
Who is this bending over thee, lord, with tears
and suppression of sighs?

Ah Sin was his name.
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike, as I
frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

I know that Bret Harte was fatigued by the popularity of "The Heathen Chinee," but, nevertheless, I think that it, rather than his stories, will keep his memory green.

James Douglas.

SONGS

Singers of yore, sweet poets of any clime,
Players and minstrels all whose lips are dust,
From the white heritage we reap of time—
Hymns that struck flame from steel that now is rust,
Echoes blown down from an Arcadian hill,
Or born of vigils tombed within that Past,
Wrung from red hate, or tuned to rapture's thrill—
One strain soars upward, singing to the last.
We too, we too, some dawn shall silent go,
The reed, the lute o'er which life's wind did sweep,
And all our little day, its love and woe,
Swept forth, forgot if we did laugh or weep,
But singing hence some hour with passion rife
May live—the soul of long-forgotten strife.

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

NINE BOOKS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

I.

SIR WALTER BESANT'S "AUTOBIOGRAPHY."*

If I were asked to name Sir Walter Besant's best novel, I should be tempted to select his *Autobiography*. It may be said that life in a novel is imaginary, that life in an autobiography is not imaginary, and that, therefore, an autobiography is not a novel. But all life is imaginary. I am imaginary. You are imaginary. We are all imaginary. I imagine you, you imagine me, and we all imagine one another. Sir Walter Besant imagined himself in his *Autobiography* just as in his novels he imagined others. But was he not a real person? There are no real persons. There are real things, such as isosceles triangles and the Coronation, but there are no real persons. Life is fiction, and an author in his autobiography is not less imaginary than in his frock-coat. Mr. Squire Sprigge has wisely treated Sir Walter Besant's *Autobiography* as respectfully as if it were a posthumous novel. He has not tampered with it, but has "confined the modifications to the correction of obvious slips." May all literary executors follow his example! Sorrowfully remembering Byron's *Diary* burnt by

Hobhouse, and Blake's priceless manuscripts destroyed by Tatham, one wishes that the greater writers could be as fortunate in their choice of executors as the lesser ones. The temptation to meddle with Besant's *Autobiography* was strong. He had not revised it; it includes some things his friends would like to leave out, and it leaves out many things they would like to include. But in spite of this, "The Widow" has not given Mr. Gosse occasion to blaspheme, and we have a portrait of the novelist as he imagined himself, and not devitalised by the discretions or indiscretions of his friends.

Perhaps no man is a hero to himself. Certainly Besant was not. His modesty is disconcerting to an age wherein vanity varies inversely with ability. He claims nothing for himself save "certain powers of imagination" and "a tolerably good memory." He not only knows, but says, that there were "limits to his powers," and he genially admits that to him was not granted "the supreme gift of the foremost rank." Modesty so genuine is almost genius. It explains the man and his work and their popularity. It is modesty that makes him say nothing about his knighthood, and nothing about those enormous services and sacrifices which he cast at the feet of his fellow authors. Mr. Meredith's noble eulogy helps us to measure the modesty that made him add to his "vast and toilsome" labours in other fields that immense labour of love

*Autobiography of Sir Walter Besant. With a Prefatory Note by S. Squire Sprigge. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

with which his name echoes. His altruism was really his modesty in motion. Do not think the unselfishness of modesty is a common thing. In the literary character it is the rarest of virtues. Too often the gall in the inkpot gets into the blood. Even the successful author watches his comrades with vigilant envy, regarding every fresh achievement as a wrong, and every new reputation as an injury. Few writing men are eaten up with the splendid lust of helpfulness which made Besant. The Great-heart of the New Grub Street, Mr. Sprigge rightly calls him "a beautiful dreamer;" but his dreams were the solid, homely, good-natured dreams of a plain, practical Englishman. He never propped his ladder against the moon.

One thing strikes us as we look at this portrait of a novelist by himself. He was a business man rather than a "littery gent." His interest was in things rather than words. He was the antithesis of the voluptuary in verbs. An English business man! "Whether I am studying a picture, a poem, a drama, or a novel, it is the story that I look for first. . . . In many cases I put the matter first and the form afterward." He applied business methods to writing. If he had not done so he could not have worked the last pennyweight out of his brain. He had the Englishman's passion for organising things. He organised himself, his novels, his clubs, his societies, his philanthropies. His last years were spent in organising a Brobdingnagian "Survey of London." I confess that the Besantine lust of labour amazes me even more than the Besantine lust of helpfulness. He took work to wife until death parted them. "It is no merit in me to work continuously. I am not happy when I am not working. . . . In the evening, after dinner, I am fain to repair to my study, there to look over proofs, hunt up points, *and arrange for the next day's work.*" What pathos! Right up to the graveside he was "arranging for the next day's work." Perhaps it is as well that all writers are not so absolutely possessed of the work-devil. If every one worked like Besant there would be nothing left to work at in a few generations. And, really, in fairness to posterity we ought to leave it something to go on with. It would be sad if our grandchildren, perishing of work-hun-

ger, should curse our thoughtless industry.

Besant was no plaster saint. Although he eschews "confessions," he says enough to let us see that he was not a prig. He is not afraid to put villains into his last novel. Barabbas escapes, it is true, but there is a fine villain in a surplice, who terrifies Mr. Sprigge. Still finer than the surpliced villain is the villain as Critic. Mr. Abingdon could play us as we stand. Mr. Sprigge apologises for the "acerbity" of our scowl, and begs us to believe that Besant would have toned us down if he had had time. That would have been a pity. We like to be abused, for we know that we deserve the worst, and worse than the worst. Nothing could be blacker than our own inner consciousness of our own inner depravity. Besides, what fun would there be in praising us? The tigers of wrath are not always wiser than the horses of instruction, but they are always more amusing. For my part, I think the chapters in which Besant slashes the slasher and slates the slater are the brightest in the book. His impeachment of the practice of "reviewing by batches" is irrefutable; but it is hard to find a remedy for a cash grievance. Editors cannot pay the perfect critic to review every novel. The ideal plan is to sift the dust-heap and review only the better novels. But the toil of sifting is so terrible that your perfect critic (when caught) can hardly be paid enough to face it. It is the work of a syndicate, and I hope Mr. Pierpont Morgan will take it in hand. A syndicate of novel-tasters!

There is nothing transcendental in Besant's description of his methods. He hated literary cant. He simply could not pose. "Inspiration is only another name for prolonged idleness under a non-sensical pretence." Thus brutally he crushes with the boot of candour the dreamy glamour dear to the amateur. One can hear his deep derisive growl at shams. His downrightness was natural. Literature to him was just daily work and daily bread. He wrote eighteen novels in eighteen years. "During this period my beard grew grey. I advanced from forty-six to sixty-four; from middle age I became old, but I never ceased to rejoice in my work." Never was there a happier writing-man. In this story of

a happy life we miss the usual whine and howl, the parade of wrongs, the shop-window dressed with sorrows. "What should I have done had it not been for this pageant of dreamland, which has kept me perfectly happy?" And why shouldn't writers be as happy as other ratepayers? For the benefit of "aspirants," Besant tells how he wrote his novels. Having first decided on the central motif of the story, he invented his characters and then attacked the construction. He made a novel as engineers make a tunnel, "in which the rough boring and blasting goes on ahead while the completion of the work slowly advances." There is no "nonsensical pretence" in his picture of the literary workshop. He worked like any other workman, and that is all. He disliked the analytic school, for he was not analytically minded. How can one help loving a man so simple, so honest, so good-natured? His very limitations are cheerful. Behind his character there is a glow of firelight, Christmas logs burning on the hearth, and English joviality. Such men are the salt that keeps our literature wholesome.

James Douglas.

II.

WILLIAM BLACK, NOVELIST.*

Although his biographer frankly admits that William Black's vogue had diminished somewhat before his death, and that he did not hold to the end the commanding position which the novels of his prime gave him, it is difficult to believe that his work at its best will ever be forgotten or that this charming account of his life will not find many interested readers. Even if his final place be lower than the highest, the author of *A Princess of Thule* and *Macleod of Dare* had a talent which at least was touched with genius. His romantic fervour sometimes seemed unreal and his sentiment too often verged on sentimentality; but, nevertheless, he drew his characters with vivid and subtle strokes and set them against a background marvellously enticing. He opened a new world to his generation; others had revealed the temper of the Borders and the

spirit of the Lowlands, and the greatest master of all had thrown more than one flash of light upon Highland life; but it was in Black's pages that the Western Isles ceased to be *terra incognita* to most of us. And he had a gift which writers of to-day generally lack; he made his women charming. Perhaps now and then they were too bright and good for human nature's daily food; they had the faults of their virtues. Yet how vital and sympathetic they were at their best! It is a fine gallery that includes such portraits as Catherine Cassilis, and Sheila Mackenzie, and Yolande Winterbourne, and Violet North, and Alison Blair. The reality which these gracious figures assumed in their creator's own mind was transmitted to thousands, who followed with breathless interest their fortunes from the first page to the last. Sir Wemyss Reid tells us how many letters Black received from unknown correspondents, pleading with him for Violet's life when it became obvious that her story would have a tragic end. A greater tribute was expressed in those other letters which revealed how souls had been strengthened and consoled in the contemplation of these imagined joys and sorrows. Surely a writer so beloved must have had the divine fire in him!

Despite his ideality, however, William Black was not a romanticist pure and simple. He was capable of a realism as minute and convincing as anything in the pages of the professed chroniclers of "life as it is." Witness the figure of George Miller, a wonderfully striking and accurate embodiment of the modern young man who is a good fellow according to his lights, but who is utterly devoid of the finer chivalric qualities; Alison's father, the rigid Scottish minister, whom even the claims of family affection cannot divert from what he conceives to be the path of duty; the fickle, but not ill-meaning woman who wrecks Keith Macleod's happiness; Kitty in *Shandon Bells* and Ferdinand Lind in *Sunrise*; and a host of lesser persons, Scottish and English—persons who are as real to us as most we know. Sir Wemyss Reid reveals the secret when he says that Black became wholly absorbed in his work while it was doing. "For months at a time," he observes, "the men and women with whom he was in

*William Black, Novelist. A Biography. By Sir Wemyss Reid. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. \$2.25 net.

closest contact, and who were most real to him, were these children of his own fancy. . . . This was the secret of some traits of his character which puzzled, if they did not jar upon, those who knew him but slightly. It accounted for his apparent indifference to what was passing around him, for the difficulty with which at certain seasons he seemed to arouse himself to the recognition of old acquaintances, for the air of deep abstraction which often distinguished him in crowded assemblies." There was a Celtic strain in Black, despite his Lowland birth and bringing up—he was born in Glasgow in 1841—and he had the brooding imagination of the Celt; but he had, too, the occasional joyousness of the race, its startling exuberance, its sensibility to outward impressions. He was only fifty-seven when he died, and we are told that the nervous illness which at last broke him down before his time was greatly developed by the writing of *Macleod of Dare*, a novel ending in a tragedy fearful to the reader, and so potent over the author that for months after he suffered both mental and bodily anguish. It is no affectation to say that Black's pen ran with his very heart's blood.

The character of the man as presented in these pages is most attractive; there is nothing, surely, that his warmest friend would wish to expunge. His first great success came at thirty, when he published *A Daughter of Heth*. It charmed both the critics and the public, and with surprising rapidity Black took the foremost place among living novelists at a time when Trollope and Reade and Mrs. Oliphant were still alive. *A Princess of Thule*, *Madcap Violet*, *Shandon Bells*, *Sunrise*—but why prolong the catalogue? A book a year was Black's "stint," and he worked at it with conscientious care to the last. He always visited the scene of a story and filled in the details with scrupulous fidelity; indeed, there are those who think that this fidelity was excessive. Sometimes he fell below the best of which he was capable; he was not alone in that. It would be unfair, however, to say that, in the common phrase, he wrote himself out. Few of his novels excel in charm and perfection of art *In Far Lochaber*; and in *Wild Eelin*, written when death was clearly approach-

ing, there are passages of unsurpassed beauty. It was inevitable that time should modify the transports of the world and even direct them elsewhere; but when all is said, there remains a solid fund of achievement to Black's credit, and I cannot believe that posterity will ever exhaust it.

Black's friendships are agreeably revealed by Sir Wemyss Reid. He was generous to those he loved; at a time when he was at the height of his fame he took the place of his dying comrade, Barry, as correspondent of a provincial paper on condition that the salary should go to him. Barry afterward served as model for Willie Fitzgerald in *Shandon Bells*. In later years he was intimate with a number of Americans. Mr. Abbey and Mr. Parsons were among these, and Miss Mary Anderson and Mr. Bret Harte and the late James R. Osgood, one of the most delightful companions imaginable. In 1878 he went to live at Brighton, where he remained to the end of his days, making trips to Scotland in the summer, however, and also visiting the East, as readers of *Wolfenberg* and *Briseis* know. Some engaging anecdotes are given of the domestic side of Black. He and his family—he married young and lost wife and child, but later took a second wife, who, with three children, survives him—were particularly fond of Miss Anderson; he called her "the Beautiful Wretch," while he was "the Double-Dyed Black Villain;" the "D. D. B. V.," it appears in his letters. It may be of interest to note that the Queen Titania of his novels of travel, the "wee bit woman" who has bored some of us, was not drawn from Mrs. Black, who is more nearly characterised in Bell. But indeed, like every true artist, he did not copy life; if here and there some trait of a living person was recognised, it was but a chance feature of the assimilating process of the imagination. William Black was not a man to wear his heart upon his sleeve. There were times, as his biographer says, when even his closest friends felt that he was remote from them. But it is in his work, after all, that an author lives. Perhaps the chief satisfaction of a book like this is the conviction it imparts that in Black's case the author's life was not unworthy of his work.

Edward Fuller.

III.

THOMAS DIXON'S "THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS."*

This is a novel of interest and power dealing primarily with the "peculiar problem of the South," and subsidiarily with "the course of true love." As is usual enough in novels with a purpose to be an unwritten law, the love, passion and pathos sections, introduced to buoy up the book as a whole, are done imperfectly if not extraordinarily badly, and may be very shortly dismissed. One Charles Gaston, it appears, a young North Carolinian with ambition, falls in love with Sallie Worth, an heiress and the only daughter of General Worth. The General is an implacable survival from the late Confederate army, possessed, however, of such mills and money as are required by the exigencies of modern novelette writing. C. Gaston, destined through ability, integrity and a Bryanesque speech to become "His Excellency the Governor of North Carolina," woos Miss Worth in his early and homespun youth, calls her "Miss Sallie" offhand at the end of his first day's acquaintance, and gains favour by a series of burning soul-to-soul talks. The General, initially complacent to the suit, is later made cold by the misrepresentations of a political rival of C. Gaston and forbids the bans. Whereupon C. Gaston relieves his mind by a two-weeks' spree of no mean scope, and settles down to prove himself worthy of "Miss Sallie." This he satisfactorily accomplishes, and having confessed to her the "smallest thing," including the general outlines of his spree, is happily united to her while he lies languishing in jail, to which place his political opponents have temporarily brought him.

But this love affair, as well as some other personal matters hazarded in the novel, are not germane to its purpose. That purpose is to sketch the history of the race problem in the South, taking its history in North Carolina as typical, from 1865 to 1900. Confessedly the history is from a Southern standpoint, and this constitutes one of the novel's main claims to attention. For while the Northern public has been fed luxuriously for thirty-five odd years on oratorical viands pre-

pared in Northern political kitchens; while the deliverances of Sumner, Blaine and Harrison, alleging the equality of all men and the necessity for the Reconstruction acts of 1867 and 1868 are still as revered in many Republican districts as appendices to the Gospel; while Northern preachers, philanthropists, sentimentalists and others are still "triumphantly reuniting" North and South on every public occasion; in all this time the South has been strangely silent, and in but few publications outside of the novels of Thomas Nelson Page is to be found an adequate presentation of the Southern view of Reconstruction and the negro problem. For this reason, if for no other, *The Leopard's Spots* should find a wide circulation above Mason and Dixon's line. There are, however, other reasons. The work is able and eloquent; the verifiable events of history are followed closely; and by logic, by irony and by implication is exhibited the basic impossibility of "building in a democracy, a nation inside a nation, of two hostile races."

But why should the two races be hostile? The answer, Mr. Dixon believes, is to be found primarily in the Reconstruction acts of Congress, pushed through to disastrous completion under the leadership of Charles Sumner and Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, and of Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania. Even before the passage of these acts the task before the South would have strained it to the utmost "had every possible aid been extended by the victorious North." The bases of the old economic order were blasted; five billion dollars' worth of property had been destroyed; every cent of current money was declared forfeit, and the best of Southern manhood were buried in unmarked trenches or flung back upon society maimed and destitute. But these things were within the cost and arbitrament of war, and the South accepted them and was even dumbly content. Then came the amazing series of Congressional measures by which the South was redevastated and race was poised against race in hate. That there was some excuse for these measures there is no doubt, and Mr. Dixon would seem to err in giving them no weight. The people of the North were fearful of a renewal of war; they had cause to be distrustful of President John-

*The Leopard's Spots. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. New York: Doubleday, Page and Co. \$1.50.

son, and they were imbued with a sentimental sympathy with the negro, born of blind faith in the *credo* of Thomas Jefferson, and dense ignorance of the psychology of the black man. But the measures granted by the people, largely through mingled fear and ignorance, were seized by the politicians for the purpose of perpetuating Republican power and of syndicating Southern offices. Under the tutelage of "the carpet-bagger from the North, the native scallawag and the negro demagogue," established as joint administrators of the Freedman's Bureau and of the new election laws, began an orgy of political crime. The financial loot obtained was not, indeed, considerable, at least as money is figured in these days, or even as it was figured in those days in the Northern States. But it represented the South's pitiful last, the pitiful little that could be raised by mortgaging her resources for years to come. Yet the money was, after all, a minor issue. What counted was that the negro, debauched by flattery and uncompelled by authority, refused longer to work, deserted the plantations and became a novitiate in legislative halls or in "theological" or "classical" colleges, and dreamed of political notoriety and of possessing the daughters of the South. It was then that the Ku-Klux-Klan was organised, and that, in the growing horror of the superseding of a mulatto reign, political lines were set as in marble upon the single base of Anglo-Saxon dominancy.

How, with the return of reason to the North and the gathering of power in the South, Reconstructionism was broken up is well known; but the lessons of that period and the negro problem remain. The lessons prove beyond cavil, Mr. Dixon asserts, that negro political activity means political debauchery pure and simple,—the uniting for loot of the lowest whites with the half-barbaric blacks. Even if negro suffrage did not mean this: if such a hypothetical proposition could be admitted as a reasonably honest and intelligent negro electorate, still, Mr. Dixon argues, the negro should in the main be debarred from the polls. For political activity is not an isolated fact: it draws its deep meaning from the interior significance and construction of society; society rests on the family; equality of the suffrage connotes also social equal-

ity; and social equality signifies the right to love and wed as one wills. In the North, where the negro is sparsely distributed in proportion to the total population, this theoretical right remains in practice theoretical; but in the South, where the negroes are equal in number to the whites, the theoretical right assumes a practical and horrid significance. The law that knows no waiver is that one drop of negro blood reverts the child's title to that race which, possessing for three thousand years a quarter of the globe, has not made one step of progress, or redeemed one jungle from the wilderness, except as slaves under command. The Anglo-Saxons, who conceived the government of the South and maintained it, who laid out the Southern fields and replanted them over the graves of the dead, have the prior right to maintain their racial integrity. The demand is fundamentally one for self-preservation; and it is precisely this demand which Northerners have hesitated to allow, simply because it carries with it as a necessary corollary the political ascendancy of the whites, absolute and unqualified.

It is, indeed, a curious example of national emotionalism, the solicitude of Northerners regarding African sentiment. There never was any clamour to have Indians vote, or Chinamen, or Alaskans, though they all stand higher than the negro, ethnologically; nor is there now overmuch philanthropic zeal for the Filipinos. But, as Mr. Dixon truly says, the negro is "the sentimental pet of the nation," "its one chronic, incapable orphan." The South would have held in lasting gratitude any aid extended to her by the North in her time of need; but about all the Christian charity there was went to the relatively well-off negro. The "poor whites," for there were no others, shifted as they best could, having also to meet the equivalent of a considerable war indemnity levied against them when their State and National currency was declared forfeit. Not for the acts of war, but for acts in the peace after the war, was the South embittered. Nevertheless, and in the face of many unnecessary obstacles, the South has rebuilt her civilisation. She has paid most of the school bills and faced all the disadvantages of the "equal" negro of whom the North has talked. She has pensioned her wounded soldiers

and her orphans, and she has paid her due share of the annual Federal budget of \$140,000,000 for the benefit of Northern veterans who never stood in a tithe of the need of it that the Southern veterans did.

In return for what she has done and suffered, the South asks only to be let alone; to be solicited no more with patent political cement and paper-made panaceas, but to be allowed to work out her "peculiar problem" in the only way made clear to her by a prolonged and somewhat ghastly experience. When the negro problem is settled in the only way that it can be settled so long as Anglo-Saxonism retains its solidarity and its pride, then in truth North and South will be "triumphantly reunited."

All of which Mr. Dixon says in effect or by implication.

Mansfield Allan.

IV.

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND'S "CHIMMIE FADDEN AND MR. PAUL."*

The longevity of Chimmie Fadden, like the longevity of Martin Dooley, is little short of remarkable. Between them they have gone through enough adventures and expressed enough opinions to have filled seven substantial volumes, and as yet neither has begun to pall. Wide apart as are Mr. Dunne's philosopher of the Archey Road and Mr. Townsend's Bowery scapegrace in environment, characteristics and temperament, the two must somehow be classed together, and they occupy a very important place in the American literature of the last ten years. Whether or not this place will be in any way permanent is another matter.

A good many years ago, when Chimmie Fadden, after his first introduction through the columns of the *New York Sun*, had appeared in book form and had won many tens of thousands of not only appreciative but enthusiastic admirers, Mr. Townsend was asked by the late Charles A. Dana why it was that stories of this kind, which would seem to appeal only to a very limited number of readers, should have sprung immediately into so widespread a popularity. "Because,"

* Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Paul. By Edward W. Townsend. New York: The Century Company. \$1.50.

the author replied, "underlying the buffoonery of the anecdotes themselves there is the suggestion of Mr. Paul's and Chimmie Fadden's chivalric love for Miss Fannie." It is along this thread that Mr. Townsend has worked in the latest book.

On the conventional lines of book reviewing very little need be said about *Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Paul*. Some years seem to have elapsed since we took leave of Chimmie and the "Duchess" in the second collection of stories. Allusions to events of which the newspapers are still talking place the book very much in the present day. The Bowery boy is not going to be outdone by his rival, the Chicago saloon-keeper, in the matter of having something to say on current affairs. The old characters of the old stories appear very little changed. The Duchess retains all the old cunning of which Chimmie used so to stand in awe, and still "drags his jeans" with exasperating regularity. "His Whiskers" is still given to platitudes and surreptitious escapades, and Mr. Paul has preserved all his airy persiflage and his prowess in the consumption of "small bots."

Without any doubt Mr. Townsend has been told that he made a mistake when he bestowed the hand of Miss Fannie on the uninteresting Burton and left the genial Mr. Paul to seek forgetfulness in street fights and generally riotous living, and at this late day has started to set matters right. Hints of neglect on Burton's part, and of consequent unhappiness on Miss Fannie's, are freely thrown in; Burton finally succumbs gracefully to a casual illness, and when the book ends we are ready to see Mr. Paul accompany Miss Fannie on her second trip to the altar. Meanwhile, domestic life below stairs is far from being monotonous, and Chimmie's enforced amiability in the matter of "pungling up" is amply rewarded when the Duchess presents him with a little Duke who is to bear the name of James Napoleon Emmett Fadden, as a token of her affection. To any one with the proper appreciation of Chimmie and Martin Dooley, *Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Paul* is very much worth while.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

V.

MISS VAN VORST'S "PHILIP LONGSTRETH."*

Miss Van Vorst's novel is an odd mixture of strength and weakness; of a stupid beginning and an interesting ending, a reversal of the usual order of things. One might safely skip the first ninety-six pages. Philip Longstreth was a young man about town, the son of a millionaire, who eschewed society's ways to figure as senior partner of a shoe factory in a small town not far from New York. He is an unpractical business man, as the heroes of women novelists are apt to be. He becomes the tool of unscrupulous men, and it is owing to the timely generosity of his father that he is not utterly ruined. Here is one of the author's laboured descriptions of Philip:

None of the aggressiveness of the fanatic made Longstreth insistent; none of the awkwardness of the student demarked him from his worldly companions. He appealed rather than sought to persuade, putting himself, as it were, in the audience, seeking to convince not alone an antagonist, but himself.

His graceful compromise to the complexion of other people's minds made Van Anders call him "a temporiser," and women think him delightful. It was an unconscious protection of his individuality, a reluctance to put his will in question. His direction once determined to his own conviction, he pursued his way without marking it out for the world's eyes. Too human not to attentively be interested in men's points of view, he listened, holding meanwhile jealously secret his opposed intent. It was an obstinacy colossal, and by his fellows undreamed. From the instant his course became clear to his spiritual vision, it was as inevitable to him as eternal laws; it was the fatality of his temperament.

Strange to say, Miss Van Vorst is at her best in that portion of her story which tells of the factory town and its people. There she is real. The society touches are vapid, the dialogue claptrap, and the society women mere figures upon which to hang beautiful gowns and dazzling jewels. But while the faults of the book are many, the story is made worth

* Philip Longstreth. By Marie Van Vorst. New York: Harper and Brothers.

while by Amber Garland, the beautiful, tawny-haired forewoman in the factory. She is palpitating flesh and blood, with the body of a virgin and the spirit of a Magdalen. Her brave struggle with her love for Philip is pathetic. But in the final surrender everything is forgotten save "one human fact: she was a woman . . . he was a man." Philip is in love, so to speak, with Constance Throckmorton, because he knows she is the sort of woman one marries; but Amber appeals to his senses. He, too, struggles with temptation. Both women love him, and being intuitive women, they know much of each other without ever having met.

As an ideal social reformer Philip Longstreth is a decided failure. The bars remain up. But perhaps if he had not called out "Constance" in his sleep, things would have been different. For it is this unconscious cry which drives Amber out into the darkness and away from him who, without saying he loved her, had asked her to be his wife.

F. M. Mandeville.

VI.

MISS MANNING'S "LORD ALINGHAM, BANKRUPT."*

A book so deliciously humorous, so entirely refreshing, as *Lord Alingham, Bankrupt*, impresses the reviewer with the inadequacy of anything he may write concerning it, and offers a strong temptation to make a series of quotations, so as to let it speak for itself. The book, both in style and construction, bears a strong resemblance to Mrs. Atherton's work in general and to *The Aristocrats* in particular. While the latter was a satire on the social and literary aspirations of Americans from an English view-point, *Lord Alingham, Bankrupt*, is a satire on English society, drawn with an accuracy no less pointed and a wit as keen, though in such a tolerantly good-natured way as to convince one that the author, like her hero, has "humour as a substitute for conscience" when she permits herself to portray the characters of people in so realistic a fashion as to make one feel she must have known them.

*Lord Alingham, Bankrupt. By Marie Manning. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The story opens with that most effective of love charms, an ocean voyage. Given a fascinating young peer of a "Bertie Cecil" sort of beauty, who has spent his money on all kinds of improper things; given also two American women, one a reputed heiress, the other with tawny hair and a direct manner; then let the story commence on ship-board, and the result is apt to be interesting. Deplore it though we may, there is a pulse-quickenning allurements about the type of man to whom "tinsel offers no further inducement than the butter-scotch and ginger beer of an earlier stage of development," which one can never feel about the Sir Galahads so much admired in theory. Lord Alingham's weaknesses are so very English, so eminently the results of British training and atmosphere, and he is so evidently the right sort *au fond*, that he wins all one's sympathies from the start. To him Alice Dean, who, by her own confession, is going abroad to have her crudities sand-papered down, is a revelation; and he is sufficiently world-weary to appreciate to the full her simple, childlike directness, which has for him the freshness of her native prairies. He "knew women as some men know their Bibles;" and when Alice tells him that in her babyhood she had thought "mustn't touch" was one word and the name of everything beautiful, and that she has just discovered it to be true, he realises that her artless admiration is "too ephemerally beautiful to be met with the crude tactics of the ordinary flirtation." Who could help being predisposed in the favour of a man so subtle as to understand that? He is a man, too, who doesn't pretend to understand Americans, and, least of all, American women: who can't conceive why they should leave their luxurious homes for months at a time and live in dreary little lodgings off Piccadilly, and "never seem to feel at home unless they are travelling."

It's all too exacting for everyday wear; their houses, their crests, their money, are all too complicated and colossal. No wonder they like to run over to England for a little simplicity. . . . There is somewhat of a round-the-world-in-eighty-days effect about their houses. They seem unable to make a home without introducing the four quarters of

the globe, the Middle Ages, the Apostles, the red Indians, the *salon*—and everything else that costs money. . . . Everything in the States is reduced to a commercial basis. We support our Herald's College with its traditions—they support their Tiffany with their cash.

And yet Lord Alingham went to America with the avowed intention of capturing an heiress, which fact, of course, proves the English scorn for what money can purchase. However, the possibility of falling in love with an unsophisticated girl in her teens has never occurred to him; and when she becomes the dearest thing in the world, it takes all his British faith in his name and title to force him to contemplate marriage with Mrs. Gordon, on the subject of whose millions his uncle expatiates so enthusiastically. He has squandered his fortune. Even the treasures which once embellished the family country seat have been sold to meet his unnecessary needs; his debts are heavy, his creditors importunate, and his mother and sisters by no means silent as to the duty he owes to those who have sacrificed everything for him. On the other hand, there is his own inclination for Alice, who in her ingenuous, childish way shows all too plainly that she loves him. Nevertheless, while an old name and title are a fit exchange for a fortune, a bankrupt lord may not well ask a penniless girl to marry him; so, fight it as he may, he knows that there is no alternative; and Alingham is too thoroughly imbued with the traditions of his race not to appreciate it. He realises that he cannot eat his cake and have it too, and that while he may admire and even love the charming girl whose sincerity and freshness of feeling are a revelation to him, he must think of marriage only with the woman whom he believes to possess the millions that he needs.

Most amusing is the account of Lord Alingham's mother's visit to Mrs. Gordon upon her arrival in London. Lady Alingham, a "petticoated edition of Wellington, . . . had called on so many probable daughters-in-law that the situation began to have all the perfunctoriness of church-going." The dialogue between the English matron and the well-bred, clever American is delicious, and

the reader is further enlightened by the asides which accompany each remark, turning the situation into a delightful farce which scarcely needs the introduction of limelight to make it perfect. In no place has the author shown more skillfully the complete antithesis of the ideas and characteristics of the two nations.

At the Alingham family council, when deciding on the list of guests which the dowager will invite as the necessary accompaniment to what she fondly trusts will be to her son the *pièce de résistance*, Mrs. Gordon, it is suggested:

"If you are afraid your cuisine is not good enough to entertain a bishop or a curate, why don't you have a Ritualist? I hear they never take anything but water and potatoes."

"Good gracious!" said Lady Alingham. "How do they manage to preach on such a diet?"

"Potatoes are an incentive to talk—look at the Irish."

Boadicea Bing, a poor relation who "has fought that depressing meat-tea, penny-bus sort of poverty with the dull weapons of gentility," is invited:

Boadicea was the type of Englishwoman that always looks three-and-thirty. She had looked that age since she put on long frocks, and it was probable that she would totter to her grave at a ripe scriptural age and still look a petrified specimen of elderly young-ladyhood. She did her hair in a door-mat, like the Princess of Wales, and she had an acute profile that looked better in a photograph than in real life.

Then, there was Lady Hamilton, who had been an American before her marriage.

"Since which event she had devoted her entire energy to obliterating any traces of her nationality. Her English was a persistent, if painful, effort to introduce the broad *a* into every word she uttered. Lady Hamilton did not have hands like the rest of mankind; she was such a loyal Briton as to rejoice in "hahnds," to the amusement of her friends. She would twitter away in this language of her own discovery on all English topics, from the Royal Family down to cabmen's shelters.

Lord Alingham, Bankrupt, will possibly not prove very popular in England. There is a touch of intimate knowledge coupled with excessive frankness running through it all which would be excessively distasteful to an English palate. It is just the book to be condemned by what stands for the Pope of English egoism, especially as it contains that worst of all stings, truth. The pitiless and searching exposure of something approaching sordid-meanness in the shifts of the shabby section of the aristocracy would make the blood of a certain type of Englishman run cold, and would seem to the corresponding type of Englishwoman little short of sacrilege. Only one or two slips here and there seem to us a departure from perfect verisimilitude. We wonder, for instance, whether she really thinks that an Englishman when speaking quite seriously would answer a question with the American shibboleth, "Why, certainly!"

If Miss Manning would cross the Channel and look about her a little, it would be interesting to read what her nimble wit and discriminating pen could set down about the French, particularly the women. We would suggest that she dedicate the result to Paul Bourget or to Max O'Rell.

V. R.

VII.

ELEANOR HOYT'S "THE MISDEMEANORS OF NANCY."*

Bright, without the frequent drag of *The Dolly Dialogues*; clever, without the vulgarity and the constant effort of *The Visits of Elizabeth*, Eleanor Hoyt's *The Misdemeanors of Nancy* offers a piquant morsel for the summer reading of a summer public. For the drowsy solitude of the shade-swung hammock, for the *viva voce* benefactors of fancy-work circles on hotel piazzas, Nancy will be a Heaven-sent blessing. She is light, she is funny, and there is very little of the try-to-be-funny note in all her humour; while, in addition to these attractions, she is a pretty good type of what lots of latter-day girls in their inner consciousness

* *The Misdemeanors of Nancy*. By Eleanor Hoyt. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.

would like to be, and what a very few succeed in approximating. Looked upon from the standpoint of old-fashioned chaperons and minuet manners, she is unquestionably a most improper young person; but then she is not a vulgar, self-conscious little female cad like the aristocratic and eminently English Elizabeth. Nancy is dainty and American, and *her* misdemeanors, while calculated to leave swaths of trouble behind her, are primarily large-eyed and innocent.

The winning of the French chef in "A Dumb-Waiter Drama" is a most delicious exploit in its telling, as well as in its harvest of loot, and the chef himself does a very effective "support" to the heroine's leading lady. Miss Hoyt's Gallic touch is beyond praise. The masterly defeat of Aunt Maria, in "A Touch-Down," is a gem, for which Stanlaw's drawings make a peculiarly effective setting. The demureness of Nancy, as she glides along under convoy, the bristling guns of Aunt Maria, and the infantile guilelessness of Jimmy, the very guileful caddy, as he stands engulfed in his—yes, those are surely just "pants," prove conclusively that an illustrator *can* illustrate once in a while.

It is very hard, among all the exploits of so ingenious and ingenuous a heroine, to make a choice of which is best. The tale entitled "A Love Souvenir" is a beautiful example of retribution that should carry its wholesome lesson; but for keen wit and delicious satire the palm must go, I think, to "Touring in Bohemia." Here is where Nancy begins to get almost serious. There are *characters* in *her* Bohemia—characters in which people will think they see other people and become proportionately gleeful. As a matter of fact, I am inclined to believe that "The Poet" and "The Artist" and "The Problem Novelist" are only composite types of a certain set, rather than portraits of individual members; but I do not expect to persuade readers that their recognitions are at fault, and I shall not try. Suffice to say, there are such people, and we know them, and the picture, farcical as it seems, is not so very far from realistic, after all.

Perhaps it is just as well that at this point "The Man Who Came Often" gets definitely into the game. Nancy is waxing dangerous, and there are others

who, in common prudence, might begin to tremble, were she to pursue her career of conquest and exploration much farther. Most of us have dusty corners somewhere—packed desks or littered library tables that the slavey must not touch or dust or breathe upon; and Nancy is no respecter of such bachelorish notions, while, as "A Lesson in Democracy" shows, she is perfectly capable of playing slavey herself, just for fun.

I congratulate Bobby—heartily, but there are times when I can't say I altogether envy him his contract.

Duffield Osborne.

VIII.

ARTHUR HENRY'S "AN ISLAND CABIN."*

Who is there who cannot remember, among his early dreams, that of being lord of an island, a place of refuge from the tyranny of an unsympathetic world, where one might reign in true Crusoe-like fashion over cats and dogs and goats, with, perhaps, a chosen friend or two if they showed the proper feudal spirit of vassalage? It is a dream which most of us have put away, together with other childish things. Mr. Arthur Henry, however, is fortunate in having retained, under the storm and stress of a somewhat varied career, a large share of the illusions and enthusiasms and aspirations of his early youth. Throughout the vicissitudes of a life which has ranged from a clerkship in a Western dry-goods store to the editorial cares of a *Detroit* newspaper, he has never lost sight of this dream of an island all his own, remote from the noise and bustle and exacting obligations of the outside world; but it was not until last summer that his dream was realised. He learned that off the Connecticut coast there are numberless small islands apparently ownerless, a sort of No-Man's-Land, waiting for a claimant. Mr. Henry chose one of these islands, a mere rocky hummock midway between Noank and Fisher's Island, erected a modest cabin of rough boards, and there, in company with a few chosen spirits, he spent the summer in the main

* An Island Cabin. By Arthur Henry. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

channel of the Sound, almost as isolated and as tempest-tossed as though in a small boat in mid-ocean.

With a steady wind, on a fine clear day, or on a starry night, this channel is an open, gleaming pathway. The tide for twenty hours of the day is racing through it with deadly force to the helpless; but the course is marked, and when all is fair a bark canoe might skim it safely. But when the wind is strong and the sea high, when rain or fog conceals the lights and buoys, it becomes at once a narrow, tortuous runway between a thousand impending deaths. Then you have your orchestra at play. The wind alone has many voices here. It rushes across the surface of the water with a prolonged hissing; it shrieks about the dormer windows of my cabin; it whistles and moans down the chimney; it whips the green bushes and sings through the stripped branches of the dead wood; it passes overhead and through the unimpeded ways abroad, with the roar of an invisible avalanche. My cabin anchored to the rocks, trembles in its clutching, tugging arms like a wild bird in its captor's hand.

As a result of these months of life so close to nature, Mr. Henry brought back in addition to healthy sunburn and renewed energy a more intangible, yet indestructible, possession in the form of fresh ideals and hopes, and the best of these he has embodied in *An Island Cabin*.

The book is not in any proper sense fiction, although couched in fiction form. It is more properly a diary of the daily doings of a small group of men and women, of the manner in which they are acted upon by Nature in her wilder moods, and the manner in which they react upon one another. Their chief delight seems to have been to discover things for themselves. Any fisher-boy of Noank could have given them a liberal education in the arts of fishing, swimming and sailing a boat; but these are problems which they prefer to work out unaided; and their failures and triumphs form the basis of much genial, optimistic philosophy, which is interspersed throughout the pages. It is easy to understand why this is a book which will not appeal to everybody. It is written with a simplicity, a studied *naïveté*, which a good many readers will be apt to take in the wrong spirit. Mr. Henry is infinitely more

sophisticated than he gives himself the credit for being; yet here he has the air of posing as the discoverer of things nautical and otherwise which have belonged to the common stock of the world's knowledge since the dawn of civilisation. The fact that it is possible to beat against the wind in a sailboat was known to the world before Mr. Henry discovered it, but that does not prevent him from posing as a pioneer in the art. The idea that one cannot escape from the obligations and responsibilities of life by running away from them is not a new one; yet Mr. Henry couches his philosophy in such a new and effective form that one feels inclined to be lenient toward him:

The destiny of every atom of the universe is equally associated with our own. It is not with men alone that we need to adjust ourselves in sympathy, but with the earth, and air, and water, and all the innumerable forms of life that these contain. They, too, are our fellows. We cannot escape this necessity by flying from the city. We but change our associates. If we seek for rest and peace in a tranquil contemplation of nature as a thing apart from ourselves, we will not find it. For, though we may look at it with a far-off, impersonal vision, we cannot alter our actual and intimate relationship. Our fate, our moods, and all our movements are bound to those of the stars and the pebbles, the wind, the rain and the sunlight. All that concerns men and crabs concerns us whether we will or no. It remains for us to determine how great shall be the discord, or how complete the harmony of this relationship.

Altogether, *An Island Cabin* may justly be characterised as a very odd little book. Yet it is one that is sure to win some warm admirers, if only for the sake of the strong salt breath of ocean air which blows through its pages. It is a book which awakes a disquieting nostalgia for broad reaches of sea and sky, and dim, mist-veiled glimpses of distant coasts. It touches even the confirmed dweller in cities—the man to whom the echo of pavements beneath his feet and the din and turmoil of city life around him are essential to happiness—and sets him to longing enviously for one of those islands in No-Man's-Land, where the sea brings food and fuel to the very door, and the salt dampness sifts in through every crack and crevice laden with ozone and

health and appetite. And lastly, to those who know that picturesque stretch of Connecticut coast, including New London, Noank and Stonington, Watch Hill, and Fisher's Island, and Race Rock, the book is a series of delicate etchings, unmistakable in their fidelity, yet softened by their pervading spirit of sympathy and kindly optimism.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

IX.

MR. JACOBS'S "AT SUNWICH PORT."*

The really humorous writers in England can be numbered on one hand without troubling the thumb. You mention the names of Mr. Anstey, of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Barry Pain, and when the name of the writer of the book before me has been given, there is an end of the list. Plenty of us can write in a light-hearted way when it does not rain and we are feeling well; but we have no right whatever to claim a position among the members of this select front rank. I understand they make enormous incomes (this only emphasises the line of demarcation), and they deserve every million they get; the joy they offer to grey lives, the solace they offer to the harassed man, the excuse they furnish for smiles—these things are not fully paid for by the disbursement of four-and-sixpence at the discount bookseller. When a new writer takes a new pen and sits down before a quire of white foolscap, his first idea is to utilise the power by making the world's blood run cold, or to encourage melancholia by the recital of a desolate love story. For this, the magazines are partly responsible. The magazines, it would seem, possess artists whose limitations are reached when they draw young men and women in evening-dress, looking into each other's eyes; of befurred men on horseback pursued by animals which the legend underneath declares to be wolves. Here one may venture to commend the illustrations in Mr. Jacobs's new book. Mr. Will Owen knows the types, and, what is more to the purpose, he can draw them with all that economy of line that in black and white work gives content.

*At Sunwich Port. By W. W. Jacobs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

I am no critic, and I can best cloak this painful circumstance by pointing out the defects in Mr. Jacobs's novel. He is never, I think, quite so good in work done *à longue haleine* as in those of a shorter breath, and in this book the building of the story strikes one as being lopsided. The early chapters with the child life of the hero and the heroine are superfluous; all that they had been is conveyed quite well in the remainder of the book; the last chapters furnish an entirely new scheme concerning only the heroine's brother and his entanglement. I cannot understand why Captain Nugent was put on board the *Conqueror* instead of the son being placed on the *Seabird*, and I am not quite sure how Mr. Swann did it. Having said which, there remains nothing but praise. Mr. Jacobs has for a time given up the sea, and here, *In Sunwich Port*, he is on land with retired captains and lovely daughters, ex-stewards, gallant ship-brokers and second-hand clothes merchants. It is all very capital, and I found in reading that I cared less whether Jem Hardy married Miss Nugent than that Mrs. Kybird should reappear in each chapter. Mrs. Kybird, having arranged with much strategy the engagement of her daughter to young Nugent, sits back in her chair and gazes at the young couple fondly.

"It reminds me of our wedding," she said softly. "What was it Tom Fletcher said, father? Can you remember?"

"'Arry Smith, you mean," corrected Mr. Kybird.

"Tom Fletcher said something. I'm sure," persisted his wife.

"He *did*," said Mr. Kybird, grimly, "and I pretty near broke his 'ead for it. 'Arry Smith is the one you're thinking of."

Mrs. Kybird calls on a lady relative of her daughter's *fiancé* and is received with haughtiness:

"I am not a great talker, but I am very careful whom I converse with," said Mrs. Kingdom, in her most stately manner.

"I knew a lady like that once," said Mrs. Kybird; "leastways, she wasn't a lady," she added meditatively.

Also, I like young Mr. Silk, who, after the faithless conduct of Miss Kybird, becomes a prey to despair and talks moodily

of last long sleeps and graves. Mr. Jacobs has only to write a whole book about Mr. Silk's mother, and I will guarantee to read it. I can't say fairer than that. Mr. Jacobs is always happy in his heroines; if, as he has declared, his characters have their originals in real life, I must congratulate him sincerely in this regard on his exceptional good fortune. Some of us when we want to introduce charming young women into our stories betray that deplorable want of experience which mere invention can never conceal; it is good to encounter in Mr. Jacobs's works the alert, self-possessed, good young woman who is never at a loss for repartee. This would be a more diverting world if people would but act and speak as they do in Mr. Jacobs's books. As it is, I can imagine the young City man taking his fortnight's holiday and determining to see something of the life written of in *Light Freights*, and taking ship, therefore, at St. Katherine's Docks. Of his disappointment on finding that the captain did not come on

board late in petticoats; of his regret when the cook proved to be only a cook and not a prize-fighter; of his open revolt on discovering that the mate was not engaged to the most beautiful young woman in Poplar; of his expressions of undisguised annoyance when it became clear that the boat did not possess so much as a single lady stowaway!

Mr. Jacobs never forces a situation, never insists on a humorous reference. He flatters the reader by leaving always something to the reader's intelligence, giving thus the flattering suggestion that the reader is on terms of equality in regard to cleverness. He avoids giving the finish of a sentence when the finish is obvious; he is always on the side of reticence. For all of which I, for one, have long owed him a gratitude which I hereby pay. The book is dedicated to "My Daughter Barbara." Happy daughter Barbara to have her name associated with a story that will carry round the world so much amusement!

W. Pett Ridge.

FUEL OF FIRE*

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

CHAPTER VIII.

(Continued.)

It happened that while these two were holding sweet converse on the road from Tettleigh to Wayside, Laurence and Nancy were holding anything but sweet converse on their way back from Baxendale Hall; and the front of their offending was as follows: A friend of Anthony, Bertie Crawshay by name, had been spending a few days at Wayside—nominally with Anthony, but actually with Anthony's cousin. There is no use disguising the fact that Nancy had flirted outrageously with this young man, actuated thereto by two powerful reasons: *first*, by a natural desire to make life pleasant to herself; *secondly*, by an equally natural if less laudable one to make it unpleasant to Laurence Baxendale. And in both respects she had succeeded beyond her utmost expectations: the flirtation had amused her and annoyed Laurence more than she had dared to hope, and consequently she was in high spirits.

"I haven't seen you for ages," she exclaimed,

after she and Laurence had greeted each other in the Park, she with an extreme pleasantness which was meant to be unpleasant, and he with excessive politeness which was intended to be rude; "it is at least two hundred and seventy-five years since we met."

"Is it? I hadn't noticed it, Miss Burton," replied Laurence stiffly, who knew that exactly four days, three hours and twenty-five minutes had elapsed since he last set eyes on Nancy.

"How are you?" she enquired, with engaging sweetness.

"I'm all right, thank you," was the response, with no sweetness at all.

"Are you? I'm so glad. I asked because you don't look particularly grand, you know; I'm afraid you've been doing too much this hot weather; and though it is very jolly, it takes it out of one."

"The weather seems to me perfect, and I can assure you, Miss Burton, that your anxiety as to my health is entirely misplaced—I never felt better in my life." He really was very dis-

* Copyright, by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

agreeable; but then what right had a girl to go about with an ass of a fellow such as Crawshay for three days and behave as if she liked it? he asked himself, in excuse.

"You mean you never felt worse," Miss Nancy said to herself; but aloud she merely remarked with the utmost suavity: "It is so nice to see you again! Do you know, we haven't met for such centuries that I had forgotten the colour of your hair and the shape of your nose? I really had."

"I am flattered to find that you waste time in striving to recall my uninteresting features. But, believe me, you make a mistake; they are not worth remembering."

Nancy was delighted: Laurence was even angrier than she had expected him to be: "Oh! your nose is well worth remembering, it is such a nice shape; you don't do it justice; its loveliness increases and it will never pass into nothingness, according to Keats. But though I did forget the shape of your nose, I didn't forget you, because I have been telling Bertie Crawshay all about you, and that has served to keep my memory green."

Laurence bowed: "Thank you; I am, however, as unworthy of Mr. Crawshay's notice as of yours. Sorry you and he could not find a more interesting subject of conversation than myself."

"Oh! but we could—heaps upon heaps, and much more interesting; but you happened to crop up now and then among the rest."

"Then I have no more to say." Laurence was very angry. He had held Nancy too sacred to be discussed even between himself and his mother, and in return Nancy had talked him over with this young jackanapes. It really was unpardonable, and he had no intention of pardoning it. So much for the futility of masculine intentions!

"What? No more to say, when you haven't seen me for a whole week? Well, you are a most disappointing person! I expected you to have no end to tell me after this long separation."

"Yes, I am disappointing enough; but your error lay in expecting too much of me. You know, 'Blessed is he that expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed;' that is my favourite Beatitude."

Nancy's blue eyes appeared to be full of sympathy and interest: "Then do you ever feel disappointed in people, too, Mr. Baxendale? Oh! I am so sorry." Yes, Laurence was right; she really was unpardonable.

"Pray, do not waste upon me sympathy which might be so much better expended," he

replied with exaggerated ceremony; "you misunderstood my remark: I meant that I don't often meet with disappointment, for the simple reason that I am not such a fool as to expect much from people."

"How very interesting and clever of you! But don't you find it rather dull?"

"Not disagreeably so. I do not—like you—expect people who have not seen me for a week to be ready to greet me with an accumulation of brilliance which they have been storing up for me at compound interest in my absence: on the contrary, I expect them to have forgotten my very existence in the society of more cheerful and congenial companions; and—unlike you—I admit I am rarely disappointed."

They walked on in silence for a minute or two, until they came to the gate which separated Baxendale Park from the lanes. Then Nancy asked in her most airy manner: "I say, shall we go home the long or the short way?"

Laurence looked at his watch without in the least seeing what time it was: "You must, of course, please yourself, Miss Burton. I must get back home as quickly as possible, as I am rather busy to-day."

Then came another silence, and Nancy, knowing to an inch how short was now the distance to the turning where the way to Popular Farm branched off from the way to Wayside, and having an instinctive knowledge that Laurence would say good-by at that turning and not walk home with her—began to think it was time for a change in the tactics of her warfare. "You seem rather cross to-day," she said quite meekly, looking up at Laurence with a face out of which the mischief had died.

Laurence raised his eyebrows in apparent surprise: "I cross?—what do you mean, Miss Burton? I am afraid I must be very bad mannered to give you such an idea: for which bad manners please accept my humble apologies."

"Then aren't you cross?" Nancy's voice was meeker than ever.

"Not in the least. What ever put such an idea into your head?"

Nancy began to get rather frightened. It is one thing to play with fire and quite another (and a much less agreeable one!) to burn one's own fingers. "I thought perhaps you were vexed with me about something."

"I?—vexed with you? Impossible. I am afraid that too brilliant imagination of yours is leading you astray. You are inventing offences on my part for the express purpose of showing resentment on your own. I fancy you will find that both offence and resentment are mythical."

Nancy felt it was time to play trumps if she did not wish to lose the game altogether: "I thought you were vexed with me about Bertie Crawshay," she blurted out. It was a most feminine card.

But Laurence held trumps in his hand, too, and took her queen with his king: "My dear Miss Burton, what earthly right have I to dictate to you who shall be and who shall not be your friends? It would be gross impertinence on my part to express annoyance at anything which you might think fit to do: an impertinence of which I hope I am incapable."

Nancy looked at him sideways with an expression in which fear and shame and curiosity were equally blended. Laurence happened to turn round at that moment and caught the look: he wished he had not seen it, as it somewhat weakened his praiseworthy intention to uphold his own dignity in the sight of this most insolent and unfeeling young woman. Nevertheless, he continued: "As I said before, I extremely regret that anything in my unfortunate manner should have led you to believe me guilty of the unpardonable liberty of criticising or even discussing your conduct; but, if you will overlook it this time, I can promise you that for the future I will take care to avoid even the appearance of such an evil."

Nancy had nearly lost the game, and she knew it: but still she held the ace. The question was, should she play it, or should she uphold her dignity as high as Laurence was now upholding his, and throw down the cards, refusing to play any longer against so determined an adversary? She hesitated a minute, and looked round: they were in the most secluded of the lanes, and nobody—not even a scarecrow—was in sight. Yes, the ace would have to go; there was no doubt of that. As far as it was in Nancy to be shy of anything, she was shy of the strength of her own feelings; she generally kept them resolutely out of sight, and

made a curtain
Out of her laughter to hide her love.

But now she laid an entreating little hand on her companion's arm, and—for the first time in her twenty-two years—she allowed her whole heart to well up into her eyes as she raised them to his and whispered:

"Laurence, I know I've been a brute; won't you forgive me?"

And then and there, in spite of his praiseworthy desire to uphold his own dignity—in spite of his justifiable intention to properly punish her unbecoming behaviour—in spite of his laudable decision to tell no woman of his

love until he was in a position to marry her—Laurence Baxendale suddenly took Nancy in his arms and covered her face with kisses.

"My darling," he murmured, "I love you, I love you! It was I who was the brute; but I shouldn't have been if I had not cared for you so much and been so confoundedly jealous."

Nancy laughed as well as she could in the circumstances. "You silly boy, were you very jealous?"

"Rather! Couldn't you see it?"

"Distinctly; a blind bat could have seen it with his eyes shut. And, do you know, I think jealousy is my favourite virtue in a man?—when it's about me, of course, I mean."

"And I'm a brute to make love to you now, considering that I'm such a poor beggar I shan't be able to ask you to marry me for years and years probably; but I simply couldn't help it when you looked at me like that."

"Then do you love me very much?"

"My darling, I adore you."

After another hiatus in the conversation, Laurence said: "You haven't told me yet that you love me, sweetheart. Nancy, do you love me?"

Then Nancy put her two hands on his shoulders and pushed him away from her, looking him full in the face with her heart still in her eyes: "I love you with all my heart and soul and strength, and I always shall love you; and there never has been and never will be any man in the world for me except you: and now let us be funny again, and forget that we're so badly in love."

So the ace won the trick after all.

CHAPTER IX.

ANOTHER WOMAN TEMPTS.

"The woman tempted me and I did eat:"

Such the apology once made by Adam,
Who paved a way more trodden by men's feet
Than any fashioned by the great Macadam.

The following afternoon Nancy was silent with the silence which accompanies excessive happiness, even in the most loquacious people. When one has just been treading the high-ways to Zion and beholding visions of angels it is difficult to bring oneself down to the level of ordinary conversation with one's fellow creatures—particularly when those fellow creatures happen to be relations. And so Nancy found it.

Anthony, in fraternal fashion, was not slow to observe this unusual reticence on the part of his generally loquacious kinswoman.

"What is the matter with our beloved

Nancy?" he asked of Nora, in a stage whisper loud enough to have pierced ears much more remote than Nancy's: "is it her liver or her lover that is out of order, and so produces this distressing and unnatural depression?"

"You must ask her," replied Nora: but Nancy did not take any notice. She found Laurence's past remarks much more nourishing food for meditation than Anthony's present ones—a not unprecedented experience of female relations.

Tony gazed at her pensively: then murmured,

"Oh, that those lips had language! Life has passed
But slowly with me and Nora since we heard thee last."

Then the mystic roused herself sufficiently to speak: and her speech was to the point: "Don't be an ass," was all she said.

"I will try not—indeed I will; but, as I have remarked before, it runs in the Burton family, as it did in Balaam's. The only difference being that Balaam was amazed when his ass spoke; we, on the contrary, marvel when ours is silent."

Nora laughed, and Nancy tried not to do so.

"But the reason for the upset is the same in both cases," Anthony went on: "the ass saw an angel in the way."

"I'd rather hold my tongue till doomsday than talk as much nonsense as you do," said Nancy.

"Nevertheless, your daily walk and conversation give the lie to this statement," Anthony sighed. "Would that it were not so!"

"What are you going to do after tea, Tony?" asked Nora, who naturally did not take an absorbing interest in this accurate diagnosis of her sister's amatory condition.

"I shall go for a stroll in the lanes, I think, in order that my always delicate digestion may recuperate itself between the efforts of tea and dinner. I always find, if I don't take exercise at this particular hour, that I am incontinently launched upon my dinner before I have duly forgotten my tea. And there is something rather indecent in that—like marrying again before one's first wife is sufficiently dead, don't you know?"

Whereupon Nancy woke up thoroughly: "You can't go for a stroll in the lanes, then—I am occupying the lanes myself this evening," she said, as if she were referring to a common bathroom which was used in turns.

Anthony fairly gloated over her discomfiture: "Ah! now we have hit the nail—that is to

say, our beloved Nancy—upon the head. Then how are Nora and I to get such exercise as the state of our digestions and the size of our teas demand, I should like to know?"

"You can go for a walk along the road. The highroad is good enough for relations," replied Nancy indifferently.

Anthony clasped his hands in mock admiration: "Oh, wise young judge, how I do honour thee! Where did you learn all these truisms, my dear young friend?"

"Oh! in various places."

"I am going to write a new version of *Eyes and No Eyes*," said Tony; "it will be about a good little girl who never made eyes, and so the highroad was as uninteresting and uninteresting to her as the loveliest lane: and about a naughty little girl who always made eyes wherever she went, so long as there was somebody (it didn't matter who) to make eyes to: and in consequence the dullest field paths to her were full of delightful and sentimental memories; and the less frequented a road by ordinary traffic the more pleasure she got out of it."

"It will be a very nice story," applauded Nora, to whom also the lanes at the back of Wayside were not altogether untrodden ground.

Anthony sighed: "Then do you agree with Nancy in exiling yourself and me from the cool, sequestered lanes of life, and condemning our tottering footsteps to the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer of the 'ard 'ighroad?"

Nora nodded: "Nancy and I always play fair about the lanes. We never enter them when they are being occupied by the other; and we keep the rest of the family away, too."

"How do you keep my esteemed aunt and uncle away on these interesting occasions?"

Nora smiled demurely: "We tell mother that there are tramps about, and father that it is damp under foot."

Anthony shouted with laughter: "Well, you and Nan are two for a pair, as my old nurse used to say."

"We certainly are intelligent young women," said Nora with complacency.

Then Anthony again turned his attention to the elder sister: "If I were you I should learn a lesson from the sermons in stones—those stones which are laid down for the prevention of traffic by the County Council; and I should station at the entrance to your particular lane a youth with a red banner bearing the strange device, 'This road is closed for repairs without the re.' Now I call that a distinctly neat idea."

Nancy could not help laughing, although she was in love. "Really, Tony, you are killing! Your bitterest enemy couldn't deny that you are convulsing at times."

"With which compliment let us withdraw, lest you should think better of it and add a codicil or a postscript which might give me pain, and undermine that absolute self-appreciation which is the keystone to my interesting and complex character," said Anthony, getting up from the easy chair where he had been lounging and going out of the room. "Come along, Nora, and we'll get the dogs, and leave our dear Nan to derive what intellectual pleasure she can from the society of one who is a man but not a brother."

"All right." And Nora obediently followed him.

When the others had started for their walk, Nancy put on her hat and wandered through the orchard and across the field to the iron gate which led straight into fairyland; and as she strolled along the grassy road, with its high green hedges on either side shutting off the common workaday world, she wondered how anybody could ever feel unhappy on such a beautiful earth as this. She had always been susceptible to the beauties of nature, though hitherto they had awakened in her a sort of indefinable craving—what for she did not know—a sort of unconscious questioning, to which apparently there was no answer. Sometimes there had seemed to her to be a useless prodigality of beauty, as if the foolish old earth had put on her glorious apparel and decked herself with her jewels for a gala day which never came. Surely simpler garments would have been sufficient for the trivial rounds and the common tasks which do not furnish all we ask—even if they furnish all we ought to ask—when we are on the sunny side of thirty. But now at last Nancy understood why the earth beneath her was paved with emerald, and the heavens above her were crowned with a sapphire dome—why each wild flower was a marvel of exquisite workmanship, and each star in the firmament had its place in that majestic choir whose *Te Deum* was begun in the dawn of creation by the sons of God. It was "because the birthday of her life had come—because her love had come to her," that she found out why the earth had been made so beautiful; for Laurence's feet the emerald pavement had been laid down—over Laurence's head the canopy of sapphire had been suspended—and now, because Laurence loved her and told her so, the mountains and the hills broke forth before her into

singing, and all the trees of the field clapped their hands.

Nancy's friends, with the singular blindness of those who have known us from our youth up, would have said (in fact, did say) that she was too shallow and light-hearted to fall in love in the ordinary accepted use of the term. Because she continually laughed and hardly ever cried, they decided that the deeper things of life were a closed book to her merry blue eyes: and because she chose to wear upon her sleeve such selections from her heart as she considered suitable for publication, they made up their minds that these selections constituted her whole property in that line, and that—because she talked freely about some of her feelings—such feelings as she did not talk about were non-existent.

There are no people so sorely misjudged in this world as the people who go through life as laughing philosophers; just as there is no figure in nursery lore so pathetic as that of the jolly miller who lived by the river Dee. Does any one imagine the man of malt would have troubled to have informed his world that he cared for nobody and nobody cared for him if such a statement had indeed been true? Not he! He would rather have made affecting speeches at charity organisation meetings—and wept copiously at the imaginary woes portrayed in theatres—and told pathetic stories of his early love affairs—and generally conducted himself as all such elderly gentlemen conduct themselves who are actually what the (so-called) jolly miller pretended to be. It was because he cared so much that he pretended to care so little. Nevertheless, he thereby deceived all children, both of smaller and of larger growth: which, after all, is what he desired and intended to do.

Nancy had not wandered far along the land when she saw a well-known figure in a light tweed suit coming toward her from the direction of Poplar Farm. For a second she was possessed with an insane desire to run away and hide herself where that tweed-clad figure could not find her; and yet she was fully aware that—for the rest of her days—all roads that did not lead to that figure would be unfit for traffic, as far as her feet were concerned. Such is the contrariety of the feminine mind.

There was a look in Laurence's grey eyes as he greeted her which made her want more than ever to run away from him at once and never to run away from him at all as long as she lived—two desires which naturally were incompatible. So she gave herself—and him—the benefit of the doubt and remained.

After they had strolled together right down into the heart of fairyland, using by the way such fond talk as lovers are wont to use when no reporter happens to be present, they finally arrived at a stile set in the middle of an unfrequented field, as far from the madding crowd as it is possible to be in Mershire. And upon this stile they sat, side by side, after the approved fashion of Robert Burns and his Mary.

Why tradition has assigned a stile as the seemly resting place for lovers is an interesting problem. Taken as a seat, *qua* seat, it is indefensible, combining, as it does, the minimum of comfort in remaining on with the maximum of danger in falling off; and even putting so commonplace a consideration as comfort out of the question, the difficulty of balancing oneself for any length of time on so limited a space must always in some degree interfere with the fluency of conversation of persons thus delicately balanced. Nevertheless, a stile has always been, and always will be, the regulation throne of King Cupid; and any attempt to substitute for it a more convenient and less uncomfortable resting place would be on a par with reorganising a monarchy or disestablishing a state church.

"Are you quite sure you love me, sweetheart?" asked Laurence, all the big heart of him shining out of his large grey eyes.

Nancy nodded: "Absolutely certain. I'd take an oath to that effect before a magistrate's clerk or a coroner's jury without running the slightest risk of seven years for perjury."

"You silly little child, what nice nonsense you talk!"

"So do you. Do you know, you really have been frightfully silly this afternoon?"

"I know that, baby. I like being silly. Anybody can be clever—in fact, I was clever myself long before I'd ever seen you. But it takes a man who is absolutely and devotedly in love to be becomingly silly: and there are precious few of that sort in this wicked world, I can assure you, Miss Burton."

"How much do you love me?" asked Nancy.

"As much as I can; and that's a jolly lot."

"But how much can you?"

"As much as this," replied Laurence, covering her face with kisses.

"That's no answer: it's like saying 'as big as a lump of chalk.' You're as bad as me, when I once wrote to a bookseller's shop and ordered a prayer-book the same size as a birthday text-hook. You can imagine how father and Tony roared at me."

"I can."

"I want you to tell me exactly how much you love me," Nancy persisted.

"A little bit more than you love me."

"Then how much do I love you?"

"Ah! that is your business. You can't expect me to give an accurate diagnosis of your symptoms, my darling, when I am so culpably ignorant of my own. Now I must confess that I should have thought a clever girl like you could have answered a simple little question like that."

"And I should have thought a clever man like you could have answered it."

"But I don't set up as being clever, and you do."

Nancy smiled: "You were considered very clever at Oxford, weren't you?"

"I was: but I'm not responsible, you know, for all the traditions to which so antique and interesting a city give birth."

"And mathematics were your strong point, weren't they?"

"I always prided myself on being able to put two and two together."

"Well, then," and Nancy nodded her head triumphantly, "a good mathematician ought to be able to measure so simple a thing as his own love for a girl."

"Excuse me; but the very best mathematicians cannot measure infinity." And Laurence kissed her again. "But I'd spend the rest of my days in trying to show you how much I love you," he continued more seriously, "if only I wasn't so confoundedly poor."

"It is a nuisance," and Nancy sighed, thereby cutting Laurence to the heart. It was intolerable to him to think that he—who desired nothing so much as her happiness—should be the one to bring that pathetic note into her voice and that sad look into her eyes.

"But never mind," he said, after a moment's pause, trying to take a more encouraging view of things: "the luck is sure to turn soon, and then I can speak to your father and we can be properly engaged. Probably I shall succeed in letting some of the farms that just now are empty—I might even be able to let the Hall—and then you'll soon see how much I love you, sweetheart."

"I suppose that fire insurance hampers you a good deal," remarked Nancy thoughtfully.

"It does; confound the beastly thing!"

"And you couldn't leave off paying it?"

"Not without forfeiting the property, according to my grandfather's will."

"And you couldn't sell the old library?"

"Not without the same disastrous result."

"I think it is very unfair of people to make wills like that."

"So do I: but when they have made them there is no use in defying them."

"I wish the prophecy would come true and the Hall be burned down again," remarked Nancy, with another sigh.

"So do I, for some things: but the misfortunes that one desires are invariably the misfortunes from which one is preserved."

"I suppose if it did come true you would have plenty of money."

"Plenty, my darling: but it won't come true, so it's no use thinking about it."

After a minute's silence Nancy said: "I wish we could call down fire from heaven to consume Baxendale Hall and be happy ever afterward."

"But you see we can't, dear love."

"Couldn't you light your pipe there—or have a bonfire on Guy Fawkes' day—or something of that kind?"

Laurence was struck—as we are all struck now and again—by the strangeness of that unwritten law which rules that history, even in the smallest things, shall repeat itself. We hear the name of a place or a person which we have never heard before, and during the next day or two that place or person is again mentioned in our hearing: we come upon a word that is entirely new to us; and in the next book we open that particular word hits us full in the face. We are all familiar with this phenomenon, yet it never ceases to surprise us; and therefore it came as a shock to Laurence—when in accordance with this remarkable law of chance—Nancy said the very same thing which his mother had said to him so short a time before.

"My darling, don't say such things, even in jest. It hurts me to hear you say them."

"But I can't help wishing them. Oh! Laurence, you don't know how I love you, and how horrid everything is without you." And Nancy's lip quivered.

Laurence took her in his arms and tried to comfort her. "Don't fret, sweetheart. Things will take a turn for the better soon: I know they will. And then think what lovely times we will have together!"

"But not until we are too old to enjoy them," argued Nancy disconsolately. "It won't be much fun going about together if we have to go in two Bath-chairs with the glass down."

"We shan't do that."

"Yes, we shall; and I shall look at you through blue spectacles, and you will make

love to me down an ear trumpet, and everything will be simply detestable."

"Dear little child, don't fret," repeated Laurence.

"But I must fret—I can't help fretting—you should never have kissed me if you hadn't wanted me to fret. And we might have such fun if only you'd make a bonfire of the silly old place. I hate the sight of it!"

"Oh! Nancy."

"Yes, I do; and it has got to be burned down a third time by something which is greater and higher than king or state, and what can that be, I should like to know, but love? I don't believe you're really in love with me at all, or else you'd be only too pleased to burn down your house in order that I might warm my hands at the blaze. In fact, that is what you would do if you were a really nice, obliging, chivalrous, Sir-Walter-Raleigh kind of a man."

"Perhaps I might, if it wasn't insured: that makes all the difference, don't you see?"

"No, I don't."

"Don't you see that it would have taken the shine out of old Raleigh's cloak-trick if he'd covered the puddle with a borrowed mantle, knowing that he should get a brand-new one out of the transaction?"

"I can't think why you don't fire Mrs. Candy with a desire to read some of the old manuscripts so that she might study them by candle light and in her turn fire the Hall."

Laurence believed that Nancy was talking the broadest nonsense and did not mean a word she said: nevertheless, it hurt him that her suggestions should so exactly coincide with his mother's. "My darling," he entreated, "don't make life harder than it already is by saying things that cut me to the heart."

But Nancy only laughed: "You see, the Hall has got to be burned down a third time—everybody who knows anything at all knows that—and it would be so lovely if only it would happen in our time. Nobody will ever get as much fun out of the money as you and I should, Laurence, dear."

"Perhaps not, darling. You know I mind it all as much as you do, don't you?"

"I suppose you do," rather doubtfully: "but you remind me of the old Scotch woman who went for the first time to a ritualistic church and said, 'Na doot they love the Lord, but sakes! they've a funny way o' showing it.' You've a funny way of showing it, too."

But Laurence's face was too sad to smile: "I'm sure you don't want me to be more unhappy than I need be, Nancy?"

"I don't want you to be unhappy at all, silly: that's what I keep proving, if you'd only attend to what I say. I want us both to be happy—perfectly, gloriously, frightfully happy—until every week seems like a cricket-week and every day like a bank-holiday."

"So do I, sweetheart: and we will be some day. But in the meantime don't break my heart."

"Certainly not. I'm not such a goose as to go about smashing my own property."

"Well, you will break it if you go about saying things which you don't mean in the very least, but which somehow lower my ideal of you."

Nancy made a face: "Now we shall hear something really improving. The preacher for this afternoon will be the Reverend Laurence Baxendale, sometime postmaster at Merton; his subject will be the follies of young women in general, exemplified by largely exaggerated magic-lantern slides of the peculiar negligences and ignorances of Miss Nancy Burton."

But Laurence would not be put off by her jokes: "My dear, you don't really want to hurt me, do you?"

"You silly old boy, of course I don't. Do you think that my usual way of annoying a man is to tell him that I love him? Because if you do, it isn't particularly complimentary to me."

"Then promise me you will never say anything again, even in jest, about burning down the Hall."

"All right, you shall make out an *Index Expurgatorius* of the things I mustn't make jokes about. It will include everything that begins with a B.—Baxendales and Burning and Burtons and Beatitudes, and so on and so on."

"Give me a kiss to seal your promise."

And she kissed him full on the lips.

Nevertheless, it was many a long day before either Laurence or Nancy forgot that conversation. They imagined, in the blindness of their hearts, that they had cancelled it with kisses: but no kisses, nor tears, nor even death itself can ever wipe out the effects of the spoken word whereof it is written that men and women shall give an account in the Day of Judgment.

CHAPTER X.

MRS. CANDY'S HOLIDAY.

With mine own people I awhile must dwell,
If only to find out if they are well,
And hear the things which they alone can tell.

"I'm just thinkin', sir, as I should like a holiday," Mrs. Candy said to Laurence the next time he was up at the Hall. "I was sayin' to her leddyship only t' other day that it was many a long year since I'd had a sight o' my own people; and though yewr own people may try yew sore when they're with yew, there's no doubt as yew want to see 'em now and then—just as camomile tea is as bitter as bitter when yew are drinkin' it, and yet yew can't get on without a dose of it from time to time."

"I suppose not."

"So I says to her leddyship, says I, 'I'm wantin' to go back to Norfolk for a spell,' I says: and she says to me, 'Why don't you ask Mr. Baxendale for a holiday,' says she; 'I'm sure as he'd give it yew this bewtiful summer weather.' And Candy, he says as her leddyship had right on her side, to his thinkin'; so I've made bold to ask if I may go away for a bit."

Laurence could not help wishing that his mother had not furthered the evacuation of the Hall so soon after her unpleasant suggestion to him; but he immediately put away the thought as an insult to Lady Alicia, and said quite agreeably: "Of course I shall be glad to give you a holiday, Mrs. Candy, if you wish it. But how will Candy manage to get on without you?"

"He won't manage, sir. Bless yew, Candy couldn't get along without me to look after him, and slave for him, and wash his clothes and listen to his grumblings, no, not if it was ever so; he's a good husband, is Candy. But her leddyship says as maybe yew'd give him a holiday tew; and we thought as it would be a good time to go to Overstrand, and see as the family grave is in good order, ready for me when it's my turn to lie within it," explained Mrs. Candy cheerfully.

"A strange fashion of spending a holiday; but people must enjoy themselves in their own way, I presume."

"And there'd not only be the pleasure o' puttin' the grave in good order, sir, but my niece, Maria Jane, she's just had twins, she has, poor soul!—twins, like misfortunes, never comin' singly, as they say. And what time I had to spare from weedin' in the churchyard I could be lookin' after Maria Jane and the twins. Oh! there'd be plenty to pass the time, Mr. Baxendale; so that Candy and me need never have a dull minit."

"I see."

"And Candy 'ud take a few cuttin's o' different sorts o' flowers to plant on the grave, so as to make it look more cheerful like when my

time comes. He said if I'd no objection, he'd like try a bit o' carpet-gardenin' on it, carpet-gardenin' bein' so handy, and lookin' well nearly all the year round. 'And yew'll want it all the year round,' he says with a laugh; 'it ain't only a summer residence,' says he as peart as peart. Oh! he's one for his joke, is Candy."

"You already seem to have provided yourselves with a full and interesting programme," remarked Laurence.

"Well, yew see, sir, that's the bewty o' goin' among yewr own people—there's always somethin' to du and to talk about, be it christenin's or funerals. And I du say as next to a death there's nothin' like a birth for cheerin' a family up a bit."

"I suppose not."

"That's the worst o' bein' but a stranger and a sojourner, as yew may say, as I have been iver since I left Norfolk. Folks die and folks are buried all the world over; but I deny as yew iver enjoys findin' fault as to how they have left their bit o' money as much as yew du when it's yewr own flesh and blood as is to blame."

"That is true, Mrs. Candy." And Laurence laughed.

"Now, there was my uncle Willum—him as I've so often told yew about; bless yew, sir! we niver got tired o' talkin' of his bit o' money and how unfairly he'd left it—niver. If iver we'd a family party, Uncle Willum's bit o' money 'ud come up, sure as fate; and then there'd be plenty to talk about, never fear, however late it might be afore the party broke up. Afore his death we'd talk of how he ought to leave it, no tew bein' o' one mind on the subject, which kep' the ball a-rollin' and gave the men somethin' pleasant and interestin' to argufy about: and after his death we'd all abuse him for the way he had left it, and that was more pleasant if less excitin'. Oh! I'm sure I dunno what we should have found to talk about many a time if it hadn't been for Uncle Willum and his bit o' money."

Laurence sighed: "Money—or the want of it—certainly does seem to be the root of most evils; at least, if one is to judge from history."

"Oh! don't yew worry yewrself over history, Mr. Baxendale," said Mrs. Candy, in a soothing voice; "Candy's no opinion of history, hasn't Candy; and he's no patience wi' learnin' childern about it at schule. 'What's the good o' learnin' 'em all about past and gone kings and queens?' he says; 'they're dead and buried, and let 'em lay,' says he. That's what Candy thinks about history." And Candy's better half nodded her head triumphantly at

this unanswerable refutation of the testimony of all living or dead historians.

"I didn't know that Candy was such an authority on education."

Mrs. Candy fairly bridled: "He is, though—and on most things else. There ain't much in this warld as Candy hasn't got to the bottom of—I can tell yew that, sir. And he don't hold wi' schules, Candy don't, never havin' had much schulin' hisself."

"A most natural disapprobation," murmured Laurence.

"And he don't hold wi' scholards, neither. I remember i' the late Mr. Baxendale's time Candy got a new gardener's boy which was a perfect scholard. 'How does the new boy get on, Candy?' says the late Mr. Baxendale. 'Get on, sir?' says Candy, 'why, he don't get on at all; he don't know nothin' o' nothin'. And how shud he, sir, he havin' been at schule all his life?' Oh! he isn't one for much schulin', isn't Candy."

"Obviously not."

"He says it's all very well for the gentry as haven't got nothin' to du but to turn their heads inta pottin' sheds and rubbish-heaps; but they as has got their own livin' to get can't afford to waste their time over such stuff as book learnin'."

Laurence smiled: "I am afraid then that Candy doesn't share my late grandfather's weakness for books, as shown in the library upstairs."

"Not he, sir; yew don't find any nonsense o' that sort about Candy. And he says, if he had been in yewr place, beggin' your pardon, sir, he'd sune have sold all that waste paper upstairs for what he could get for it, grandfather's will or no grandfather's will."

"But, you see, my grandfather's will made it not only impossible for me to sell his library, but also obliged me to preserve it at great expense."

"Well, it's a good thing as yewr grandfather's will has yew to deal wi', sir, instead o' Candy; for Candy wud ha' stood no nonsense o' that kind. He'd ha' sold the whole bag o' tricks for what he cud get for it—that he wud, if all the grandfathers in Christendom had tried to stop him, and all the grandmothers, tew."

"Then I am afraid the law would have stepped in and prevented him."

"Oh! he don't hold wi' the law any more than he do with schulin', don't Candy. He says as the law is all very well for poachers and criminals and the like o' them, but that it hasn't no right to come interferin' wi' honest

mēn; and if it iver dares to interfere with him he'll sune show it its place, says he. And so he wud: I should like to see the law as dare interfere with Candy when onst his spirit is up."

"I suppose when you were living in Norfolk you sometimes saw the Prince of Wales on his way to and from Sandringham," suggested Laurence, who always enjoyed drawing Mrs. Candy out.

But Mrs. Candy seemed to be shocked at the suggestion: "No, no, sir; I ain't as warldly as all that, though His Royal Highness did pass through the station of the village where my brother Jacob Henry lived. 'Come and see the Prince o' Wales go through, Lizzie,' says Jacob Henry to me one day when I was a-stay-in' with him. 'No, Jacob Henry,' says I, 'I'm not so warldly,' says I; 'now if it had been Abraham with Lazarus in his bosom, a-sittin' in a first-class carriage, I might a-gone,' I says; 'but not for all the kings o' the earth,' says I, 'will I run half a mile as hard as I can, just on the top o' my dinner.' And no more I wud."

"You were most sensible, Mrs. Candy, not to allow that feeling of loyalty, which is so apt to run riot in England, to lead you into indigestion."

"Just what I thought, Mr. Baxendale, sir. What wud the Prince o' Wales and all the crowned heads o' Europe have cared if my dinner that day had lain on my chest like a lump o' lead? Not they: it wud have made no difference to them whatsoever. But it wud ha' made all the difference to me. I can tell yew; and I wudn't ha' risked it, no, not for the Emperor o' China or the Pope o' Rome."

"By the way, Mrs. Candy," Laurence said more seriously, "I sūpose you wouldn't go for your holiday by yourself and leave Candy to look after the Hall?"

"Laws-a-mercy, Mr. Baxendale, what be yew a-thinkin' of? Why, I wudna go on a journey without Candy to tell me which way I was a-goin', no, not if yew was to crown me. Do yew think I'm a-goin' to set up a lot o' guards and porters and engine-drivers and such above my own wedded husband, and take their word instead of his? No, sir; I trust I knows my dewty as a wife better than that."

"You see, Candy could take your ticket at Silverhampton and put you into the train; and your own relations could meet you at the other end."

But Mrs. Candy stood firm: "No, sir, I took him for better and for worse, and for better and for worse I'll stick to him. And if for worse don't mean for them horrid screechin'

railway journeys, I'm sure I don't know what it du mean. No, sir: unless Candy goes wi' me to Norfolk, to Norfolk I don't go."

Like all truly sensitive people, Laurence Baxendale could not bear to give pain; and the disappointment which his suggestion had called into Mrs. Candy's ruddy countenance was too much for him. "Well, then, I suppose Candy must go, too. Do you know anybody who will come and take care of the Hall in your absence?"

"Well, sir, it's not for the likes of me to go teachin' the gentry, and passin' my remarks on what they may please to du," said Mrs. Candy in the tone of those who are about to do the very thing they deprecate. Did the apology, "Far be it from me to speak irreverently," ever precede anything save the most startling irreverence; or the prefatory clause, "I never repeat malicious gossip," ever introduce any item of information which was not in direct opposition to the Ninth Commandment? And Mrs. Candy was but as her fellows—and her betters. "But if yew ask my opinion, I think as it will du more harm than good to bring strangers, into the Hall, pokin' their noses into where they've no business, and their fingers into where they've less."

"You mean that it would be better to shut the place up altogether for a week or two than to trust any temporary caretakers?"

"I du, sir. Yew see, me and Candy has known yew from a baby, sir, and the family afore that; and so we've patience with all that nonsense about takin' such care o' that old rubbish-heap upstairs. But strangers wud have no patience with it—how cud they?—secin' as waste paper is waste paper all the world over. So if they didn't take proper care of all the rummage that this old house contains, who cud blame 'em? Certainly not me nor Candy," continued the worthy matron, feeling that if suspected persons passed successfully the ordeal by Candy they were innocent indeed: "Why, last week's newspaper ain't no good, much less them old books as has been writ ever so much afore last week, or the week afore that."

"Then you would just lock up the house and leave it?"

"I should, sir. Yew see, nobody has a key to it except yew and her leddyship, so nobody cud get in to do any mischief, for there's shutters to all the downstair windows; and yew cud look in every tew or three days to see as all was goin' on well. And there wudn't be any need o' fires this weather to keep the place aired, for I'd draw up the blinds to the upstair

windows, so as the sun cud get in and keep the damp out o' them old books: and there is no damp to speak of at this time o' year. If I was yew, sir, I'd rather leave the place empty than have folks runnin' all over it as I didn't know."

"There's Williamson and his wife at the Home Farm. They would come up and stay here while you and Candy were away," suggested Laurence.

"Oh, of course, Mr. Baxendale, you knows your own business best," replied Mrs. Candy, in a tone of voice which implied that if there was one person on earth who did not know anything at all about Mr. Baxendale's business that person was Mr. Baxendale himself. "If yew can trust Mrs. Williamson, yew can trust her, and that's an end o' that."

"Oh! of course I should be guided by you," Laurence hastened to say with culpable weakness; "but Mrs. Williamson always seems to me to be a tidy woman with plenty of work in her."

"Well, sir, if yew thinks so, yew thinks so; and if yew does believe in her, yew does." Mrs. Candy was evidently of opinion that faith in a myth is better than no faith at all.

"But what is your objection to Mrs. Williamson?"

"I hasn't no objection to her, sir, far from it; but I've looked into her house, I have; and what I've seen I've seen." Fatima herself could not have spoken more mysteriously of Bluebeard's locked-up room than did Mrs. Candy of the interior of the Williamsons.

Laurence owned to considerable curiosity: "But what did you see, Mrs. Candy?"

The lady, thus urged, shook her head and pursed up her lips with the usual firmness to those who have decided *not* to say a thing and intend to say it at all costs. "It's not for me to speak evil o' my neighbours one wi' another, even if she du sit in her best parlour on a week-day and wear out the albums and the antimaccassars in a way as is neither decent nor respectable."

"You must tell me more, please, Mrs. Candy; I really don't quite grasp the full meaning of Mrs. Williamson's behaviour at present."

Mrs. Candy extenuated nothing, nor set down aught in malice: "Yew see, it's this way, sir," she began in a calm and judicial voice; "our best parlour is given up to the Sabbath, so as Sunday shall be different from the days o' the week, as it ought to be; and I hold that to sit in the best parlour on any other day but Sunday is nothin' more nor less than Sabbath-

breakin'. Why, sir, I'd as soon think o' readin' the Bible on a week day as o' lookin' at the family albums. Only t' other day Candy says to me, 'Lizzie,' he says, 'there's some talk in the papers o' openin' museums and picture galleries and the like on Sundays: but I don't hold with it,' he says; 'if yew begin makin' Sunday as cheerful-like as a week-day, what'll become o' the religion of England?' he says. Oh! he doesn't hold wi' Sabbath-breakin', doesn't Candy."

"Still, there are two sides to the question," Laurence feebly expostulated, "as there are to most questions, I suppose."

But such sophistry was not for the like of Mrs. Candy. "Yes, sir, so there be—a right side and a wrong side; and yew can't have tew right sides to anything, any more than yew can have tew right-handed boots or tew right-handed breeches: leastways so Candy says, and he's got to the root o' most things, has Candy."

Laurence knew when he was beaten, so held his peace.

"Yew see, sir," Mrs. Candy reverted to her former subject, "Candy and me wud be back from our holiday in a fortnit at most—that wud give us plenty o' time to neaten the grave up and to give a start to Maria Jane's twins: and there cudn't much harm come to the Hall in that time—particularly at this season o' the year, when there's no fires needed, and considerin' as no one has a key to it save her leddyship and yewrself."

Laurence nodded. He did not think it necessary to mention before Mrs. Candy those keys which he had lent to Nancy Burton. That, he felt, was his business—not Mrs. Candy's—nor another's.

"Very well, Mrs. Candy," he said, rising to take his leave; "you and your husband shall have your holiday at once; and I'll make a point of coming up to the Hall every two or three days to see that all is going on right in your absence."

So it was arranged that Mrs. Candy should go to sojourn among her own people for a fortnight, and that Mr. Candy should accompany his better half in the train for fear she should fall out by the way.

On his way home from Baxendale Hall by the lanes, Laurence caught sight of a blue-robed figure (it was one of Nancy's whims always to wear blue) in the distance; and he accordingly quickened his steps until he overtook it. Now, it is an extremely interesting fact that if two lovers go to a particular place with the express and sole purpose of meeting each other, they are in a mutual agony of fear lest they should

miss. To the ordinary onlooker the only remarkable thing about this fear is its utter groundlessness. In any other walk of life if A. went to a place at a time when he knew B. was bound to be there, he would conclude for a certainty that he would meet B. and would suffer no further doubts upon the question: if he knew, moreover, that B. was going to that place for the especial purpose of meeting him, his doubts as to their eventually seeing each other face to face would be still more completely set at rest. But not so with lovers. Oh, dear me, no! He knows and she knows—with a certainty which no mere friendly or business-like relation would justify—that the object of meeting each other is the sole consideration which for the time being guides their respective steps: nevertheless, they are both tortured with agonising doubts as to whether—in a space probably of some dozen yards or so, totally uninhabited save by their two selves—they shall succeed in catching sight of each other; and whether, having so caught sight, they shall succeed in exchanging those few words which are as daily bread to their starving hearts. It never seems to occur to them that nothing short of a miracle could keep them apart in the circumstances; nor to wonder why the natural laws which govern the universe are likely to be suspended for their special discomfiture. If they go to the same place at the same hour they are bound to meet, unless gravitation be nothing but a passing whim, or the shadow on the dial be as liable to be turned back as it was in the reign of Hezekiah; any one in his senses would understand as much as that. But who is in love and in his senses at the same time? And if he were, who would care to be in love at all? Love stiffened by sense is as unwholesome as cream tintured with boracic acid; and both are the signs and the product of an over-civilised state of society.

As no natural law was suspended and no miracle wrought in order to keep them apart, Laurence and Nancy met each other in the lanes on that particular summer afternoon; and Laurence—after certain immaterial remarks which had no bearing whatsoever on the subject in hand—informed Nancy of Mrs. Candy's promised holiday, enriching the recital by such

flowers of the good lady's conversation as he was able to recall.

"I'm glad the dear old soul is going away," said Nancy when he had finished; "she'll thoroughly enjoy dosing the twins and weeding the grave; and it'll be a splendid occasion for you to—oh! I forgot, I beg your pardon."

"Forgot what, my darling?"

"A promise I once made to you. That is the worst of making promises—you never can remember them. And how can you keep them if you have forgotten their existence?"

"Do you mean to say you forget promises? Oh, Nancy!"

"Forget them?—I should just think I do. I once promised father never to read a certain book: but as I've forgotten the name of the book, how on earth can I keep the promise? And I once promised Nora not to flirt with a particular man: but as I've completely forgotten who it was, how can I keep that promise either? And then you are always making me promise not to repeat things, which is very absurd: because promising you that I won't tell things doesn't mean that I shan't tell them—it only means that I shall make the people I tell them to promise not to tell you that I've told."

Laurence laughed: "Nancy, you really are an incorrigible."

"I can't help that. And you've made me promise scores and scores of things besides—always to be something, and never to be something else—and always to think this, and never to think that—and hundreds of other things, which for the life of me I can't remember."

"You naughty, unkind child!"

"Well, that's the truth. So if I break my promises to you, don't be touchy and think it was rudeness on my part. If I remember them, I'll keep them fast enough; but I'm sure not to, so there's an end of it."

When Laurence Baxendale arrived at Poplar Farm, having parted with Nancy at the iron gate which barred the field-path at Wayside, he explained to his mother as briefly as he could the arrangement he had made with Mrs. Candy. He hated having to mention the subject to Lady Alicia, and he hated himself for hating it.

But it never occurred to him to regret having spoken of the matter to Nancy Burton.

(To be Continued.)

BOOKMAN BREVITIES

Mr. Bret Harte is reported to have left a volume of short stories and a volume of *Condensed Novels* ready for publication. There are also in the hands of his agents the MSS. of one or two poems.

Mr. J. M. Barrie's new story will be entitled *The Little White Bird*, and will be published before the end of the year. Messrs. Charles Scribner and Sons will be the American publishers.

Marion Manning, by Edith Eustis, whose photograph appears elsewhere in THE BOOKMAN, is a novel of considerable interest. The story begins with the marriage of Marion Hevercill to John Manning, an unscrupulous and ambitious politician, who chooses Marion because of her wealth. She is an idealist and deeply in love with her husband. The story of their married life is well told, and the climax comes when Marion discovers the "other woman's" love for John and his love for her. The author shows the effect of such a domestic tragedy on the life of a young and trusting woman; her gradual contempt for her husband; her bitterness; and finally her desperate flirtations with other men when the death of her husband has left her free. The story of her second love, naturally, is quite unlike the first. The book has been labelled as a novel of political and social life in Washington; and looking at it from that point of view it does not amount to much; in fact, it is inferior to many other novels of a similar character. As the story of one woman's life and love, however, it is worth reading.

Among the particularly entertaining novels of the present season is *The God of Things*, by Florence Whitehouse (Little, Brown and Company). The time is the present, and the place is Egypt, where a group of Americans are spending some months. Dorothy Dike, a devout Roman Catholic, learns to love a man with a past. It is some time before she discovers that he has had a wife from whom he is divorced; then the struggle with her love and conscience begins. The divorced wife appears upon the scene, and many complications arise. The story is told quietly and delicately, without any striving after melodramatic effect. The descriptions of Egypt add to the attractiveness of the book.

Messrs. L. C. Page and Company have brought out *The Best of Balzac*, which contains seven of the short stories, and an introduction by Alexander Jessup. The stories are "Adieu," "La Grande Bretèche," "The

Duel," "Master Cornelius," "Love and the Chasm," "The Meeting in the Convent," and "A Passion in the Desert."

Heralds of Empire (D. Appleton and Company), by A. C. Laut, the author of *Lords of the North*, is a romance of Boston in the days of witches, and of London in the time of Charles II.

Another romantic tale is *The Gate of the Kiss*, by John W. Harding (Lothrop Publishing Company). This is a Biblical story of the days of Hezekiah.

The Confessions of a Matchmaking Mother, by Lilian Campbell Davidson (J. F. Taylor and Company), are the confessions of an English army officer's widow who has six daughters to bring out.

It is as easy for a girl of nineteen or twenty to love a rich man as a poor man, so her mother naturally throws her into the society of the man who can afford to keep her—the wife he marries. It seems to me that as girls can't possibly do all this planning and manoeuvring for themselves, their mothers are bound to do it for them, or else they shamefully neglect their duties. So far from a matchmaking mother being looked on with scorn and derision, she ought to be regarded with respect and reverence—at least, that's my view of the matter.

The F. A. Stokes Company have brought out a new illustrated edition of Clive Holland's idyllic love story, *My Japanese Wife*. Sixty thousand copies of this book have already been sold.

Messrs Henry T. Coates and Company are the publishers of Mr. Quiller-Couch's novel, *The Westcotes*, and not Charles Scribner's Sons, as was stated in the June BOOKMAN.

The Invisibles, by E. Earl Christopher (The Saalfeld Publishing Company), is a novel which indirectly furnishes information concerning the Russian mines and treatment of the prisoners sent there. The plot is laid in Tennessee, an underground cave being the rendezvous for the secret order, the Invisibles, that are plotting against the Russian Empire.

New York in fiction, in a superficial manner, figures in Mr. Robert Shackleton's *Many Waters* (D. Appleton and Company). The story opens with a dinner given at the Waldorf. This is followed by the description of how Marshall Hartford became a reporter on the *Diurnal* when he was so much of a "cub" that he did not even know the meaning of the expression "stick." Everybody in the book is a part of the life of New York. The scenes

shift from Wall Street to Newspaper Row, then to various apartment houses downtown and uptown. The main fault with Mr. Shackleton is that he has tried to handle too many characters in a short novel. The consequence is that none of them is clearly drawn. The whole story seems to have been hastily put together; and this is a pity, as with the material in hand Mr. Shackleton might have done much better.

Mr. Charles Hemstreet has recently published another book on New York, entitled *When Old New York Was Young* (Charles Scribner's Sons). The book has many illustrations, and the contents are particularly interesting to those who like to read of the New York of other days.

Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick, whose photograph we reproduced last month, is a prolific writer. Another novel, *The Rescue*, has been brought out by her publishers, the Century Company. The story is an unusual one. Eustace Damier, an idealist, falls in love with a photograph which his eye chances to light upon while he is calling upon a friend. The photograph had been taken many years before the story opens, but he has a psychic feeling that the woman needs him now, and he forthwith learns her past history and goes to Paris to meet her. She is a widow with a grown daughter, who, by the way, is all sorts of impossible things. The young man falls in love all over again with the original of the photograph, and there is a satisfactory ending for the middle-aged heroine.

We understand that Mr. Arthur W. Marchmont is spending a few months in this country. It is said that his books have a larger sale in America than they have in England. The Frederick A. Stokes are the publishers of Mr. Marchmont's latest novel, *Sarita, the Carlist*.

Mr. Charles Frohman has secured the American rights of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins's very successful play, *Pilkerton's Peerage*.

As an indication of the rapidly increasing interest taken in Mr. Richard Bagot's work, we learn that a gentleman has recently given an order to the publisher of *Casting of Nets* for three hundred copies, which he desires may be distributed, free, among the public libraries in the United States. Mr. Bagot's new novel, the scene of which is laid in Rome, is the result of his twelve years' residence in the Eternal City.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is at present at work revising his new novel, *Paul Kelver*, at present running in an English periodical. Messrs.

Dodd, Mead and Company will publish the book in the autumn.

It is said that "Miles Amber," the author of *The Wistons*, which the Scribners brought out a few months ago, is Mrs. Sickert, a daughter of Richard Cobden.

A Remedy for Love, by Ellen Olney Kirk (Houghton, Mifflin and Company), is a pleasant little love story which young girls should enjoy. Twin daughters and a widower father form the nucleus of this triple love tale. We failed, however, to find in its pages either a cure or a remedy for love itself.

Baron Ernst von Wolzogen, Germany's most popular novelist, has arranged with Dr. Edward Breck and Charles Harvey Genung to bring out English and American editions of his books. His best known novel, *Muscle-Mayr* (*Kraft-Mayr*), a musical romance of Weimar and Franz Lizst, is to appear before the Christmas holidays.

Edna Lyall has written a new book entitled *The Hinderers* (Longmans, Green and Company). Her clean and wholesome stories have always been more or less popular in Sunday-school libraries and in certain home circles.

A very large number of persons who do not make a practice of reading so-called religious books will perhaps read and enjoy the Reverend Dr. Rainsford's book, *The Reasonableness of Faith*. Under this title, Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company have published a number of addresses which Dr. Rainsford has delivered from time to time. Those who like the tone and spirit of Dr. Rainsford's professional utterances will be glad to have these addresses in permanent form.

Among some of the summer books for boys are *King for a Summer*, by Edgar Pickering; *Lost on the Orinoco, or American Boys in Venezuela*, by Edward Stratemeyer (Lee and Shepard); George Cary Eggleston's *The Bale Marked Circle "X,"* and *The Errand Boy of Andrew Jackson*, by W. O. Stoddard (Lothrop Publishing Company).

"Elizabeth Godfrey," whose novels have attracted some attention in England and in America, is known in private life as Miss Jessie Bedford. For a long time she lived in Winchester, where her father, the Reverend James Bedford, conducted a school. After his death Miss Bedford spent much time in travel, especially in Germany. A few years ago she and her mother moved to Southbourne, where her novels have been written. The latest is *The Winding Road*, published in this country by Henry Holt and Company.

A beautiful book to look upon is *The True Napoleon*, by Charles Josselyn. The sub-title describes the book as being "A Cyclopædia of Events in His Life" (R. H. Russell). Many of the illustrations are reproductions of noted engravings and paintings. In the préface Mr. Josselyn says:

It is not my purpose to write a life of Napoleon; this volume is simply a compilation of anecdotes and opinions incident to himself and his times, and like J. T. Headley, author of *Napoleon and His Marshals*, I pretend to no originality except that, like him, I have grouped what I believe to be interesting facts already given to the world and have used without any hesitation any reliable author that could help me. It may save many who are interested in the life of Napoleon the trouble of wading through many volumes to find that which they would like to read. The book is, as its title represents, a dictionary of events.

A book of poems, by Ellery Channing, some of which are now published for the first time, has been brought out by Mr. James H. Bentley. The volume is entitled *Poems of Sixty-five Years*, and it contains an introduction by Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, who for some years lived with the poet. Mr. Channing, who was the last survivor of the "Concord Brotherhood," died in 1901.

Little, Brown and Company are the publishers of a novel which bears a striking and far

from pleasing title. It is *In the Country God Forgot*, by Francis Charles. The "country" referred to is Arizona.

Judith's Garden, by Mary E. Stone Bassett, is another addition to the "garden in fiction," and it promises well for summer reading. The Lothrop Publishing Company say in their announcement:

It is the story of a garden with three characters in the narrative—the woman, the man, and the garden; and the latter is a character that assumes distinct personality. The woman is delicate and refined and witty and interesting. The man is Irish, funny, original, happy, a delicious and perfect foil to the woman. His brogue is stunning, and his wit is infectious and fetching.

Another "garden" book is the Reverend Canon Ellacombe's *In My Vicarage Garden and Elsewhere* (John Lane). This is a book about flowers rather than persons.

Messrs. James Pott and Company, who have recently published books on historical subjects which have attracted some attention, have in press a volume entitled *Cromwell's Army*, by C. F. Firth, who was the lecturer last year on the Ford Foundation, Oxford. This is the first and only connected history, according to the publisher's statement, of the English soldier during the Civil War, the Commonwealth and the Protectorate.



THE SCENERY OF ENGLAND, AND THE CAUSES TO WHICH IT IS DUE. By the Right Hon. Lord Avebury. New York: The Macmillan Company.

This is one of those books which it is a pleasure to review. Here we have an interesting subject treated in an attractive manner, a book printed in clear type with very few typographic faults, and with illustrations which are numerous, artistic, and appropriate.

The subject, although not quite new, is yet one on which the literature accessible to the non-geologic public is singularly scanty. This is not surprising when we remember of how recent growth is the appreciation of the æsthetics of scenery. The literatures of the old classic world, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and even that of our own Elizabethan period, show com-

paratively few traces of the influence of the attractive charms of those majestic and romantic elements in scenery, upon the search for which the holiday-makers of Britain nowadays spend annually several millions sterling. It is to Scott pre-eminently, and in a lesser degree to Thomson and to the Lake School, that the education of the public taste in this direction is due. In former days Pennant, even though a Welshman, could recall Loch Duich without ecstasy, and could survey Loch Hourn without betraying any quickening of pulse. Upon him the impression made by the beautiful surroundings of Castle Campbell was expressed by the bad pun that it was in the parish of "Dolour, bounded by the glens of Care, and washed by the burns of Sorrow."

In the introductory chapter the author gives a certain amount of preliminary explanation of the rudiments of geology, so that the technical terms employed may be rendered intelligible. His definitions are for the most part clear, and, where necessary, illustrated by diagrams. This done, he proceeds to introduce his readers to the general principles of the artistic anatomy of the English landscape, and to the morphological evolution of its features. The amount of detail in the descriptions illustrative of each section of the subject is necessarily great, and thereby some chapters may seem a little tedious when the reader is not familiar with the places described; but without this detail the work would have been incomplete, and even these become luminous when read on the spot with the phenomena under the student's eye.

The extent of the subject and the fulness with which it is treated make it impossible to review this treatise section by section in a short notice like the present. Suffice it to say that any one interested in the interpretation of natural phenomena will find it well worthy of careful study. It can be recommended to the holiday seeker in any part of England as an instructive companion, with whom he can spend many a profitable hour in examining the

features of the landscapes which surround him in the light of the principles which are here so lucidly unfolded.

It is consolatory, to all but the riparian landlords concerned, to learn that, while in some places the sea is encroaching on the land, yet the material so removed is being deposited elsewhere, so that in point of area the gain in the latter places more than compensates the loss in the former.

The section dealing with the influence of agriculture in modifying the English landscape is interesting, and from it we learn the strange fact that the nature of local land tenures influences the character of rural scenery in several easily recognisable aspects.

The author has, with much skill, digested the voluminous local descriptions given by the geological surveyors and by others who have worked up the details of topographical geology. He makes throughout full acknowledgment of his indebtedness to these authors, and gives accurate references to all his sources of information. He appropriately recognises that he owes to those who have preceded him in this special field of work, such as Ramsay, Mackintosh, and especially Marr.

Alex. Macalister.



EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, JUNE 1, 1902.

Reports from both publishers and dealers indicate that business during May did not compare favourably with that of the preceding months of the year. Whether this was occasioned by an unusually early summer season, or because the public is tiring of the present class of publications, it is difficult to say. Certainly there has been no lack of new books or any decrease in the amount of advertising by the publishers, yet a noticeable falling off in sales of some of the former leaders and a failure of many new titles of promise to reach expected sales have resulted.

The month's publications were numerous both in fiction and miscellaneous subjects. *At Sunnyside Port*, by W. W. Jacobs, *The Diary of a Goose Girl*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, and *Hearts Courageous*, by Hallie Erminie Rives, are meeting with good sales. *Miss Petticoats*,

by Dwight Tilton, and *Stephen Holten*, by Charles Felton Pidgin, had but a fair advance sale in view of the considerable advertising of them previous to publication. *The Story of Mary MacLane*, which is having considerable newspaper notoriety, is in much demand at present. The most prominent book of the month, however, is *The Virginian*, by Owen Wister, which bids fair to increase in popularity. The title, though, is likely to occasion some confusion with that of Thackeray's *The Virginians*. *Bylow Hill*, by George W. Cable, *Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Paul*, by E. W. Townsend, and *Abroad with the Jimmies*, by Lilian Bell, are also worthy of mention from the month's product of fiction. Of the older publications, *Dorothy Vernon* and *The Leopard's Spots* continue in considerable demand, while *The Mississippi Bubble* has increased in popularity. *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* shows no signs of decreasing sales, and seems likely to remain one of the leaders through the



summer and have a prominent place in the autumn business.

Seasonable books on outdoor subjects which are now selling readily are naturally grouped in botanical works, of which *How to Know the Wild Flowers*, *Field Book of American Wild Flowers*, and *According to Season* are now most called for, and natural history, with *Forest Neighbours*, *Citizen Bird*, *Bird Neighbours* and *The Insect* book leading in demand. Books of outdoor sports are also sought for, and *Practical Golf*, by Walter J. Travis, the only recent work of importance in this field, is selling readily.

Preparations are already under way by the publishers for the coming autumn season, the travellers' samples in many instances being ready. Reports of sales from the Pacific Coast, where the season opens, are encouraging; but east of there little can be expected before July, when the centre of buying interest will be in Chicago, and New York will follow in August and September. The outlook for the coming summer's retail business indicates that a rather quiet time may be expected, with but little of special interest.

The list of best selling books for the month just past follows:

Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall. Charles Major. \$1.50.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Alice Caldwell Hegan. \$1.00.

The Mississippi Bubble. Emerson Hough. \$1.50.

The Story of Mary MacLane. By Herself. \$1.50.

The Leopard's Spots. Thomas Dixon, Jr. \$1.50.

The Lady Paramount. Henry Harland. \$1.50.

Bylow Hill. George W. Cable. \$1.25.

The Hound of the Baskervilles. A. Conan Doyle. \$1.25.

The Conqueror. Gertrude Atherton. \$1.50.

Miss Petticoats. Dwight Tilton. \$1.50.

Audrey. Mary Johnston. \$1.50.

The Valley of Decision. Edith Wharton. \$2.00.

The Diary of a Goose Girl. Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.00.

The Man from Glengarry. Ralph Connor. \$1.50.

Dorothy South. George Cary Eggleston. \$1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, June 1, 1902.

Generally speaking, May business was fairly good, although it showed, as might naturally be expected, a falling off when compared with the previous months of the spring. Library trade is slackening considerably now, as it always does when summer approaches; but it is absorbing, nevertheless, a lot of literature of all classes. Country business is active, and orders are numerous, making up to some extent in number what they lack in bulk.

More new books were published last month than is usual in May, and the resources of the spring publishing season are apparently not yet exhausted, for there are more to follow

this month. The season has been wonderfully prolific, perhaps more prolific than what is really necessary, especially in fiction.

Dorothy Vernon reached a larger sale than any other book last month, and the sale of *Audrey* was fairly good. *The Mississippi Bubble* went well, and *The Story of Mary MacLane*, aided by considerable newspaper notoriety, was in lively demand locally. *The Hound of the Baskervilles* had a fair sale, and other books in which interest is still keen, as evidenced by their sales, are *The Conqueror*, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, *The Leopard's Spots*, *The Thrall of Lief the Lucky* and *The Lady Paramount*.

The period during which a popular novel enjoys favour is growing shorter all the time nowadays, and can be measured by weeks where formerly months obtained. This comes naturally from the flood of fiction that is being placed upon the market and vigorously promoted practically every month in the year. Time was when a book that was enjoying a vogue was considered good for a year at least. Now no one can tell when the demand for a popular favourite will stop.

The market is good for out-of-door books, especially those relating to sports, birds, flowers, nature, etc. Happily, also, the supply is in proportion to the demand, and although new books are constantly appearing upon these subjects, yet there are not too many to be absorbed with ease.

Of the new books published last month, those which met with the most favour were *Bylow Hill*, by G. W. Cable; *Openings in the Old Trail*, by Bret Harte; *At Sunnyside Port*, by W. W. Jacobs; and *The Diary of a Goose Girl*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. In heavier literature, *Facts and Comments*, by Herbert Spencer, met with almost as much demand as a popular novel.

The condition of business at present is as healthy as it can very well be, and there is no reason to expect any immediate change. The trade has done fairly well so far this year, and it is feeling pretty well satisfied with the results. The slow months of the year are coming, but they will be borne patiently because of the good showing of the spring.

The best selling books last month were:

Dorothy Vernon. Charles Major. \$1.50.

The Mississippi Bubble. Emerson Hough. \$1.50.

The Story of Mary MacLane. By Herself. \$1.50.

Audrey. Mary Johnston. \$1.50.

The Hound of the Baskervilles. Conan Doyle. \$1.25.

The Leopard's Spots. Thomas Dixon. \$1.50.

The Thrall of Lief the Lucky. Ottilie J. Liljencrantz. \$1.50.

The Right of Way. Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Alice C. Hegan. \$1.00.

The Man from Glengarry. Ralph Connor. \$1.50.

The Conqueror. Gertrude Atherton. \$1.50.

The Lady Paramount. Henry Harland. \$1.50.

The House with the Green Shutters. George Douglas. \$1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

APRIL 20 TO MAY 20, 1902.

The past month has, unfortunately, developed little or no improvement over the preceding one in the amount of business done, and the demand in nearly every class of literature has been, with few exceptions, very limited, although, judging from the orders received from the various provincial centres, it would appear that the slackness in the country is not so pronounced as it is in town. With the Coronation festivities in view, anticipations of any immediate change are not high. The prevailing dulness has affected the 6s. novel, but the output has, however, been up to the average. While there is no sensational sale to chronicle, there has been a sustained demand for several volumes, among which may be especially mentioned *The Way of Escape*, by Graham Travers, and *At Sunwich Port*, by W. W. Jacobs. *Scarlet and Hyssop* has continued to be in constant request.

The issue of the fourth and concluding volume of *The Dictionary of the Bible*, edited by J. Hastings, does not actually take place until this report is closed, but the orders for that and the preceding volumes have been very large. Probably no work of a kindred nature has attained to such a popularity since the appearance of Dr. W. Smith's famous *Dictionary*. With the opening of the Academy came the usual demand for the various illustrated guides. These have of late years been more numerous, and a pronounced improvement in the production is evident. The most popular appears to be the *Black and White* edition, and the issue of *The Magazine of Art Supplement*, in four parts; although several of the illustrated weeklies now devote a section to the reproduction of the Exhibition pictures, which have sold freely.

The death of Bret Harte has but little affected the sale of his works. An increased popularity in many of the shorter works of Tolstoy is noticeable; the demand for several of his tractates has become quite constant. In the magazines there is little of importance to mention; the one exception is the largely increased circulation of the *Sunday Magazine*, which contains the story of Miss Stone's captivity.

The following is a list of the best selling books during the past month:

The Way of Escape. By Graham Travers. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)

At Sunwich Port. By W. W. Jacobs. 6s. (Newnes.)

Scarlet and Hyssop. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Dictionary of the Bible. Edited by J. Hastings. 28s. (T. and T. Clark.)

In the Fog. By R. H. Davis. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

The One Before. By Barry Pain. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)

Clara in Blunderland. By Caroline Lewis. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Letters to Dolly. By Kehle Howard. 3s. 6d. (Long.)

Various Academy Guides.

Mr. Dooley's Opinions. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Ben Hur, in various editions. 6d. to 3s. 6d.

Five Years in Ireland. By M. J. F. McCarthy. 7s. 6d. (Simpkin.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK.

American Book Company:

The Government. Salter S. Clark.

Advanced French Prose Composition. V. E. François.

Appleton and Company:

Practical Forestry. John Gifford.

New Velazquez Dictionary. M. V. De LaCadena.

Barnes and Company:

Home Thoughts. Mrs. James Farley Cox.

Bradley-White Company:

What's What? At Home and Abroad. F. Sturges Allen.

Century Company:

The Confounding of Camelia. Anne D. Sedgwick.

The Dull Miss Archinard. A. D. Sedgwick.

Poems. Robert U. Johnson.

Dickerman and Sons:

Uncle Jed's Country Letters. Hilda Brenton.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The History of The World. Edited by Dr. H. F. Helmolt.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths. Walter H. Page.

The Trust: Its Book. Edited by James H. Bridge.

Among the Waterfowl. Herbert K. Job.

Eckler:

Searching for Truth.

Fords, Howard and Hulbert:

A Fool's Errand. By One of the Fools.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Teachers' Manual. Edited by I. K. Funk and M. J. Moses.

Standard First Reader. Edited by I. K. Funk and M. J. Moses.

The Boer Fight for Freedom. Michael Davitt.

Harper and Brothers:

Marion Manning. Edith Eustis.

An Onlooker's Note-Book. By the Author of "Collections and Recollections."

Holt and Company:

The Poems of Schiller. E. P. Arnold Foster.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Our Country's Story. Eva March Tappan.
A Remedy for Love. Ellen O. Kirk.
Reminiscences of a Dramatic Critic. H. A. Clapp.
The Desert and the Sown. Mary Hall-
lock Foote.
Lee at Appomattox, and other Papers.
C. F. Adams.
Van Dyck. Estelle M. Hurl.
Literature of American History. J. N.
Larned.

International Publishing Company:

France. Pierre Foncin.

Lane:

The Sonnets of Shakespeare.
In My Vicarage Garden and Elsewhere.
Rev. H. N. Ellacombe.
Dante and the Divine Comedy. W. J.
P. Wright.
Terrors of the Law. Francis Watt.

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Hinderers. Edna Lyall.
The Teaching of History and Civics in the
Elementary and the Secondary School.
Henry E. Bourne.
The Path to Rome. H. Belloc.

Macmillan Company:

The Deer Family. T. Roosevelt, T. S.
Van Dyke, D. G. Elliot and A. J. Stone.
Upland Game Birds. Edwyn Sandys and
T. S. Van Dyke.
The Philosophy of the Christian Religion.
Andrew M. Fairbairn.
The Story of Cairo. Stanley Lane-Poole.
George Eliot. Leslie Stephen.
The Story of Chartres. Cecil Headlam.
The Rise of Religious Liberty in Amer-
ica. Sanford H. Cobb.
Dramatic and Early Poems. Matthew
Arnold.
Brinton Eliot from Yale to Yorktown.
J. E. Farmer.
The Late Returning. Margery Williams.
Oldfield. Nancy Huston Banks.
The Virginian. Owen Wister.
The Physical Geography of New York
State. Ralph S. Tarr.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

A Prince of Good Fellows. Robert Barr.
Myra of the Pines. Herman K. Viélé.

Neely Company:

Col. Harold de Lacey. Frank A. Douglas.
The Two Renwicks. Marie A. Davidson.
A Singular Will. George C. Marsh.

Putnam's Sons:

Spanish Life in Town and Country. L.
Higgin.
The Days of the Son of Man. Rosa-
mond D. Rhone.
The Suitors of Yvonne. Rafael Sabatini.
Poem of the Cid. Translation by A. M.
Huntington.
Life at West Point. H. Irving Hancock.

Rand, McNally and Company:

The Way of the West. General Charles
King.

Revell Company:

Love Never Faileth. Carnegie Simpson.

Russell:

The True Napoleon. Charles Josselyn.

Scribner's Sons:

The Courage of Conviction. T. R. Sulli-
van.
Bylow Hill. George W. Cable.
Don Quixote De La Mancha. Edited
from the Translations of Duffield and
Shelton by Mary E. Burt and Lucy L.
Cable.
Some Merry Adventures of Robin Hood.
Howard Pyle.
A Pasteboard Crown. Clara Morris.
Ten Thousand Miles in Persia. Major
P. M. Sykes.

Stokes Company:

Amor Victor. Orr Kenyon.
My Japanese Wife. Clive Holland.
Not on the Chart. Charles L. Marsh.
The Red Anvil. Charles R. Sherlock.

Taylor and Company:

The Confessions of a Matchmaking
Mother. L. C. Davidson.

Wessels Company:

Progression to Immortality. Henry S.
Brooks.

BOSTON, MASS.

Bartlett:

The Page. Volume IV. Nos. I., II. Ed-
ward G. Craig.

Clark Publishing Company:

Miss Petticoats. Dwight Tilton.

Goodspeed:

The Service. Henry D. Thoreau.

Heath and Company:

True Tales of Birds and Beasts. Edited
by D. Starr Jordan.

Little, Brown and Company:

A Girl of Virginia. Lucy M. Thruston.
In the Eagle's Talon. Sheppard Stevens.

Lothrop Publishing Company:

Mr. Whitman. Elisabeth Pullen.
Margaret Bowlby. Edgar L. Vincent.
The Gate of the Kiss. John W. Harding.
'Tween You an' I. Max O'Rell.
The Bale Marked Circle "X." George G.
Eggleston.
The Errand Boy of Andrew Jackson. W.
O. Stoddard.
Judith's Garden. Mary E. S. Bassett.
Five Little Peppers Abroad. Margaret
Sidney.

Unto the End. Mrs. G. R. Alden.
The Spenders. Harry L. Wilson.

Page and Company:

The Best of Balzac. Edited by Alexander Jessup.
Asa Holmes. Annie Fellowes Johnston.
The Prince of the Captivity. Sydney C. Grier.
The Kindred of the Wild. C. G. D. Roberts.
The Russells in Chicago. Emily Wheaton.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Jamieson-Higgins Company:

The Gospel of Judas Iscariot. A. D. Baldwin.

McClurg and Company:

Selections from the World's Greatest Stories. S. Cody.

ALBANY, N. Y.

University of the State of New York:

New York State Library. Bulletin 69, December, 1901.
New York State Library. Bulletin 72, March, 1902.

COLUMBUS, O.

Fred J. Heer:

Archæological History of Ohio. Gerard Fowke.

DENVER, COL.

Reed Publishing Company:

Songs of the People. J. A. Edgerton.

DETROIT, MICH.

Angelus Publishing Company:

A Blighted Rose. Joseph F. Wynne.

EVANSTON, ILL.

Lord:

John McGovern's Poems.
Line-o'-Type Lyrics. B. L. Taylor.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Bowen-Merrill Company:

Hearts Courageous. Hallie E. Rives.

LINNEUS, MO.

Bulletin Printing House:

Sonnets. By Hallett Abend.
Fragments. By Hallett Abend.

LONDON.

Stock:

Drift of Isla. William Gow.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Young Churchman Company:

The Rise and Development of Christian Architecture. J. C. Ayer, Jr.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Classified Indian Club Exercises and Drills. A. K. Jones.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Jewish Publication Society of America:

Strangers at the Gate. Samuel Gorden.

PHILADELPHIA AND CONCORD.

Bentley:

Poems of Sixty-Five Years. Ellery Channing.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Armageddon. Valentine Brown.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Elder and Shepard:

The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam, Jr.
Translated from the original Bornese into English verse by Wallace Irwin.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between May 1 and June, 1902.

We guarantee the authenticity of the followings lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
2. Fables for the Elite. Dix. (Fenno.) \$1.00.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Lovers' Progress. Anonymous. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Facts and Comments. Spencer. (Appleton.) \$1.20 net.
6. The Captain of the Grey Horse Troop. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Diary of a Goose Girl. Wiggins. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. Bylow Hill. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
5. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

6. Marion Manning. Eustis. (Harper.) \$1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Naughty Nan. Long. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Misdemeanors of Nancy. Hoyt. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Guide to the Wild Flowers. Loundsberry. (Stokes & Co.) \$1.75.
6. Bird Life. Chapman. (Appleton.) \$2.00.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. Miss Petticoats. Tilton. (Clarke Pub. Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Diary of a Goose Girl. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Man From Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
6. None But the Brave. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Story of Mary MacLane. MacLane. (Stone.) \$1.50.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Thrall of Lief the Lucky. Liljencranz. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
6. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Dorothy South. Eggleston. (Lothrop Co.) \$1.50.
6. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Buell Hampton. Emerson. (Forbes & Co.) \$1.50.
5. A Double-Barrelled Detective Story. Twain. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
3. The Strollers. Isham. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Heroine of the Straits. Crowley. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Strollers. Isham. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. None But the Brave. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Lover's Progress. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
6. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. Thrall of Leif the Lucky. Liljencranz. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Dorothy South. Eggleston. (Lothrop Co.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) \$1.50.
6. The Desert. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.25 net.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
6. The Heroine of the Straits. Crowley. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

2. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Opponents. Robertson. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Facts and Comments. Spencer. (D. Appleton & Co.) \$1.20 net.
4. Neighbours of Field, Wood and Stream. Grinnell. (Stokes.) \$1.30 net.
5. Bird Neighbours. Blanchard. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$2.00.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.25.
4. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Story of Mary MacLane. MacLane. (Stone.) \$1.50.
6. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

3. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
4. None But the Brave. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Dorothy South. Eggleston. (Lothrop Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. Rubáiyát of Omar, Jr. Irwin. (Elder & Shepard.) 50 cents.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. John Kenadie. Saunders. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Audrey Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
2. Audrey Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.

TOLEDO, O.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Audrey Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. The 13th District. Whitlock. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

TORONTO, CAN.

1. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Briggs.) 75 cents and \$1.25.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Morang & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Briggs.) 75 cents.
4. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Mussar Book Co.) 75 cents and \$1.25.
5. Truth Dexter. McCall. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and \$1.25.
6. The Crimson Wing. Taylor. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and \$1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Audrey Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. The 13th District. Whitlock. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
5. The Diary of a Goose Girl. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$2.00.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
4. The Lady Paramount. Garland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. Bylow Hill. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Diary of a Goose Girl. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. At Sunwich Port. Jacobs. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
5. The Diary of a Goose Girl. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.

6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle.
(McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
5. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. Marion Manning. Eustis. (Harper.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. At Sunwich Port. Jacobs. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

4. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

5. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.

6. Nature Study and Life. Hodge. (Ginn.) \$1.75.

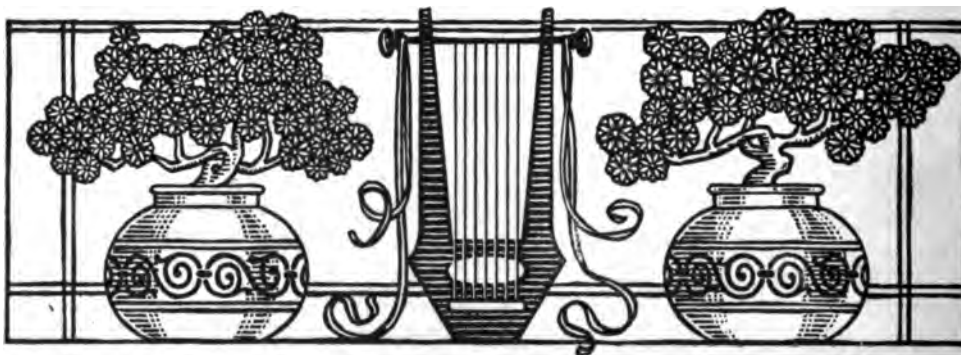
From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS.
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

					POINTS.
1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.....					263
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.....					196
3. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50....					180
4. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.....					111
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.....					110
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.....					80



AUGUST, 1902

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN should be addressed to "The Editors of THE BOOKMAN." Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.

We salute and cordially congratulate
Coronation Sir Arthur Conan Doyle,
Honours. Knight Bachelor, upon
the recognition which he
has received from his
sovereign lord, the King. His new hon-
ours were, to be sure, given him for his
defence of the British policy in South
Africa, and not for the creation of Sher-
lock Holmes, Mycroft Holmes, the good
Dr. Watson, the obtuse Lestrade, the fat-
uous Gregson and the Gigantic Hound.
If the King had been recognising these
things, he would have had to give Sir Ar-
thur a peerage. By the way, we wonder
whether the new knight desires to be ad-
dressed as Sir Arthur or Sir Conan.

We have never until now experienced
any desire to be King of England; but we
are beginning to see that there are possi-
bilities in the kingship which we had
not recognised before. If, for instance,
we were occupying the English throne,
we should cause it to be intimated to Sir
Arthur Conan Doyle that he might be-
come a baronet as soon as he should write
The Adventure of the Second Stain,
which he has so exasperatingly men-
tioned in one of his other tales, and which
seems to us one of the most piquant, mys-
terious and altogether tantalising titles
that any one ever invented. We should
also cause it to be understood that a story
as good as *The Hound of the Baskervilles*
would gain for its author the rank of
baron; a story as good as *The Sign of the
Four*, the title of viscount; and one as
good as *A Study in Scarlet*, the title of
earl. A book like the *Memoirs* would de-
serve a marquissate; and if it is conceiv-
able that any one could again produce so

fascinating a volume as the *Adventures*,
it is perfectly obvious that such a person
ought to be a duke.

The list of coronation honours con-
tains, in reality, no recognition at all of
literature as such; and that is why one is
justified in supposing the list to repre-
sent the King's own personal prefer-
ences rather than the opinions of
Lord Salisbury. Thus, Dr. Doyle's
knighthood was given to the political
pamphleteer rather than to the man of
letters; Gilbert Parker was honoured
as a Canadian and a member of the
House of Commons rather than as a nov-
elist; Leslie Stephen was knighted as
President of the Ethical Society more
than as editor of the *Dictionary of Na-
tional Biography*; while F. C. Burnand
was knighted, goodness knows why!—
for *Punch*, of which he is the editor, is
neither literature nor politics nor hu-
mour. King Edward, however, and his
courtiers probably think that it is all
three. In failing to recognise in a
marked and unmistakable fashion the
achievements of literary men, the King
was merely following the traditions of his
family. During Victoria's reign some
men of letters were, to be sure, singled
out for recognition; but in every case,
save one or two, these persons were not
only men of letters but also politicians
and men of affairs. The exceptional
cases represent the feelings of the Prime
Minister of the day rather than royal
favour. Lord Beaconsfield marked the
second Lord Lytton for preferment large-
ly on personal grounds, and Mr. Glad-
stone gave Tennyson his peerage out of
genuine admiration for his genius. Yet

even Tennyson would probably have died a commoner had he not been (in a perfectly self-respecting way) something of a courtier and personally much liked by Queen Victoria and by the Princess of Wales (the present Queen), both of whom made of him a friend. The one spontaneous attempt on the part of the late Queen to recognise literary merit was found in her offer of a baronetcy to Dickens, who declined it for reasons that are given in Forster's life of the great novelist. Tennyson, too, for that matter, is said to have hesitated long before accept-



A PLAUSIBLE BARON ROTTINGDEAN.

ing the peerage which he finally received; and it was understood that he took it mainly because of the importunity of his son, who wanted very much to become in time a peer of England. Probably a great many persons who allow themselves to be knighted do so in order to please their wives; for, although knighthood has become a very cheap sort of honour, the wife of a knight is "Lady" So-and-So, and in a crowd she may easily be mistaken for the wife of a baronet, a baron or a viscount.

If honours were really going to literary men in England at the present time, we

should probably now be congratulating Sir Rudyard Kipling, Bart., or, perhaps, even Lord Kipling of Rottingdean; for, after all, Kipling is the most brilliant genius who is writing the English language at the present time, as he is the one writer who has given the most vivid and stirring expression to the awakened spirit of British imperialism. Perhaps a title *has* been offered to him and perhaps he has declined it; but we rather fancy not. It is probable that his very brilliancy and splendid independence are precisely the qualities which have kept him from receiving royal recognition; for mediocrity reaps more rewards of this sort than are acquired by boldly original and absolutely fearless genius. Kipling has always been an *enfant terrible* in the British official household by blurting out the thing that happened to be in his mind at any moment. He offended Lord Roberts by loudly celebrating him as "Bobs." He offended the Queen by letting Ortheris and Mulvaney speak too often of her as "The Widow," and by himself writing of her (in verse) as "The Widow of Windsor." Later on, he turned his rapid-fire guns upon the whole military establishment, more especially the fossils of the War Office; and, finally, he made thousands of the athletic youth of England gnash their teeth when he neatly, but not with especial gentleness, hit them off as "flanneled fools" and "muddied oafs." Verily, we say unto Kipling that he had his reward. He set the whole British Empire buzzing like a hornet's nest; and after the excitement of such a thing as that, it would seem decidedly tame to have to sit down quietly under a spreading title and be good.

Speaking of Kipling, we are reminded to call attention to the general deliciousness of his recent conflict with the populace of Rottingdean, who marched out to the house of Kipling's aunt and "booed" at her because she was a pro-Boer, and because she had hung out a flag draped in black when the Boers surrendered. Kipling flew to her rescue. He couldn't very well have defended her sentiments, because he was on the other side; but he told the patriots of Rottingdean that they ought not to "boo" at her, inasmuch as she was a woman. If the Rottingdeaners had had their wits about them, they

might have reminded Kipling that he himself had said that "A woman is only a woman;" in fact, only "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair." This particular woman, however, was Kipling's aunt. Which made a difference. It generally does make a difference when your own ox is gored. Therefore, the mob dispersed; not, however, forgiven, for Kipling locked up the drill-hall, which he had just presented them so that they might learn to be defenders of the Empire. Kipling, in fact, was evidently huffy, and it is not well to be huffy before the public gaze. You may be grieved, or hurt, or lowering, or stonily silent, or tempestuously angry, but it is never impressive to be huffy. "You can't drill any more, because you hooted at my aunt." This is a translation into words of Kipling's performance at Rottingdean. We trust that by this time he has quieted down, and that once more he will want to play in the yards of the burghers of Rottingdean and slide down their cellar doors.

Mr. Neil Munro seems to be coming out as a humourist. He recently professed to have collected the opinions of various prominent authors on the subject of their type-writing machines. According to Mr. Munro, Mr. J. M. Barrie says:

If I were asked my chief objection to typewriters, it is that they are all English or American. In spite of all I can do, they refuse to leave out the final letters in my "makes" and "takes" and "aways," so that I have to go over the work with a pen afterward and convert these to "mak's" and "tak's" and "awa's." I cannot impute this to anything else than stupid English prejudice. I have, however, worn out three or four apostrophes per month. A great improvement in typewriters for Scottish dialect stories would be to have double strong apostrophes with duplicates.

Mr. Crockett explains that:

All my typewriters are early risers. They are at their best about 5 A.M., and in the afternoon they are practically no use to me. After all, I can't complain if they have (as I suspect) come to some understanding among themselves for an eight-hour day. I may add that,

as a result of having been brought up in a manse, none of them will do any work on Sunday. On the other hand, they ask for no holidays, which is rather lucky for me, as I can't afford to take any holidays myself.

Perhaps Mr. Munro is at his best when dealing with Mr. Kipling. According to him, Mr. Kipling writes that he has of late done all his poems on a "beautiful two horse-power, brazed tubular, cam-action, half-silent typer of American invention." "It is a dandy!" he says, with characteristic enthusiasm. "My greatest joy in life is to rise early and oil it. I can do poems on this machine without the trouble of thought. Have you seen my latest contribution regarding the Colonial representatives at the Coronation?"

"Since thy house to my house none lesser can bring
Than my house to thy house—king counselling king.
And my house to thy house none greater can send
Than thy house to my house—friend counselling friend.

"That is a fair specimen of what I can do with my new beauty. I just start the cam-action at the first line, pull open the throttle valve, and go out for a walk round Rottingdean. When I come back, I find a poem of any desired length completed, and the machine flushed and happy, waiting modestly for my applause."

During Secretary Long's retention of the Navy portfolio under the present Administration, he could never be quite so official with the President as were the other members of the Cabinet. This was probably because Mr. Roosevelt had formerly held a subordinate office under Mr. Long in the very early days of the Spanish-American War. Hence, when not actually transacting official business, Mr. Long always took very much the same tone with him as he would have done in private life. Some months after the President's accession, Mr. Long paid a short visit to the Southwest, and immediately on his return attended a Cabinet meeting. When the business was over, the President inquired: "Well,

Mr. Secretary, what impression is the Administration making in the West?" "A very fine impression, Mr. President," replied the Secretary, blandly; "in fact, I was present the other day at a large and representative gathering, where every one agreed that your name would go down to posterity linked with that of Washington." "Indeed! Indeed!" returned the President, smiling all over. "That is very gratifying—very. Er—so they even associated me with Washington, did they?" "Yes, Mr. President," returned the Secretary, "they said that your name would go down to posterity linked with that of Washington. But now I come to think of it, I am not quite sure whether they meant George or Booker T." Mr. Roosevelt's good opinion of himself is tempered and mellowed by an abounding sense of humour; and so, as the members of the Cabinet departed, they heard him chuckling softly to himself.

❧

A respected correspondent writes to ask us whether we are not going to denounce the Chicago literary expert, Sherman, who so critically compared M. Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* with Mr. Samuel Eberley Gross's *Merchant Prince of Cornville*, and then reported that of M. Rostand's plagiarism he had found "confirmation strong as Holy Writ." Denounce him? Why should we denounce him? He is probably a most worthy man, who works hard, pays his bills regularly, and goes home from the office every day at noon to a boiled dinner. We have no personal knowledge of his intellectual and æsthetic qualifications except as these are illustrated in his report on *Cyrano*, but we haven't a doubt that he is as good a judge of a ham sandwich as any man that ever lived.

❧

We have received from an occasional contributor the following ingenious suggestions, which we publish for the benefit of French authors in general:

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

Like every lover of literature, you have undoubtedly been thrown into an ecstasy of admiration by the keenness with which Judge Kohlsaat of Chicago has detected in Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* the proof that the French author is no better than a vulgar

plagiarist, and that our tributes of admiration have gone astray and ought to have been addressed to Mr. Gross, the now immortal author of *The Merchant Prince of Cornville*. No one will dare to question the justice of the decision of the learned Chicago jurist; and, in fact, it may have been inspired by a desire to benefit, and not to hurt, the interests of French authors in this country. It need hardly be said that it will work no injury to M. Rostand himself, unless he has enough conscience left to feel ashamed of himself at having plagiarised so well-known an American author as Mr. Gross; but from a financial point of view, the only sufferers will be the American managers and publishers who have seen fit to place *Cyrano de Bergerac* upon the stage or on the book-stalls. For, as is well known, M. Rostand failed to take advantage of the exceedingly simple method provided by the American international copyright law in order to enable foreign authors to secure in this country the fruits of their labours. Now, thanks to Judge Kohlsaat of Chicago, matters will work differently; it will not be necessary for a French author to send his French manuscript to this country ahead of its publication in Paris and to have it set in type here by American compositors. All that he will have to do will be to provide some Chicagoan with a skeleton of his novel or play and to have such skeleton published in this country; then, when the French book or play has had time to cross the Atlantic, an action for plagiarism will be brought before Judge Kohlsaat of Chicago, and a decision will be rendered by him ordering that royalties should be paid to his townsman on every copy sold or every performance of the play or novel. A very simple business arrangement between the man from Chicago and the French man of letters for a division of profits will then have secured in a very simple manner the result for which the American Copyright League and its worthy president, Mr. George Haven Putnam, laboured in vain for so many years.

Yours very truly,

A. C.

Speaking of Lord Fairfax's (Albert Kirby Fairfax) presence in England, the London *Outlook* comments that it seems strange that a member of the British peerage should reach manhood before setting eyes on British shores. "Not only was he born and bred in the United States,"

The Fairfaxes
and Thackeray's
"Virginians."





CHURCH GATES, HITCHIN.

says the *Outlook*, "but ever since the time of the sixth Lord Fairfax—the present baron is the twelfth—the territorial connections of the family have been entirely American. Whether Lord Fairfax the sixth shook the dust of England from his feet, as tradition has it, because of a love disappointment, it would be difficult to determine so long after. Putting aside this detail, however, his story resembles that of Harry Esmond in so many respects that Thackeray must surely have had it in mind when he set about planning his great novel. The broad, fair estate in Virginia, with contented niggers working on the tobacco plantations under a benign 'paternal system'; the dignified home life of the old country transplanted across the Atlantic; the personal relations of the Fairfax family with George Washington when he was yet a young land surveyor—these and a score of other touches of a like kind transform conjecture almost into a certainty. Besides, did not the love-lorn Lord Fairfax of bygone days divide his English estates among his kinsmen before setting sail for his domain in Virginia? It was in 1737 that this Lord Fairfax made his first Virginian trip; and his American biographer tells us that he was 'so captivated by the climate and soil and natural beauties that he decided to settle there.' This hardly squares with the legend of a lacerated heart—which seems a pity. And he was a 'landed proprietor' indeed on a scale that people in

small countries, where elbow-room is scarce, cannot possibly realise. His estate consisted of twenty-one Virginian counties, and was between five and six million acres in extent. But when the American Colonies revolted, the Fairfax of the day remained a staunch loyalist, suffering in pocket and estate."

Among the literary associations of Hertfordshire, the county of England which is the subject of the latest volume in *The Highways and Byways* series of books, none is keener than that of Charles Lamb. As Mr. Herbert W. Tompkins, the author of *Highways and Byways in Hertfordshire*, points out, though the county has bred many famous men, no one loved it better or praised it more sweetly than Lamb.

It was there that many of the happiest days of his childhood were spent, and it was there that his first love lived. Other great literary names connected with the county are those of Francis Bacon and John Bunyan, and Cowper, who was born in the rectory at Berkhamstead, and Chaucer and Sir Thomas More and Dickens and Douglas Jerrold and Bulwer Lytton. The last named lived at Knebworth, and while there gathered the material for his novel based on the history of Eugene Aram, who was a tutor



WEST STREET, WARE.

in the school at Hitchin while he was carrying with him his awful secret of the murder of Daniel Clark.

We advise the people who run the literary end of the New York *Times* to purchase an English dictionary and occasionally consult it. In a review of Captain Siborne's book on the Waterloo campaign, we find the following sentence: "The list of Dutch-Belgian malingerers includes a number of names—Colonel Chesney, Siborne, Alison, Lord Derby, and even the novelist Thackeray." Now the reviewer evidently thought that "malingerer" is only a by-form of "maligner." We present to him our compliments and beg him to look it up.

The resignation of Dr. Patton and the election of Professor Woodrow Wilson to be President of Princeton University both took

place so unexpectedly as to excite an immense amount of comment in academic circles and elsewhere. Every one, however, seems entirely satisfied, and the only criticism that can be made upon the whole proceeding is that it was somewhat too theatrical for a place like Princeton. The columns of gossip published in the New York *Sun* are not deserving of serious attention, and no one who knows anything about the facts was at all impressed by the *Sun's* "revelations." The truth of the whole matter may be summed up very briefly. President Patton had encountered some sporadic opposition in the Faculty, which was not important, but which might in time have developed a certain amount of feeling, and perhaps the sort of administrative friction which is undesirable in a university. For this reason, and also because he really desired to go back to the scholar's life, Dr. Patton resigned. He undoubtedly did so the more cheerfully because in Professor Wilson an ideal successor was at hand and immediately available. As no one knew that President Patton intended to resign, there had been no chance for mushroom candidacies to spring up; and it was felt to be more dignified that there should exist no interregnum, with its inevitable disarrangement of administrative machinery and the distraction of everybody's attention from academic duty.

Hence, the change was accomplished smoothly and swiftly, and not a single voice has been raised against it. The whole thing is one of the happiest episodes in American university history that we can readily recall.

The reported statement of M. Hugues Le Roux that the story of *La Belle Nivernaise* was written by him and not by Alphonse Daudet has a greater significance than if it were merely a question of the authorship of one book. For if *La Belle Nivernaise* was not Daudet, what was Daudet?

There is published in Paris a little hand-guide designed to introduce to the foreigner, the provincial, and even to the Parisian himself, some of the ways and peculiarities of the city. This guide is called *Paris-Parisien*, and M. Émile Faguet of the French Academy recently took it as the theme of an article which was published in a recent number of the *Revue Bleue*. In this book one finds various hints about intellectual Paris, artistic Paris, theatrical Paris and social Paris. Also the book aims primarily to advise people as to what must and what must not be done, as to what should be said and what should not. Passing over that part of the volume which deals with the ephemeral slang which is so typical of modern Paris, one is likely to find of most interest the chapter dealing with *gaffes à éviter*—which may be translated as "don'ts" or "breaks" to avoid. This chapter was evidently the most necessary of all in the book, for everywhere the "break" is the scourge of society. The mistress of a house will see it coming from afar, will make desperate efforts to repulse it, to drive it away, but all in vain. A "break" determined to be born will be born, and the only result of an attempt to repress it is that it will explode like a bomb instead of percolating like a fountain.

There are numberless "breaks" and "bulls" which have actually become a part of history. Some of them are really classic. "Madame," said a flatterer to Madame Denis, the niece of Voltaire,

"how marvellously you played the part of Zaire!"

"Oh! Monsieur," replied Madame Denis, without affectation, for she was a woman of great sense, "one must be young and beautiful to play Zaire well."

"Not at all," was the reply. "You yourself are the convincing proof to the contrary." Here we have a "break" of the most exasperating type. On the other hand, there have been occasionally "breaks" so natural and so kindly that they have been the direct provocation of a witty reply, and in themselves have been a certain species of wit. These "breaks" M. Faguet calls academic "breaks." The Archbishop of Paris, meeting Beranger, said to him: "Monsieur, I have read all your songs." Beranger raised his finger in a sign of protestation: "No! Not all, Monseigneur." The Archbishop smiled, much pleased. The two had been living for a brief minute in the witty, courtly eighteenth century. Even Voltaire was occasionally guilty of "bulls"; that is, in his words, for in his behaviour he was guilty of a great many. One day he wrote to Frederic the Great: "They say that Colonel Camas died in bitter disappointment because he had not fallen in your sight. Major Knobertoff was at least lucky enough to enjoy that melancholy honour, from which fate may God preserve your Majesty."

✽

We have been rather uneasy in our mind of late over a small question of English usage, and we have decided to take our readers into our confidence with regard to it. For more years than we care to mention, we have been accustomed to say, for example, "He worked all the morning," "He was absent all the afternoon" and "He was busy all the week." Some time ago we heard a certain person make use of the expressions "all morning," "all afternoon" and "all week." For a while we thought that this was a little idiosyncrasy, very quaint and rather pleasing, and quite original with the individual in question. Of late, however, we have observed others also using the same abbreviated form; and the other day we saw "all morning" in a printed book. Theoretically, of course, if one says "all day"

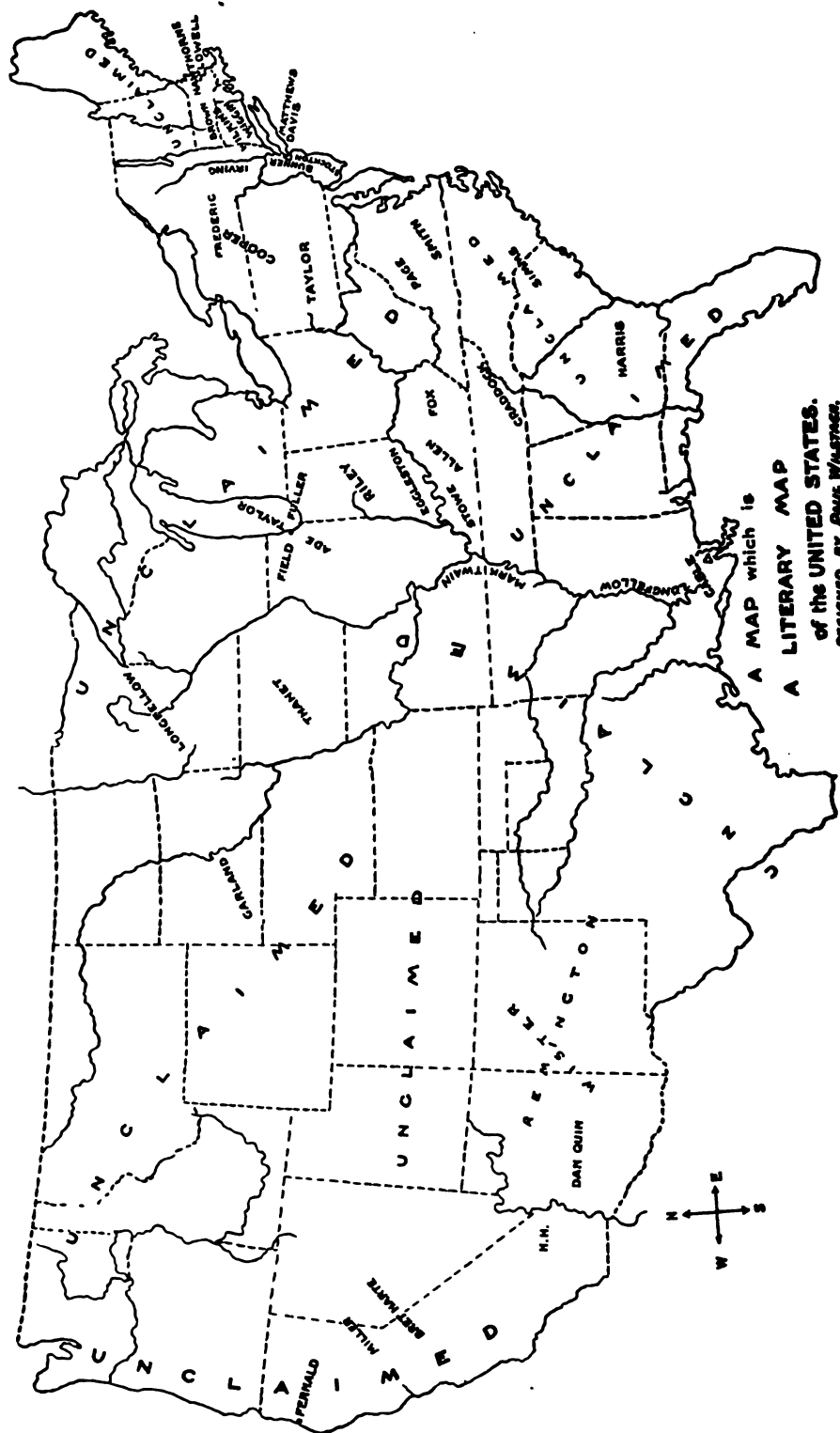
and "all night," it is only consistent to use the analogous forms "all morning," "all afternoon," "all evening," and the like; but in language-making, consistency is very often conspicuous by its absence. What is troubling us is the question whether many persons really say "all morning," and so forth, and whether, therefore, we have been exceedingly obtuse in not discovering it long ago, or whether those who say it are comparatively few. We should be glad to have our readers enlighten us on this point; and if some philological authority like *The Critic*, for example, would discuss it, we should sit meekly at its feet and listen. It had so much to say last year about "sitting up late nights" that we are sure it will not fail us in our present extremity.

✽

Looking over the accompanying literary map of the United States, which originally appeared in *THE BOOK-MAN* just four years ago this month, one is inclined mentally to suggest a very wide scheme of revision, for these four years have brought about, in a minor way, considerable changes in American literature. Here and there over the territory marked in the map "unclaimed" there have been driven various literary stakes. For instance, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith and Judge Grant have laid claim to certain parts of New England; Mr. Irving Bacheller's name is now closely associated with the North Country; and the author of *David Harum* has taken his place beside Harold Frederic in Western New York. With Washington and Virginia various new names have become associated. Mr. Winston Churchill has written about this region both in *Richard Carvel* and in *The Crisis*; Washington is the scene of Mrs. Atherton's *Senator North*; and Virginia, which four years ago was assigned to Mr. Page and Mr. Smith, has since been invaded by Miss Wilkins, Miss Mary Johnston and Miss Glasgow. In the apportionment of Indiana, Mr. Booth Tarkington is a new writer who has brought claims that must be very seriously considered. Mr. George Ade, Mr. Dunne and Mr. Will Payne have come to join Mr. Henry B. Fuller in the work of finding in Chicago the background of their literary labour.

Newly Staked
Literary Claims.

"All
Morning."



In THE BOOKMAN map of four years ago the names of Mr. Owen Wister and Mr. Frederic Remington stretched across New Mexico and Arizona. But with his recently published *The Virginian*, Mr. Wister has driven into the soil of Wyoming a stake which seems likely to remain for a long time to come. It is not

when he was a child of ten, he was taken to Europe, where he remained for three years. On his return to America he became a student at St. Paul's School at Concord, New Hampshire, entering Harvard in his eighteenth year. At both school and college he gave evidence of his literary tastes by editing school and col-



*Gives nothing
Owen Wister*

our intention here to comment upon this book beyond saying without hesitation that it is unquestionably the novel of the summer, and that with its success Mr. Wister is coming into the reward due to a good many years of conscientious labour. For by inheritance and early environment he belongs not to the scenes of his romance, but to the oldest East. He was born in Philadelphia; and in 1870,

lege papers, and by writing the libretto of an *opéra bouffe* for the Hasty Pudding Club. In 1885 he was sent, on account of ill-health, to a Wyoming ranch that lay on waters tributary to the North Platte. This led to many visits at all seasons in various other States and Territories. Sometimes he made more than one visit in the same year. In 1893, for instance, after passing February and March on



ROY FARRELL GREENE.

Texas ranches, he spent July, August and September in Wyoming, and October and November in Arizona. At first it was only for his health that he travelled; then it was the pleasure of the camp and the hunting life. His early literary tastes coming back, it struck him that this life was utterly unknown to people at large, save through caricature and the sensational press. And as he came to find friends among the cowboys and some Indians, and among not only army officers, but privates also, he began to try to portray what he knew and felt about the life. This caused the legal profession, in which he was then touching the first small fruits of success, to slip away from him and leave him a writer of American fiction. "What I most deeply value," he says, "are the many letters that have come to me from strangers in the West, assuring me that I have represented it faithfully. No one, I suppose, can escape inaccuracies. Anyhow, I have not. Once I spoke of Indians screaming like vultures, and vultures don't scream! But as my story did not turn on this point, and as it brought me

a commending letter from a stranger living in the region where my events were supposed to take place, I am bold enough to hope that my blunders were on the surface."

✻

Not very far away on the map from some of the regions to which Mr. Wister seems to have so secure a claim there is a portion of the Southwest that is connected with the name of Mr. Charles F. Lummis. Mr. Lummis is at present the editor of *The Land of Sunshine*, lately renamed *Out West*. He is the author of a number of books dealing with the Southwest and with Spanish-American history. An indefatigable worker, Mr. Lummis's knowledge has been derived at first hand. For years he was a resident of the Pueblo of Isleta, New Mexico being admitted to very close relationship with the people of that place. Through the friendships thus established, other pueblos were opened to him, until finally his acquaintance with them covered the whole of this region. Thoroughly familiar with Spanish—more or less in use among many of these peo-



CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

ples—and talking more than one native (Indian) language, his opportunities in this direction have been of the best. For long periods at different times in the past he has found a home with some of the best Mexican families in the territory, and a number of his books are made up of reminiscences and incidents of these sojourns among a particularly hospitable and interesting people, his acquaintance with whom has now extended over a period of seventeen years. His first book, *A Tramp Across the Continent*, published ten or twelve years ago,

Minor verse writers of the present day have more or less severe trials with which to contend; but Mr. Roy Farrell Greene, a volume of whose poems, under the title *Cupid is King*, is to be issued some time next month, is one of the first, we think, on whom has been inflicted the nickname of "the poet-lariat." As a writer of verse in the negro dialect and the Western farmer dialect, as well as in cowboy lingo, Mr. Greene has already won some reputation. He is a

Mr. Greene,
"Poet-Lariat"



THE HOME OF MR. CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

gained him recognition as a writer. It describes a journey on foot from the Ohio valley to the coast of California. *The King of the Broncos*, *The Enchanted Burro* and *A New Mexico David* are volumes of short stories and sketches of the Southwest. The old patriarchal life of the Mexican people, so rapidly disappearing under the influence of railroads and other modern improvements, is here set forth by one who has experienced it, both in good fortune and in adversity.

young man, having been born in Michigan in 1873. His father's farm in Kansas, and later a ranch in the Indian Territory—now Oklahoma—were the homes of his boyhood. On the ranch he brought a boy's hand to keeping up ranch fences, roping and branding cattle, and to the work of the spring and autumn "round-ups." His instruction was from a tutor, and later in a Kansas High School. From the school he turned to newspaper reporting, and city and politi-

ical editing of local dailies. For the last five years his name has been appearing frequently in many of our monthlies and weeklies.



Besides the verse which has won for him his curious nickname, Mr. Greene has written considerable in the line of what is known as "social verse." Here are two examples:

AN OLD DAGUERRETYPE.

The rounded case shows age's tinge,
And just a trace of mould;
The back displays a broken hinge,

Her grave with grass is grown about,
Around it plovers pipe;
But she still lives and smiles from out
An old daguerreotype.

JACQUEMINOTS.

The roses on her breast are Jacks,
The heart that beats beneath is mine.
My faith in her doth not relax
Because the roses all are Jacks.
Forsooth, in getting at the facts
You'll find a quip of her design—
She wears of roses none but Jacks,
But heart and roses both are mine.



HADDON HALL, ONE OF THE SEATS OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

That still contrives to hold;
The pictured face within is faint.
The dust away you wipe
And see the limning of a saint—
An old daguerreotype.

The while she posed, a winsome lass,
The soul of girlish grace,
An artist prisoned 'neath this glass
The beauty of her face:
The curls that crowned her maiden brow,
The cheeks as cherries ripe—
A legacy from Then to Now,
An old daguerreotype.

'Tis meet that such a face, so pure,
Should with its smiles live on,
In hearts of later growth endure,
Though she herself be gone.

In making Haddon Hall the background of his latest romance, Mr. Major shows an estate which had been full of historic and literary associations ever since the Conqueror came over from Normandy. William the First gave the estate to his son, the "Peveril of the Peak," who there built the first Norman house in England. The most ancient portion of the Hall, as the world knows it now, probably dates from the days of Edward the Third. The noble gallery was erected about the time with which Mr. Major deals in his romance. The owner of Haddon Hall, the present Duke of Rutland, is a descendant of the Sir John Manners who married Dorothy Vernon.

**Mr. Major and
Haddon Hall.**

Mr. Henry Austin Clapp of Boston has been writing a letter to the *London Spectator* protesting against

Henry Harland.

the continual use of late by English people of the expression "I expect" in the sense of "I fancy," or "I suppose." The locution is, as Mr. Clapp says, thoroughly objectionable, and has a much more provincial sound than even the American "I guess." It was rather unfortunate, however, that Mr. Clapp should illustrate his censure of the English by quotations from Henry Harland's new book, *The Lady Paramount*. Mr. Clapp calls him "your Mr. Henry Harland," and evidently thinks that he is an Englishman. This mistake of Mr. Clapp's, however, is no worse than that of a good many other commentators who have lately been writing about Mr. Harland with a full knowledge of his American birth but with no knowledge at all of the facts of his life. Mr. Harland did not, as has been said by these persons, compose his early books in Rome, but here in New York, where he was employed for a time in the office of the Surrogate. He had to do his literary work at odd hours, and, in fact, performed most of it between two o'clock in the morning and breakfast time. In that way his first novel, and, in some respects, his most striking one, was written. This was the story of Jewish life in New York, called *As It Was Written*. The date of its publication is 1885, and the pseudonym under which it appeared was "Sidney Luska." He set his own name to his books only after he went to Europe in 1889. The vogue of his last two novels has led to the republication of *Grey Roses* and of another volume of short stories which preceded *The Cardinal's Snuff Box*. We recommend our readers to go back and try his first novel, *As It Was Written*. In some ways it is crude and amateurish, but none the less it has



Yours always sincerely

H. Harland

genuine power and reveals an unusual amount of imaginative force. One of his books, *Grandison Mather*, which appeared in 1889, had little success at the time; but now that Mr. Harland has become something of a celebrity, we should imagine that the volume would find many readers; for we are revealing no secrets when we say that the story of *Grandison Mather* is very largely autobiographical.

•

The death of Henry Gréville removes from the list of French novelists a woman who had, perhaps, the distinction of being the most successful novelist of her sex that France has known since the time of George Sand. She was, at the time of her death,

Henry Gréville



HENRY GRÉVILLE.

not quite sixty years old, and had spent, as is well known, some of her early years in St Petersburg, where her father occupied an educational position. Her maiden name was Alice Fleury, and her married name Madame Durant. Her literary life did not begin until after she was thirty years of age. She may be said to have leaped into something like celebrity through two of her earliest novels, *Dosia* and *L'Expiation de Saccé*, the latter published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1876. A great many of the novels published by Henry Gréville during that period of her life have their scene laid in Russia, and their great success is undoubtedly to be ascribed, partly, at least, to the interest which was beginning to be manifested all over Europe, but especially in France, in everything Russian. No small part of that success, however, was also due to the fact that a number of Madame Gréville's novels are what is called unobjectionable, and may safely be put into the hands of the young. Her dialogue is clever, her stories not devoid of interest. Those who hailed her at the time of her first publications as a new George Sand were, it must be admitted,

bound to be disappointed; she possessed neither the eloquent style nor the penetrating psychology of her great predecessor, and we doubt greatly whether any of her works, numerous as they are, will retain a place in permanent literature. Her literary activity was unflagging, and only a few days before her death, *Le Temps* began the publication in *feuilleton* of a new novel by her—*La Demoiselle De Puygarrou*. It is not generally known that the subject of one of her novels, *Frankley*, is a real incident in the life of an American university professor which was related to her during her trip in this country in 1886.

Several amusing anecdotes are told of her stay in the United States. She visited Wellesley College one day, was very much interested by all that she saw there, and addressed the students in the chapel. As she spoke English fairly well, she did not use French in her address—a fact which resulted in her telling the young women that one reason why she liked them was that they were “so homely!” The writer of these lines remembers having met Henry Gréville once in a peculiarly wrathful mood against Boston society. She had just discovered that a number of the people who went to her lectures were attracted there, not so much by what she had to say as by the desire of seeing the features of a celebrated person. The occasion of her discovery was a conversation she had overheard, in which a certain lady, on being asked whether she would attend one of the novelist's lectures, answered: “Oh, no; I have already seen her at my cousin's reception.” On the whole, however, her recollections of America were very pleasant, and she always liked to refer to them.

Much more stirring than the existence of Henry Gréville was that of Paschal Grousset, who also died in Paris a few weeks ago.

Although he published a few volumes under his real name, he is mainly known as a literary man through the works he published under his assumed names of “Philippe Daryl” and “André Laurie.” As a writer and journalist he is sure to retain a place in history, for it was a

series of articles by him in a Corsican newspaper which brought him, after several retorts from Prince Pierre Bonaparte, to send on the 10th of January, 1870, a challenge to the latter that caused the killing by the Prince of young Victor Noir, who was one of Grousset's seconds. Later, Paschal Grousset was a member of the Paris Commune and its Minister of Foreign Affairs. After the defeat of the insurrection he was court-martialed and sent to New Caledonia, whence he escaped a few years later with Henri Rochefort. He did not return to France until after the general amnesty granted to the Communists, the intervening years having been passed by him in London, where he became the correspondent of *Le Temps*, thanks to his relationship to the editor of that moderate paper, Adrien Hébrard. During the last twenty years he became in France one of the chief leaders in the movement toward the development of physical education, giving also a great deal of time to literature. As Philippe Daryl, he wrote on history and political matters, his best book being *Les Anglais en Irlande*. As André Laurie, he composed, it is said, with the collaboration of his sisters, a number of clever juveniles, intended to acquaint French boys with college life in all lands. He reëntered active politics in 1893, and was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies in 1898. His death occurred on the 11th of May, just on the moment when he had heard of his reelection to the new Chamber. He retained to the last his early political opinions, and died a Socialist.

The late Lord Acton was pretty generally described in the English newspapers at the time of his death as "the most learned man in Europe." This is so like the English, all of whose geese are swans. Not that Lord Acton was at all anserine; for he was a profound student of both history and of theology on its polemical side; but he was a colourless, unproductive scholar, whose learning was so sterilised as to be of no particular use to himself or to anybody else. What makes him worthy of notice is the fact that, although he was in so many ways un-English, he received



THE LATE LORD ACTON.

many of the honours which are usually reserved exclusively for Englishmen of the inner circle. In the first place, he was a Catholic, and received his early education in St. Mary's College at Oscott. Then, instead of going to one of the great English universities, he went to Germany and studied at Munich, devoting himself largely to the history of theological doctrine from a Catholic point of view. Finally, instead of marrying an English lady, he sought a wife in Germany—the Countess Marie Arco-Valley. All these things would seem likely to have put him out of touch with English life and out of sympathy with English sentiment. Nevertheless, he was made Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen; he sat in the House of Commons for seven years; was raised to the peerage in 1869; shared with Mr. Gladstone the almost unique honour of an election as Honorary Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford; and finally became Professor of Modern History at the University of Cambridge. Perhaps an explanation of this apparent anomaly is to be found in the fact that, although a Catholic, he was not in favour with the Church, and strenuously opposed the dogma of infallibility, sharing the views of Dr. Dollinger, of Munich, whose pupil

he had been. The only publication outside of theological and controversial tracts to which Lord Acton set his name, was his inaugural lecture on the study of history, delivered at Cambridge in 1895. It is worth one's while to read this in order to see the workings of a mind which English panegyrists set above the mind of Mommsen. Having read it, one cannot easily avoid the conviction that Lord Acton was, *au fond*, a dull man.

The *Evening Post* of this city long enjoyed the distinction of being, so far as we have observed, the only newspaper in the United States to use the word "pronunciamento" in its proper form. This distinction it has now lost, for lately it has been printing it "pronunciamento"

with the same ignorance that characterises all other newspapers on this point.

The official life of the late Bret Harte is to be written by T. Edgar Pemberton, the author of many well-known biographies of theatrical people. Bret Harte's family have offered to place all material at Mr. Pemberton's disposal, and, in fact, it was their desire that Mr. Pemberton should write his life. The biographer has also the same assurance from Bret Harte's intimate friends. Mr. Pemberton has known Bret Harte for over twenty years, and has been in close touch with him for the last seven years. Recently they were collaborating in a work which, it is said, Mr. Pemberton is to complete.

BIRD CALL

Out of the distance and dark
The cry of a bird,
Like some wonderful word,
As if the dear darkness had stirred,
And had dreamed the dawn lark.

Dear heart, dear and far,
Did you dream of a star
Or a bell, or a bird—
And I heard?

Zona Gale.



THE TRAIL OF TARTARIN

PART II. TARTARIN EN MARCHE.

Probably there is no one who has spent many pleasant hours in the company of the Knight of La Mancha or of the Lion of Tarascon who has not mentally placed one hero or the other in some other environment and found huge delight in thinking over the queer adventures that would have necessarily taken place. This is perhaps less so with Don Quixote than with Tartarin. Cervantes's hero in the sixteenth century was a monstrous anachronism; in the present day he would be an absolute absurdity. Quixotism is a word which has been assimilated into our every-day talk; men of strange moods and unconventional impulses are everywhere dubbed modern Quixotes;

but this is in a spirit which entirely ignores all the poor crazy Knight's mad eccentricities of deportment and appearance. The word Quixotism to the modern mind seems to convey an idea altogether amiable and admirable. It implies a certain kindliness, gentleness, old school courtesy and valour, combined with certain amusing, but very forgivable, peculiarities. In India people used to call Colonel Thomas Newcome "Don Quixote," and in that happy touch Thackeray unconsciously recalled, not the poor, mad Knight, forever being belaboured and buffeted by lackeys at inns which he mistook for castles, but the gallant gentleman, *sans peur, sans tache, sans reproche*.

It is not so with Tartarin. You can

picture him just as he was, strident, gesticulating, pompous and soft-hearted, under any conditions of modern life. Daudet might have sent him to any clime or country, and he would always have been himself, true and amusing. He might have been sent to the Chamber of Deputies (and sat on the extreme Left or the extreme Right, as you will, and one is quite sure he would very worthily have represented his city of Tarascon and the Department of Bouchet-du-Rhône. He would have been a splendid and impressive figure at the Dreyfus trial at Rennes, no matter what happened to be his views and his sympathies. Think of him as vehement and irrepressible as a defender of the honour of the army and its generals; or, on the other hand, as a vociferous and demonstrative champion of the prisoner of Devil's Island, dictating to Pascalon long and bombastic epistles to *L'Aurore* or *Les Droits de l'Homme* or to the *London Times*! Perhaps we had better say at once the *London Times*. Have we not Tartarin's own word that, like Napoleon, he was popular in England?

One sweltering July afternoon the

present pilgrim on the trail of Tartarin, like the great one himself, after a last reverent look at the little streets and squares of Tarascon, climbed into a railway carriage and began his journey toward Algeria and the lions of the Atlas. There is something deliciously humorous, and yet pathetic, in the last few minutes which Tartarin spends in the Tarascon railway station before the arrival of the express that is to take him on his first famous journey. Since early dawn all the town has been afoot, blocking the road to Avignon and the approaches to the little House of the Baobab, pressing and jostling about the gate, and quivering as each new weapon of destruction is brought out by the porters. Then Tartarin appears in the full costume of the Turk of tradition and slowly makes his way toward the railway station, followed by the brave Commander Bravida and Judge Ladevèze and the gunsmith Costecalde, and all the sportsmen and the populace. To avoid the pressure of a crowd, the station-master ordered the iron gates to be closed behind Tartarin and his staff.



"At the first steps which he made in Algiers, Tartarin of Tarascon opened wide his eyes. He had pictured the place a city of the Orient, fairy-like, mythological, something between Constantinople and Zanzibar. He had stumbled into another Tarascon!"—*Tartarin de Tarascon*.

Tartarin walked up and down for fifteen minutes in the midst of his friends and the hunters. He spoke to them of his journey, of his noble game, and promised to send them skins. They wrote their names upon his tablets for a skin as they did at a ball for a country dance.

Tranquil and gentle as Socrates ere he drank the hemlock, the intrepid hero had a word for each, a smile for all. He spoke simply, with an affable air; you would have thought that before departing he wished to leave behind him a trail, as it were, of charm, regrets, kind memories. Hearing their chief speak thus to them, all the ca-poppers shed tears; some even felt remorse, among them Judge Ladevèze and Bezuquet, the apothecary. The trainmen wept in corners. Outside,



"A regular cut-throat place that upper town. Little, narrow, black alleys, clambering upward on steps between two rows of mysterious houses, whose overhanging roofs, meeting together, form a tunnel."—*Tartarin de Tarascon*.

the populace gazed through the bars and shouted: "Vive Tartarin!"

At last the bell rang. A dull rumbling, a shrill whistle, shook the roof. . . . "Take your places, messieurs, your places!"

"Adieu, Tartarin! . . . adieu, Tartarin!"

Do not smile at his tears. It was Tarascon that he was leaving; the land of the bright sunshine, where people sing and dance and laugh; the land which Tartarin has called the "country of the Bon Dieu." Far be it from any one to deny the truth of Tartarin's words; yet one cannot evade

the suspicion that it was of this little white town of Tarascon that Mr. Dooley was thinking when he coined his phrases about "the home of the brave and the land of the 'flea.'"

II.

Here and there about this round earth—even in its widely travelled parts—there may be found spots of which the ubiquitous Herr Baedeker and his host of collaborateurs have had as yet nothing to say. There still remain certain lines along which the weary pilgrim may travel without reading: "As the train emerges from the tunnel we see to the right the Château de Vistelles, besieged by Charles Martel in the Wars of the Spanish Succession. The train now passes through ——— (pop. 10,013), seat of the ancient château of that name," etc., etc. And it is only once in awhile in the pages of the red-bound books that we can catch glimpses of the streets and landscapes immortalised by Tartarin. The ship *Oasis* slips away from her Mole and lumbers southward, passing to the left the Château d'If. It must have been very early on the voyage that Tartarin succumbed to the throes of sea-sickness. Otherwise Daudet, consummate artist that he was, would not have missed the opportunity to have given us another of those memorable dialogues—Tartarin and the Château d'If—the Lion of Tarascon face to face with the gloomy castle where Edmond Dantès was imprisoned for fourteen years, and from which he emerged with the glory and wealth and power of Monte Cristo. The *Oasis*, as unheeding as the Zouave of the tale, rolled placidly along to the rhythmic thump of the engine, and soon the great rocks of the Marseilles harbour and the splendid hills behind faded into the mist.

They set the table on deck, beneath the awning, and it was there that we plied knives and forks and ceremoniously passed bottles and water carafes—four of us—the captain, the first officer, the ship's doctor and the present pilgrim, the only passenger, for the *Oasis* is not one of the express steamships which ply between the south of France and the French Algerian possessions, but a "tramp" in all that the term implies, running as her owners direct, which meant



TARTARIN ON THE SANDS OF ALGERIA.—"TARTARIN DE TARASCON."

that on the trip in question her course was from Marseilles to Algiers, thence to Oran, Nemours, Melille, Gibraltar and Tangiers, and touching at some of the Spanish ports on her return to France.

The ship's doctor was short and swarthy and black-bearded, with a rich fund of tales concerning Tartarin, only these tales were old and more generally connected with the name of Baron Mun-



"The turmoil of the Great Market."—*Tartarin de Tarascon*.

chausen. The first officer was also a son of the south, but of a different type. Blond, slender, lithe and tall, he needed but an inch or so in height and twenty pounds in weight, and he could have answered to the name of any of Ouida's giant guardsmen. And the captain—Barbasson to the life! Barbasson down to every detail of face and form and speech and gesture. Red-faced, black-bearded, with black eyes that snapped with the gaiety of life, with a great laugh, and a great appetite, and a great relish of the *bon tabac Français*, he seemed literally to have stepped out of the pages of Daudet. In the native purlieus

The sea was shining in the distance. The white roofs gleamed in the moonlight. Sounds of belated guitars came softly on the breeze. . . . The Tarascon muezzin collected himself for a moment, and then, raising his arm, he began his psalmody in a high-pitched voice:

"*La Allah il Allah*. . . . Mahomet is an old rogue. . . . Orient, Koran, pashas, lions, Moorish women, are not worth a damn. . . . There are no *teurs*. . . . Only swindlers. Vive Tarascon!"

And while, in fantastic jargon mingled with Arabic and Provençal, the illustrious Tartarin was thus casting to the four corners of the horizon, on town, plain, mountain and ocean, his jovial malediction, the clear, grave voices of the other muezzins answered him from minaret to minaret, and the faithful in rapt devotion beat their breasts.



"At the same instant the vast hotel, with its three hundred windows, loomed up before him."—*Tartarin sur les Alpes*.

of Algerian cities, how many Bayas are there who laugh at thy quips and bewail thy infidelities, oh, genial Castan! Over Tartarin's own experiences with Baya, over the soft, luxuriant days of his Capua, over the episodes in the stage coach, the wiles of Prince Gregory of Montenegro and the disastrous night-watch in the copse of oleanders, it is best discreetly to draw a veil. In this part of his pilgrimage, one likes best to take leave of him at the moment when he is hurling his defiance at the East from the terrace of the minaret:

III.

When once the figure of the intrepid Tartarin was completely rounded out and given life by the hand of his creator, many of his subsequent adventures and predicaments became immediately inevitable. Just as in the realistic novel when the first half is written as it should be, the author is absolutely unable to carry it out in any but one way, and becomes for the rest of the journey merely a puppet when face to face with his work; so the complex temperament and ambitions



"The first object that daily struck his eyes beyond the fields of grass and corn, the nursery gardens, and an amphitheatre of solemn verdure, in rising stages, was the Jungfrau lifting from the clouds her summit, like a horn, white and pure with unbroken snow, to which was daily clinging a furtive ray of the still invisible rising sun."—*Tartarin sur les Alpes*.

of Tartarin made certain exploits simply questions of time. The portrait Daudet drew of him in the villa of the baobab, and on his way to the club was one that could be adequately developed only by sending him off to realise his aspirations, by making him in turn lion hunter, Alpinist and colonist, disillusioned in all, and yet, by some strange chance, almost

always accidentally triumphant. The legend of Bonnivard chained to the pillar in the dungeon of Chillon had for Tartarin a particular appeal; of course, there came the time when, by a strange irony of fate, the Lion of Tarascon found himself, under circumstances far from heroic, incarcerated and overwhelmed with humiliation and discomfiture in



INTERLAKEN.

"Whence Tartarin started on his memorable ascent to the Jungfrau."—*Tartarin sur les Alpes*.



"Nine o'clock was ringing from the belfry of Chamonix of a cold night shivering with the north wind and rain."—*Tartarin sur les Alpes*.

Bonnivard's dungeon. And it was just as inevitable that in the days when his glory had departed, on the return from the disastrous attempt at colonisation in Port Tarascon, it should have been his hand that unintentionally wrought harm to the sacred effigy of La Tarasque, the venerated *grand'mère*.

The trail of Tartarin on his memorable invasion of Switzerland is one which has been unconsciously followed, though less adventurously, by a great many in making the conventional tour; and as one takes the climbing railway leading from the shores of Lake Lucerne to the Rigi-Kulm, it needs but little imag-



"This castle of Chillon about which the P. C. A. had never for two days ceased to discourse to his dear Alpinists, and in which, by the irony of fate, he found himself suddenly incarcerated without knowing why."—*Tartarin sur les Alpes*.



GIBRALTAR—TARTARIN IN HUMILIATION.—“PORT TARASCON.”

ination to picture the P. C. A. toiling painfully upward through the yellow fog and his astounding appearance among the guests of the hotel on the summit. The scenes of Tartarin's second series of exploits are all along the beaten paths of travel — Interlaken, Geneva, Chillon, Montreux, the Brunig Pass, Bâle, Lucerne—and it is in the contrast between these places as they are in reality and as they have appealed to the Tarasconian imagination that *Tartarin sur les Alpes* is builded. And what is more natural than that Tartarin, when his illusions begin to be shattered, should go to the other extreme and swallow greedily the confidences of Bompard, “The Impostor,” who, in reply to Tartarin's comment on Switzerland, bursts out laughing, says that there is no Switzerland, and that the land bearing the name is nothing more than a vast Kursaal, manipulated by a company with vast resources, and engineered and machine-worked like the under stage of the Paris Opera.

“But the crevasses, my good fellow, those horrible crevasses. . . . Suppose one falls into them?”

“You fall on snow, Monsieur Tartarin, and you don't hurt yourself; and there is always

at the bottom a porter, a hunter, at any rate, some one who picks you up, shakes and brushes you, and asks politely: ‘Has monsieur any luggage?’”

To those who through long association with Tartarin in the pages of Daudet have come to think of him with real affection—that kind of affection which one gives to a select few in fiction: a select few such as Colonel Thomas Newcome, and Jeanie Deanes, and Little Dorrit, and good-for-nothing Rip Van Winkle, and Parson Adams, and Amelia Natty Bumppo, and, of course, the Knight of La Mancha—his triumphs, although they be the result of the most outrageous blunders, bring positive thrills. With him they share the glory of Tarascon's reception after the invasion of Algeria, and glow with pride over his light-heartedness and valour when face to face with the perils of the Jungfrau. To them *Port Tarascon* never can quite appeal. Tartarin shorn of his greatness; Tartarin dying in exile in Beaucaire! Then, somehow, the laughter ceases, the cloak falls away, and at the last moment is revealed the gentle, tender, kindly, warm-hearted being within.

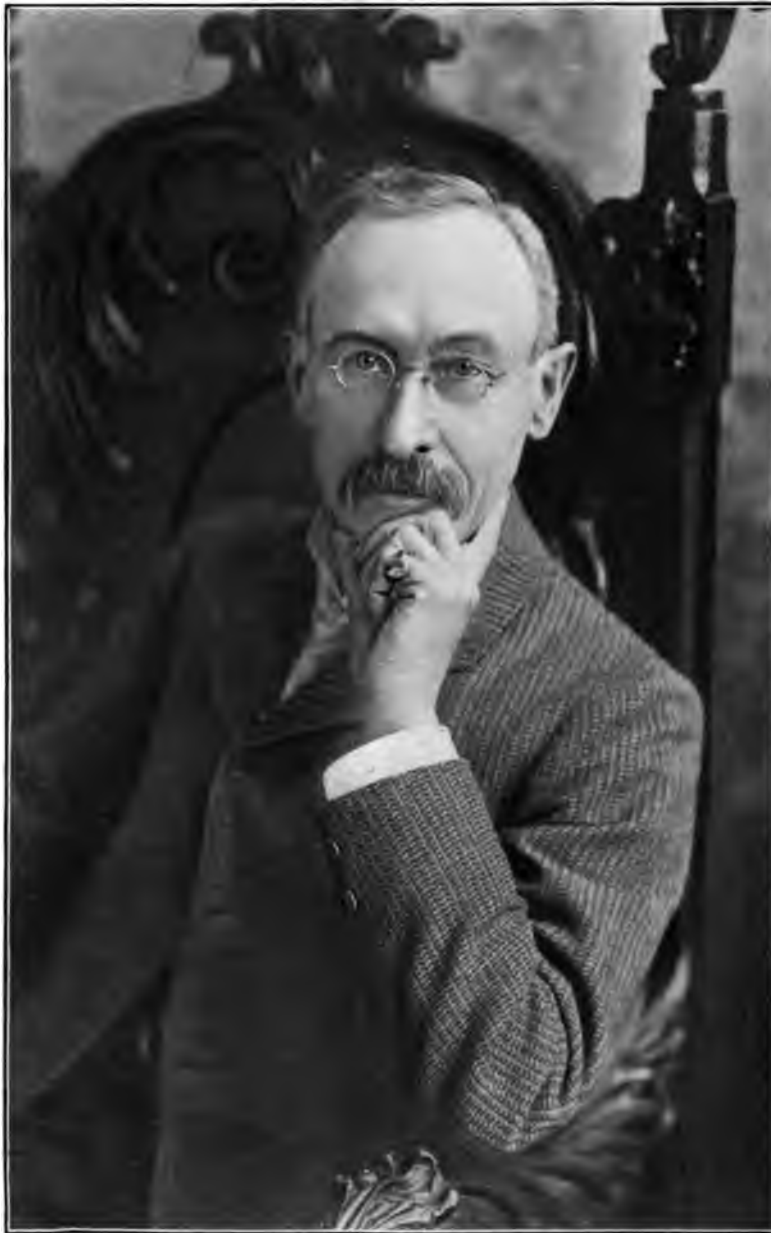
Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A DIME-NOVELIST

AN INTERVIEW.

He carried no six-shooter at his belt; he wore no false whiskers to deceive me; he seemed "the mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat," this arch-author of romance, the king of

dime-novelists, whose pen has tracked and slain more villains and rescued more heroines than Dumas himself. His editions are not measured by thousands, but by cart-loads; he probably holds the



EUGENE T. SAWYER.

world's championship for story writing, with upward of seventy-five books to his discredit.

As the professional humourist has usually a mournful visage, so no doubt all writers of "yellow-backs" and "shilling shockers," to be typical of the trade, should wear a patient and gentle face. Nature flies to extremes; she delights in paradoxes, and Eugene T. Sawyer, author of most of the "Nick Carter" adventures, is himself a genial, sadly smiling gentleman, whose greatest care is for his geraniums when he leaves the office of the San José newspaper where he holds the city editor's desk. But he has his own philosophy to account for it, and his own reasons why he does not choose to "dress the part," like Charles F. Lummis or Joaquin Miller, in boots and buckskins and sombrero.

"To a man whose life is measured by yards of ribbon and pounds of cheese, or bounded by the four dingy walls of a counting house," he said, "a dime novel is a revelation and a delight. Most of my readers are mere 'supers' on the stage of life. They are not in themselves picturesque. Nothing romantic ever happens to them. For all these, hungry for something to take them out of themselves, the dime novel provides a thrill per page, the only real mental stimulus they are capable of. The heroes that strut through the pages of the 'yellow-back' are the only interesting persons they ever hobnob with. No wonder they love Nick Carter."

But it must not be thought that Mr. Sawyer takes his work seriously. The excitement that the chambermaid

and stable-boy gets in reading these lurid escapades the author received in writing them. He not only has a record for quantity, but for speed.

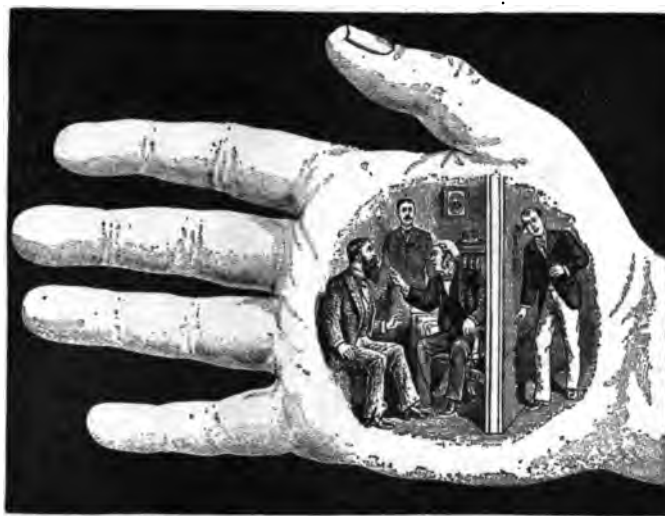
"The fastest work I ever did," Mr. Sawyer said, "was once when I got an order by wire from Street and Smith, saying that one of their regular writers had failed them, and asking if I could send them a story of 60,000 words in four days. Of course I accepted. And that, too, was in the days of longhand, before typewriters were common. As usual, I procrastinated, and two days had elapsed before I thought about the story. Then I locked myself into my room and began, writing in lead pencil, while my wife cop-

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A DEAD MAN'S HAND; Or, Nick Carter's Matchless Method;

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NICK CARTER."



CRICK HAD HIM EAT TO A TIME WHEN CONFINED WITH HIS CHIEF'S ROOM, AND BY MEANS OF WHICH HE WAS ABLE TO OVERTHEW ALL THAT WAS SAID.

ied my work in ink. I didn't eat nor sleep, living on coffee alone, till the novel was completed, in about sixty hours. In order to have the manuscript reach the publishers on time, I had to have it in the post-office at noon, and I caught that mail with something less than a minute to spare. When I saw *Captain Crash* in print, it was just like reading a new book. I had forgotten absolutely everything about the plot and characters, having written almost automatically."

"How do you go to work?" I inquired. "Do you block out your plot first, and have a general idea of your people?"

"I begin thinking with the first word set down, and not before," he said. "Of course, I must begin with something that will attract interest. The old method used to be something like this:

"'Help! Help! Help!' These words rang out into the air on a cold November night, in a little town not twenty miles distant from New York. Some one was in dire need, but the whole country seemed utterly deserted.

and then immediately there was a row of stars, after which the paragraph went on:

"Twenty years ago, Ephraim Gobson was the most respected citizen in New Potsdam, and Huldah, his sunny-haired daughter, was called the prettiest girl in the village, etc., etc.

But I fancy I revolutionized the opening of the dime novel. Writers for the magazines have learned how necessary it is to begin the plot with the first word, and do it perhaps more artistically, but it's the same principle. Here are some of my beginnings. For instance, in *Ramon Aranda, the California Detective*, I start:

"'We will have the money, or she shall die!'

or, in another one I thought rather striking:

"'Swear the defendant!'

and in *The Dead Man's Hand* the opening line was this:

"'It is a case of mysterious disappearance. Mr. Carter!'

Sometimes it is harder to get a good opener than a good title, though the title

and the 'cover situation' are what usually sell the book. That last quotation is from *The Dead Man's Hand; or, Nick Carter's Matchless Method*. The main title was suggested to me by the publishers, who thought it would sell well, and from that phrase I built up the whole book."

"But what is your method when you're once started?" I asked. "No matter how cheap a tale is, it must be built up on some kind of system. You must have 'architecture' of sorts in order to hold the reader's interest."

"You are right," Mr. Sawyer said. "And, indeed, this particular kind of dramatic quality is hard to get. I doubt if many 'legitimate' authors could contrive to build up a plot with climax after climax, like a house of cards, so cleverly that at the last push the whole mystery would fall down. And that is what is necessary. The principle seems to be, first, that every chapter shall contain a sensation, then that these situation-sensations shall be cumulative, growing harder and harder for the hero, until at last the knot is untied in the most unexpected way possible. I make no sketch of my plot, nor outline my chapters, but I suppose I feel it naturally. I get my hero into an apparently inextricable situation,—bound and gagged on the edge of a bottomless pit, perhaps; then I get up from my desk, walk about the room awhile, light a cigar, then—sit down to my paper and pull him out of danger. Of course, there is some main thread in my mind. If a man mysteriously disappears, I have the solution in my head and work toward that."

"Are there no other 'unities' necessary in the dime novel," I said, "besides these considerations of suspense?"

"Yes! Decidedly. First, there is the moral 'unity.' The trend of the whole story must be moral. Virtue must triumph, vice and crime must not only be defeated, but must be painted in colours so strong and vivid that there is no mistake about it. The stories of the James boys are the only exceptions I know; but, after all, they came to grief at last. A criminal, according to dime-novel ethics, can never for a moment have a decent, charitable thought. We cannot deal with mixed motives. Remember, please, this is not life, but popular fiction. We are

playing with puppets—with villains, heroes, heroines and detectives. And they must pair off according to an established custom. The detective must not fall in love with the heroine, however beautiful, nor she with him, although he has rescued her from danger and dishonour. No, she is created to love the hero, and love she must. Our psychology is all ready-made and of the simplest kind."

"But how much do you get for these stories?" I asked. "I wonder that it is worth your while."

"Oh, I have retired long since," said Mr. Sawyer. "As I explained, I did it partly for the fun of it and the love of excitement. As to pay, I used to get fifty dollars apiece for the Nick Carters, and they ran to about 25,000 words. The Log Cabin novels were twice as long, or 50,000 words, and I got \$100 apiece, so the pay averaged two dollars a thousand words. I 'Americanised' one of the Nick Carters from Gaboriau in three days once, and once I turned out three 50,000-word novels in a month. Then I did serials for the *New York Weekly*. I have written about seventy-five novels in all."

I gasped. "And Nick Carter was the most famous of your heroes?"

"He not only was, but still is! They have put other men at work on him. Indeed, even while I was writing I was one of three men who were creating his adventures, and sometimes we got each other into queer troubles. Why! Nick Carter was actually killed three times, and we had a hard time bringing him to life with any plausible explanation. And Nick Carter still goes on with his exploits.


What's more strange, he doesn't grow old. He's still the young, impetuous, dashing detective that he was twenty years ago, and when I am in my grave I suppose my hero will still rescue unfortunate damsels and hold up ten hardened criminals with one gun. He's immortal."

"Where did you get your idea for him?"

"I used to be a court reporter in the early days here, when there was any amount of picturesque crime doing; and, besides that, I knew Vasquez well. He was the most noted of the Spanish Californian brigands. I've written a book about him. My court work led me into a pretty thorough acquaintance with all kinds of criminals, and I had plenty of

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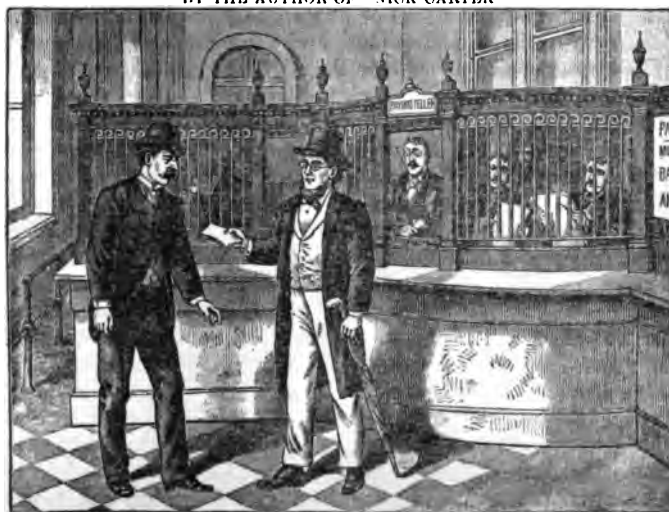
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TRICKED AND TRAPPED;

Or, Nick Carter's Green Goods Haul.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NICK CARTER"



"HERE YOU ARE," SAID NICK, AND HE HELD OUT THE MONEY TO THE GREEN GOODS MAN

material in my head all the time. But perhaps my chief inspiration was old Ned Buntline, who was really the first one to write 'penny dreadfuls' and the inventor of the 'dime novel.' He made Buffalo Bill famous, but he was vastly more picturesque himself than Bill or than any of his own characters. He began by writing for the New York *Mercury*. He was a graduate of Annapolis, and served awhile in the United States Navy, during which time he fought thirteen duels with his brother officers and escaped without a scratch. He was in the Civil War as a colonel of a New York regiment of volunteers, but was cashiered for drunkenness and sent home. Then he reformed and became a temperance lecturer. In that capacity he came to San Francisco, and there I met him. On his way back East he stopped off at Laramie and met Bill Cody, and wrote a description of him for a leading New York paper. That began Buffalo Bill's fame. Then he wrote a series of tales in which Bill was the hero, and then a play for him in which they both, with Wild Bill and Texas Joe, took part. But Buntline began to drink again and the show dissolved, after which Buffalo Bill went on the boards on his own account and became a celebrity. Do you wonder that I find it easy to provide picturesque events and characters?"

"But your own life has been as quiet and peaceful as your novels are exciting," I suggested.

"Perhaps," he said, smiling. "I got into a thieves' kitchen in 'Frisco once. But my ventures have mostly been commercial. I have been a member of the Board of Education here in San José, and I have visited a schoolroom to see boys hiding my own novels behind their geographies! But now I'm in the newspaper harness, and not likely to get out of it."

I had heard that "'Gene Sawyer" was one of the best city editors on the Coast, and I wondered why he had never had a paper of his own.

"But I did!" he protested. "It ran for eleven days, and was called the *Garden City Times*. You'll never guess who was my associate—Edwin Markham, 'The Man With the Hoe!' It was this way: We got a backer for the sheet, a man with more money than brains, and Markham and I started in to make the best paper in town. He was literary ed-

itor and reporter, and did clipping and stuff for the eighth page, while I did the rest, even rustling 'ads.' Well, in four days I got the advertisement of a liquor man, and it turned out that our 'angel' was a Prohibitionist and wouldn't stand for liquor 'ads.,' which were, of course, the best-paying business we had. Markham and I held a consultation and decided to go ahead alone. We paid our printers by scraping together all the money we had, and ran four days with 700 subscribers. After eleven days the printers wanted more money, and when we had paid them off, Markham and I gave up and walked out into St. James's Park and divided up \$3.75."

"You must have travelled a good deal, Mr. Sawyer," I said, "for from your stories I see you are familiar with New York and the East."

"I was in New York for four days in 1865," he replied, "and upon that brief acquaintance I found my scenes. But, of course, the *mise-en-scènes*, like the characters of my novels, are purely conventional and do not vary. I can get together enough knowledge of places from guide books and maps to satisfy the very modest exigencies of the case; and when I am writing of brigands, of course, I can indulge in California local colour of my own knowledge. For New York, I used Harlem and Brooklyn freely, knowing how little New Yorkers themselves know of such places."

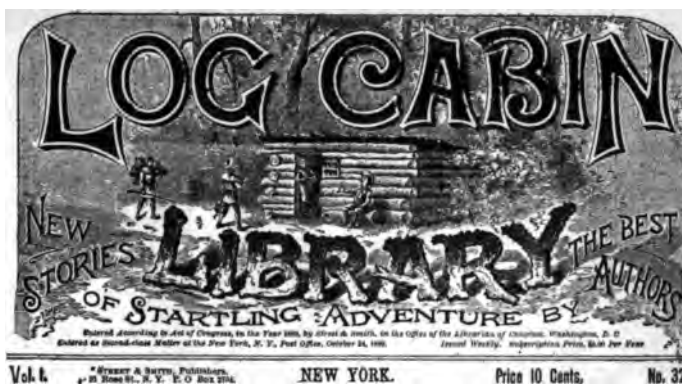
"How did you ever happen to begin such a career?"

"I must confess that I have always been a reader, as well as a writer, of dime novels, though I do not read only that class of literature by any means. I have read them since I was a boy, and still read them, now perhaps from curiosity and because of my knowledge of the technique of this particular kind of fiction. It is not, however, only the 'submerged tenth' who reads cheap stories. I have been into bookshops and seen bankers and capitalists gravely paying their nickels for the same tales their own elevator boys read. I have known literary men to confess that they had read tales as bad as mine with interest and excitement. Such yarns are about as good a remedy for brain fag as you could find. They're easy, and require little effort of the mind. You can read *The Pirate of the Caribbees*

when your nerves forbid ethical discussions. But as to my beginning, my first pot-boiling was done by accident. My wife was sick at home and I was nursing her. I soon had read everything in the house and had to borrow of a neighbour. All he had was a pile of *New York Weeklies*, and when I had finished them I was so absorbed in the gentlemen who gag bandits and ladies who wear daggers in their bosoms, human hounds and boy ferrets, that I thought I'd try it myself and have some of the fun of writing. I sent my stuff to the same weekly and got \$150 by return mail. They say that dime-novel writers are born, not made. It isn't so easy as it looks. Of course, I never made any claims to literary quality, and never tried for a 'style.' My books were, frankly, 'pot-boilers,' and I think I have

sense of humour enough to know where they stand. Still, Louisa Alcott did it once. I'm on a bad eminence, I know. But though my work was all trashy, it never pandered to any depraved tastes. For a dime novel you require only three things—a riotous imagination, a dramatic instinct and a right hand that never tires. I never revised a line or crossed out a word. But I doubt if every one could write that way, offhand, as it were, and turn out a story that a messenger boy could no more leave half done than a fox terrier could stop in the pursuit of a rat."

There was no doubt that he had a sense of humour. Dignified, gentle, affable, the quiet editor of a quiet paper in a quiet town, his work is, perhaps, as well known and as dearly loved as any author of re-



RAMON ARANDA, THE CALIFORNIA DETECTIVE.

By EUGENE T. SAWYER.



pute. He has written not one, but many novels that have sold into the hundreds of thousands. Hall Caine and Marie Corelli might walk down Fifth Avenue hand in hand without creating the enthusiasm this grey-eyed man would meet were he recognised by the Great Unwashed as the original "Nick Carter."

And I am wondering if, rather than being remembered as another brighter light of a similar name is, by surreptitious fugitive bits of lewd verse and prose, I would not prefer to be known—in the hearts of the telegraph messengers—as the author of *Giuseppe, the Weasel, Murdered for Revenge*, *Looted in Transit* and *A Dead Man's Hand*—as Eugene Sawyer, the Best of Worst Novelists!

Gelett Burgess.

ATTACKING THE NEWSPAPERS

It happened not long ago that some one, annoyed beyond measure by the way the world was wagging at that time, threw the blame of it all, as usual, on the newspapers. Slaves of novelty we may be, yet it is an odd thing about current writing that certain topics seem to recur in obedience to a rhythmic law, and to be discussed in about the same language. Society is a good-natured giant with no memory, and it is always safe to print a petulant article on the degeneracy of the press, and, for that matter, to revive the question, Is Woman Growing Worse, or Do Riches Corrupt their Possessor? And if a man have an emphatic little essay on any of these themes or on the subject of Progress and Paresis (showing how the buzz and hurry of our modern life smash our nervous system), we assure him he can have it printed and paid for four times a year if he changes his editor. Ebb-tide topics, some call them, because they emerge from the eel-grass of journalism whenever the waters of thought recede. But they are a sign of the moral steadfastness of the race, and a proof that the usual reader, whatever else he may be, is never the least bit *blasé*. One hears a good deal about the complicated modern man, his nerves and his haste, and his fevers and all that; but in so far as he is represented by the writings of the day, is he not a simple enough fellow? He takes his topics as he takes his meals—the same thing, at about the same intervals.

The press, it seems, is a tutelary institution of superhuman origin, having no other office than to safeguard our liberties and uplift our souls, and when it is perverted to a baser use it is as if an imp were to blow some ribald tune through Gabriel's trumpet. That, at least, is the spirit of these reproofs, newspaper writers being viewed, not as blundering men, but as fallen angels. We wish to be behind no man in rebuking sin, but we hold that it is sometimes proper to dismount from our moral cockhorse and talk more on the level. If we must attack the newspapers, let it be as critics, not as crusaders, for the people who write for them are under no stricter obligations than ourselves, and they are weak precisely where we are weak—in wit rather than in mor-

als—the ratio being ten minnies to one wicked man, both in the press and out of it. Some sort of a humane philosophy is needed for this theme; but there is rarely a sign of anything but a crabbed zeal and a moral standard far too big for any other business. And in spite of the devil's well-known intellectual charms, they call the "yellow" papers diabolical, and when every one's grudge against his newspaper is that it produces in him no sensation at all, they thunder against "sensationalism." The whole discussion is pitched too high, it seems to some of us.

No other profession is so wept over. An anonymous writer recently told how, as a newspaper man, he had started out with the noblest aims only to find that in order to succeed he had to "pander to the Most Low," that his public did not "care for good writing," and that "the worse a paper is, the more influence it has." So he suppressed part of the news, and coloured the rest, and levied blackmail, and became utterly cynical and so bad that he dared not look "his high ideals in their waxen faces." And the story was instantly caught up and reappeared in one place or another under the heading Can a Journalist be an Honest Man? followed by the most awful reflections. Newspaper men are always running down their profession; and if they are young they are apt to be very Byronic about it indeed, confessing to far higher talents and greater virtues than the public has any use for. And the augurs pounce upon these things as signs of the times, and throw us into a panic over the state of the country, and perhaps of the world, and we have the eloquence of our discouragement and pitch into the papers, particularly the one with the tall letters that the cook reads. There is a cruel emphasis on the moral side of the thing, as if we were to reprove every man we caught smoking a bad cigar.

It may be selfish, but a good many of us blame newspapers less for the harm they do than for the pleasure they fail to give. The loss of Mr. Godkin and Mr. Dana has, apart from everything else, diminished the available supply of mere heathen entertainment. From the eulogies of Mr. Godkin that appeared after his death you might suppose he was

missed for his virtues alone; and, no doubt, he himself measured his success by the success of his causes. As if the whole story of a man's life could be summed up in the side he took! As a people, we are not particularly gracious in these matters, and we look our gift-horses in the mouth. The invigorating quality of Mr. Godkin's writing is worth a thousand times more to us than any reform he ever championed. A talent like his was a bounty alike for saints and sinners, which is precisely what a talent should be. From a heavenly point of view, it may make all the difference whether Mr. Godkin was right or wrong; but how can we pretend to a heavenly point of view when again and again we have seen him utterly wrong and wholly delightful? A man's opinions may be deeply grieved and the man enjoying himself all the while; and the readers of Mr. Godkin miss the lively company even of his prejudices. Reform is everlasting, but these personal gifts are not replaced. The press is a better news machine than it used to be, and as an opinion-mill it is quite as good; but it is harder to tell its writers apart, and behind the editorial "we" there is seldom a sign of an individual mind. That may seem a small matter, and if there were to be a mass meeting to-morrow for the reform of the press, you may be sure it would not be mentioned. But we are poor, weak fleshlings, and we remain on this earth, in part, at least, for the fun of it, and the intellect craves its cakes and ale, and, try as we will, we cannot love people for their views alone, or choose our friends for their principles. There is no use in trying to drag every cause before the court of conscience; some things must go to a lower court. But here, too, one might make a moral point as befits a Son of the Puritans, for *ennui* is the father of many sins, and blessed is he that makes us lively in our minds and keeps our naughty bodies out of mischief. He is better than a hair-shirt worn next the skin.

The land has long been insufficiently amused, and it seems as if even a patriot might own that it is a humdrum interval. The hewers of reform and drawers of morals have much the best of it, for there are a million sermons to one work of art. And, after all, the country must not only

be saved but lived in, and the horizon wears an altogether secular smile, and between the clutches of conscience one must find something to do. The trouble with newspapers is that they are not more life-like, do not tell the whole story, do not speak in a natural tone of voice. They share this character with American literature, which is a literature of suppressed inclinations. It is only at rare intervals that there appears some one like Mr. Godkin, who has the air of being at ease with his own thoughts. This is merely the country's bad luck, and not at all to be remedied by the terrific moral invective we read now and then on the subject. Last month, for example, there appeared an even more fierce arraignment than the one we quoted above:

Now between the timorous inanity of the respectable commercialised press and the insanity of the yellow journalism, where is the chance for light and leading for this newspaper-reading country? If the salt has lost its savour, wherewith shall this great democracy get the relish for public issues necessary for the proper digestion of the elements of the exacting problems of self government.

This does not represent our ordinary human feelings toward newspapers. It is a cannonade *en masse*, when what is needed is an invitation to the individual. It is absurd to blame any group of men because they do not hoist up morally all the rest of us; but it is a very serious thing, indeed, that any good, companionable mind should remain in hiding. That is what chiefly bothers us outsiders, such of us, at least, as are not worried to death about the world, lest somebody may break it. It is not at all necessary to be forever kissing the President's toe; nor need one be constantly trundling heavy loads over the cobblestones of his convictions, nor tied so tight to the "policy" that he cannot breathe. Say what you will about the public, we are not a pompous people, and we prefer a living man to any sort of a moral package, though, of course, it is not always safe to say so; and no doubt there are many to whom the platform is more delightful than the soul, and who enjoy nothing they disagree with. So if a good thing be brought to their notice, they worry about its possible influence, like the man who resents your enjoyment of the cool weather because it

may be bad for the bean crop—bad for somebody or something somewhere—he is certain to find it out. It is in this spirit that they judge the newspapers, and it

forces these discussions under the shadow of Plymouth Rock, where few of us can stay with any comfort.

F. M. Colby.



THE BASES OF THE DRAMA

II. THE ACTOR.

Among the conservative-minded the actor, generically speaking, has created a slight prejudice against himself by a constant possessive reference to The Profession, as if his alone of all the æsthetic arts were removed above the plane of trade. But then, has not his brother of the paint-brush also been a thought arrogant in his monopoly of the title Artist? And is the degree Professor wholly free from the blame that attaches itself to self-constituted trusts? In the actor's case this rather theatric assumption of dignity comes on the reactionary swing of time's pendulum with the force of a tacit protest against the persecution of the ages. Yesterday the histrion stood a Peri at the social gate. The day before yesterday to be a strolling player was to take chances of being pilloried, whipped from the parish boundaries. But nowadays, when innocent amusement is legitimated, when Methodists dance and Quakers sing and Puritan husbands kiss their wives on Sunday, those same parish bounds are not large enough to hold the actor. He walks abroad encompassed with a grease-paint, lime-light glamour; social gatherings are flattered by his presence; the hoardings are decorated with his lithographed presentment, the rapt expression of an acolyte on its perennially youthful, clean-shaven face; public prints devote no more space to the affairs of nations than to a consideration of his personal habits, experiments in matrimony, his clothes. And then one runs across him on some fortunate occasion when the foolish portion of his public is not forcing him into an exhibitory pose,

and finds him generally a first-rate good fellow, often a highly cultivated gentleman, with no nonsense but much everyday human nature about him. One rather sympathises with him, though without entirely acquitting him of complicity, because the world never will permit him, like other craftsmen, sometimes to leave his shop behind him at the end of his day's work. Then one realises that to do so would be an impossibility, from the inherent nature of his work. Other men earn their living by their hands, their heads, their vocal chords, while the actor's stock-in-trade is his full bodily presence and equipment, his complete physical man, no less than his psychic individuality. No one whose work is wrought by inward force and fire ever can absolutely lay aside its outward and visible sign. The orator, the preacher, the public man of any kind never can quite become again the undifferentiated private citizen; some turn of expression, some trick of his trade, sooner or later is bound to betray him. If you doubt this, call up your rector on the telephone, for instance, and note the mellow quality of intonation in the way he says Hello! And, spectacularly considered, while your rector is yours only as to so much of him as appears above the pulpit, by the same token the actor is yours from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. Ability to demonstrate, not point of view, but the entire spiritual range, from virtue's highest soarings to the lowest depths of vice, is expected of him; his training is all in the nature of temperamental expressiveness; he must be able to run the full

gamut of emotion in his art. Can you wonder, then, if when you put him side by side in invidious comparison with folk whose life-long habit is socially to repress, disguise, conceal, he may possibly appear somewhat exaggerated?

But all this concerns itself with the man. Let us now place him where he best likes to be and where he belongs: upon the boards. Here without impertinence he may be considered scenically. His private life is his private business, even as yours is yours; but here he is public property in the sense that the pyramids are public property, St. Peter's, or any other art-expression. As such also he must be respected. So long as he is the interpreter of an art-conception, for you, either as an individual or a mass, to thrust on him any mark of personal recognition, or to ask him to betray so much as a momentary cognisance of your presence, either as an acquaintance or an audience, is an impropriety of the first order of heinousness against dramatic art. Of course, a happy day will come when such an elementary rule in the ethics of the stage will be not only assented to but followed, but as yet both theatre and public are shameless sinners in this respect. For example, at a *matinée* performance of an attractive play given recently at one of the leading New York theatres the critical spectator's sense of illusion received a painful blow when the eccentric housemaid of the comedy returned to the stage after her every exit to bow and smile acknowledgments for the laughter her part and the rendering of her part evoked. When the amiable gentleman who presides over this particular temple of Thespis was remonstrated with, he came as near as a manager can come to a blush, and explained that he allowed this barbarous practice at *matinées*, "because it pleases the girls!" Now, while it always is gratifying to please the girls, nevertheless the stage has an educational duty toward the girls, one of which is, even in a flimsy comedy, not to give them spurious notions about art. The girls must be encouraged to play the game fairly if the drama is to grow artistically, as it should in a country where as an amusement it is deservedly dear to the public heart. The girls will have to be reminded that the stage is a room with a full complement of

walls, and that though the one facing the auditorium is invisible, none the less it is operative, in the action of the play. What would be said of a housemaid in real life who, after leaving a room, should return to bow and smile and scrape to a wall!

A great man is said to have set a great example in resisting personal temptation to step outside the stage illusion. There is an anecdote about one William Shakespeare which, albeit apocryphal, is so good as to be what the Irishman termed a Benjamin Trovatore. While he was enacting some rôle, Queen Elizabeth tried to attract his attention with a greeting . . . and failed. Crossing the stage, as the custom of the day allowed, in front of him, again the Queen tried to attract Mr. Shakespeare's attention, and again she failed. Recrossing the stage, she dropped her glove before his eyes, but the challenge remained unheeded; the lady failed, the Queen failed, to divert the artist from his work. At the close of his scene, the courtier came to the rescue of the actor, but at no sacrifice of art. The exit speech was given with this impromptu supplement:

And though now bent on this high embassy,
Yet stoop we to take up our cousin's glove!

The fashion of a direct appeal from the persons of the play to the spectators belongs to a bygone era when at the drama's conclusion the characters lined up, and in quaint doggerel besought the suffrages of the men and women in front of them; but the epilogue, artificial as it now seems, at any rate was in consonance with the nature of play, and was far less inartistic than the prevailing vogue, which summons a corpse to rise and bow acknowledgments while the spectators applaud him for the verisimilitude with which he has just died! The invisible fourth wall of the scene must be respected. Let all the curses of the comminations rest on those who would remove the landmark!

All other æsthetic arts are motionless, or mute, or inarticulate. All other æsthetic arts tell their story by arresting, symbolising, crystallising life. But after life has been translated into drama, for its presentation it must undergo a retranslation through a living medium, employing real men and women to embody fictitious

men and women. This is one of the many conditions that complicate a cold-blooded exposition of the theatre, and this also is a prime reason why art as such, with unwavering hand, must draw her magic circle about the play, because moving with the movements of life before our eyes, speaking to our minds, our hearts, with the human voice, too often in criticism it happens that the eidolon usurps the place of the original; too often the drama is measured by the standards of life without a proper understanding of its licenses and limitations in the realm of art.

But to return to the actor. Not for one minute is it to be supposed that in foregoing his estate as an individual while on the stage is he to renounce his individuality. On the contrary, this is one of his paramount tools. A master mind creates a master part; a Hamlet, for example, which, over and above its acting opportunities, is strongly individual, a tremendous personality; no artist can hope even approximately to realise Hamlet unless he brings a marked personality of his own to the interpretation; and the more he allows this positive force of his to be swayed and dominated by that of Shakespeare's creation, the more will his own personal gifts and quality delight and dominate his audiences. Many a man has played Hamlet acceptably, intelligently, while but few have realised him, for the reason that it needs genius not only to enter into genius, but also to assimilate and interpret it with illumination. And of these few ideal Hamlets no two have been alike, according to that mysterious law by which no two faces are exact counterparts, no two voices vibrate in perfect unison. The similarity between all master-renderings of Hamlet or of any other great part will be found far below the surface in a general fidelity to the psychic and spiritual lines on which the part was conceived. Superficial variants do but emphasise the underlying structural identity, just as in the case where four men bearing testimony to a supreme event and desiring above all things to announce it truthfully to the nations differed as to many minor particulars in their several records—differed in all but the essential truth.

The exact relation of actor to part always has been a topic fruitful in debate.

Certain artists of high achievement depose that while on the boards their consciousness never for one minute lets go of itself beneath the studied rôle; that the stage always remains the stage and themselves actors, playing a part. Others declare that for the time they become so completely merged in the character they personate that it amounts to an obsession in which they seem actually to be living out the life of the marionette within the puppet-booth, the person in the play. Probably each school impinges more upon the heels of the other than it is quite aware of doing; probably a thin overlay of consciousness always is awake to the artificial surroundings, the absence of genuine passion in its antiphones, the presence of the multitude. And, meanwhile, probably the understrappers of the sub-consciousness are bearing the brunt of the artistic burden by a hypnotic self-surrender to the occasion's emotional demands. It is likely that the histrions who are the readiest to explain by what methods they arrive at an effect achieve their finest triumphs when by some happy accident they forget both their method and themselves and play the part with an abandon, a spontaneity that would appear to be the result of Heavenly inspiration. But what an amount of serious preparation the inspirational moment presupposes! The temple must be built, must be kept in order, before ever the divine spirit will descend to dwell therein. Great results in the art of acting can spring only from great cultivation of great natural endowments. This cultivation may have been acquired in no academy; generally it is the pupil of that severest, most uncompromising master, experience, but in some way or another it surely must have been paid for, and at no mean price. Watch the amateur, the talented amateur, at a rehearsal: often he delivers his lines well, with refinement and some hint of dramatic gift, but the chances are that while the other actors are speaking, instead of suffering their communication to reflect itself in his countenance, his attitude, he has relapsed into his private character and is merely awaiting his own turn with rigid impassivity. Rarely does he project his entire being into his rôle; rarely does he comprehend that his telling work must show itself in those silent spaces between the lines. It is in the way

an actor receives communications, rather than that in which he delivers his own, that his art is most severely taxed; for, paradoxical as it sounds, the greatest art in acting consists in being acted upon. A splendid result in histrionism implies primarily a perfect conception of the desired effect, no matter how lofty the ideal, how unattainable its realisation seems to be. And then every muscle of the body must be plastic, every tone of the voice flexible, a trained servant whose implicit response to its owner's will is fixed beyond all doubt. When on such a truly modulated instrument a high conception plays, then one understands why the names of Siddons, Garrick, Rachel, and other hierarchs of a perishable art-expression will live side by side with those of Raphael, Canova, Michelangelo, and all who have left visible memorials of their genius. It is by the intrinsic truth of this conception, this ideal of a part, verified by the artistic consistency with which he carries it out, that an actor must be judged, and not by his explanation of what methods he may think he employs when interviewed. An artistic result of any value always must transcend all calculated methods, though these may have been used as leading strings till the artist has found his power. Were this not so, every apt pupil would develop into a master, every conscientious artisan become a sublime artist. Herein also lies the reason that while good—yes, very good—actors are legion, great actors are the rarest of the rare. To act is a first instinct with the human child, born of the self-preservative need that enables a chameleon to change its hue; accordingly, any intelligent person can acquire the rudiments of the art and learn to play at least a limited range of characters acceptably; but technique and intelligence are not enough. The untaught, unteachable faculty of affecting an audience with a sense of spontaneity and charm is a talent to be prayed for; but that is not enough. Add to physical equipment an honest craftsmanship and that indefinable personal quality called magnetism, then add to these the power of forming a true and consistent ideal of the concept of a great creative genius, and you have the great interpretative genius, the high-priest of histrionic art.

Is it asked which of the two arts, the

creative or the interpretative, is the higher? Let us dispose of the question by calling them sequent, complementary. Also, let us recognise that great dramatists are rarer than great histrions. The world has seen many Hamlets to one Shakespeare.

A fact so obvious as to seem a truism may here be stated with regard to the relation between the personality of a rôle and that of its exemplifier: an actor never need be, often should not be, that which he is called upon to simulate. The historic ghost usually is an able-bodied man. The Juliets of fairest renown have been of an age to be mother, sometimes, it is whispered, grandmother, to "Come Lammaseve at night she shall be fourteen," and this for the reason that it takes the sophistication of the thirties histrionically to depict the unsophistication of the teens. The art of it all consists in presenting to the audience an effect of reality, not a meretricious realism. The drunken character must needs be sober; the starving heroine will do her best work if, as a woman, she is well fed. The "old man" may well be advanced in years, since the youthful are prone to exaggerate the decrepitude of age; but even so, the "old man" must have a robust physique to sustain the illusion of senescence, the quavering voice, the feeble gait, at an even level, night after night and matinéés!

It is not to be doubted that in assigning rôles the happiest results arise when some chord in the temperament of the impersonator vibrates sympathetically to the strain in which the dramatist conceived the part. Does this imply, asks some one, that for a man to play Iago well his nature must be streaked with treachery, that a successful Lear will be an unreasonable parent in domestic life? Heaven forbid! It means that for the time being the actor must be able to project himself with sympathy into the mould that fashioned Lear; that he must enter with illumination into the psychism of treachery. Often it happens that the most felicitous characterisations are in rôles whose salient proclivities are complementary to, or alien from, the actor's own. Stage villains often are exemplary members of the community; clowns, notably, are sad in private life. The actor's art lies in his ability through his imagina-

tion to place himself in such close rapport, psychic and temperamental, with his rôle that wherever it may lead him he can translate it to his audiences with love. And here let me say that the pronoun "he" is used inclusively, since a large proportion of the world's famous actors have been actresses. The highest tribute a play can receive is that people seeing it forget that anybody wrote it: the highest tribute an actor can receive is that people seeing him forget that he does but play a part. After all, it is with the results that audiences are concerned, not with the multifold processes requisitioned to produce them. Frequently it is inquired, "Does So-and-so cry real tears upon the stage?" Or it is complained that So-and-so no longer can be young enough for rôles of youthful romance. Or it is asserted that the great So-and-so does not act, but simply *is* his part! Does it never occur to these fatuous souls what acting, what perfection of acting, dwells in simply being a part, and not one, but many parts, and not only on one golden night of inspiration, but at the end of a long day's travel, or after having heard

bad news from home, and year in and season out. At least give the artist credit for concealing the little arts of art! When So-and-so ceases to affect his audiences with the illusion of romantic youth, then, and not till then, proclaim him histrionically old! And as for crying real tears, that is a matter of temperament, of stage habit, or method of producing an effect. The question is, "Does So-and-so make you and me cry real tears?" If so, ah, then, what art!

The cardinal rules of conduct apply equally to art: as a man spiritually must lose his life that he may find it, so must the artist surrender all self-consciousness that he may arrive at the ideal expression in his art. The artist's quest of truth is like the test of Merlin's "Siege Perilous;" when a man took his seat in that magic chair, seeking its gifts of knowledge and understanding for selfish ends, it seized on him, engulfing him to his destruction; but when one came there single of purpose, and, seeking the noblest ideal, to such it vouchsafed a clear-eyed vision of the truth!

Marguerite Merington.



ESTRANGEMENT

It was so hard to say good-bye,
To drift apart from you,
But harder still to live the lie
That swept the long years through.

Oh, better, dear, it were that we
Down different paths should stray;
Better for us to part than be
So close, yet far away!

Charles Hanson Towne.



RODS AND GUNNELS

He who knows but one class of tramps can no more understand that class of tramps than he who knows but one language can understand that language. This is indisputable. And out of this non-misunderstanding, or partial understanding, much erroneous information is given forth to those who do not know tramps at all. And not only is this unjust to those who do not know, but it is unjust to the tramp. It is the intention of this brief article to correct some of this misinformation; and it is as an old-time tramp, a "comet," one who has served his "road-kid" and "gay-cat" apprenticeship, that I shall speak thus authoritatively.

When I say that the average tramp does not understand Trampland, it will be readily understood that the average sociologist, tentatively dabbling, does not and cannot understand Trampland. A single instance of this should suffice. Now it is notorious that Eastern tramps do not know how to "railroad." The tramp whose habitat has been confined to the East and South can no more "hold down" a train in spite of a "horstilette" crew than can he step into Rockefeller's office and "hold down" Standard Oil. Conditions do not demand it. He is not trained to it. The crews are rarely "horstilette." Speaking out of my own experience, I have been but twice put off trains between the Mississippi and the Atlantic Ocean; while west of the Mississippi I have been put off, and thrown off, and beaten off more times than I can recollect.

But the instance I have in mind. In professional Trampland the United States over, "riding the rods" has a specific meaning. It characterises, not various kinds of acts, but one particular act. Yet the average Eastern tramp and the average Eastern tramp-investigator do not know what this particular act is.

The ordinary tramp hears the professional tramp, the comet, or the tramp-royal, speak of "riding the rods," and, utterly ignorant of what the rods are (because he has never had to ride them), he confuses them with the gunnels and concludes that he, too, has "ridden the rods." And not only this, for he describes the operation to the tramp-investigator, poses on the gunnels before a camera, and the erroneous picture is reproduced in our magazines, labeled "Riding the Rods."

Now, what are the gunnels? As correctly described but incorrectly named, they are "the truss rods which, after the fashion of bridge trusses, support the middle stretch of the car between trucks." They are heavy iron rods which run lengthwise with the car, and which differ in number and shape according to the make of the car. While they occur on passenger coaches, no one ever dreams of riding them except on freight cars. And by those who know and who set the pace in Trampland, they are named "gunnels." And be it remarked parenthetically that criteria are required in Trampland as well as any other land. Somebody must set the pace, give the law, sanction usage.

Anybody with arms and legs can ride the gunnels. It requires no special trick or nerve, and this in the face of the dictum of the ordinary tramp (the "gay-cat" and stew-bum), who swells proudly and narrates valorously in the presence of the stray and passing sociologist.

But to "ride the rods" requires nerve, and skill, and daring. And, by the way, there is but one rod, and it occurs on passenger coaches. Idiomatically, it becomes "rods," just as idiomatically we speak of "riding trains." As a matter of fact, I have never yet met a man who made a practice of riding more than one train at a time. But to return. One

never rides the gunnels on "passengers;" one never rides the rods on "freights." Also, between the rod on a "four-wheeler" and the rod on a "six-wheeler" there is the difference of life and death.

A four-wheel truck is oblong in shape, and is divided into halves by a cross-partition. What is true of one-half is true of the other half. Between this cross-partition and the axle is a small lateral rod, three to four feet in length, running parallel with both the partition and the axle. This is *the* rod. There is more often than not another rod, running longitudinally, the air-brake rod. These rods cross each other; but woe to the tyro who takes his seat on the brake-rod! It is not *the* rod, and the chance is large that the tyro's remains will worry and puzzle the county coroner.

Let me explain how such a rod is ridden. One may take his seat on it when the train is stationary. This is comparatively easy. But the "comet" and the "profesh," the men who ride despite "horstle" crews, are wont to take their seats while the train is under way. This is how it is done, and since I have done it often, for clearness let me describe it in the first person:

The train is pulling out and going as fast as a man can run, or even faster. Time, night or day; to one who is familiar it does not matter. I stand alongside the track. The train is approaching. With a quick eye I select the coach and truck—the forward truck, so that, sheltered by the cross-partition, I shall avoid "punching the wind." I begin to run gently in the direction the train is going. As "my" truck comes closer I hit up my pace, and just before it reaches me I make one swift spurt, so that when it is abreast of me the respective velocities of the train and myself are nearly equalised. At this moment (and it must be the moment of moments and neither the moment before nor the moment after), at this moment I suddenly stoop, reach under the car and seize hold of the first gunnel; and at this same instant I lift my feet from the ground, swing my body under the car and bring my feet to rest on the brake-beam. The posture is undignified and perilous. My feet are merely resting, my whole weight is supported by my arms, the car above me is rolling and

jolting, and my back is toward the rails singing beneath.

But, hand over hand, I haul myself in till I am standing in a doubled position on the brake-beam. It will be noted that I am still *outside* the truck. Between the top of the truck and the bottom of the car is a narrow space, barely sufficient to admit a man's body. Through this I squeeze, in such manner that my feet still remain *outside* the truck on the brake-beam, my stomach is pressed against the *top* of the truck, and my head and shoulders, unsupported, are *inside* the truck. I say "unsupported," and I mean it, for beneath my chest is the rapidly revolving axle. This I dare not touch, but must thrust my head and trunk, snake fashion, over and past it and down till I can lay my hands on either the brake-rod or the cross-rod. This done, my head and shoulders are now lower than my hips (which are on top the truck), and I must draw my hips, legs and feet over and down across that moving axle without touching. Squirming and twisting, this is accomplished, and I sit down on the cross-rod, back resting against the side of the truck, one shoulder against the cross-partition, the other shoulder within a couple of inches of the whirling wheel. My legs are disposed along the rod to where my feet rest on it at the opposite end within an inch or so of the other wheel. More than once I have had a wheel rasp against my shoe or whizz greasily on my shoulder. Six or eight inches beneath me are the ties, bounding along at thirty, forty, or fifty miles an hour, and all in the world between is a slender swaying rod as thick as a man's first finger. Dirt and gravel are flying, the car is bounding overhead, the earth flashing away beneath, there is clank and clash, and rumble and roar, and . . . this is "riding the rods."

As I write I have before me my "ticket." I have ridden countless miles on it. It is a piece of three-quarter-inch pine, well seasoned, four inches wide by five long. Across it a rude groove has been gashed with a jack-knife. Into this groove the rod fits, and on this piece of wood the man sits. It is a small affair. When not in use I carried it in my hip pocket. Yet I have seen the passing sociologist and tramp-investigator, in the course of mis-describing rod-riding,

speak of "tickets" which were four-foot planks!

I remember being "ditched" on a little "jerk" road in the French country near Montreal. With me were two other "stiffs," Vancouver Ned and Chi Slim. Vancouver Ned was a tramp-royal. He was just back from across the pond and was returning to Vancouver. Chi Slim, as his "monica" denotes, hailed from Chicago. He thought of himself as a "blowed in-the-glass stiff," and so far as his experience went he was so blown, but his experience was quite limited. His seven years of tramping had been narrowly confined. He was not a product of rigid selection. A certain repressed eagerness alternated with fits of timidity, and one could see at a glance that this was his first big adventure. He had broken out of his habitat and was at last on the great "road." And as befitted one honoured by the companionship of a "comet" and a tramp-royal, he deemed it necessary to put on a wise "front." He was a bold, bad man, and the chests he threw amused Vancouver Ned and me. Since he was bound West, we knew he stood in need of education, and Vancouver Ned kindly proceeded to "put him wise" concerning the "railroading" he would have to do ere he achieved West. Vancouver Ned mentioned riding the rods as necessary for getting over the ground. Oh, he knew all about riding the rods, did Chi Slim; he was no "gay cat." I saw that he needed fetching down a peg or so, told him that I knew he did not know, and challenged him to go down to the railroad yards and show us the rods. He led the way confidently, and, as we had suspected, pointed in triumph to the gunnels!

Another current and widespread misconception is that the train crews (the "shacks"), if they wished, could prevent all tramps from riding. It is undeniable that if they tried they could prevent many tramps from riding, but it is deniable that they could prevent all. There are probably some several thousand tramps in the United States who can successfully defy any such attempt, while the very attempt would develop many thousand more—the men who "hold down" trains in spite of the crews "horstile" or otherwise. I have forced an Overland Mail to stop five times, and then indulged the anxious-

eyed passengers with a rough-and-tumble with the "shacks" before I was finally "ditched." But this was in broad daylight and I was handicapped. Had it been night time, barring accidents, they could not have kept me off. But they were carrying the mails, and a policy of stopping five times for every tramp along the track is on the face of it absurd. As Josiah Flynt has pointed out, to completely rid a railroad of tramps a police service is necessary. The trainmen have other functions to perform. And as to the brakemen being passively consenting parties to the free freighting of hobos, well, and what of it? It's easier to than not to; and further, more than one overzealous "shack" has been strewn in fragments along the right of way by tramps who elected to become "horstile."

The point of this article is: *that when the lesser local tramps are themselves ignorant of much of the real "road," the stray and passing sociologist, dealing only with the lesser local tramps, must stand in corresponding ignorance.* Such investigators do not deal with the genuine "profesh." The tramps they probe and dissect are mere creatures, without perspective, incapable of "sizing up" or understanding the Underworld in which they live. These are the *canaille* and *bourgeoisie*, these "gay cats," "bindle stiffs," "stake men," "shovel bums," "mushers," "fakirs" and "stew bums." As well might the Man from Mars get a lucid and philosophic exposition of twentieth-century sublunary society from a denizen of Mulberry Street as the stray and passing sociologist get a clear and searching exposition of the "road" from these men.

The "profesh" do not lend themselves to putting inquisitive "mugs" wise. They do not lend themselves to putting any one wise save their own "prushuns." Nor can the superficial investigator come to know the "profesh" by merely "hitting the road." So far as they are concerned, he will be despised as a "gay cat," or, in more familiar parlance, as a short horn, a tenderfoot, a new chum. He cannot know the "profesh" until he has hobnobbed with them, and he cannot hobnob with them until he has qualified. And he may be so made that he can never qualify. Thousands of men on the "road" are unfit to be "profesh;" it is

impossible for them to be "profesh." The "profesh" are the aristocracy of their Underworld. They are the lords and masters, the aggressive men, the primordial noble men, the *blond beasts* of Neitzsche, lustfully roving and conquering through sheer superiority and strength. Unwritten is the law they impose. They are the Law, the Law incarnate. And the Underworld looks up to them and

obeys. They are not easy of access. They are conscious of their own nobility and treat only with equals. Unless the investigator qualify, as Josiah Flynt qualified ("The Cigarette"), he will never know them. And unless he be able to qualify and know them, he will be no fit exponent of the Underworld to the Upperworld.

Jack London.



THE POETS LAUREATE OF ENGLAND

The practice of crowning with laurel victors in intellectual contests is said to have prevailed under the Roman Empire from Domitian till Theodosius, when it was abolished as a remnant of paganism. Petrarch was publicly crowned in the capitol of Rome, in 1341, and a picturesque description of the scene is preserved in Gibbon; Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenford, in the *Canterbury Tales*, says he has learned the story of Griselda from Petrarch, "the laureate poete." Tasso was laureated *post mortem* in April, 1595, the poet having unfortunately died the night before the ceremony was to have taken place. From an early period in the history of our English Court we find mention of an officer called "Versificator," *Protovates*, or *Archipoëta*, and in the thirteenth century the stipend attached to the post was one hundred shillings per annum. Robert Baston was minstrel on these terms to Edward II., whom he accompanied "up North;" but the victory he was especially engaged to celebrate did not come off. Baston was captured by the Scots, and had to write a poem to *their* taste before he could obtain his release. Chaucer had a pitcher of wine daily from the well-stocked table of Richard II., besides several royal grants. Chaucer was addressed as "laureate" by poetic disciples. Gower and Lydgate were also styled "laureates." "Beastly Skelton," whom "heads of houses

quote," was, we know, *laureatus* at Oxford, as having attained his Baccalaureate in grammar, rhetoric and poetry; and in 1493 he was honoured with the same decoration at Cambridge. In 1504, Henry VII. marked his appreciation of his poetic skill by bestowing on him a dress, apparently of white and green, on which was embroidered in letters of silk and gold "Calliope." Skelton repeatedly described himself as "poet laureate." Henceforth the title became applied to the royal versificator. Gascoyne, Lyly and Richard Edwards were all Court poets in the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign. In February, 1591, the Queen gave proof of her appreciation of "The Faerie Queene" by granting Edmund Spenser a pension. The pension was to have been £100 a year, but Burleigh protested against such extravagance as unseemly, and the poet eventually received a grant of half that sum.

If a Court pension be sufficient to confer the title, Drayton and Daniel have similar claims with Spenser. Drayton was painted bearing a very bright laurel wreath, which gleams to this day in the National Portrait Gallery, just below the satyr-like portrait of Ben Jonson, and cheek by jowl with the Chandos Shakespeare. But it is more correct to withhold the title until we come to 1st February, 1616. On that day Ben Jonson received the title of Poet Laureate, and a

pension of one hundred marks, by Letters Patent under the Great Seal. The patent under which the existing laureateship is held is dated 26th March, 1630. By the terms of the renewed grant "for acceptable service done unto us and our said father by the said Benjamin Jonson," the annuity was augmented from one hundred marks to "one hundred pounds of lawful money," in addition to "one terse of Canary Spanish wine yearly," from the palace cellars at Whitehall. The pension was to be paid quarterly, and was the same sum that was paid to the King's physician. Jonson certainly earned every penny of his salary by the splendid series

of masques which he produced in conjunction with Inigo Jones. Upon his death in August, 1637, the laurel was, after a delay of sixteen months, conferred, mainly through the interest of the Queen, upon Sir William Davenant. There was a rival in the field, Thomas May, who wrote thus tolerantly of his successful opponent: "He continued very steadfast in his old road, adhered to his old principles and his old friends, writing from time to time new poems, exhibiting new plays, and having the chief direction and management of the Court diversions so long as the disorders of those times would permit." But, alas! the



BEN JONSON, FIRST POET LAUREATE. APPOINTED 1616.

After Gerard Honthurst.

"troubles" supervened, and our brave laureate girded on his sword and fought at the siege of Gloucester; subsequently he was taken by the Roundheads and tried for his life. Milton, however, is said to have spoken on his behalf, a compliment which Davenant had the good fortune to be able to return in 1660. Martyn is said to have characterised him as a rotten ras-



S^r William Davenant
Apr. 1668 Oct. 1668.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT, SECOND POET LAUREATE.
 APPOINTED 1638.

After Faithorne.

cal, not worth sacrificing. A wag remarked he trusted Davenant would never be blind, for if he were, he'd have nothing to hang his spectacles on. Suckling has a similar gibe in his *Session of the Poets*.

At the Restoration, Sir William Davenant, who had been poet laureate to Charles I. after the death of Ben Jonson, resumed his nominal presidency in the English world of letters by becoming poet laureate to Charles II. He

was then fifty-four, and held the resumed post till his death in the year of the great Clarendon's fall, 1668. The performance of which he was proudest, however (and a literal *pièce de résistance*), was written while he was out of office. This was *Gondibert* (1651), an heroic poem, which Hobbes (the only man known to have read the poem through, as attested by his notes upon it) thought would last as long as the *Aeneid* or the *Iliad*. Any attempt nowadays to read the poem continuously ends, says Professor Masson, in gentle stupefaction. Poor hand though he was at epic or lyric, in Davenant's plays there are still signs of faithful allegiance to the *grand siècle* of the English drama. His veneration for the memory of Shakespeare took, as is well known, a rather extreme form, for he accepted with an amused grin the improbable imputation that Shakespeare was his natural father. The lines "In Memory of Mr. William Shakespeare," by a man who had seen Shakespeare and been patted on the head by him, are not devoid of a certain interest:

Beware, delighted poets, when you sing
 To welcome nature in the early spring.
 Your numerous feet not tread
 The banks of Avon; for each flower,
 As it ne'er knew a sun or shower,
 Hangs there the pensive head!

Davenant died on 7th April, 1668, and was buried in Westminster Abbey in a walnut wood coffin, which, Aubrey informs us, was the finest coffin Sir John Denham ever saw. On his tombstone was inscribed:

O rare Sir William Davenant!

A successor was appointed in August, 1670, the posts of poet laureate and historiographer royal being temporarily combined and the salary fixed at £200, which was subsequently doubled. The offices had the further advantages of being sinecures. John Dryden would have been a wealthy man when he secured this appointment but for the fact that the royal salaries were usually two or three years in arrear. Of this laureate's numerous coat-turnings, and how he was satirised respectively by Buckingham, Shadwell and Blackmore as "Bayes," and as "Lau-

rus," it is necessary to say very little. Though first prominent as a panegyrist of Oliver Cromwell, he became a high and dry prerogative man, and no poet can have estimated the laurel crown so highly as he did, for rather than relinquish it, as he would otherwise have had to do

King, but of the Earl of Dorset, on 1st May, 1700. He was buried in Poet's Corner, hard by Chaucer and Cowley. His successor, Shadwell (whom he survived), was "an honest man," in the sense of being a good Whig; he was also an excellent fellow, very fat, but full of fun and



JOHN DRYDEN. THIRD POET LAUREATE. APPOINTED 1670.

when James II. came to the throne, he abandoned his religion and turned Roman Catholic. He was, however, in 1689, dispossessed of his place upon political grounds (for he could not as a Roman Catholic take the oath of supremacy and abjuration), in favour of his rival, Thomas Shadwell, and he died in Gerrard Street, Soho, a pensioner, not of the

good humour, as well as a clever epitomist of "humours," of "the tribe of Ben." Dryden, however, as might have been expected, did his best to make things uncomfortable for him. The capacity of the English tongue as an instrument of satire was hardly known until "Mac Flecnœ" appeared. Of the new Laureate he wrote:



WILLIAM SHADWELL, FOURTH POET LAUREATE.
APPOINTED 1689.

The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull
With the prophetic blessing: Be thou dull,
Drink, swear and roar; forbear no lewd de-
light

Fit for thy bulk—do anything but write.
Eat opium, mingle arsenic with thy drink,
Still thou may'st live, avoiding pen and ink.

Mature in dulness from his early years;
Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity;
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.

Shadwell did not long enjoy the honour of Dryden's full-blooded satire. He died suddenly at Chelsea, in November, 1692; the report that he died from an overdose of opium (to the habit of which he was a victim) was denied by Brady, who preached his funeral sermon. He was succeeded by Nahum Tate. The reason for Tate's appointment does not appear upon the surface. He was an Irishman, an alumnus of Trinity College, and a man whose ability seems to have been superior to his character. He was probably the poet, as Brady was the theo-

NOTE.—Of Nahum Tate, the fifth Poet Laureate, there is, so far as we know, no portrait in existence. Otherwise the set is complete.
—The Editors of THE BOOKMAN.



NICHOLAS ROWE, SIXTH POET LAUREATE. AP-
POINTED 1715.

After Sir Godfrey Kneller.

logian, of Tate and Brady's famous new metrical version of the Psalter. One of these, "As pants the hart for cooling streams," is still familiar in slightly variant forms. In another, "The Prince who slights what God commands, exposed to scorn must quit the throne," a political allusion has been scented. Tate also wrote a poem on tea, and produced an essentially tea-cup adaptation of "King Lear," with a happy ending, which was very popular in the eighteenth century. He "edited" in a similar way Webster's "Duchess of Malfy." Pope wrote of him straining "from hard-bound brains eight lines a year;" but he was not devoid of imagination, and his picture of obsequious choirs of angels welcoming Queen Mary II. into Heaven was the quintessence of courtliness. His pliancy could not prevent his ejection in 1715, and he died the same year in the Mint, where he was forced to seek shelter by extreme poverty. On the accession of George I., Nicholas Rowe, who was an ardent Whig, was appointed to succeed Nahum (1st August, 1715). Rowe, of course, is well known to students of literature and history, a pretty and a cultivated man, author of two famous sentimental

tragedies, *Jane Shore* and the *Fair Penitent*, and the first "editor" of Shakespeare. What little we know of Shakespeare, apart from legal documents and internal evidence, is mainly due to Rowe's collaborator in this edition, the actor Betterton.

art to some great or public occasion, but henceforth it became the custom for the laureate to compose at least twice a year, on 1st January and on the King's birthday, odes in praise of the monarch, which were set to music and sung (after



LAURENCE EUSDEN, SEVENTH POET LAUREATE. APPOINTED 1718.

By Jonathan Richardson, Sen.

Less known is the fact that the "gallant, gay Lothario" is a creation of Rowe's in the *Fair Penitent*. Rowe died on 6th December, 1718, and was buried in Poet's Corner. He executed in his later years several official New Year odes, addressed to the King. In former times the poet had, as a rule, confined the display of his

rehearsal at the "Devil Tavern," Fleet Street) by the children of the Chapel Royal. At first they were usually printed separately on broad sheets. After 1731 and 1758, respectively, they were commonly printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* and in *The Annual Register*. This was the kind of thing:



COLLEY CIBBER, EIGHTH POET LAUREATE.
APPOINTED 1730.

By Vanloo.

Again the circling year its course has run,
And brought about the day that glads the sun.
That by Great GEORGE'S most auspicious birth,
Brought down celestial virtues upon earth.
Let Rome no more her boasted worthies
praise,
They all must yield to GEORGE'S brighter rays.
* * * * *
From Charles Restored short was our term of
bliss,
But GEORGE from GEORGE entails our happiness.

It was left to the Duke of Newcastle, who was in 1718 Lord Chamberlain, first to prostitute the laureate's office by offering it, upon Rowe's death, to Laurence Eusden, a "promising" minor fellow of Trinity, Cambridge; Eusden took courage upon this promotion to take holy orders, and turned out a drunken parson, the "parson much bemus'd in beer," of "Pope's Epistle to Arbuthnot."

The appointment gave occasion for the Duke of Buckingham's "Election of a Poet Laureate," and henceforth, during the eighteenth century, the topic became a favourite one for the satirist. The beer bottle proved fatal to the Rev. Laurence

Eusden in September, 1730, and he was succeeded by the well-known actor, playwright, autobiographer, and hero of *The Dunciad*, Colley Cibber. There were at the time "many authors whose merit wanted nothing but interest to recommend them to the vacant *laurel*, and who took it ill to see it at last conferred upon a comedian." Among the fond aspirants were mentioned oftener Pope, Dennis, Theobald and Stephen Duck, the thrasher. More envious still was the Grub Street nonentity, who apostrophised the King

Great GEORGE, such servants since thou well
canst lack,
Oh! save the salary, and drink the sack.

Cibber, nevertheless, got both sack and screw by appointment dated 3d December, 1730, Duck was consoled by a pension from the Queen, but Pope remained to lead the pack of Cibber's numerous tormentors. Cibber's egregious vanity, a foible not unheard of in his profession, made him a conspicuous mark, and his odes were exquisite nonsense indeed; but, as Johnson said, Cibber himself was very far from being a blockhead. In the comedy of *The Provoked Husband* he



WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, NINTH POET LAUREATE.
APPOINTED 1775.

After Wilson.

did work equal to Vanbrugh's, and his *Apology* is in its way a masterpiece. The reason for Pope's venomous hatred of him has never been quite fully explained, but Cibber bore the brunt of it with an equanimity worthy of a Chesterfield or a Lord North. On Cibber's death, in December, 1757, the Duke of Devonshire offered the post to Gray, who refused it, as an office calculated to humble its possessor. It was offered to Gray as a sinecure, but when the offer was transferred to William Whitehead, the latter was still expected to pay

His quit-rent ode, his pepper-corn of praise,

which is rather surprising, says Mason, for George II. would readily have dispensed with hearing poetry for which he had no taste, and music for which he had no ear. But Mason was evidently rather piqued (in spite of his friend Gray's remark upon the lamentableness, among the petty tribe of scribblers, to find beings capable of envying even a poet laureate) at not having the laurel offered to himself. How else are we to explain this strange exordium to his sketch of Whitehead?—"It would be vain to conceal that he was of low extraction. Let it be then boasted, rather than whispered, that he was the son of a baker." The supine posture which Whitehead adopted under the lash of Churchill—

Whitehead, who in the Laureat chair
By Grace, not Merit, planted there . . .

caused him to be regarded as a very poor creature; his works had to be issued anonymously, and the public applauded both a farce and a poem of his "because it was not known they were Whitehead's." Many "copies" by him are found in the well-known, little traversed treasuries of eighteenth-century occasional verse—Dodsley's, Pearch's and Nichols's. He died 14th April, 1785, and upon his interment in South Audley Chapel the following epitaph, intended for his monument in Westminster Abbey, had to be discarded as a misfit:

Beneath this stone a Poet Laureat lies,
Nor great, nor good, nor foolish, nor yet wise;
Not meanly humble, not yet swell'd with pride.
He simply liv'd—and just as simply died:

Each year his Muse produced a Birth-Day
Ode,

Compos'd with flattery in the usual mode:
For this, and but for this, to GEORGE's praise,
The Bard was pension'd, and receiv'd the
bays.

He was succeeded by a great scholar and a very worthy man, Thomas Warton, who wrote his first ode for George III.'s birthday on 4th June, 1785. The chaplet fresh from the brows of Eusden and Whitehead, it must be admitted that he handed on with little additional glory to the consummate Pye. His professional odes were, perhaps, as good as such forced schoolboy exercises could well be



THOMAS WARTON, TENTH POET LAUREATE.
APPOINTED 1785.

After Reynolds.

expected to be, yet they gave rise to *The Probationary Odes for the Laureateship*, a highly diverting series of burlesques which broke the ground for the more durable humour of *Rejected Addresses*. It is as a scholar and historian of English poetry that Warton is deservedly famous; as a practitioner of verse he is most thought of as reviving the sonnet form, and as contributing, especially by his fine feeling for architecture, to the Gothic revival. The eminently respectable Dr. H. J. Pye was appointed to succeed Warton in the summer of 1790. He was a safe man in those revolutionary



HENRY JAMES PYE, ELEVENTH POET LAUREATE.
APPOINTED 1790.

By Drummond.

times. He was especially fitted to shine as a police magistrate, and he did, in fact, write an admirable compendium of the duties of a justice of the peace. If while still of tender years he could have been induced, like Blackstone, to utter a "A Lawyer's Farewell to His Muse," we should have been spared many examples of the "art of sinking in poetry." As a poet, Pye sank below Whitehead. His reputed *magnum opus* was a lengthy epic called *Alfred*, but the chief event of his laureateship was the commutation of the annual perquisite of a tierce of canary for an annual payment of £27. This payment is still made to the Poet Laureate by the Lord Steward's department for a "butt of sack."

Pye was always made fun of as a poet, and unfortunately there was another poet in the House of Commons at the same time, called Charles Small Pybus. In Pye's New Year's odes are perpetual references to the coming spring. In the dearth of topics, each tree and field flower is described; the lark and every other bird that could be brought into rhyme were sure to appear, and this poetical and patriotic *olla podrida* is said to have evoked the impromptu:

When the Pye was opened, the birds began to sing,

And was not that a dainty dish to set before a king?

From the time of George III.'s illness in 1810 the birthday odes fell into abeyance, but the New Year odes continued even in Southey's time to be demanded by the "Musicianers," to whom the vocal rendering no doubt meant perquisites. In succession to Pye, the authorities had the impudence to offer the post of Poet Laureate to Sir Walter Scott. He refused a place which he feared might stick like a piece of "court plaster" to his reputation. Southey's appointment is dated October, 1813, Pye having died in the previous August. The salary was less than his fee for a single *Quarterly* article, but Southey accepted it as a "godsend," and devoted the proceeds to insuring his life for £3000. He was forty at the time, but his Toryism was still heady and he had to submit some of his *Carmina Triumphalia* to the ripe maturity of Croker! Nor can his fervour have greatly diminished when, in 1820, he wrote his daring "Vision of Judgment," describing George III.'s ascent into Heaven, so cruelly lacerated by

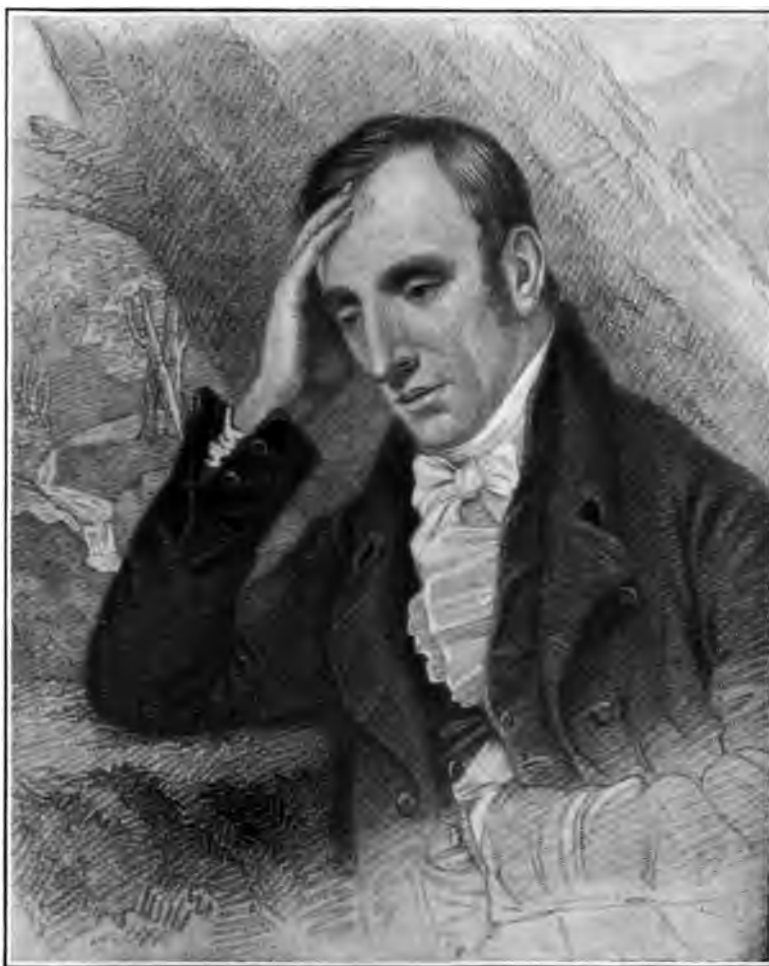


ROBERT SOUTHEY, TWELFTH POET LAUREATE.
APPOINTED 1813.

By Edridge.

Byron. Southey, it will be remembered, in Byron's complementary "Vision" was dragged to the celestial gate by Asmodeus as a libeller of history and ordered to read his spavin'd dactyls to the cherubim and seraphim, who fled in dismay, while George (who subsequently profited by the confusion to "slip into Heaven"), mute till then, exclaimed: "What!

guished Poet Laureate, but hardly even a second-rate poet, Southey died on 21st March, 1843—he had been dead to everything but books for some years previous to this. Sir Robert Peel offered the vacant post to Wordsworth, who at first declined, but finally, shameless sinner that he was, accepted the post on the express stipulation that no duties



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, THIRTEENTH POET LAUREATE. APPOINTED 1843.

What! *Pye* come again? No more—no more of that!" Byron admitted, however, of the multo-scribbler:

The varlet was not an ill-favoured knave;
and elsewhere he went so far as to say that to have his head and shoulders he would almost have written his "Sapphics." A great writer and a distin-

whatever were to be attached to the salary, amounting, it is believed, to £99 per annum.

Who would not be
The Laureate bold,
With his butt of sherry,
To keep him merry,
And nothing to do but to pocket his gold?

He even refused to buy a court dress when, in May, 1845, he went to a state ball, and afterward attended a levee. He submitted, however, to be forced into the garments of Samuel Rogers, and girded himself with the sword of Sir Humphry Davy. More extraordinary is the circumstance that Tennyson was squeezed into the same suit when he went to a levee as Wordsworth's successor. In 1847 Wordsworth set his name to an ode upon the installation of the Prince Consort as Chancellor at Cambridge, but this was probably written by his son-in-law, Quillinan. Wordsworth died 23d April, 1850, and on 19th November, Tennyson was appointed Poet Laureate in his stead, the warrant being signed by the then Lord Chamberlain, Lord Breadalbane. It had in the first instance been offered to Rogers, who declined it on the ground of age. The transference of the offer to Tennyson was due in part to Prince Albert's admiration of *In Memoriam*. Lord John Russell, who was also to some extent responsible, appealed to Rogers early in October for confirmation by the veteran of the Queen's high opinion of Tennyson, about whose "character and position" the inquisitive John requested special information. The Queen herself is represented as expressing anxiety to maintain the office; first, on account of its antiquity, and secondly, as "affording a connection through the household between Her Majesty and the poets of the country." Tennyson at first wrote a letter declining the post, but after dinner a better spirit supervened, and he gladly accepted the chaplet, "greener from the brows of him who uttered nothing base." In March, 1851, he wrote his fine dedication "To the Queen," and among other official or semi-official poems were odes "On the Death of the Duke of Wellington" and "On the Opening of the International Exhibition," the two "Welcomes" to Alexandra and Alexandrovna, the dedication of the *Idylls* to the memory of Prince Albert, and the Epilogue to Queen Victoria. Lastly, in 1887, he wrote the fine Antiphonal hymn, "On the Jubilee of Queen Victoria." He seems to have gradually acquired a fondness for his position as the Queen's "old poet," a position which he invested with dignity for upward of forty-two years, the longest tenure by far upon record. Upon his

death on 6th October, 1892, a number of people who ought to have known better demanded that the office should be abolished. Such a clamour had as much sense in it as a demand to abolish the post of Commander-in-Chief upon the death of the Duke of Wellington, or William IV.'s petulant request that the money destined for his coronation should be diverted from the purpose of a pageant and go quietly into the Civil List. Here was an office with a most interesting history, the traditions of which had been transmitted in direct succession from Ben Jonson and Dryden! A strangely defective sense of historical continuity must those worthy persons have had who would have buried the chaplet along with Tennyson in Westminster Abbey! Instead of raising a tactless clamour for the abolition of the bays, it was obviously the enlightened policy of the minor poet to insist, not only upon the retention of the office, but also upon the resuscitation of its legitimate duties. In this way the laureateship might be made to return a small, but secure, annuity to a not undeserving body of public servants—the parodists of the period. The laureateship may have had a somewhat undistinguished tail in the persons of such writers as Tate and Eusden, Whitehead and Pye, yet the roll of its members is, upon the whole, an extremely creditable one, including, even if we omit Spenser, four great poets, six excellent scholars, and, excluding the too convivial Eusden, a round half-dozen of witty companions and good fellows. Bearing in mind the somewhat incongruous fact that the author of "Wat Tyler" had lived to become Poet Laureate, the dominant feeling in the world of letters in 1892 was probably that Mr. Swinburne ("Aut Swinburne, aut nullus") might have well been selected as successor to Tennyson. Mr. Swinburne's own sentiment upon the matter is said to have taken the form of a conviction that the duties might safely be entrusted to Lord De Tabley. Neither course was taken, however, and it seemed for a time as if the title, as well as the duties of a Poet Laureate, were to be allowed to fall into abeyance. Anarchy reigned on Parnassus. Anxious spirits there were that deemed the constitution in danger, and wrote distractedly to the *Times*. A priest of Delphi had bestowed a branch of bays

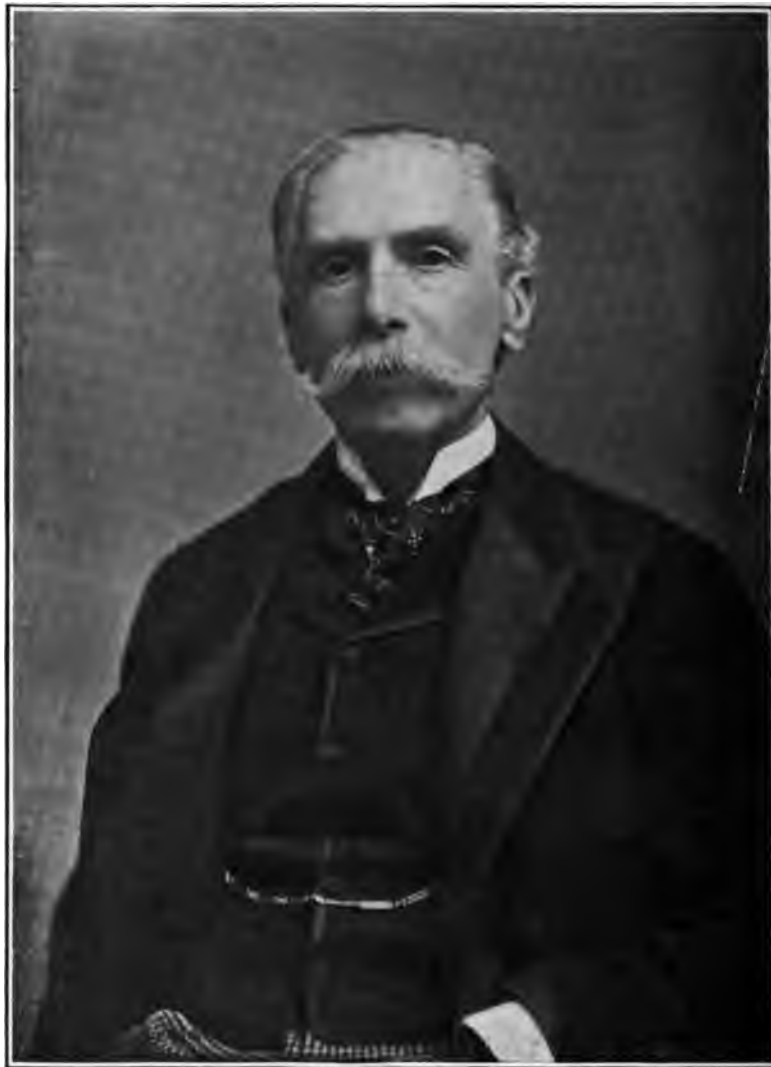
upon one of the ten candidates, who had buried it in Tennyson's tomb. Strange omen! Still the lyre remained unstrung, and the Crown unsung—in the Tower. For over three years the Lord Chamberlain accumulated the salary of the Poet Laureate, and Lord Salisbury deliberated maturely. Eventually, on New Year's day, 1896, a pleasant surprise was sprung

upon the public by the appointment of Mr. Alfred Austin. Mr. Austin's genuine and intimate love of nature, expressed in one of the most charming of modern idylls, "The Garden That I Love"—this and a patriotism as uncompromising as that of "Form, Riflemen, Form," and "Hands All Round," have qualified him to be, in two important re-



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, FOURTEENTH POET LAUREATE. APPOINTED 1850.

From a painting by G. F. Watts, R.A.



ALFRED AUSTIN, FIFTEENTH AND PRESENT POET LAUREATE. APPOINTED 1896.

spects, a worthy continuator of recent tradition. Amidst the good wishes of the multitude of readers and the carpings of numerous detractors, he carries into a

new reign and a new century the traditions of an ancient office which has not a few interesting and many quite unipue features.

Thomas Seccombe.





A MORNING

The glad, mad wind went singing by,
 The white clouds drove athwart the blue,
 Bold beauty of the morning sky
 And all the world was sun and dew,
 And sweet, cold air with sudden glints of gold
 Like spilled stars glowing in the cedars' hold.

I laughed for very joy of life,
 Oh! thrilling veins, oh! happy heart.
 Of this glad world with beauty rife,
 Exult that we too are a part!
 Rejoice! Rejoice! that miracle of birth
 Gave us this golden heritage of earth.

Oh! bold, blue sky, oh! keen, glad wind,
 I wonder me if this may be,
 That some day, leaving life behind,
 Our eyes shall view new land, new sea
 So exquisite that, lo! with thrilling breath,
 We shall laugh loud for very joy of death.
Theodosia Garrison.



MR. DAVIS AND THE REAL OLANCHO

When, in Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune*, Alice Langham asked her father if he had ever met Robert Clay, his answer placed the scene of the story.

"Very often," he said. "He sails tomorrow to open up the largest iron ore deposits in South America. He goes for the Valencia Mining Company. Valencia is the capital of Olancho, one of the little republics down there."

A little later Mr. Davis confidentially informs his readers that "Olancho, as many people know, is situated on the northeastern coast of South America,

and its shores are washed by the main equatorial current."

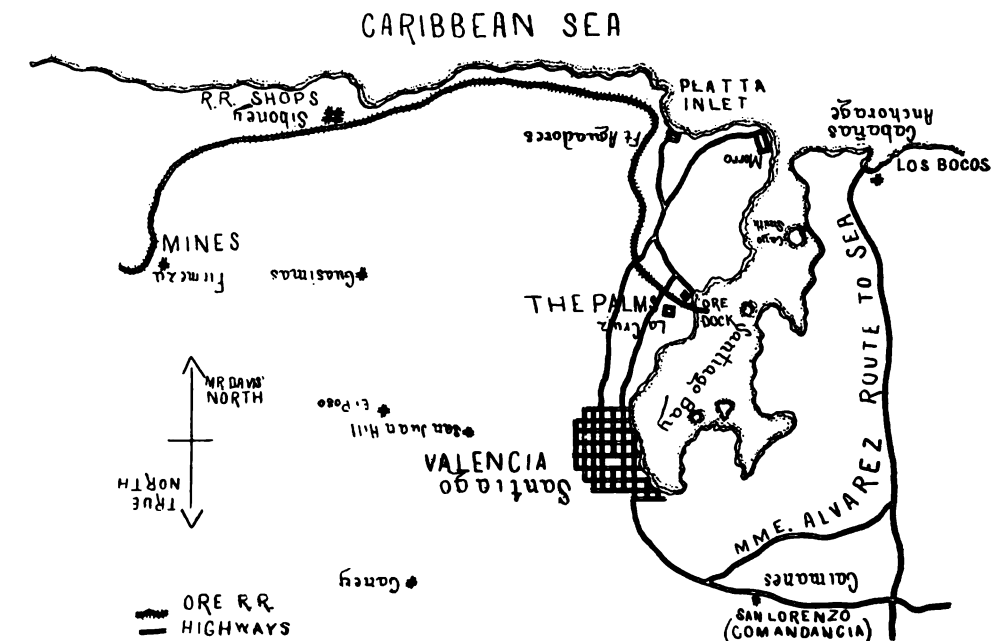
That the actual scene of the novel has not been widely identified is quite remarkable, for within a year from the beginning of the story in serial form the real name of Valencia was on every one's lips. A brave Spanish fleet sailed from its port to meet a baptism of fire, defeat and death before the guns of Admiral Sampson. American soldiers fought their way to Valencia's gates, and after one of the shortest wars in his the United States looked on with praiseworthy pride while her representative

formed the city—long known for its filth and disease, even in peaceful times—into one of the healthiest and cleanest of tropical ports.

To carry the really striking series of coincidences still farther, it may be said that the line of the little ore railway of the Valencia Mining Company practically marks the extent of the army's operations. Shafter landed the major portion of his forces in front of its shops, and from that point the start was made for the battle of Las Guasimas. For several days the site of the railroad shops marked the base of supplies, and mule trains were

war maps which show the country from Santiago to Siboney may be used to elucidate the story, always bearing in mind the fact that the map must be reversed. Valencia was situated on the northern coast of South America, while Santiago is, of course, on the south coast of Cuba.

The accompanying map gives the title readings for *Soldiers of Fortune* in capital letters, while the actual readings may be seen by reversing the page. The sketch—for which drawing to scale is not claimed—indicates only the highways mentioned in the novel. There is a network of roads and trails connecting San-



FOR THE REAL NAMES OF THE SCENES OF "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE" IT IS NECESSARY ONLY TO REVERSE THIS MAP.

loaded there with ammunition for the battle of San Juan hill. At the other end of the line, from the balcony of the Palms, Cervera's ships could have been seen swinging at anchor within pistol-shot of where the *Vesta* was moored, and from that coign of vantage, a few days later, a man with a field-glass might have watched the red and yellow flag of Spain flutter down the Palace flagstaff for the last time. For Valencia is Santiago de Cuba, and Olancho only a background of Spanish-American nationality.

So faithfully has the author followed the true lay of the land, that any of the

tiago with the battlegrounds, which is omitted in order to bring out more clearly those lines that are essential to the story.

It will be noticed that there is another historic name on the line of the railway itself—Fort Aguadores. This citadel received attention from both Admiral Sampson and General Duffield. Very few people are able to figure out just what the latter did at that point, but General Shafter says that he was sent there to make a "feint," and that he carried out instructions faithfully. It is to be hoped that the Spanish have learned this; otherwise they must have formed quite erro-

neous ideas of a manoeuvre in which a brigade of infantry and three warships were employed for a short time against a few Spaniards cooped up in an antiquated little fortress.

The Juragua Iron Company, Limited, which is the true name of the Olancho Mining Company, is one of three great corporations which are accomplishing what Clay advised and began, namely, breaking up mountains of brown hematite and sending them piecemeal to the United States to be turned into iron and steel. The mines are open-face workings, and, as there is no safe anchorage along the coast nearer than Santiago Bay, the ore is transported over a little narrow-gauge road sixteen miles to the company's great dock, which juts a thousand feet into the water at a point a mile or so south of the city. A straight line from the mines to Santiago is prevented by the excessive grades that would be encountered, so the road follows the valley to Siboney, and from that point clings to the rock-bound coast until Fort Aguadores is reached.

It was at the ore dock, alongside of the road's terminal, that Clay, MacWilliams and young Langham occupied a modest wooden shack, where General Mendoza visited them, and placed himself in the position of a detected bribe-seeker. And it was here that MacWilliams had his locomotive shed and kept the canopied-top passenger car in which the resident manager and his assistants made their daily trips to the workings. Up above their home, on a hill overlooking the bay and the city, they built the Palms for the reception of Mr. Langham and his daughters. Those who have visited Santiago in recent years must have vastly admired this beautiful site, with its cool, inviting-looking house and grounds. The place is called La Cruz, and once upon a time a gentleman and his two lovely daughters lived there—which, in this case, cannot be called another story.

It is rather interesting to discover that our army administration had full knowledge of this splendid situation, and carefully instructed our officers to the effect that La Cruz would be a good place to have under certain conditions. In June, 1898, there was issued to the troops which had been hastily called into the field a fat, paper-backed booklet entitled

"Military Notes on Cuba." It was compiled in the military information department of the Adjutant-General's office, and was intended to take the place of a personal introduction to anything the army might happen upon in Cuba. Among other things that our officers needed to know, it gave a description of every railroad, public and private; every highway, and the cities and hamlets upon them; described each permanent military post, fortress and battery; told the contour of the country along lines of communication, and gave in detail soundings and sailing directions for all the ports and anchorages the island 'round.

Of La Cruz (the Palms) it says:

At the last small point of the eastern shore, shown on the military map, next below the city, is located the expensive and extensive pier of the Juragua Iron Company. The heaviest draft vessels can lie directly beside this; but not far from this, and, in fact, at many points of the inner harbour, are shoals and mud banks. Back of the pier, to the southeast, rises a hill two hundred feet or more in height, which affords a most commanding range of the entire city and inner harbour; it is probably the best available location anywhere in the vicinity. It is entirely cleared, except for a single house with its outbuildings, situated at the top.

The book also gives a minute description of the company's railroad, and tells of the highway running from the Palms to Valencia. The novel says:

There was a rough road leading from it to the city, five miles away, which they had extended still farther up the hill to the Palms.

This was the Camino Militar, reaching from Santiago to the Morro, and "rough" was hardly a sufficiently vigorous word for it before General Wood took it in hand, along with other highways down there. Clay would hardly know the road to-day. Mr. Davis, it may be remarked, has more than doubled the actual distance between the Palms and the city.

But, for that matter, it was a broadened, beautified Santiago that Mr. Davis introduced to us as Valencia. Clay bitterly told his assistants when first they met, that they knew the city "from the Alameda to the canal" better than they knew the mines. Santiago has her Ala-

meda on the water front, and, while it might have served for Hope's morning gallops, there is scarcely sufficient room for such extensive military manoeuvres as those Mendoza utilised as a prelude to his brief revolution.

Mr. Davis has also been forced to take many liberties with the physical proportions of the plazas and Santiago's buildings, public and otherwise. La Venus, the leading restaurant and café, the name of which he has not changed, does not boast of a balcony commodious enough for Clay's dinner party to Alice

nial cities. But when we return to The Palms, and the country from that point to the mines, we find that the author has carefully followed the natural conditions.

The old fort at Platta Inlet (Fort Agudores), where Captain Burke hid the rifles, is there to-day, thanks to Admiral Sampson. He has said that he did not have the heart to destroy it, it was so picturesque. However, the commanding officer of the *Suwanee* signalled on July 1, 1898, and asked permission to bring down the Spanish flag floating above it. The Admiral decided to allow the *Su-*



THE REAL VALENCIA OF MR. R. H. DAVIS'S "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE."

Langham; but they would have found ample room on the balcony of the other hotel, rightly named the Casa Grande, diagonally across the plaza and almost under the eaves of the massive, time-tinted cathedral. It may be pointed out, too, that the Palace is a one-story structure, and that the stirring scene of Captain Stuart's death on the great staircase is purely a product of Mr. Davis's imagination. Neither has the Palace such spacious grounds and botanical gardens adjoining as figure in the novel.

It is almost needless to mention the statues of Bolivar and Aduella in cataloguing the things that exist in Valencia, but are not in Santiago. Spain had no cherished nor uncherished images of the Great Liberator in the plazas of her colo-

wanee three shots, and no more. Lieutenant Blue then trained a four-inch rifle on the fort, and at the first shot loosened the staff's support, so that the colours took a dejected droop. His second shot tore away the centre strip from the flag, and the third cut the staff clean away below the banner, dropping the proud Spanish standard into the sea.

Mr. Davis must be given full credit for inventing the name of "Platta," with which he conceals the identity of Agudores, for it is to be doubted whether he could have found such a word, with its double t's, in the Spanish language. When the book was originally published in serial form, several errors of this sort might have been noted, which have since been corrected. To be sure, these are

trifles; but *Soldiers of Fortune* seemed to have had more than its share originally. What may be termed a vagary is the use of "sols" twice in the description of Mme. Alvarez' flight, while "dollars" are used everywhere else in the book. The sol is strictly Peruvian, and wealth is not estimated by it, generally speaking, in any other republic of South America.

One of the names which will be long remembered in connection with the Spanish-American War is Siboney. In the novel it simply figures as the point where Kirkland was in charge of the shops and railroad equipment. It is not surprising that it was not dignified by a name, for it is simply an indifferent little anchorage, and "Siboney" does not even appear on the military map mentioned in the United States army booklet referred to.

It was from this point that Kirkland started with his flat cars to meet Clay, MacWilliams and the rest at the Fortaleza de Aguadores, where the hidden Mannlicher rifles were captured from Mendoza's partisans. It was at the shops, too, that Kirkland mustered his array of Irish, negroes and native troops, armed them with the Mendoza guns, and rushed them into the city to take a decisive part in the second day's fighting.

As to the route of Mme. Alvarez' flight, there may be some exceptions taken to the map. It is essential to the story that a way be shown "to the sea," and the little anchorage of Cabañas fills the conditions as to distance. It may be remarked, however, that if she was hustled along the route shown, with the

horses at a run, the party must have had the ride of their lives. There is an old railway reaching the bay at Cayo Smith, over which copper ore was once brought from El Cobre, and it would have been a kindness to all hands to have had the *Vesta* meet them there. Indeed, it is a surprising thing that Reggie King was willing to trust his beautiful boat anywhere near the shore at Cabañas, if that were indeed Los Bocos.

In this connection the book has several subjects for wonder still left in the late editions. Why was she "Madame" Alvarez, when we are told that the populace hooted at her as the "Spanish" woman? Why a "Theatre National" in a Spanish-speaking city? And why "Los Bocos?" Would not Mr. Davis have made it Las Bocas if he had taken a second thought?

It may be said in conclusion that prototypes of the lamented Captain Stuart are not so rare in our sister republics as might be imagined. A few months ago, when President Sam's flight from Hayti was first-page stuff, the despatches spoke of Admiral Killick's adherence to the revolutionary side, and of his flagship's swift movements in its behalf. Killick is a native Haytien, I believe; but had his ship gone into action, she would have been handled by a keen-eyed, red-bearded Englishman by the name of Captain Gilmour, and no doubt he would have been ably assisted by the Admiral's chief-of-staff, who is a handsome and energetic Belgian.

William Harley Porter.

SIX BOOKS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

I.

PROFESSOR DUNNING'S "POLITICAL THEORIES."*

It is a widely prevalent idea that the English and the Americans are masters in the practice of politics, but wholly unskilled in political philosophy. It is quite generally believed that in the theory of politics only the logic-loving Frenchman

*A History of Political Theories: Ancient and Mediæval. By W. A. Dunning. New York: Macmillan and Company.

and the transcendental German are proficient, and that it is characteristic of the English and Americans to act rather than to reflect, to be practical rather than philosophical. The opinion that the English-speaking peoples are not good political reasoners is founded, however, in ignorance of the history of political ideas. To one familiar with the development of the different types of political thought, it is evident that the English have given to the world not only great examples of political institutions, but have also contributed more than their share to the world's

political philosophy. In the seventeenth century, Hobbes and Filmer framed the strongest arguments made in behalf of absolute government; in the same century, John Locke formulated the theory of the English, American and French revolutions, while Edmund Burke developed the most effective argument against the principles of the French Revolution. In the nineteenth century, Bentham and Austin, Mill and Spencer have been conspicuous among political philosophers. On our side of the Atlantic, the theories of the authors of the *Federalist*, of Calhoun, Webster and Lieber have influenced in no small degree the development of political thought.

Convincing evidence of our interest in theoretical politics is offered by the work which is the subject of this review. This volume is the first part of what will be, in completed plan, the first systematic history of political theory ever written in any language, and its publication marks an epoch in the history of political ideas. It is a singular fact that down to the present time no one has written a complete and scientific account of the development of political theories. Not even the erudite Germans, in their far-reaching researches, have made a careful study of the various types of political speculation. They have, it is true, accomplished more in this direction than the scholars of any other nation, as is evident from the works of such men as Bluntschli, Mohl, Gierke and Rehm; but, after all, they have not produced anything in the shape of a scientific history of this subject. The French scholar Paul Janet has come most closely to a history of the development of political ideas, but his work is not even chronologically complete. In English, the only attempt at such a history is the *Introduction to the History of the Science of Politics*, by Frederick Pollock. This is a brilliant sketch covering the time from the classic days down to the close of the nineteenth century, but it is too condensed to be satisfactory. Some other useful studies have been made, but they have all been confined to particular periods or epochs.

In view of the fact that Professor Dunning's work is the first attempt at a complete and scientific history of political theory, it is interesting to notice the point

of view which the author takes. What does he understand by political theory and how does he propose to treat the subject? These queries are answered in an admirable introduction, which should be given careful attention. The subject matter of political theory is described as "any well-defined ideas . . . in reference to the origin, scope and nature of the authority through which the relations of the members of the community to one another are determined." The point at which a history of political theory should properly begin is indicated as that stage of development in which we can say of any people that they have "political consciousness." Just what is meant by "political consciousness" is not, however, made very clear—in fact, the author says that this is a point into which he will "not inquire too curiously." The application of these principles rules out of consideration the entire field of primitive politics, including the ideas developed in China and India, and the exposition begins with the political ideas of the Hellenic peoples. A further limitation of the scope of the work is made by confining the history to the philosophy of the European Aryans, on the ground that no other peoples are "properly political."

The method in which this work is conducted is also worthy of consideration. Conceding that a history might be written from an ethical or a philosophical, as well as from a political, point of view, the author declares that in the present day the juristic conception of the state seems to be the most characteristic and useful, and indicates that this is the point of view which he will assume. Still more significant is the declaration that "the only path of approach to an accurate apprehension of political philosophy is through political history." It is an error, says Professor Dunning, to suppose that political theories develop apart from political facts; on the contrary, political theories are nearly always found to be generalisations from a certain set of political phenomena. They do not create conditions, but are the product of them—effects rather than causes. A history of political theory, therefore, should not be merely a description and analysis of political literature, but must take into account the close relation between philosophy and facts, between political institutions and

political ideas. Greek political philosophy, for example, should not be regarded as theory of and by itself, but as a reflection of the political environment of the time. Accordingly, before considering the ideas of the Greeks, an outline of their political history and the main facts of their political organisation are given and used as a basis in the later discussion of the theory. The same thing is done for the various periods covered in the course of the work. This method of discussing political philosophy in the light of political institutions is a unique feature of Professor Dunning's work, and enables him to reach results that are highly valuable. It would be too much to say that this is an entirely new method, but it has certainly never been applied to the discussion of political theory before with such eminent success.

The territory covered in this first volume includes an analysis of the political theory of the Greeks, with especial attention to Plato and Aristotle, followed by a chapter on the political theory of later Greece and Rome. The political ideas of the Middle Ages are then reviewed at some length, and the volume concludes with a discussion of the political ideas of Machiavelli.

To many readers the most interesting part of the work will be the treatment of the early types of democratic theory, in particular those of the mediæval period. That the Greeks reached a high plane of democratic thought is generally known, but it is commonly supposed that from the close of that period to the time of the Puritans there was little or no democratic speculation. The presence of any considerable body of democratic theory in the Middle Ages is generally unsuspected. It is clearly pointed out by Professor Dunning, however, that in the later Middle Ages there was a highly interesting development of democratic political philosophy, stimulated by the controversy between Empire and Church. In the first place, the Church, in order to show its superior position, proclaimed the doctrine that the Emperor receives his power from the people, in contrast to the Church, which receives its authority directly from God. Somewhat later the partisans of the Empire retaliated in kind by urging that in Church as well as in State the people are the source of power; and in

the great Church councils of the fifteenth century they applied this idea to the decided detriment of the authority of the head of the Church. The analysis of this body of political theory is one of the most original and suggestive parts of the *History*.

Another conspicuous point of interest is the discussion of the ideas of Machiavelli. Historical criticism has been known to shatter more than one fair reputation; but in this case the resources of the historian are employed to rescue a character from disrepute. The author maintains that the general opinion of Machiavelli is a wholly mistaken one, and that what goes by the name of Machiavellism is only a "grotesquely distorted conception of his system." Machiavelli, in his estimation, is not to be regarded as immoral, but rather as unmoral in his politics. His whole attention was fixed upon political subjects, and to all others he was supremely indifferent, in which attitude he was strengthened by the general corruption and irreligion of his time. Moreover, Machiavelli's reputation as the champion of unscrupulous despotism is shown to be in great measure undeserved. Far from being a devotee of absolutism, he was not even an advocate of monarchy. On the contrary, he believed in the commonwealth as the best form of government, and frequently expressed his preference for this type of rule in striking terms. The prevalence of the contrary idea is due to the fact that Machiavelli's *Prince* is generally read, while his *Discourses on Livy*, containing an indispensable part of his political theory, is left unnoticed. On the whole, Professor Dunning concludes that, instead of being an apostle of hypocrisy, cruelty and despotism, Machiavelli should be regarded as one of the most important figures in the development of political theory, always to be remembered because of his notable contribution toward the establishment of politics as a distinct science.

All things considered, Professor Dunning's volume is one of the most important contributions yet made to the history of political science. When brought down to modern times, as contemplated, the work will afford what we have never had before and what is sorely needed, a scientific history of political theory. A product of the recent movement in America, it is

appropriately dedicated to Professor Burgess, who has done so much to stimulate the scientific study of political science in this country.

It may be said in conclusion that the *History of Political Theories* is not only a scholarly work throughout, but is a very readable book as well—an excellent refutation of the unfortunately prevalent idea that it is impossible to write history that is at once interesting and accurate. The author has by no means sacrificed substance to form, but nevertheless has succeeded remarkably well in stating scientific facts in a refined and polished style. In view of the frequent association of good history and bad English, it is refreshing to find an historical study in which this unfortunate alliance is avoided. Selected references accompanying each chapter, and a bibliography in the appendix, will be found very useful to those who wish to orient themselves in the literature of political theory.

C. E. Merriam.

II.

MR. VAN SANTVOORD'S "THE HOUSE OF CÆSAR."*

A careful analysis of the various motives prompting the publication of books would disclose most interesting details. It may be assumed that comparatively few books are written because of the feeling on the part of authors that if they did not speak the "very stones would cry aloud," but the greater number owe their origin to the hope and expectation that they will meet with approval and acceptance which will prove gratifying and profitable. Other books are written without any important aim save the pleasure of the author in the accomplishment of some literary work. Means sufficient to render the financial outcome a matter of little importance are indispensable in the preparation of such books. Under such circumstances, the value of the purpose of the book, the fitness of the writer for his task and the accuracy of the work are secondary considerations.

Even though unaware of the circumstances surrounding the publication of

the work at hand, it will not be a difficult problem for any one to select the class to which it belongs. Here we have a sumptuous volume on a subject dealing with the history of the imperial period, showing wide reading and devoted study, yet disclosing no powers of discrimination, no scholarly acumen, but indicating a ready and uncritical acceptance of all statements which serve to establish the thesis of the book, the declared purpose being "to narrate a series of almost uninterrupted crimes so as to furnish an impressive lesson"—a lesson which the writer does not undertake to define.

Our author opens his book with the statement that prefaces are either explanatory or apologetic. "If they are of the first kind, it is possible to form some estimate as to whether the text has a message for the reader," if of the other variety "to the experienced gleaner"—using the doubtful English of the writer—"at least, it is ordinarily safe to conclude that the book ought not to have been written." The keynote of the entire work is sounded in the declaration that "in reading from history the author has been deeply impressed by the almost certain incident to the imperial office of a death by violent means." This is accounted for by the existence of a new germ, discovered by the writer, which produces the "imperial disease," i.e., the crime of domestic murder, "which has been introduced among the Romans by the Empress Livia Augusta." "In fact, there exists a veritable disease which, having its origin in the house of Cæsar, was the cause of the violent death which was the lot of so many Roman emperors." The author intends to prove this microbe theory, and to trace its ravages in the blood of the wearers of the purple. If we regard this explanation as an apology, then, at the suggestion of the author, we may apply the rule laid down above, and we are very much inclined to follow his advice.

We must remember, first of all, that Livia was not a member of the Cæsar family save by marriage. The germ, therefore, should be labelled Claudian, rather than Cæsarian. Again, we may trace the germ in its most circuitous course in the blood from Livia down to Nero, in whose veins it certainly had full sway. But how did it reach the circulation of Domitian of Caracalla, of Heliogaba-

*The House of Cæsar. By Seymour Van Santvoord. Troy, New York: Pafraets Book Company.

lus? The writer should specify that this germ might be transmitted through the air and might lie dormant for years, only to show its virulence in unexpected places. For the sake of the theory alone we should expect to find Livia described as a fiend incarnate, and in this the writer is consistent, for he regards the doubtful words of the historian Tacitus, upon whom he relies, as veritable charges of unquestioned authenticity, although they are in reality spoken as representing popular suspicion. Livia showed the effect of the ravages of the microbe, for she murdered every one who stood in the way of her ambitions for her son Tiberius, and thus the disease began its baleful course.

The book of about four hundred pages is divided into two parts, designated in the table of contents as "The First Stage of Empire" and "The Second Stage of Empire," but in the book itself as "The House of Cæsar" and "The Imperial Disease." The first part is also designated "The Beginning of Splendour," and is arranged in twelve chapters, eleven of which treat of Julius Cæsar and of the five emperors and their families. The twelfth chapter is entitled "Results and Causes," and contains elaborate statistics, such as the number of Cæsars who were murdered, who died in exile, or from natural causes, the number of intermarriages, etc., all leading up to the statement that "from the foregoing it requires no stretch of the imagination to conclude that the imperial madness for domestic murder betrayed all the psychic symptoms of a veritable disease—if it be a fact that this evil was introduced into the family of Cæsar by the wife of Tiberius Nero; then, as all diseases must have an origin, we are doubtless justified in concluding that this act of Livia's was the germ of that dread imperial disease." After the presentation of such a theory, it is refreshing to find a reference to the real cause of the madness of the Cæsars, the frequent intermarriages. In an extensive note to Chapter XII., Mr. Van Santvoord declares that Mr. Baring-Gould's *Tragedy of the Cæsars*, "written by an educated and enthusiastic physiognomist, is unworthy of confidence in the light of the testimony of such a reliable historian as Tacitus." Our author errs in his views just as much as he believes Mr. Baring-

Gould to err, only taking the other extreme. In his anxiety to prove the existence of the imperial disease, every scrap of an unfavourable character found in the historians is seized upon, while statements of a doubtful or favourable nature get little, if any, recognition. It is to be regretted that the author had not become a physiognomist or iconographer before sending forth his book. He would not then have filled it with photographs of busts which Bernoulli, an authority whom he quotes against Mr. Baring-Gould, declares to be either unreliable or entirely repudiates.

An appendix to Part I. contains lists of the victims of the Cæsars, those who perished in exile, who died from natural causes, whose death is untraced; of Cæsars who intermarried, of male Cæsars who married outside the family, of female Cæsars who married outside the family.

Part II. is arranged in five chapters, designated, respectively, the "Completion of Splendour," the "Decline of Splendour," the "Revival of Splendour" and the "Final Decline." This part is simply a brief narration of the careers of the several emperors, from Galba down to Romulus Augustus, and yet it forms half of a book, entitled *The House of Cæsar*, and is itself designated "The Imperial Disease." Such inconsistency of title and subject is so remarkable as to fail of appropriate comment. The book closes with indices of proper names, giving in Part I. the relationship of the person mentioned. The style of the book is its most satisfactory feature, and the English cannot be criticised. On page 211 we notice Fortenis Capito for Fonteius Capito; Caius for Gaius, and Cneius for Gnæus occur frequently; Ætius (page 228) should be Ælius; *sacerdos urbia* (page 262) should be *sacerdos urbis*. On page 21 the author speaks of the first triumvirate as established in accordance with the constitution. This is entirely erroneous, for it was simply an unofficial compact entered into by Cæsar, Pompey and Crassus. The second triumvirate, on the other hand, was an arrangement ratified by the assembly, and hence is often known as the true triumvirate. The readiness of the writer to accept without qualifications very questionable theories is shown in his declaration on page 225, that the remains of

Trajan were interred beneath the column which bears his name. Lanciani says that this is very improbable, as the column is not sepulchral in character, and, according to the inscription, was erected to commemorate a feat of engineering skill.

James C. Egbert, Jr.

III.

MR. PEMBERTON'S "ELLEN TERRY AND HER SISTERS."*

The biography of a contemporary is, after all, the safest. The first object of such a work are the facts. Who should know them better than he or she most intimately related to them? It is the only safe way to bring conviction to present and probably future skeptics. The iconoclasts have been so busy with history—sacred, profane, political and biographical—that our libraries seem now to contain, for the most part, that which we can't any longer accept with certainty. If from the beginning contemporary biography had prevailed, we would have been saved the effort and the pain of unbelieving so much we have been taught to cherish. The seminary boards would be spared the embarrassment of having young ecclesiastical candidates question that uncommon ancestor in whom we are all brothers, because the reverend seniors would have some eye-witness's word, if only Eve's. We should have some one's affidavit for the mythological whoppers about the Greek Olympians, and the now incorrigible Baconians would be put to rout, with a biographical brief of Master Shakespeare's life, of which the bard would himself have read the proofs. And does not a single notable fact sustain the contention, for with all his other limitations Boswell made himself a model to posterity by his life of Dr. Johnson. Wise enough men framed the rule of admission to the Salle Carré. Ten post-mortem years are not too many to give impartial perspective or to give logical selection an opportunity to group its canvases; but they are ten years during which the facts about the masters are languishing, and the moss of forgetfulness and the green scum of neglect are obscuring the well of

truth. Especially desirable is contemporary biography of our players. There is no Louvre for their masterpieces; they painted in sound and motion, and erase each other in creation. The poet, the philosopher, the composer, the sculptor and the painter create for futurity. The player is essentially the creature of one generation, his own. When by his own genius and attainment he raises himself to eminence, it is pleasant and profitable to enjoy a personal intimacy with him, at least through the pages of some reliable and sympathetic chronicle. Of all the men or women of the stage who linger in active eminence, enjoying in maturity a maturity of sweetness and power, none occupies a place quite so secure in the appreciation of all who have seen her as Ellen Terry. How many hundreds of thousands her graceful comedy and impressive tragedy have made votaries at her shrine! History and tradition will gather her into the train of the elect with Betterton, Cibber, Abingdon, Garrick, Siddons, Kean, Cushman and Booth; but to no succeeding generations with whom Ellen Terry is a tradition will biographical intimacy be so welcome as to those who have seen the great actress and treasure the memory of her accomplishments. These considerations are suggested by a *Life of Ellen Terry and Her Sisters*, by T. Edgar Pemberton. As a dramatic chronicler of scrupulous exactitude, a critic of safe judgment, and a writer of engaging style, Mr. Pemberton has already made himself a secure place among present English writers on the stage. He has prepared a careful and engaging narrative of the career of the four celebrated daughters of that line of Terrys which included Daniel Terry, who "Terry-fied" Scott by his nimbleness in dramatising the ink-wet Waverleys, and "Ben" Terry of the Worcester circuit. If the writer is somewhat saccharine over his fair subject, not sometimes, but nearly always, it is an amiable fault and far pleasanter to the reader than the opposite failing. The book is an admirable addition to its class, invaluable as a document of detail, and will be treasured by all who love the stage and have seen Ellen Terry. From the earliest day of Henry Irving's tenancy of the Lyceum Miss Terry has been associated with him, so that Mr. Pemberton's book is at once

* *Ellen Terry and Her Sisters*. By T. Edgar Pemberton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.

a life of Ellen Terry and her sisters and a history of the Irving regimen of London's most important playhouse during almost a quarter of a century.

Paul Wilstach.

IV.

MR. HILL'S "THE MINORITY."*

The title of Mr. Hill's book scarcely prepares us for its subject. It is not political, but a powerful and well-balanced story of the factory, the stock market, and industrial combination. Lest this give the impression of weightiness, it should be said that there is not a dull page in the book, while the pictures of the horse-show, the fashionable dinner table, and the house party are excellently done and full of light. In the matter of conversation—one of the most difficult accomplishments of the writer whose aim is the consistent and uninterrupted development of plot—the story is a success. Mr. Hill's people talk—and at times wittily—because they have something to say that advances the action, discloses their personalities, and entertains. The development of character is done so adroitly that the reader flatters himself with a larger share of intuition than is his due. Without rising to great heights, the book comes near being what a book of its kind should be.

Mr. Hill writes with knowledge and enthusiasm, and while he does not offer an opinion upon the vexed question of the relation of labour and its employers, and the ultimate effect upon the interests of these of union on both sides, he puts into a series of suggestive and dramatic situations facts which promote thinking on one's own account. He has been wise enough to allow events to bring about their logical end without interposing the pleasing but impossible romantic elements which some writers of fiction feel justified in introducing in an effort to play at Fate.

For "the minority" of the title we should read Kennard, the hero of the novel. Kennard is a factory owner and manager, with old-fashioned ideas about the direct responsibility of employers to their employees. He is something of a

*The Minority. By Frederick Trevor Hill. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

philanthropist, though an exceedingly practical one, and his factory is a model in its conduct, equipment and products. There is a long "waiting list" against his roll, and until he encounters Mr. Harland, the father of the girl with whom he falls irrevocably in love, prosperity attends his busy life. Harland is a promoter, the head and front of the United Milling Companies, a shrewd, strong man, but without much conscience. With two scheming brokers he projects a combination of all the factories in Kennard's line. Kennard refuses to join this combination, but is forced into it through the instrumentality of a conspiracy started among his own men by the opposition. He discovers this plot and identifies the handwriting on one of the plotters' papers as that of Leslie Harland. The inference strips him of the one ideal which the situation had left him, and here his manhood is put to its severest test. From the middle of the book his resolution and the steadfastness of his love are thrown into strong relief. The story progresses rapidly and with cumulative interest. The power of the stock market, the press, the unscrupulous factory inspector, the agitator, and his personal enemies is brought to bear on Kennard. The action teems with excitement and uncertainties, in which the reader does not lose sight of Leslie Harland, and in the end—well, Mr. Hill's love story is cleverly done.

Francis Churchill Williams.

V.

MR. VIELÉ'S "MYRA OF THE PINES."*

Disguised as a hopeless specimen of veranda literature in its saucily hideous cover of pea green, with pines in close resemblance to those that come with nursery arks, Mr. Viélé's story about the crossroads company that lived "eight miles from Thebes" affords the reader first surprise, then a constantly increasing pleasure. A summer book it is, with its light, refreshing quality and charm springing from the naturalness and liveliness of the people and situations described, so good a product that the

*Myra of the Pines. By Herman Knickerbocker Viélé. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

enterprise of publishers in scattering broadcast pale-tinted volumes at this season of the year seems justified, because one, at least, is really winning.

The Dales, "the only white family in the State willing to live eight miles from nowhere in particular"—which means in a log house surrounded on every side by the droning pines—are odd, unworldly people, with the cultivation that enables them to extract the full measure of enjoyment from their peculiar manner of living and to put up humorously with its staring deficiencies—that is, with the exception of the Professor, the inventor who is also an astrologist, and who succeeds by noticing nothing. Mrs. Dale, "Aunt Emmet" to the readers of the *Inglenook*, is, of course, a writer, and the way she adapts her art nicely to meet the needs of the purveyors of fiction for the home is illustrated by the following conversation, which occurs while she is engaged in correcting proofs:

Myra took a seat upon the trunk, and in doing so one foot mysteriously disappeared.

"Has Reggie proposed to Laura yet?" she asked.

"Not yet," her mother said dispiritedly. "I had to break off to spill ink on her white dress, just to show how the stain could be taken out with Excelsior Eradicator, though when I tried it on the lining of your father's hat it left a horrid spot. And then I had to make a Lincoln pudding—"

"I don't mind so much spoiling your reader's clothes," commented Myra, "but, mother, do you think it right to introduce fiction into their digestive organs?"

The mother sniffed disapproval of her daughter's levity, and with a pencil substituted "pinch" for "peck" as the quantity of cinnamon in the recipe for Lincoln pudding.

The activities of the portly old gentleman, the head of this family (which is quite frequently dependent for its dinner upon the offering of a friendly agent "in case the butcher has forgotten to call"), are, besides inventing such things as an automatic dish washer, a portable circus seat, infant incubator, contrivance for pulling stumps, etc., reading horoscopes and prognosticating immense cosmic changes for the benefit of the authorities at Washington. The Professor is very simply and sincerely done, without the

nonsense of exaggeration—amusing as he is. The sight of a spring in the pines, its waters slightly reddened by the presence of a rusty iron pot, moves him naturally to say:

"This spring," he explained to those it might concern, "may possibly be of such importance as to bring about an entire change in the purposes of the Development Company. Fortunately, there is room here for a vast modern sanitarium."

The Professor borrows the agent's horse to go to Thebes. In place of a valise he carries a bread canister with a shawl-strap around it. With his usual dignity, he makes this parting speech as he drives off:

"I will not urge a willing animal," he remarked over his shoulder, "and, by taking his own gait, he can be resting and going at the same time. Do not forget to feed the chickens. I shall be back by nine to-morrow."

The Professor brings back with him from Thebes a giant case of shining metal. That is a vibraphone, adjusted to record the movements of the wind among the pine-trees, and to enable its happy possessor to detect atmospheric changes hitherto unnoticed.

Myra, unlike her father and her mother, "was not an alien in the forest, no more so than the sunlight or the autumn wind." She is not a bit of a crank or an oddity, but an exceptionally attractive girl, whose personal significance, too subtle a thing for classification, makes itself felt with a sweet, pervasive dignity in spite of the curious fag-end of an existence which the eccentricities of her parents lead her. Myra is a figure most delicately done, and she remains in the memory after the story is finished with a definite charm and reality. The talk between her and Christiansen during their rambling excursion through the woods in search of the spring is, perhaps, the most happy in its light vein of the many similar conversations scattered through the book.

The originality of the author in describing a Myra of the Pines who is not a flat-footed tender of hogs, a respected parent who is not constructed on the lines of Swinnerton's hayseeds, and life

in the pines without having all accessories lead up merely to the simple entertainment of rustic dialect—this certainly deserves strong commendation. The reviewer might have called attention to the novelty of the proceeding and stopped there.

Carl Hovey.

VI.

OWEN WISTER'S "THE VIRGINIAN."*

In the four pages of introduction to *The Virginian*, Mr. Wister maintains that his book, although it deals with a period not yet remote, is none the less a colonial romance, because Wyoming between 1874 and 1890 was a colony as wild as was Virginia one hundred years earlier. Dr. Mitchell's *Hugh Wynne*, he thinks, exactly fits the common understanding of the term "historical novel." But, he urges, *Silas Lapham* is also an historical novel, for it pictures an era and personifies a type. "It matters not," writes Mr. Wister, "that in the one we find George Washington and in the other none save imaginary figures; else *The Scarlet Letter* were not historical. Nor does it matter that Dr. Mitchell did not live in the time of which he wrote, while Mr. Howells saw many Silas Laphams with his own eyes; else *Uncle Tom's Cabin* were not historical."

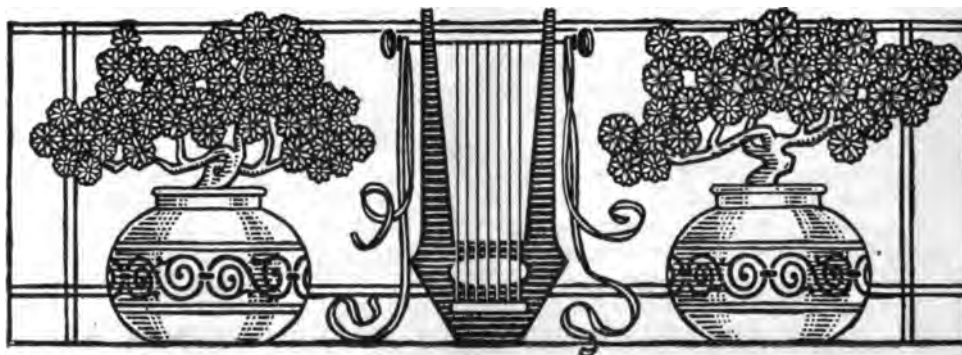
Where, suggests Mr. Wister, is the horseman, the cow-puncher, the last ro-

**The Virginian*. By Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

mantic figure upon our soil? In a measure he is gone; and yet he will be here among us always, invisible, waiting his chance to live and play as he would like. In the old days his ungoverned hours did not unman him. "If he gave his word, he kept it; Wall Street would have found him behind the times. Nor did he talk lewdly to women; Newport would have thought him old-fashioned." In Mr. Wister's eyes, the type seems to have been wholly admirable, heroic, splendidly barbaric, and it is thus that the author has endeavoured to preserve him in *The Virginian*.

Were *The Virginian* without any other qualities, the chapter called "Em'ly" alone would make it worth reading. Although in many respects they are as far apart as the poles, the story of "Em'ly" curiously recalls Guy de Maupassant's story of the paralysed toper, whose shrewish wife forced him to play the humiliating part of a hen. "Em'ly" is a supreme type of yearning spinsterhood, and the description of her awkwardly and strenuously mothering the litter of rapidly growing setter puppies is delicious in its humour. Here and there in the book there are passages which are somewhat vague, and the relations between the different characters are not always clearly defined. But the lines between types are finely drawn, and Mr. Wister has caught and conveyed admirably the spirit and atmosphere of the era and scenes of which he writes. *The Virginian* is a strong and vigorous novel.

Beverly Stark.



LITERARY, ARTISTIC AND BOHEMIAN LONDON IN THE SEVENTIES

By J. Henry Hager. With drawings by Arthur Lumley.

IV.

In 1872 the Savage Club, with its *lares et penates*, consisting of the plainest of furniture and a few Indian relics to serve as an excuse for the name, found lodgment in a sufficiently roomy apartment on the first floor of the Gordon Hotel, near the Bedford and Tavistock, Covent Garden, and a few steps from Evans's. Access to these unpretentious quarters was to be obtained only by ascending a long, winding staircase, which, awkward as an entrance, was doubly so as an exit for members during certain phases of the moon, and on those rare occasions when physical suasion had to be invoked to settle disputes. In these crises the situation of the club-room vividly recalled the lines:

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me downstairs?

This eyrie from which one looked down upon London's great flower and fruit market and its surroundings, not always, I am sorry to say, appropriately clean, was presided over by O'Donnell, a hard-working Irish journalist, and the society's secretary, who, poor fellow, never lived to see the club domiciled more pleasantly. He died the following year, I think, leaving a widow in poverty, for whom the better-to-do members subscribed most generously. There were also two very presentable barmaids, of eighteen or twenty, to be chaffed at the top of the corkscrew-like ascent—the daughters of the steward, who was also the landlord of the hotel, but whose very peculiar theories of a father's duties toward his offspring, I understood, subsequently drove the entire family (including a son) to the stage for support.

On leaving the Gordon, the Savages camped for a brief period on the ground floor at Evans's, and thence moved to the Strand, next door to Exeter Hall, in a room forming part of Haxall's Hotel. They were there in 1876-77-78. It was, of course, prior to these migrations that the club extended a hearty welcome to

an American, whose fame had already crossed the Atlantic, and who had come to England only to end his brief and brilliant career. I refer to Charles Farrar Browne ("Artemus Ward"). Shortly afterward the *Savage Club Papers* were published, and Browne gratefully contributed an article. It related the details of a supposititious interview with an equally fictitious innkeeper in the suburbs of London, and concluded, I remember, with a remark by the "interviewed": "Come into the garden, Ward!"

Despite the fact that tuberculosis had marked him for its own, Browne wrote for *Punch*, and in November, 1866, opened his "show" in Egyptian Hall. In the following February he became so much worse that he went to the island of Jersey in search of a milder climate, but returned to Southampton in March in the hope of being able to board an America-bound steamer. This was not to be, however, and he died there in the arms of Charles Millward, of the Savage Club, who had run down from London to nurse him.

When the Savages pitched their tent in the Strand they came to the centre of London's Bohemian life—to the actors' Rialto, which, unlike its American namesake, has never been superseded by any more popular locality. At certain of its "pubs," one was sure to find almost any afternoon not only a large delegation of that portion of the "profession" withdrawn temporarily from the public eye, but many of their more fortunate brethren who were actually filling it.

Once a year, however, these worldly folk were thrust aside by the tide of humanity that poured forth from all parts of the United Kingdom to attend the monster meetings of the various religious bodies that were held in the spring in the capacious auditorium of Exeter Hall. At these seasons the narrow Strand is more than usually congested, and the throngs who crowd it daily, whether on business or pleasure bent, are forced to the wall. How this

transformation of one of London's busiest thoroughfares appears to a member of an humble class of citizens, with whom the community might very well dispense, and whose unrestricted peregrinations the police are not wont to encourage on such occasions, may be gathered from the following lines:

Now cometh in the merry month of May,
As I observe in strollin' down the Strand—
W'ere now I spend an 'appy 'oliday,
With plenty for to see on either 'and.

The curicks and the parsons wot 'ave rose
By climbin' 'ard to boss their own concern—
Both 'igh and low—they blossom like the rose,
And knock agin you most at every turn.

Dear ladies, bent on seein' all they can,
But dreamin' Westbourne-grove is some-
w'ere East;
And scornin' 'elp from any mortal man—
They come again, for Nature 'ath not ceased.

And nice old gents, wot write themselves C.C.,
And is considered something w'en at 'ome:
These also are a pleasant sight to see,
And make me larf as down the Strand I
roam.

Bless them, sez I; and 'Eaven defend the
right!
And may they keep their purses in their 'and.
I wouldn't 'ave them suffer—though they
might—
W'en thus they go a-Maying in the Strand.

In the early Seventies the Strand did not boast of a music-hall, as it does today, but the cabs of the popular performers, who appeared at several of these resorts in one evening, were to be seen nightly dashing at full speed toward their several destinations. The most famous among these hard-working servants of the public was the "Great" Macdermott, whose recent death, in the spring of 1901, recalls his career freshly to mind.

As the creator of the "Jingo," in connection with the author of the words, G. W. Hunt, in the autumn of 1878, when the Russians were marching on Constantinople, by singing the song with the electrifying refrain:

We don't want to fight,
But, by Jingo, if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men,
We've got the money, too,

G. W. Macdermott deserves more than passing mention. Although he was no doubt aided by W. S. Gilbert's "contemporaneous ironies" in *Pinafore*, where John Bull was described as stolidly and loyally remaining an Englishman, although he "might have been a Roosian, a French, or Turk, or Proosian," it was Macdermott who proved Lord Beaconsfield's most valuable ally in checking the machinations of Russian diplomacy, although himself only a "Lion Comique."

But Macdermott, who was a tall, handsome, broad-chested, well-dressed vocalist, was also a clever actor in legitimate drama, and was the author of several popular plays. Among his other music-hall successes were "The Scamp," "The Two Obadiahs," "I'll Strike You With a Feather," and "Half-Past Twelve." He was the successor of Leybourne, Vance and Mackney, and closed the list of the "comical lions." Macdermott's career as a singer ended only some six or seven years ago, after which he managed successfully several music halls in the outskirts of London. He is said to have died leaving his family in prosperous circumstances.

To return to the Savages, and in introducing several of the leading members, the name of Charles Millward should be mentioned first. Being engaged in business, he was not dependent solely on his pen, and was thus in a position to aid those who were so unfortunately situated. The ability, however, would have been as naught had not the wish to assist been equally present. Fortunately for the less favoured members both were combined in Charles Millward. A generous nature and an open purse (although a man of moderate means) could not fail to make him the idol of his associates. He thus became easily the leader in all club undertakings, and those who were less interested in the organisation, or more selfish, or less given to exertion, never troubled themselves to dispute his supremacy.

Millward owned an interest in the *Porcupine*, a local satirical weekly, published in Liverpool, where, I believe, he once resided. He was also clever in the construction of pantomimes, and nearly every Christmas saw the production of one of the results of his industry in the

Provinces. In the summer Millward divided his leisure time between London and Margate, of which popular watering-place he was dubbed "king," interspersed with frequent "Saturday-to-Monday" excursions to Boulogne from London direct—excursions found to be most healthful in stirring up the sluggish British liver. In August, 1873, it was my good fortune, at his invitation, to take part in what is known in London as a "bren-feast"—an outing given by an employer to his employees. On that occasion the route to the scene of the festivity—the outskirts of Epping Forest, where a most enjoyable day was spent—lay through Waltham Abbey, Edmonton and Ware, localities made classic by "John Gilpin's Ride."

To Americans visiting London, Charles Millward was ever the genial, self-sacrificing host, and it is pleasant to know that our countrymen have not been slow to recognise and reciprocate this lavish hospitality in the warm welcome they have given to his daughter, who is now an established favourite on the American stage.

In marked contrast with Charles Millward was Henry S. Leigh, the two men illustrating the difference between the oak and the vine that clings to it for support. Had Leigh, who is said to have been the only living relative of the late Charles Matthews, been born on the other side of the Channel, and resided in Paris instead of London, he would certainly have figured in Mürger's famous fiction, for a more typical Bohemian never breathed. Always in pecuniary difficulties, yet with talents that should have kept him in comfortable, if not in affluent circumstances, Leigh led a hand-to-mouth existence. A good musician, a writer of clever verses, and an excellent French scholar, he could supply exactly the kind of literary wares the managers most needed; but as far as his pocket was concerned he might as well have come into the world deaf, dumb and blind. He died under fifty regretted by all, but as a money-maker unable to achieve the success of the average London tradesman.

Leigh was the Club wit. There were others, of course, as Byron, Brough, Albery, Grossmith, etc.; but as he made the Club his home (he had no other, poor fel-

low) his *bon mots* were more in evidence. I remember his coming in on winter morning, about noon, when, even then, the fog was so thick that one could scarcely see across the Strand, and the tradesmen were just taking down their shutters. Harry said that his landlady had knocked at his door and told him that it was ten o'clock. He said he knew that was a lie, as he hadn't gone to bed until eleven, the darkness being a sufficient excuse for his imagining, or pretending to imagine, that it was still the night before. On another occasion someone had brought two Parsee merchants into the Club, members of the highly respectable and wealthy guild doing business in Liverpool, each of whom was elderly and toothless. As they conversed with each other in Persian, Leigh was asked what language they were speaking. He replied: "Can't say, unless it's gum Arabic!"

Leigh published several volumes of verse, the best of which, perhaps, was his "Carols of Cockayne." I do not have these volumes by me (I believe they are out of print), and so cannot quote from them what is best worth quotation, but copy the only specimen of his talent in this direction that I have preserved, simply to show the ease in versification he displayed even in dashing off "a pot boiler":

THE GOLDEN AGE AND THE AGE OF GOLD.

I.

Men were happy as days were long
In the old Arcadian times;
When life seemed only a dance and song
In the sweetest of all sweet climes.
Our world grows bigger, and, stage by stage
As the pitiless years have rolled,
We've quite forgotten the Golden Age,
And come to the Age of Gold.

II.

Time went by in a sheepish way
Upon Thessaly's plains of yore.
In the nineteenth century lambs at play
Mean mutton—and nothing more.
Our swains at present are far too sage
To live as one lived of old;
So they couple the crook of the Golden Age
With a hook in the Age of Gold.

III.

From Corydon's reed the mountains round
 Heard news of his latest flame;
 And Tityrus made the woods resound
 With echoes of Daphne's name.
 They kindly left us a lasting gauge
 Of their musical art, we're told;
 And the Pandean pipe of the Golden Age
 Brings mirth to the Age of Gold.

V.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,
 Tobacco, balloons and steam,
 Are little events that have come to pass
 Since the days of the old régime;
 And, spite of Lemprière's dazzling page,
 I'd give—though it might seem bold—
 A hundred years of the Golden Age
 For a year of the Age of Gold.



AT THE ARTS CLUB, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, 1870-79.

IV.

Dwellers in huts and in marble halls—
 From shepherdess up to queen—
 Cared little for bonnets, and less for shawls,
 And nothing for crinoline.
 But now simplicity's not the rage,
 And it's funny to think how cold
 The dress they wore in the Golden Age
 Would seem in the Age of Gold.

At the Club dinners Leigh was always called upon. Sometimes he sang his own songs, and at others he would "oblige" with the music-hall favourite of the hour, often joining in a duet with Arthur Mathison, well known in the Bohemia of both London and New York. His lines on "An Intoxicated Fly," describing the adventures of one that had lin-

gered too long on the rim of a glass of beer, were often demanded. The effect of attributing to the insect the experiences of a youth who had drunk not wisely but too well, was most ludicrous. Another of his poems relates the adventures of a clubman who has taken a woman friend to see a French play which proves to be *risqué*. In this predicament he thanks, mentally, the irregularities of the French verbs and other linguistic peculiarities that prevent the fair one from comprehending the wickedness of the *double-entendres*.

The Club once caught a Tartar in the person of a certain Dutch Jew. He was a man of brilliant intellect and extraordinary linguistic ability, but a thorough "cad," whom no one hesitated in rating as "not a gentleman." He was the author of what, I believe, is considered one of the best translations that has been made of Molière into English, which for him was turning one foreign language into another. All his talents, however, did not serve to make him "clubbable," and the Savages would have been glad of a decent excuse for getting rid of him.

This Jew's most objectionable characteristic was his fierce dislike of Christians, which he took care to display on every possible occasion. Going into Simpson's divan and restaurant, nearly opposite the Club, one Sunday evening, just after its six o'clock opening, when it was crowded with expectant diners taking their pre-prandial "nip," he happened to spy an acquaintance standing some distance away. Immediately, and at the top of his voice, he shouted: "Hello! B——, you look like Jesus Christ dressed out for a holiday!" Suddenly the din, which had been deafening, was hushed, and every one looked around to see who the blasphemous wretch could be! This was exactly what the speaker desired and counted on. Glorifying, therefore, in his shame, he met the concentrated gaze of the crowd with a self-satisfied smile.

It was the lot of Harry Leigh to administer the neatest rebuke that this militant Hebrew is known to have received. Leigh had been making impromptu epitaphs one afternoon, on the different members, when the Jew came in.

"Well! what would you say about me,

Harry, in case I should be called hence?" he asked.

"Oh!" was the reply that came without a moment's hesitation, "give the devil his due!" which Leigh, with much emphasis, pronounced "Jew."

Another club wit who must not be forgotten, was Henry J. Byron, actor, editor and dramatist. He had abandoned law for the stage, and greatly to his profit, his *Our Boys* (which enjoyed an uninterrupted run [from 1872 to 1876] of four years and three months), and other plays, produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, bringing him much money. Unfortunately for his heirs he possessed the faculty of getting rid of it almost as rapidly as he made it. His special hobby, in his rôle of spendthrift, was buying and selling houses, and throwing the veil of the most complete secrecy over the transactions. Few at the Club knew where he lived, and it was believed that even his business associates were no wiser. The result of this peculiar line of conduct was that, at his death, his estate, which should have been worth £20,000 at the least, was valued at not more than four or five thousand pounds.

Byron fathered a good many of his *bon mots* on Mrs. Swanborough, the good-natured if ungrammatical proprietor of the Strand Theatre, whose sons are now managers of two or three of the most prosperous music-halls in London. It was common rumour in "the profession" that this lady was a lineal descendant of Mistress Malaprop, and Byron did all he could to make good her claim to the distinction by extending her reputation in this direction. I regret to say, however, that the majority of these alleged *lapsus linguæ* were more suitable for smoking-room consumption as an accompaniment to the after-dinner cigar, than for the pages of a magazine.

But all his witticisms were not of this character. Being in a theatre one evening, on the occasion of the production of a new piece, there was an extraordinarily long "wait" after the curtain had fallen on the third act. Finally, when everybody's patience had been exhausted, the sound of a carpenter's saw was heard behind the scenes.

"What do you suppose they're up to now?" a friend asked Byron.

"Don't know, dear boy," was the re-

ply, "unless they're cutting out the fourth act!"

Happening to pass the Olympic Theatre (I think it was) that the present Lord Dunraven (then Viscount Adare) had leased, and where the business was not by any means what could have been wished, Byron strolled in and asked the box-office keeper how the piece was succeeding. On receiving a reply in accordance with the facts, Byron remarked as he passed out again: "Oh! I see; another case of Robin Adair!"

Two interesting members of the club were Scotchmen—William L. Duff and his brother, Andrew Halliday, who used his mother's instead of his father's name. They were near relatives of the Earl of Fife, and were on intimate terms with Viscount Duff, the then heir. General Duff was a farmer in Illinois at the beginning of the Civil War. He entered the army, and fought his way upward with such success that, at the siege of Vicksburg, he was a member of General Grant's staff. After the war he drifted into journalism, and having been born at Banff, Scotland, near the birthplace of the elder James Gordon Bennett, the latter sent him to Versailles as its representative during the Franco-Prussian War. Here General Duff met "Bull Run" Russell, and the other correspondents of the leading London journals, besides making the acquaintance of many of the officers of the German army.

Beyond a visit to New York in 1872, General Duff never returned to America, but after residing awhile in London went back to Scotland. Among his reminiscences of the Civil War, the General was wont to relate the incident of the capture at Vicksburg, by the Union forces, of a large quantity of homœopathic medicine, and that, sugar being scarce even among members of the staff, the officers made the pellets useful in sweetening their coffee!

Andrew Halliday was employed for years as a dramatist in preparing the wonderful spectacular productions of Shakespeare's plays for Drury Lane Theatre, of which *Antony and Cleopatra*, which I had the good fortune to see, may be cited as a shining example. Poor Halliday, although a well-built man of apparently good physique, was even then on the decline, and did not

long survive his scenic triumphs. One met him often in the evening after the play, hobnobbing with his club friends at the Albion Tavern, opposite Drury Lane Theatre, where late suppers were the nightly programme, and toasted cheese (a specialty of the house) was the popular viand.

Hepworth Dixon, for sixteen years editor of the *Athenæum*, and one of the leading literary names in the London of that day, did not belong to the Savage, but he was to be met frequently at the houses of members, and his eldest son, Jerrold, was long its secretary. The latter was a most agreeable companion, and had much ability, especially as a writer of light fiction. He did not, however, apparently possess the qualities that command success, and died in Dublin, his mother's birthplace, in the flush of early manhood. Young Dixon was fond of the society of Americans, and was wont to make long visits to Charles Leland ("Hans Breitmann"), who at that time lived at Twickenham, on the Thames.

Hepworth Dixon was a genial host and very *lié* with the Jerrold family, a daughter of Douglas Jerrold residing with him as governess and companion to his daughters, Madge and Helen, the latter of whom has since chosen a literary career. During vacation time it was Miss Jerrold's custom to take the young ladies to Heidelberg and other attractive localities on the Continent, where education and recreation could readily be combined.

Lord Dunraven was in the early Seventies only Viscount Adare and a journalist, having represented the London *Daily Telegraph* during the British campaign in Abyssinia. It was rumoured at the Club that, owing to religious differences, the father being a strict Roman Catholic and the son a Protestant, the life of the future peer was not a happy one. He had been previously much in America, and after his accession to the title he was in the habit of crossing the Atlantic annually for several years, to visit the St. Lawrence and the other prolific hunting grounds in that locality.

John Baldwin Buckstone, although seventy in 1872, did not relinquish the lease of the Haymarket Theatre until 1878, the year before his death. He was one of the notable characters of the me-

ropolis. Genial, jovial and popular to the end of his career, his death left a vacancy on the English stage that there is no present prospect of seeing filled. I recall his quaint appearance at one of the dinners of the General Theatrical Fund at the Freemasons' Tavern, where he trotted up and down the hall looking from his diminutive size like an aged and amiable infant.

On the stage, I am told, his company sometimes ventured to play tricks on the veteran manager. As his deafness increased, the only way of taking his cue was by watching the lips of the last speaker. It was considered a good joke for the latter to keep his lips moving after he had ceased speaking, and thus mystify the unfortunate actor.

"Johnny" Toole tells a droll story of Buckstone's encounter with an intoxicated man, and vouches for its authenticity. Toole had been "in front" one evening at the Haymarket, and he and Buckstone happened to remain in the latter's dressing-room until all the employees had left. On coming out, they noticed a solitary roysterer who had taken advantage of the lateness of the hour to be extremely ill in front of the building. As soon as Buckstone espied him he began to berate him in severe terms: "I say, do you know what you're doing, sir?—committing a nuisance in front of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, sir? It's disgraceful, simply disgraceful, sir," etc., etc. For some time the inebriated one paid no attention to the verbal attack, but as the manager persisted, and the voice (known all over London) was recognised at last, but supposing that some one was trying to hoax him, he protested feebly and with many hiccoughs: "Go 'way; g-g-go 'way, you b-b-bloody bad imitation of B-B-Buckstone—go 'way!"

The younger members of the Grossmith family are too well known on this side of the Atlantic to call for special mention, the inimitable monologue entertainments of George, the son, and creator of many leading characters in *Pinafore*, the *Mikado*, and other of the Gilbert-Sullivan operas, and the clever acting of the grandsons who have visited these shores as members of several English companies, having made the American public acquainted with this remark-

ably gifted family; but the grandfather never came to this country, and probably few know anything of "the fountain and origin" of this inherited talent.

The elder Grossmith was, in 1872, hale and vigorous, and an ever-welcome member of the Savage Club. He began life as a printer in the Provinces, and, on coming to London, became reporter for the *Times* at the famous police court in Bow Street, Covent Garden, nearly opposite the Royal Italian Opera House and a few steps from Drury Lane Theatre. After several years he was joined in this work by his son, George, and both men, although destined to play leading parts in the world of amusement, served a long apprenticeship on this lower round of the journalistic ladder. Later the father began to "tour" the country as a reciter, etc., and his son soon followed his example.

The elder Grossmith was gifted with one of those jovial dispositions that made him *persona grata* in all companies. His mission appeared to be to drive dull care away, and in his society it was difficult to be melancholy. His emerging from club circles on to the platform as a public entertainer, seemed natural and inevitable. Many anecdotes were told of him, but none better than the one quoted by Dean Hole in his lecture on "Bores." One of the tribe had been going all too minutely into the details of a severe illness through which he had just passed. "In fact," he concluded, "I was at death's door!" "Would to Heaven," exclaimed Grossmith, who happened to be present, *sotto voce*, "would to Heaven you'd gone in!" Speaking of death, the old gentleman met his in a peculiar way. He had been presiding as chairman at one of the club dinners, and the post-prandial entertainment had begun. Suddenly he was taken ill, and was removed to another apartment. His fellow-members, not supposing that anything serious had happened, continued the festivity, and it was only on adjourning that they learned that their beloved and honoured comrade had passed away.

It is a singular fact that another esteemed member of the Club, Edmund Falconer, an actor and an Irishman, died in much the same way. Being present one Saturday evening when he had only partially recovered from a long illness,

he was asked to give a favourite recitation, but one which required much physical and mental effort to deliver successfully. The unfortunate player did his best, and had nearly finished when he broke down, and was taken to a room in the hotel, where he soon breathed his last.

One of Harry Leigh's most popular songs was entitled "The Villain at the Vic.," or Victoria Theatre. This expression conveyed to the mind of the Londoner much the same impression that the phrase "The heavy tragedian at the Bowery" would make upon the average New Yorker. E. J. Odell had been a professional villain at the East End and Transpontine theatres, and a very clever villain he was. In the Seventies he occupied his leisure time in arranging "farewell benefits" with a view to travelling in "the States" on the proceeds. Although he had appeared already at several of these functions he seemed loath to leave his native land. Finally, however, he actually sailed, but remained in New York only a week, returning on the same steamer!

Odell was a man of mystery! He haunted the Junior Garrick Club, but no one ever heard him propose going home, and few had ever seen him take his departure, as usually he lingered until every one else had gone. This meant sitting up habitually until 3 A.M., when the club was closed, and the only other resort to which members could then adjourn was the "Red Lion," a public house that had been granted an all-night license for the benefit of the printers on the morning papers. On one memorable occasion a plot was laid with a view of discovering where the eccentric actor lodged. A committee of several members waited until the club closed and then followed him into the street. Odell seemed to suspect the conspiracy, and purposely led them through some of the worst slums in London. Long after his pursuers had repented of their hasty resolution, he appeared suddenly at the front door of a deserted house, and, with his usual frosty smile, remarked, "No, boys, this is *not* the place!" and disappeared for the night, leaving his fellow-members no wiser than they were at the beginning of the quest. In recalling Odell's peculiarities it is pleasant to be able to record

the fact that a comfortable old age has been secured for him by means of an annuity that was obtained through the personal exertions of one who can be said truthfully to ornament his profession, whether his kindness of heart or his histrionic ability is considered—Sir Henry Irving!

It was reserved for a Welsh member of the Savage Club to realise what always seemed to me to be an ideal existence. He owned in Swansea a weekly journal that brought him a good income, without requiring any personal attention. This left him free to become the travelling companion of a wealthy relative who had a cheerful habit of paying the hotel bills. I ran across these modern pilgrims at the Grand Hotel in Paris, and at the Holborn Viaduct hostelry in London; in fact, every summer they might be found in those resorts on the Continent where Britishers most do congregate. The elder of the two (the younger being in the prime of life, with a constitution that could stand any amount of tramping about) was a cousin of one of the owners of the *London Times*, and was named Walter. He was nearer seventy than sixty, but looked about fifty. Indeed, he was the youngest old man I have ever met. Short in stature, he was an indefatigable walker, and could tire out men many years his junior. He was wont to attribute his pink and white complexion and his perfect health to a careful diet (never eating meat, he assured me, more than once a day), and to abstemiousness in the matter of alcoholic beverages. He was interested pecuniarily in several copper and tin mines, and was liberal but not lavish in the use of money.

In conversation Mr. Walter was most entertaining, and his anecdotes and those of his travelling companion gave one a very good idea of the Welsh people. One of these referred to certain relatives of his who kept a private bank. They were exceedingly religious, and attended church, not only on Sunday but several times during the week. One evening while they were thus piously engaged, burglars entered their bank, blew open the safe, stole all the ready money, and then had the audacity to chalk this admonition on the counter: "You should watch as well as pray!"

A review of the more prominent members of the Savage Club should also include the Brough brothers, actors and dramatists, and James Alberty, the gifted author of *Two Roses*. Alberty's career as a dramatist was brilliant, and his amiable personal qualities endeared him to a large circle of friends. Of the Broughs, Lionel, noted for his Tony Lumpkin in *She Stoops to Conquer*, and his long association with Mrs. John Wood in London, was the youngest. William and Robert ranked high, the latter standing at the head of the writers of burlesque. Many of his witticisms—spoken, not written—are still current at the clubs. Being invited to attend a morning performance of a new piece, a stage box having been placed at his disposal, the author could not restrain his impatience, but rushed out from behind the scenes the moment the final curtain had descended, to get Brough's opinion as an expert on the merits of the piece.

"Well, my dear fellow, what *do* you think of it? B— says it's good!"

"Good? my dear boy, nonsense! Good is no name for it." The play was insufferably bad!

Alberty was fond of recalling the adventures of a drunken sailor at Portsmouth (which he vouched for as authentic), who, passing a dissenting chapel one Sunday afternoon and feeling fatigued, entered with the idea of indulging in a *siesta* in one of the rear seats. It so happened that, at the moment, the preacher was enlarging on the Saviour's comparison of his disciples to sheep in the midst of wolves, and just as the inebriated one had settled down for a nap, he exclaimed:

"You, you, my brethren, are the sheep, but where, oh! where are the wolves?"

Pausing for a moment as if for a reply, the sailor, feeling called upon to rush into the breach, staggered to his feet, and, with drunken earnestness, shouted: "Aye, aye, ship-ahoy, P-p-p-parson! Rayther nor 'ave the ply stopped, I-I-I-I'll be the w-w-w-wolf!"

There must be added to my list Henry Hersee, the wideawake father of Rose Hersee, a charming soprano, and, in his daughter's service, a past-master of the art of *la réclame*; Alfred Cellier, right-

hand man of Arthur Sullivan, and a clever composer, who has visited New York; Saville Clarke, a delightful companion and bright journalist and litterateur; George A. Henty, to whom the children of England and America are alike indebted; Godfrey Turner, rubicund of complexion, *bon vivant*, writer on the London *Telegraph*, and a strong believer in the merits of the American cooking-stove; John Billington and Yorke Stephens, veteran players; Henry Blackburn, who traced for himself a new path as an art critic, and whose pleasant brochures are known on both sides the Atlantic; C. V. Boys, jovial and juvenile—in spirits if not in years; Charles Collette, inimitable in "patter" songs; George Conquest, of circus renown; B. L. Farjeon, some time reduced to a diet of "Bread and Cheese and Kisses;" G. Manville Fenn, prolific novelist; Edmund Leathes, Edward Righton and James Fernandez, of established histrionic fame; genial Henry Lee; Jonas Levy; poor Fred Maccabe; Frank A. Marshall, Henry Pettitt and Paul Meritt, dramatists; D. Christie Murray; Harry Paulton, of the Alhambra Music Hall; Melton Prior, of the *Illustrated London News*; E. G. Ravenstein, a most painstaking and trustworthy literary worker; the brothers George and William Rignold; Carl Rosa; W. B. Tegetmeier, most competent and amiable of naturalists; William Telbin, the scene painter; Edward Terry, actor and manager; Brandon Thomas, the dramatic critic; Byron Webber, stalwart journalist; Hume Williams, barrister, and George Honey, the creator of "Eccles" in *Caste*, and one of the most lovable men in his profession.

The apotheosis of the Savage Club occurred later when Lord Mayor Cotton invited the members, as the most typical representatives of the *Vie de Bohême* in the British metropolis, to a fancy-dress ball and banquet at the Mansion House. For the terpsichorean festivity, George du Maurier designed the costumes. The Savages, as if this were not glory enough for once, had their "photos" reproduced on the attractive pages of the London *Graphic*.

FUEL OF FIRE*

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

CHAPTER XI.

THE BURNING OF BAXENDALE.

Higher the flames rose, higher and higher,
When Baxendale Hall was made fuel of fire.

Two days after the Candys had started on their holiday the weather broke. Up to that time—the middle of August—it had been a wonderful summer; one of those summers which stand out in men's memories as a type of all that a summer ought to be. But suddenly the face of the heavens changed: the rain fell, and then there blew a tremendous gale. For several years past there had not been such a storm of wind in Mershire: it tore the tiles off the roofs, and made merry with the slates, and opened doors without knocking, and broke the windows, until Silverhampton presented the appearance of a city which had been besieged rather than of a comfortable manufacturing town. In the country the wind behaved no better. It tossed the big trees about, tearing them up by their roots till it looked as if some giant hand was playing a monster game of spilkins in the woods; and as the ground heaved and shook with the efforts of the tree-roots to escape from their prison at the bidding of the storm fiend, it seemed as if an earthquake were following in the wake of the wind. As it was still summer, the trees had on all their leaves; and that made them less able to bow before the gale, and more liable to be overthrown by it.

Right opposite the west front of Baxendale Hall there stood a huge old elm tree which was known as "The Luck of the Baxendales," because there was a tradition to the effect that whenever it fell ill-luck would overtake the house of Baxendale; but as it had cheerfully remained upright, clapping its hands and tossing its huge arms about, while poverty drove the Baxendales out of their home and left their habitation desolate, their luck and it seemed to have parted company, and the tradition was now held to be of no effect. But the great gale accomplished what the poverty of the Baxendales had failed to bring about; it tore up the roots of the old elm tree and laid its proud head in the dust.

"What do you think?"—the old elm tree at

the back of the Hall has been blown down," shouted Laurence on the morning after the gale to Nancy, whom, by some strange accident, he had come across in the lanes.

But the wind, which, though less violent than it had been, was still inimical to conversation, carried his words eastward into Silverhampton, instead of to the little pink ear for which they were intended.

"What?" shouted Nancy in response, holding on her hat, while the gale played havoc with her dress till she looked like a little blue flag. "I can't hear a word that you say in this awful wind."

Laurence came nearer and repeated the piece of information in a still louder key. This time it reached its destination.

"The tree that is called 'The Luck of the Baxendales'?" asked Nancy.

Laurence nodded. It was the weather for signs and signals rather than for spoken words.

"Oh! what a pity," Nancy exclaimed; "I do hope it won't spoil your luck."

Laurence smiled somewhat grimly. "It can't very well spoil what doesn't exist, my dear; and for it to fall now seems to be a little behindhand, considering that we've been about as unlucky as we could be for the last twenty years."

"It does seem the wrong way about," gasped Nancy, struggling against the wind: "like wagging a dog's tail to make him good-tempered, don't you know?"

"Come up to the Hall and have a look at the tree," Laurence entreated when again the wind gave him the chance of being heard.

"All right." Nancy was always what Anthony called "a good plucked one."

"I'll take care of you and see that no branches fall on your pretty head," said Laurence, with as much tenderness in his voice as such a gale permitted.

"It isn't a pretty head just now, as it happens; I've put on an ugly hat on purpose, so that the wind shall not spoil more beauty than is absolutely needful."

"Keep to the windward of the trees and as far away from them as possible," was Laurence's warning. "I daren't walk with Amaryllis in the shade on such a day as this."

"And the wind is so busy with the tangles of

* Copyright, 1901, by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

Neæra's hair that there isn't one left for you to play with," added Nancy.

"It's a good thing you aren't made after the fashion of Handel's young woman who found that where'er she walked trees crowded into a shade; it's bad enough keeping clear of them when they are fixtures in this weather; but if they took to running after you in crowds, I really don't know what I should do."

Nancy laughed with as much breath as she could command at the minute.

"I say, darling, you aren't frightened at crossing the Park in such a fearful gale, are you? Because if you are I'll take you home before I go," inquired Laurence, after the next gust had subsided and the very wind itself was stopping to take breath.

Nancy pouted: "I believe you are tired of me and want to get rid of me."

"Do you? Well, if you believe that you'll believe anything."

"I do. I believe that you've seen somebody you like better than me, and that another woman's eyes have put my nose out of joint."

"What a little goose you are! You know that for me there never has been and never will be any woman in the world but you. But are you sure you're not frightened of this awful storm?"

Nancy looked up at him with fearless eyes: "Good gracious, no! I couldn't be frightened at anything when I am with you. That's the beauty of being in love—it makes fear impossible; and fear is such a horrid thing. Why, if you were with me, I dare drive down Piccadilly in a Victoria, and merely smile when I felt a reckless hansom in my pocket and a blood-curdling omnibus in my back hair; and if you were there too I shouldn't mind going through a whole battle with nothing but a waterproof and an umbrella to keep the bullets off."

"My sweetheart, what a dear, foolish little child you are!"

And so these two fearless young people ploughed their way in the teeth of the westerly gale right up to the Hall and stood together by the ruins of the old elm tree. And with Nancy at his side Laurence felt as unafraid of ill-luck, and as ready to meet and overcome it, as Nancy felt with regard to the congested traffic of London or the perils of war: which showed that as yet he underrated the strength of those mysterious principalities against which men have to wrestle rather than against flesh and blood.

While Laurence and Nancy were fighting their way up to the Hall, Mr. Arbuthnot called

to see Rufus Webb and found that the disturbance of the elements had worked the fanatic into a state of semi-insane enthusiasm.

"It is a tremendous gale," Arbuthnot remarked after the usual greetings, "and will do a lot of damage, I'm afraid."

Rufus had a rapt look upon his face: "A great strong wind rent the mountains," he murmured, "but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind was an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small Voice."

Michael, being a man of much tact, fell in with Webb's mood: "And what did the still small Voice say? Did it encourage the prophet to shut himself out from sympathy and communion with his fellows? No; it asked, 'What doest thou here, Elijah?'—a question which that same small Voice is asking every one of us and waiting for our answer."

"Well, God knows that I—vile as I am—can still say truthfully with Elijah, 'I have been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts:' that at least I can answer."

"I know you can; and do you think that that answer will satisfy God now any more than it satisfied Him in Elijah's time? Not it. He will send you away from the mountains as He sent His prophet of old, back through the wilderness of Damascus to the anointing of earthly rulers and the choosing of human friends."

"You mean that I shut myself up too much from my kind?"

"I do. I know that when once one has stood upon the mountain of Transfiguration the molehills of the valley seem contemptibly small and petty in comparison: nevertheless, it is among the molehills of the valley that our daily tasks lie. And I do not believe that it is only in order to make us despise and chafe against these molehills that we are allowed to stand upon the mountain top now and again: I believe that it is rather in order that we may thereby learn that the molehills are but molehills after all, and are but for a moment, while the mountains stand fast for ever."

But Rufus shook his head: "I am not upon the mountain tops: I am down in the deep waters."

"So we all are now and then. But the path of duty lies no more permanently through the deep waters than upon the mountain tops."

Just then a sudden gust of wind seemed as if it were going to blow the cottage down.

"What a gale it is!" exclaimed the vicar:

"I don't remember such a wind as this since I first came to Mershire."

"And after the wind an earthquake," repeated Rufus, with the rapt look again upon his face.

"Well, there does actually seem to be an earthquake going on, if you see how the ground is shaking and heaving with the upheaval of the trees. That is the worst of elms: their roots lie so near the surface and are so widespread that they fall sooner than any other tree, and in their fall do more damage." Mr. Arbuthnot tried to bring the soothsayer back into everyday life.

"And after the earthquake a fire," continued Rufus, in the weird, monotonous voice of one who is speaking with strange tongues.

"Well, I only hope there won't be a fire anywhere, for this wind would fan it into an uncontrollable flame in no time. If once a fire were lighted, there would be no putting it out in such a gale as this."

"And after the still small Voice. It was not until the fire had done its worst that the still small Voice was heard. Mark that! It is not until our possessions have been destroyed and our souls purged so as by fire that the still small Voice speaks to us—and, speaking, can induce men to listen to it."

As Rufus Webb sat with this mystic look upon his face the vicar was able to notice how sadly lined with care and want that haggard face was. In spite of all his eccentricity Rufus was still a gentleman: and it was very difficult for one gentleman to intimate to another that the former does not believe the latter has enough to eat. Nevertheless, that was the idea which struck Mr. Arbuthnot, and which filled his warm heart with distress—distress all the more poignant because he saw no way of setting things right. There was something about Rufus Webb—some trace of inborn gentleness and former culture—which forbade any one to take the shadow of a liberty with him, be his behaviour and his conversation never so insane.

Knowing that a religious train of thought was apt so quickly to degenerate into frenzy in the mind of the ex-missionary, Michael endeavoured to turn the talk into less exciting channels. "By the way, have you heard that this wind has brought down the huge elm tree that stood on the other side of Baxendale Hall?"

He had touched a responsive chord. Webb turned to him at once with awakened interest: "The great elm tree which was named 'The Luck of the Baxendales,' do you mean?"

"Yes. It must have stood there for two or three hundred years."

"And I am glad, glad that it has fallen, and that ill-luck will henceforward dog the footsteps of Laurence Baxendale. Is it well for that young man to find rest in the house of his fathers, and to marry the woman of his choice, and to have children at his desire, and to leave the rest of his substance to his babes? Nay; better for him that his house shall be left unto him desolate, and that sorrow and poverty shall drive him to the one refuge where true help is to be found! For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

So Webb rambled on; and Arbuthnot—having in vain tried to reduce the hermit to a more reasonable state of mind—took his leave: but as he went away his heart was heavy within him, because of that actual want which he felt sure was undermining the health of Rufus, and yet which no one dare take the liberty of recognising and relieving.

During all the day the gale continued, and at sunset the wind fell and was succeeded by a great calm. The next morning dawned beautifully fine and hot, but with a stillness which seemed almost oppressive after the boisterous weather of the last few days. There was not a cloud to be seen; and although those Jeremiahs among men who cannot feel warm without prophesying thunder, or cold without foretelling snow, did predict a thunderstorm, no thunder came, for the simple reason that the sky was so clear there was nowhere for it to come from. It was one of those days when even to the hale and hearty the grasshopper becomes for the time being a burden: there was no life in the air, and effort seemed unendurable if not impossible. Even the wings of Love himself could not fly far afield in such an atmosphere; so in the afternoon Laurence and Nancy betook themselves to those untrodden ways which lay nearest to Wayside and Poplar Farm, and which required the minimum of locomotion in attaining thereto.

"It's too hot to walk up to the Hall this afternoon," Nancy said, sinking down on a fallen tree which lay by the roadside. "Arthur and Ambrose have gone, as they wished to investigate the fall of the tree more minutely; and it never seems too hot for boys to do things. But it is too hot for us."

"Much too hot, sweetheart. Besides, there is no need to go: I was up there before breakfast this morning to see if the gale had done any more damage."

"And I was up there just after breakfast

to see if I could find a missing light in *The Queen* acrostic for this week."

"Oh! were you? What a pity you didn't tell me you were going, darling, and we'd have gone together."

"It didn't occur to me till this morning that I might find that particular light in a particular book. I did look out for you at the cross-roads, but as you were nowhere in sight I went on by myself. It was too hot to go far in search of anybody, or anything, the finding of which did not involve a prize."

"You horrid child, to think more of an acrostic prize than of me! Did you succeed in finding your missing light—for you certainly didn't deserve to?"

"Of course I did. I always get everything and deserve nothing: it is a much more satisfactory plan than getting nothing and deserving everything, as you do. But the whole place is rather in a mess after the gale, isn't it?"

"There are a few good tiles lying about, but no more trees are down near to the house, and no windows are broken, although the glass roof of one of the greenhouses was smashed in. But that won't matter; there were no plants of much value in that particular greenhouse; and those that were there I have moved into a potting shed until Candy's return."

"Do you mean to say you removed them with your own hands in this heat? Oh, excellent young man!"

Laurence laughed: "Of course I did; I'm not made of sugar or salt, my dear, or any such melting material."

"Well, I couldn't have carried pots about when I reached Baxendale this morning; it was as much as I could do to walk so far on such a day as this," said Nancy.

"Poor little thing, did it feel the heat?" whispered Laurence, kissing her.

"Yes, it did; and what is more, the heat takes its fringe out of curl, which annoys it very much and spoils its good looks," replied Nancy, submitting to the embrace.

"Nothing of the kind! I won't allow you or anybody else to find fault with the fringe or the good looks of my young woman; so please remember that, Miss Burton."

After a few minutes' silence Laurence remarked: "You are very quiet this afternoon, sweetheart: is anything worrying you?"

"Oh, dear, no! things never do worry me. But it is too hot to be brilliant, or even to be affectionate," she added, with a laugh, edging away from her lover.

"You unkind child, to throw back a nice

young man's affection in his teeth, when, according to Shakespeare, you ought to be down on your knees, thanking Heaven fasting for my devotion. You aren't half grateful enough for having such a well set-up young man all round, as Mrs. Candy would say."

"Yes, I am; but it doesn't seem to me exactly the weather for rehearsing *The Huguenots* every three minutes as a *tableau vivant*."

"Then let's change it for *The Black Brunswicker*; it would suit me every bit as well," suggested Laurence.

Nancy looked at him through her long eyelashes: "You really are very nice," she said, "when one doesn't consider you too closely."

"What a rude little girl! It would serve you right if I kept you at a distance and talked to you about the political situation and the decay of poesy, and things of that kind."

"I shouldn't mind it half as much as you would."

"So if I am such a fool as to amputate my own nose in order to spite your pretty little face, you won't prevent me?"

"Certainly not. Besides, I'm jealous of your nose—it is a much better shape than mine," said Nancy, stroking her own offending feature thoughtfully: "and I really don't see what you have done to deserve a better nose than I."

"I haven't—I really haven't: my conscience is quite clear on that score."

"Then why is your nose so superior to mine?"

"I'll give it up: ask another."

"Your eyes aren't quite as nice, though," said Nancy more cheerfully.

"Nothing like; and as you've two superior eyes and I've only one superior nose, you're twice as well off as I am, after all. Two to one is a good working majority, don't you know?"

And so these two young people went on talking nonsense, little dreaming how short-lived such nonsense was doomed to be.

At sunset that evening the wind rose again, and for the whole of the night the westerly gale was more boisterous than ever. The wind had evidently been "scotched, not killed;" and it now awoke, as a giant refreshed with wine, and rushed to and fro across the heavens like some devastating fiend.

At about three o'clock in the morning Laurence was awakened by the violence of the gale, and roused himself sufficiently to look out of his window in order to see whether that ghastly game of spilkins was again going on in Baxendale Woods. He was struck by

perceiving a rosy light opposite his window, which at first sight he mistook for the first flush of dawn; but, as he grew more wide awake, he realised that the sun does not rise in the west, and that therefore there must be some other reason for this phenomenon; and by the time he was thoroughly awake, the awful truth dawned upon his drowsy brain that Baxendale Hall was in flames.

Even while he stood spellbound at the first horror of the sight, tongues of flame darted up into the summer sky, and clouds of smoke rose up and blotted out the stars which hung low over the horizon line. Yes, Baxendale Hall was on fire, and the ancient prophecy had once more come true. There was no doubt of it. For a second, which seemed like an eternity, Laurence stood still, feeling—as we all feel under the first shock of some great calamity—that the terrible thing which was now happening had been happening ever since the foundation of the world. There seemed no prehistoric time when Baxendale Hall had not been on fire—no half-forgotten date when the third part of the ancient doom was as yet unfulfilled.

Then with a great effort he roused himself and awakened his household; and, hastily dressing, he made his way, as well as he could in the teeth of such a wind, up to the scene of the disaster, followed by such servants and labourers as he had been able to awaken on the road. But it was too late. In such a gale as this, the fire ran on apace: and no human agency could extinguish it after it had once taken a hold. The old library, with its reams of dried-up parchment and paper, acted as fuel to the flames; and although Laurence and his followers did all in their power to extinguish it, their efforts were utterly futile.

The fire, however, had only touched the first and upper stories: the ground floor was still intact. So, as the news of the disaster spread wider and more help came, the men succeeded in saving the downstairs rooms and their contents—which contents were, after all, nothing save ordinary furniture.

But when the day broke and the full extent of the catastrophe was revealed, it was found that the upper part of Baxendale Hall—including the fine old pictures and the still finer old library—was reduced to a heap of ashes.

CHAPTER XII.

SUSPICION.

To give a dog an unrespected name,
As hanging seems to be about the same.

The burning of Baxendale Hall caused a

great sensation, not only in Mershire, but throughout all England. In the first place, people were genuinely sorry that a house containing such fine pictures and so magnificent a library should be destroyed; it was a loss to the whole country as well as to the possessor: and in the second place they were devoured by curiosity as to who was the culprit who had actually set the Hall on fire. Somebody must have done it—on that point all were agreed: but there was much discussion—and for many a long day—as to who that somebody could be. Some said one, some said another; and none were weary of going over the question again and again, sifting and re-sifting the evidence. The temptation to transfigure molehills into mountains, and to discover mares' nests—to find something new to talk about, and to pluck the mote out of a brother's eye—in short, to relieve the tedium of life in a manner which would not have found favour in the eyes of the first Bishop of Jerusalem proved too much for the British public: they discussed the matter until they gradually lost their power of discrimination between what actually, and what they supposed, had happened; they revelled in guesses as to whether A. or B. could possibly have set fire to the Hall, until they believed that A. or B. really had done so; and they hoped that C. or D. had not been guilty of the crime, until C. and D. stood red-handed in their minds' eyes. As for the curse, it was meat and drink to them; and they tried to find out what was thrice as great as king or state with an energy which was worthy of a weightier problem. And all this, be it noted, not from any enmity against the present owner of Baxendale Hall, nor from any wish to work him harm, but merely from a passionate thirst for excitement and an unthinking intention to slake that thirst at all costs. Of course, if the Hall had not been insured, or had only been insured for a modest sum, none of this gossip would have arisen: the catastrophe would have been a nine-days' wonder, and that would have been the end of it. But a hundred thousand pounds was too big a sum to be lightly passed over: and it also provided in the minds of the really well-meaning, though actually mischief-making, public a motive why Laurence Baxendale should have burned down the house of his fathers and placed himself in danger of the law; for human nature, alas! is such that in all courts of justice a motive for a crime on behalf of a certain person is strong evidence in favour of that particular person's having committed that par-

ticular crime. Wherefore we daily pray, "Lead us not into temptation."

When the news of the disaster was brought to the Burtons' breakfast table by excited menials the following morning, Nancy's heart stood still for a second, and then began to beat like a sledge hammer. She could hardly speak, so strong was the thrill that ran through her—that thrill, half of triumph and half of fear, which suddenly runs through all of us when suddenly we find our unworthy wishes granted, our unholy intentions fulfilled. She had made up her mind that Baxendale Hall should be burned down so that she should attain her heart's desire and marry Laurence. That the old curse should come to pass was the thing she had longed for: it did not occur to her that, though offences must come, woe to those by whom they come. At present she only thought what a delightful world it was after all, and how lucky she was to have won the love of such a man as Laurence Baxendale.

She and Nora walked up to the Hall immediately after breakfast to see what damage had actually been wrought, accompanied by their two brothers, who regarded the burning of Baxendale as a treat specially prepared for their greater enjoyment of the summer holidays. The rooms on the ground floor were still standing; and though their contents had been sadly spoilt by the water which had been thrown upon them, they were not destroyed. But the ground floor was all that was left of Baxendale Hall; and even these rooms had been robbed of their ceilings, and stood open to the ravages of wind and weather. The fire had evidently begun in the library and ascended, devouring everything that barred its upward course. The old books and manuscripts had been as tinder to the flame, and the pictures had not been much better. Then, the wind being so high, when once the flames had a start they literally travelled as wild-fire; there was no possibility of quenching them; and so, in a few hours, the upper part of the fine old house had completely vanished.

Mr. Baxendale was on the scene of the ruins when Nancy and Nora and the boys arrived there; and Nancy was shocked to perceive how he had changed in that one night: he looked ten years older than when she parted from him the preceding afternoon; his face was white and set, and there was a stern look about his mouth which she had never seen before. It seemed strange, she thought, that what had so rejoiced her soul had turned Laurence into an old man: she had expected

him to be so glad that he could marry her, that all regret at the loss of his home would be swallowed up; instead of which he seemed so preoccupied that he had hardly time to notice her at all.

The Burton girls did not stay long on the scene of the ruins. They saw that Laurence was really too busy to attend to them; so when they had gazed their fill on the wreck they turned away, leaving their small brothers to that fuller enjoyment of the disaster which only the immature male mind could adequately appreciate. For a short time Nancy felt rather depressed by Laurence's apparent indifference; but her natural high spirits soon reasserted themselves, and comforted her with assurances of how happy she and he were going to be in the good time coming. And during the rest of that day, and for several days afterward, she built most delightful castles in the air for the occupation of herself and him. She did not see him again for nearly a week; but she easily accounted for this, since his time was naturally occupied with saving what he could out of the wreckage of his house and getting the place into something like order again. The fire had not touched any of the stables or outhouses; it was only the Hall itself that had suffered.

What Laurence himself was enduring at that time Nancy had not the ghost of an idea. It would have been impossible for her to understand, even if she had been told, how he was simultaneously trying to harden his heart against her, and longing to take her into his arms—how he was making up his mind to tell her that henceforward everything must be at an end between them, and at the same moment deciding that, come what might, he would marry her on the income of the insurance money, and defy the world and whatever the world might choose to say. Nancy was one of those natures to whom conflict is an unknown quantity: St. Paul's testimony to the flesh lusting against the spirit was to her as the original Greek in which it was written. She might succumb to a temptation on Tuesday which she had safely resisted on Monday; that was quite possible; but she would never feel the full power of the temptation and the passionate desire to resist it at one and the same time. She might change her government with startling rapidity; but as long as the government was in power it was unanimous. Like the rest of us, she presumably had her guardian angel and her tempting demon in attendance, to guide her feet respectively in the narrow way that leads up-

ward to life, and the broad path that goes downward to destruction: but in Nancy's case these two opposing influences made a sort of spiritual Box-and-Cox arrangement, and were never upon the ground at the same time. Therefore, she was spared the wear and tear of conflict, though not the agony of remorse.

"People are all wondering whether Baxendale burned down the Hall himself for the sake of the insurance money," remarked Anthony to his uncle one evening.

Nancy started up in amazement: "Then I'm certain he did not. It's a horrid lie! Laurence is the last man to do that sort of a thing." That her lover himself should ever be suspected of the crime was a possibility that had never occurred to her.

But Anthony took no notice of her indignation: "What do you think, Uncle Richard?" he asked.

Mr. Burton laid down his newspaper and shook his head: "It is a queer business: I don't know what to think."

Nancy again rushed in: "Surely you don't think that Laurence did it?"

"Gently, my child, gently," her father replied: "I say I don't know what to think—I did not give any opinion on the matter."

"The world in general seems coming to this conclusion," said Anthony: "I've heard it from no end of people to-day."

"That is just like people!" exclaimed Nancy: "nasty things!"

"No," expostulated Mr. Burton judicially; "I do not think one can altogether blame the public for suspecting Mr. Baxendale, when you remember how much he had to gain by the accident, and also when you consider that the public do not know the man as we know him. I am bound to say that if I had not met Baxendale personally—if I knew nothing in his favour or against him—I should need to be convinced of his innocence."

"You think things look rather black against him?" said Anthony.

"Yes, my boy, I am sorry to say that I do. Mind you, I don't say that I think Baxendale burned down his own house; I only say that I am not surprised at the world in general suspecting that he did."

Nancy looked frightened: "But why, father?"

"First, because it was his interest to do so. Not only does he come into a large sum of money through the burning down of the Hall, but he also is relieved from paying a yearly tax which there is no doubt was often a great strain upon his slender resources. In short,

the accident turns Baxendale from a poor man into a comparatively rich one."

Anthony nodded: "Yes; that's true enough; and there is no doubt that this is a consummation devoutly wished by others than our friend Baxendale."

"So much for the motive of the crime," continued Mr. Burton: "now let us look at the evidence. The caretakers of the Hall were sent away on a holiday by Baxendale and no one is put there in their place: thus the house is quite uninhabited. Further, the fire obviously started upon the first floor and travelled upward; the ground floor is untouched: this indubitably proves that the fire began from the inside, and also from the upper story; for no one could have set it on fire from the outside unless they had begun from the ground. The key of the outer door, and, mark you! the key of the upstairs library were in Laurence Baxendale's possession, Mrs. Candy having given up all the keys into his hands before she left home. The above facts are public property: and can you blame the public from arriving at an obvious conclusion?"

"It does look rather queer," Anthony allowed: "and you think it impossible for the fire to have been lighted from without?"

"Utterly impossible, I should say. All the windows were carefully fastened, and there were no ladders anywhere about: therefore, if the house was fired from outside, it must have been fired from the ground and not from upstairs."

Nancy looked very angry: "It is rank lunacy to imagine for a moment that Laurence was capable of doing such a thing," she said.

Her father took no notice of her interruption: "Baxendale admits that he went all over the house on the very morning before it was burned, to see whether any windows had been broken by the gale; in that case—had the fire already been smouldering—he must have discovered it."

"Besides, it couldn't very well have been smouldering in the summer," added Anthony, "because there hadn't been any fire in the place for months."

"There had not. Baxendale admits that no fire, except the one in the kitchen for the Candys to cook by, had been lighted for many weeks; and that particular fire could not have been responsible for the mischief, as the kitchens are practically untouched."

"And of course the Candys hadn't been cooking there for over a week."

"Exactly. Had they left any lighted coals

behind them the place would have been burned down a week or more ago. Yes," Mr. Burton looked very serious, "I am bound to say the case seems very black against Baxendale, and I am afraid he will have a lot of trouble with the insurance people about it; they won't be very likely to pay up until things are made to look a little less suspicious."

Nancy's face grew very white: "Do you mean that he won't get the hundred thousand pounds?" Her heart seemed to stand still: surely this thing had not all been done for nothing!

"I should doubt it," replied Mr. Burton: "the whole business has a very suspicious flavour. Even putting upon it the most favourable construction, Baxendale has been extremely unlucky: for everything—even to the smallest trifle—bears witness against him."

"Where did you get hold of all these details?" Anthony asked.

"From Baxendale himself at the Club. He was talking to half a dozen men, including myself, and told us all that I have told you about the incidents of the fire. He made no secret of the facts of the case."

There was a long silence. Mr. Burton drew his brows together and went over the evidence again in his own mind: he hated to think evil of his neighbour, but the case against Laurence Baxendale certainly stood out in somewhat glaring colours. Anthony drummed with his fingers upon the table, and thought what an unlucky dog Baxendale was, and how sorry he felt for him. And Nancy sat still, her air castle tumbling about her ears, and wished that she had never been born, or else that Baxendale Hall had never been burned—she did not mind much which.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LOSING OF THE KEYS.

Like Bluebeard's wife I lost the key:
Thenceforth it was not well with me.

"I say, Nora," said Nancy to her sister one afternoon a day or two after the foregoing conversation, "have you seen my keys tumbling about anywhere?"

"Your keys? no; have you lost them?"

"I must have done so; but goodness knows where!" replied Nancy, unconscious of the obviousness of her reply, since if goodness did know where the said keys were secreted they could hardly be described as lost.

"Which keys are they?"

"Oh! there is the key of my jewel-case, and

the key of the cash-box and the key of the box where all my old love-letters are kept, and—and—one or two others."

With the strange and sudden reserve which now and again attacks outspoken people, Nancy did not mention that the other two keys on the lost bunch were those of the front door and the library at Baxendale Hall. There is no secret so well kept as the secret which is guarded by the occasional reserve of habitually unreserved natures. If a man is naturally secretive, we expect him to keep back something, and allow for the fact: but it never occurs to us that the usually outspoken are capable of keeping back anything; and so we conclude that the thing which they do not tell us does not exist. Hence the unreserved have powers of concealment which are denied to the naturally silent.

"How inconvenient!" exclaimed Nora.

"It is; most frightfully inconvenient! And it isn't a bit my own fault, because I distinctly remember taking them out of the pocket of my dirty muslin frock and putting them into the pocket of my clean one."

"I suppose one's pocket isn't really a very safe place for things."

"Yes, it is; the safest place in the world, because the things are always in one's own keeping, don't you see?—and other people can't get at them."

"Perhaps there was a hole in your pocket, Nan."

"Well, if there was, it wasn't my fault; it was Pearson's" (Pearson was the Miss Burtons' maid). "If a maid can't mend a hole in one's pocket, what is the good of having a maid at all?"

"Or perhaps you pulled them out with your pocket-handkerchief," Nora suggested further.

"Well, if I did, that wasn't my fault, either. What is the use of a pocket-handkerchief that you never take out of your pocket? It would be worse than a chained Bible or a captive balloon."

"Never mind, Nan. I can lend you my pearl beads till your jewel-case is opened again, or anything else that you need." Nora was a very good sister.

"Oh! the jewel-case doesn't matter, because it doesn't happen to be locked."

"Then if it is the cash-box, I can lend you as much money as you want till the keys are found again."

"That doesn't matter either, because I've spent all this quarter's allowance already, and the cash-box is empty."

"Then if it is only the old love-letters, I can lend you plenty of them, too, heaps upon

heaps; and they're all pretty much the same, whoever they happen to be addressed to, so one set is as good as another."

"Good gracious! It isn't the love-letters that matter, because the lock of that box is broken; so that anybody can get at them, and as well without the key as with it."

"Then why bother about the keys at all?" asked sensible Nora.

"I wasn't bothering about them," replied Nancy hastily; "only it is stupid to lose things."

"Never mind; they are bound to turn up: our things always do."

And with that scanty comfort Nancy had to be content; and the conversation drifted into its wonted channel—namely, the Baxendale catastrophe.

"I wonder how Laurence will bear all these horrid suspicions about him," remarked Nora thoughtfully; "he's the sort of person to take them to heart."

"I know he is: that's just the bother."

"How do you mean?"

"Oh! I mean that's just the—the—bother, don't you know?" As shown in the matter of the keys, a reserve contrary to her nature seized Miss Burton when discussing anything connected with Mr. Baxendale. Until now she had been the most transparent person possible, only too glad to retail her innermost thoughts and feelings to any one who had patience to listen to them; but a new shyness, born of her love for Laurence, made her shrink from talking openly about her feelings toward him; and a new loyalty to him and everything concerning him made her shrink from talking openly of his feelings toward her.

"Do you mean that you think he'll die of a broken heart, or anything thrilling of that kind?" persisted Nora, who liked to sift a matter to its dregs.

"Oh, dear, no! But I'm afraid he'll mind awfully; and that he won't laugh at it as we should if people said we'd done anything queer."

"Yes; he's much more sensitive than we are; and that's a pity."

"It isn't a pity at all," Nancy fired up; "it only shows what tremendously fine material he is made of, and how immensely superior he is to us."

"He may be superior to us, but he isn't superior to Mr. Arbuthnot; and Mr. Arbuthnot says it is enervating to care as much for the censure of other people as Laurence Baxendale cares."

"Mr. Arbuthnot should mind his own busi-

ness and not interfere with things that don't concern him!"

"He doesn't interfere. He told me he was longing to tell Laurence how much he sympathised with him, and what a pity he thought it was that Laurence was taking the matter in the way he is taking it; but that he didn't venture to do so for fear Laurence should think he was taking a liberty."

"Then he ought to have spoken to Laurence and shown his sympathy with him, and advised him not to take idle gossip so much to heart. It was his duty as a parish priest to do so, and I think it has been a great neglect of duty on his part to leave poor Laurence so much to himself," cried Nancy, with fine disregard of the penultimate remark.

"But it is difficult not to leave people to themselves when they persist in keeping to themselves; and you can't deny that Laurence Baxendale is doing that. He hasn't been near us since the Hall was burned down, and he used to drop in nearly every day."

A woman will always endeavour to prove a satisfactory *alibi* on the part of a man who has not been to see her as often as she thinks—and would rather die than own she thinks he ought; and the more clearly she sees that he could have come if he had wished to do so, the more conclusively does she demonstrate that his advent would have entailed a suspension of all the laws of nature. Wherefore Nancy quickly replied: "He couldn't possibly have come; he's been much too busy, putting his own fire out and consuming his own smoke, to pay calls. He's had no end of things to do since the Hall was burned down."

"I dare say he has; but, all the same, he might have looked in, just for five minutes, if only to tell us that he hadn't time to do so. However busy a person is, he has always time to write and say that he hasn't time to write: at least that has been my experience; and the principle is the same with calls as with letters."

"How silly you are, Nora! He has been up at the Hall every day, looking after things."

"I know that; but he might have come here before he went or after he came back, so that we might have told him how sorry we are for him."

"But that is just what Laurence would hate—to feel that people were sorry for him."

"That's what I call so standoffish and un-neighbourly. I always like people to be sorry for me, even if they've no cause to be. I love to be pitied; it makes people so fond of one."

"And I hate to be pitied—there's the difference between you and me, my dear Nora. I

adore admiration and I hate pity. Whatever I had to suffer I couldn't bear anybody to be sorry for me, except—nobody." Nancy stopped just in time.

Nora gazed thoughtfully at her sister: "You and Mr. Baxendale aren't really so very different after all. I believe you are as proud underneath your outspokenness as he is underneath his stiffness, and you would hate to be pitied every bit as much as he does."

"Yes, I should, I should; and that's why I understand the reason of his not wanting to come and see us," explained Nancy, forgetting that she had just proved that there was no such reason, nor any need for one. "He feels that we should pity him and that we should show it; and that's just what he couldn't stand."

"Well, I can't grasp the idea. Do you mean to say, Nan, that if you were unhappy, it wouldn't comfort you to know that other people were sorry?"

"Good gracious, no! It would make everything a thousand times worse. I wish people to envy me; I don't even mind their disliking me; and I enjoy their disapproving of me. But all the time I insist on their regarding me as a brilliant young woman, and admiring me even while they detest."

"Well, you are funny! I'm not made a bit like that."

"I am; and it's a very good make, too."

"Do you mean to say you would rather be admired than loved?" asked Nora.

"Much rather. Admiration without love I delight in; but love without admiration would make me positively ill."

"I expect that is why you and Laurence get on so well together; you are both proud, though in such different ways."

"Yes; we are alike in some things, but not in others—I only wish we were!"

"You mean you wish he was more like us."

"Oh, dear, no! I wish I was more like him."

Nora was silent for a moment; then she said: "You admire him very much, don't you, Nancy?"

"I should just think I do. More than any one else I ever saw—or ever dreamed of." Nancy's reserve was beginning to thaw in the warm atmosphere of sisterly communion.

"I wonder if you admire him as much as I admire Michael Arbuthnot."

Nancy laughed the laugh of the scornful: "I should rather think so! There's so much more in him to admire."

But her sister was not going to stand that: "Oh, no, there isn't. In the first place, he is a

layman; and in the second, he hasn't half as much to say for himself: nobody could admire him as much as the vicar."

"Well, I can and do." Nancy could be obstinate when occasion demanded it.

Nora's pretty forehead was wrinkled with thought: "Do you feel that you thoroughly understand Laurence Baxendale?" she asked; "I often wonder if you do."

Nancy paused for a second before replying: "Yes and no," she said slowly.

"Oh! how very interesting: do explain, Nan."

"I always know what he will do in any given circumstance, but I don't always know *why* he will do it. Just as I always know *when* I have hurt him, but hardly ever *how* I have hurt him."

Clever little Nora nodded: "I see: you know exactly where he will get to, but you don't know by what road."

"Yes; that's it. For instance, I understand that because he is hurt and sore he will not come near to any of us for fear we should pity him: but why the idle gossip of the people about here should make him so sore and hurt him so much, I haven't the ghost of an idea. If I knew I hadn't done a thing I shouldn't care who said I had: in fact, I don't think I should care much for that, even if I had done it."

"He evidently is awfully cut up about it, or else he wouldn't shut himself up in the way he is doing."

"Yes; and I'll tell you more," exclaimed Nancy in a sudden burst of sisterly confidence; "I knew he'd go on like this the minute I heard what nonsense people were talking; though why he should take it so hard I can't conceive."

"And it's such a mistake; because, as father says, it makes people think that their suspicions against him are correct."

Nancy wrung her hands: "I know, I know; that is where he is such a good, noble, stupid darling. He has no idea of taking the course most advantageous to himself."

"It is a pity," sighed pretty Nora, with the not altogether unbearable sorrow which even the best of women feel over the follies of a brother-in-law (either *in esse* or *in posse*): "heaps of men would have turned this misfortune to their own account, and made quite a piece of good luck out of it."

"Do you think I don't know that?" And poor Nancy fairly groaned.

"But your dear Laurence never will. Now, if only he'd manage things the right way," con-

tinued Nora, "the whole affair would turn out for his good. He would be saved for the future from paying that tiresome insurance money, and would pocket a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds into the bargain. But some people have a knack of 'taking occasion by the hand' and others haven't."

"That's true. King Canute, for instance, was built after the Baxendale pattern when he rebuked his courtiers for saying that he could rule the waves, *à la* Britannia; and then had his throne put where he knew the sea would wash over him, after he had specially forbidden it to do so."

"Yes; that's exactly what Laurence would have done."

"Now, had I been in Canute's place," Nancy went on, "I should have placed my throne just half a yard above high-water mark, and I should have ordered the sea not to touch my feet; and of course it wouldn't. Then I should have turned to my courtiers and said, 'See, how right you were!'"

Nora laughed: "But they wouldn't have believed either you or themselves: they'd have seen through your little dodge and have known that the sea didn't obey you really."

"Of course they would; but they'd have winked behind my back to one another and said, 'She knows a thing or two, does Mrs. Canute!' Now, it seems to me that great men are like Canute; they show to the world how small a thing is their own greatness compared with the greatness of abstract truth. But clever men are like me; they adopt the greatness of abstract truth to increase their own greatness, and the world isn't always quite sure where the one ends and the other begins."

"I wonder which feels the nicest—to be great or clever."

"It depends on the sort of things that you enjoy most. If you want your biography to be read on Sunday afternoons by the next generation but one, be great; but if you want a peerage and Westminster Abbey, be clever."

"But I don't want either, as it happens," Nora explained.

"Then if you don't know what you want, what's the use of asking me how to get it, silly?"

"I do know what I want, though."

"Oh! if you only want a sweetheart for youth, and a husband for middle-age, and a widower to plant forget-me-nots on your grave—which is all that most women want—you needn't trouble to be either great or clever: it will be quite enough if you do your hair nicely,

and wear your best clothes when there's an off-chance of seeing him," laughed Nancy.

Nora nodded her head with satisfaction: "Oh! Nancy, how wise you are—about always wearing one's best clothes, I mean, but all the same it comes expensive."

"It does; I know that from experience. I don't mind telling you as a secret that the return of the Baxendales from Drawbridge Castle has taken three months off the average life of a new hat, as far as I am concerned."

"I know; and yet it doesn't do to go out in an old one when there's a chance of meeting anybody." And Nora looked very serious.

"Of course it doesn't. Why, my dear, I once heard a dreadful tale—and it was quite true, too—of a man who was very sweet on a girl and was just going to propose to her; but he happened to meet her at a party where she wore her last year's hat, and she looked so dowdy that it fairly choked him off."

"Then do you think men always like us less when we don't look nice, Nancy?"

"I think they always like us better when we do, which comes pretty much to the same thing. And why strain their affection, poor dears, to the breaking point? They are bound to love and cherish us in sickness and poverty and all sorts of similar unpleasantnesses; but there is no absolute necessity for them to love and cherish us in shabby hats—and I should never worry them for an extra such as that."

"I see."

"After all," continued Nancy, "love—like a canal-bridge—ought not to be expected to carry more than the ordinary traffic of the district; and I consider a last year's hat on a par with a traction-engine—greatly in excess of the ordinary traffic, and to be feared accordingly."

"Yes, Nan, you are right: it doesn't do to strain even love too far."

There was a few minutes' pause, and then Nancy suddenly asked *à propos* of nothing; "Do you think that the end generally justifies the means when you want any particular thing?"

"Mr. Arbuthnot says it doesn't."

"Still, you see, he is a clergyman, and so would take stricter views of things than ordinary people would. Being a clergyman must make every day like Sunday, don't you think?"

"Then you should say that being a clergyman's wife would make every day like Sunday, too?" Nora's face was quite anxious as she put this question.

"Not quite; more like saints' days and harvest festivals and Christmas—neither one thing

nor another. But don't you think that with an ordinary man or woman the end would justify the means?"

"I really don't know. Do you think it would?"

"Yes," replied Nancy seriously; "I do. I think that if you want a thing with all your heart—and are convinced that the thing will do you good and not harm if you get it—you are justified in leaving no stone unturned in trying to get that particular thing."

"But you wouldn't do anything that was actually wrong in trying to get it, would you, Nan?"

"Ah! there's my difficulty: it's so hard for me to know what is actually wrong and what isn't. I'm sure that different people have different kind of consciences, just as they have different kinds of ears and eyes."

Nora looked puzzled: "How do you mean? I don't quite understand."

"I mean that one man has a sensitive ear, so that he can tell at once if a note is out of tune; and another man hasn't. And one man has a sensitive eye, so that he can tell at once whether colours harmonise with each other or not; and another man hasn't. And one man has a sensitive conscience, so that he can tell at once if a thing is wrong; and another man hasn't."

"Then haven't you got a sensitive conscience, Nancy?"

"No, I haven't. I can't tell instinctively whether a thing is right or wrong, as some people can. If any one proved to my entire satisfaction that a thing was actually wrong, I wouldn't do that thing for worlds: but I have no power of finding out for myself whether things are right or wrong."

"Haven't you? How funny!"

"Well, I can't help it if I'm made like that any more than unmusical people or colour-blind people can help it."

Nora looked doubtful: "I don't know; I'm afraid it's rather wicked of you."

"No, it isn't; it really isn't. Things that you can't help can't be wicked. You might just as well say that it is wicked to be deaf or blind or lame. It is better not to be, I admit: but there's no wickedness about the thing."

"Then do you mean to say, Nancy, that your conscience never acts at all—neither backward nor forward? If it doesn't keep you from doing things, doesn't it make you miserable after you've done them?"

"Not of itself. If other people prove to me that I ought not to have done something that I have done, then of course I'm dreadfully

sorry that I did it. But I can't find out for myself that I oughtn't to have done it."

"Well," remarked Nora, "you can't say that you and Laurence are alike in this respect if you are in others, for a more active conscience than his I never came across."

"Active?—it's more than active! It's always in a state of eruption, like Vesuvius."

"And I should think you find it very difficult to understand this part of his character."

"I find it more than difficult," replied Nancy: "I find it utterly impossible. One thing, however, I have learned from observation and experience; and that is, however incomprehensible a man may be, it is always a mistake for a woman to try to translate him for the benefit of the audience. She only makes matters worse. Her translation doesn't render him an atom easier to be understood; but it has such an irritating effect on him that he makes himself more troublesome and obscure on purpose. If a woman wants to study men she must do so in the original: it is useless attempting to publish them in one's mother tongue."

"Men are like poetry, aren't they? If you attempt to translate them, all the rhyme and most of the reason are lost in the process."

"Whatever brings you girls stuffed up in the house this lovely afternoon?" exclaimed Anthony Burton, bursting into the room where the two sisters were sitting.

"I'm going out almost at once," replied Nancy, "but I thought the longer I waited the cooler it would get."

"I imagined that our beloved Nora would be attending Evensong this afternoon," remarked Nora's cousin, with a malicious twinkle in his eye: "but evidently I exaggerated that young woman's devotional tendencies."

"I am going to Evensong," Nora demurely replied; "I always go on Wednesdays and Fridays. But it isn't time to start yet," she added, looking at the clock; "it is only a quarter past four."

"Only a quarter past four by *this* clock," Anthony corrected her; "but other clocks tell a very different story."

Nora started up from her seat aghast: "Do you mean to say that this clock isn't right? What a nuisance! I was depending upon it, and thought I had heaps of time. Now I shall have to hurry and get so disgustingly hot. What is the right time, Tony?" And poor Nora pinned on her hat and patted her fringe and looked for her gloves in a great hurry.

"That depends upon what country you are referring to," replied Anthony cautiously.

Nora stamped her foot impatiently: "Don't be silly, but tell me what time it is by your watch."

"The same as by your clock: fifteen minutes past four."

"But you said this clock was different from the others," argued Nancy, with a frown.

"So it is; quite different from all the clocks in Australia and America and Africa, and even on the other side of Europe. But I never said that it was different from the other clocks in this country; because it isn't."

The two girls burst out laughing.

"What a goose you are!" exclaimed Nora; "you did give me a fright."

"That, my dear child, was my intention."

"Well, at any rate I shall start now," she added, "so as to be in church by five o'clock, as I don't want to hurry."

"I'm going out, too," said Nancy; and the two girls left the room together, and then went their several ways—Nora to church, and Nancy toward Baxendale in search of her lost keys.

As the latter walked across the field and through the iron gate into the lane, she looked at the ground in the hope of recovering her missing property; but in vain: not a sign of her keys could she see.

She had not been quite open with Nora as to where she remembered seeing them last: in that sudden reserve which attacks all women, even the most loquacious, when they first fall in love and realise that a stranger has stepped in between them and their own people, Nancy had never told her sister about Laurence's loan of the keys of Baxendale; and now she did not wish to mention the fact to anybody. She was clever enough to know that—in the present unpleasant state of affairs—the less that was said about any one's having access to the Hall the better. She did remember putting the keys into the pocket of a clean blue muslin dress the morning before the fire; but she further remembered going up to Baxendale Hall that very day, and using both the key of the front door and the key of the library. But from that time she had no recollection of seeing the bunch of keys at all. She had only just discovered her loss; but now it had occurred to her that as she had no further use for the keys she had better return them to Laurence: and on looking for them, in order to give them back to him, lo! they were nowhere to be found.

She had been searching for them all morning in the house and garden of Wayside; and

now she thought she would walk up to Baxendale by her accustomed path and see if she could find them either on the way or there. But though her eyes were busy peering in every possible spot for the missing keys, her thoughts were filled with Laurence. In accordance with her usual light-heartedness, she resolutely put from her the thought that the burning of Baxendale Hall could be anything but a blessing ordained for the special purpose of putting her lover and herself in a position to marry: nevertheless, she could not quite banish the consciousness that hitherto the catastrophe, instead of bringing her and Laurence together, had served to drive them apart. It was very strange, she thought, that Laurence did not come to her in his trouble, as she would have gone to him had the trouble been hers: but there was a certain ghastly familiarity in the strangeness—a certain cruel conviction in the impossibility—which men and women experience when they realise that the incredible has come to pass and that the unbearable has to be borne.

Also there clutched at the heart of Nancy the first pangs of that world-old agony which comes to all of us when we first understand that there are limitations to our gift of consolation toward those whom we love best—that our power to love and our power to console are by no means synonymous. It is when our best-beloved are writhing from the effects of a wound which no touch of ours can heal or even soothe that we are brought face to face with the incapacities of human affection. We would gladly give our very lives if this pain could be in any way diminished: but it cannot: our powerlessness is as complete as is our sympathy. As we go through the world we love and are loved by many; we cheer and are cheered by many; we help and are helped by many; but if, in the whole course of a lifetime, we find one human heart which we are able perfectly to heal and to comfort—one human hand which is able perfectly to heal and to comfort us—we may of a truth consider ourselves blessed; for this is the greatest and the rarest gift vouchsafed to the sons and daughters of men.

As Nancy struggled against the conviction that Laurence had gone down into the shades of the prison-house and had shut the door in her face, in spite of all her longing to follow him, she suddenly raised her eyes and saw her beloved coming toward her along the grassy lane. She had looked for him at the cross-roads, and he was nowhere to be seen; so she

had gone on her way with that heart-sickness which is the invariable result of not finding the expected person at the accustomed place. But now she met him at another point of the road,

on his way from Baxendale to Poplar Farm—not, as she was quick to perceive, on his way from Poplar Farm to Wayside; and the perception cut her like a knife.

(To be Continued.)

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

DANTE AND GIOVANNI DEL VIRGILIO. By P. H. Wicksteed and E. G. Gardner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Students of Dante are apt, we suspect, to have a kind of feeling that, as not much is known of the poet's life during the twenty years or so passed by him in exile, the history of Italy during those years is of less interest or importance to them than that of the events which led up to the great catastrophe of his life, and tempered his genius into the instrument which was to shape the *Commedia*. Yet, as a matter of fact, those were the years which really moulded Dante's character, and gave its special qualities to the great poem. He left Florence in 1302 a learned and thoughtful man, no doubt, but a man concerned primarily with the local politics of a small state, and starting, it would seem, from much the same premisses as the people with whom he was in daily intercourse, a Gueff among Gueffs, caring chiefly to keep his own state free from papal aggression or foreign interference. Exile first set him thinking seriously on the mischief which party spirit and personal ambitions were working in the Italian states, and on the best form of polity to avert them. Thus he hailed with joy the promise of a renewed and reinvigorated Empire, which the election of that "selfless man and stainless gentleman," Henry of Luxemburg, seemed to hold out. So far, and so far only, was Dante ever a Ghibeline; and when, after five years of unceasing effort to "set Italy straight before she was ready for it," Henry died broken-hearted, his political allegiance was laid in Henry's grave. Henceforward he "made a party for himself." In the latter parts of the *Paradise*, written during the last years of his life, the detachment from small personal and political details is very noticeable. For the most part, his "conversation is in heaven," and when the affairs of earth are touched upon, it is not in the form of invective against individuals, such as the reader has hitherto been familiar enough with, but either solemn denunciation in general terms of the existing disorders or of contrasts be-

tween his present surroundings and those he has left.

It so happens that, besides the indications of the *Commedia*, we have other evidence of the serener mood which came over Dante in these autumn years of his life. About 1319, while he was living at Ravenna, more or less under the protection of Guido da Polenta, the lord of that city, a member, by the way, of a Gueff house, he received from a Bolognese scholar, known from his devotion to the great Latin poet as Joannes de Virgilio, a letter, cast in the form of a Latin eclogue, in which, under the guise of pastoral imagery, he was exhorted no longer to fling away his pearls upon swine and clothe the Muses in the unworthy garb of a vernacular, but write a real poem on some of the stirring events which recent times had brought forth. Dante in a similar strain replies not without some pleasant banter, that when he has finished *Paradise* he will, with his correspondent's permission, be happy "to bind his head with ivy and bay," that is, join the ranks of the true *vates*, those who wrote in the only language worthy of a scholar and a gentleman, and abandon the trivial task of a mere vernacular versifier. De Virgilio rejoins in a second epistle, pressing him to come to Bologna. Another reply from Dante, perhaps put into shape by another hand after his death, closes the correspondence. There is practically no doubt of its genuineness. Several MSS. of it exist, one almost certainly written in Boccaccio's own hand; it is full of allusions, some still awaiting explanation, to contemporary events; and it affords, as we have said, a most pleasant glimpse of Dante's last years.

If Messrs. Wicksteed and Gardner had done no more than supply the previous neglect of English Dante-scholars to edit critically and comment on these poems, they would have deserved well of students. But they have done a good deal more than this. Rightly thinking that the work of any one who had come into so close contact with the great poet could not fail to have an interest of its own, they have

appended some more specimens of the Bolognese scholar's poetical epistles, including one addressed to a man famous enough in north-east Italy in his own day, though now forgotten save by a few students of history or the latest mediæval literature—Albertinus Mussato of Padua. Poet, statesman, and patriot, with something more than the mere partisanship that then did duty for patriotism in Italy, Mussato seems to have held a place only second to Dante in De Virgilio's admiration; and after Dante's death the stream of pastoral verse from Bologna flowed in his direction. At any rate, De Virgilio was no time-server, for before the long epistle here given was despatched, Mussato, too, was a banished man. However,

the introduction of it in this volume affords an excuse for an interesting sketch of the Paduan statesman's career, which, in combination with another dealing with Dante's later years, ought to go far to convince Dante students that the history of those years has pretty nearly as much importance for them as that of the affairs of Florence while he was still within its walls.

The authors deserve every credit for the diligence and almost German thoroughness (without German ponderosity) with which they have investigated what was practically an untouched region of Dante study.

A. J. Butler.



EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, July 1, 1902.

Publications for the month of June were numerous for the time of year, and included a number of titles promising to have considerable popularity. As might be expected, the best of these are in the list of fiction. *A Pasteboard Crown*, by Clara Morris, met with a very ready sale, and bids fair to make her as popular as an author as an actress. *Belshazzar*, by William Stearns Davis, is another novel of the month which, judging by the sales of this author's previous works, may be expected to go readily. Other volumes of fiction of note were *Judith's Garden*, by Mary E. Store Bassett; *Lafitte of Louisiana*, by Mary Devereux, and *A Prince of Good Fellows*, by Robert Barr. Hugh McHugh also added to his humorous writings with *It's Up to You*.

From the list of miscellaneous publications it is difficult to select any likely to become very popular, but a number of seasonable works on sports and outdoor subjects are included, and two odes on the Coronation of King Edward the Seventh, which latter seem somewhat too early in view of the failure of this event to take place as expected.

The supply of recent fiction for summer reading is quite unlimited in variety, and in no year has there been such a numerous list to select from. *The Virginian*, by Owen Wister, now bids fair to become the most popular title in a short time, although at present *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall* and *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* are the undisputed leaders, with *The Mississippi Bubble* closely following

and steadily increasing in sales. The coal strike, while apparently far remote from any relation to the book trade, has, however, in many Eastern cities, such as New York, necessitated unusual care in the protection of stock from soot, occasioned by the burning of soft coal.

While business in general during the month of June was light, and some complaints of unusual dulness were heard, it is probable that in most cases it compared favourably with that for the same period in former years. Library trade is gradually falling off in amount as the summer progresses, but up to the present time it has been exceedingly good, with the exception of some unwillingness to purchase the new net books by a number of the larger libraries, which feel that they are entitled to greater discounts. The outlook for both the immediate future and fall season is very encouraging, the announcements of the publishers already indicating that new and attractive publications will be very numerous. The early issues of fiction will include *Ranson's Folly*, by Richard Harding Davis, a volume of stories profusely illustrated; *The Climax*, by Charles Felton Pidgin, and *A Speckled Bird*, by Augusta Evans Wilson, for which large advance orders have already been placed by the trade.

The list of best selling books for the month past, composed entirely of fiction, follows:

Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall. By Charles Major. \$1.50.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice Caldwell Hegan. \$1.00.

The Virginian. By Owen Wister. \$1.50.

The Mississippi Bubble. By Emerson Hough. \$1.50.
The Lady Paramount. By Henry Harland. \$1.50.
Hearts Courageous. By Hallie Erminie Rives. \$1.50.
The Leopard's Spots. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. \$1.50.
Miss Petticoats. By Dwight Tilton. \$1.50.
The Battleground. By Ellen Glasgow. \$1.50.
The Hound of the Baskervilles. By A. Conan Doyle. \$1.25.
The Conqueror. By Gertrude Atherton. \$1.50.
The Story of Mary MacLane. By Herself. \$1.50.
Dorothy South. By George Cary Eggleston. \$1.50.
A Pasteboard Crown. By Clara Morris. \$1.50.
Audrey. By Mary Johnston. \$1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, July 1, 1902.

At times June business appeared to be somewhat featureless and quiet, but the result shows that the volume of the month's trade was not unsatisfactory and compares well with the same period last year. Country trade continues to be fairly lively, and orders from that source, although for the most part small, are of a general character, and indicate that the demand for all kinds of books is brisk for the time of the year.

Popular fiction is moving moderately well, and had the supply of this class of literature been kept within reasonable bounds during the past year, the demand would be considered good. As it is, there are more so-called popular novels than the market can absorb satisfactorily, and consequently but few of the books published this spring have come up to expectations. It is to be feared that unless the flood of all sorts and conditions of novels is moderated somewhat, the coming season will be even more prolific in disappointments than the spring has been.

The demand for *The Virginian* and *The Leopard's Spots* was quite a feature of last month, both books being well to the front. *Dorothy Vernon* sold steadily, and *The Mississippi Bubble* was in lively demand. Cable's *Bylow Hill* deserves especial mention, and so does *The Diary of a Goose Girl*, *Dorothy South* and *Hearts Courageous*.

The sale of nature and out-of-door books is especially brisk at present, the following works being particularly prominent in the demand: *Nestlings of Forest and Marsh*, *Kindred of the Wild*, *American Food and Game Fishes*, *The American Sportsman's Library*, *Forest Neighbours*, *Field Book of American Wild Flowers* and *Wild Life of Orchard and Field*.

The new books received last month make a long list. Those for which the demand has been most noticeable are: *Olympian Nights*, by J. K. Bangs; *A Prince of Good Fellows*, by Robert Barr; *Those Delightful Americans*, by

Mrs. E. Cotes; *A Pasteboard Crown*, by Clara Morris; *The Spenders*, by Harry E. Wilson; *Father Marquette*, by R. G. Thwaites; *Lee at Appomattox*, by Charles Francis Adams, and *The Boer Fight for Freedom*, by Michael Davitt.

Reports from the farther West indicate that business is about normal in that section. Representatives of the different publishing houses who have just returned from their annual trips state that sales have been, as a whole, satisfactory. Orders for autumn books were fairly liberal, and staple literature was bought in good quantity.

The best selling books last month were as follows:

Dorothy Vernon. By Charles Major. \$1.50.
The Mississippi Bubble. By Emerson Hough. \$1.50.
Audrey. By Mary Johnston. \$1.50.
Bylow Hill. By G. W. Cable. \$1.25.
The Leopard's Spots. By Thomas Dixon. \$1.50.
The Virginian. By Owen Wister. \$1.50.
The Story of Mary MacLane. By Herself. \$1.50.
The Hound of the Baskervilles. By Conan Doyle. \$1.25.
The Thrall of Lief the Lucky. By Otilie J. Liljencranz. \$1.50.
The Conqueror. Gertrude Atherton. \$1.50.
The Battleground. By Ellen Glasgow. \$1.50.
The Man from Glengarry. By Ralph Connor. \$1.50.
The Diary of a Goose Girl. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.25.
Dorothy South. By George Cary Eggleston. \$1.50.
Miss Petticoats. By Dwight Tilton. \$1.50.
The Lady Paramount. By Henry Harland. \$1.50.
A Pasteboard Crown. By Clara Morris. \$1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

MAY 20 TO JUNE 20, 1902.

The month opened with anything but a prosperous outlook. Fortunately, however, there have been a few successful lines which have, to a certain extent, proved to be the redeeming features of what would otherwise have been a very trying time. Although the trade must be thankful that the war is at an end, the Coronation at present holds the field, and it is evident that some time must yet elapse before the public settles down and an increased demand for books is experienced.

Some thirty or forty volumes pertinent to the Coronation are before the public, but with the exception of one or two which have met with a fair amount of success, the sales have been confined to the Souvenir issues of the illustrated periodicals. Several of these sumptuous issues have been in considerable demand, the most popular being those of the *Illustrated London News* and *The Sphere*.

Two works of travel have been accorded a hearty welcome by the public, the first being an account of the journey of T.R.H. the

Prince and Princess of Wales in the *Ophir*, and entitled *The Web of Empire*, by Sir D. M. Wallace, and the other a work on what is one of the most promising portions of the British dominions, *The Uganda Protectorate*, by Sir Harry Johnston. Another volume, *Mechanism of War*, has appeared, by "Linesman," which bids fair to be as popular as his *Words by an Eye-witness. Lord Milner and South Africa*, by Iwan-Müller, has been much in request and the second volume of the *Times History of the War* attracted a considerable amount of attention, though the sales were somewhat limited by the fact of its not being purchaseable apart from the other volumes of this work.

Sixpenny reprints appear to loom larger than ever upon the trade horizon, and continue a firm hold on the public taste, about fifty new issues having appeared since the beginning of April. Among those for which very extensive orders have been received are *East Lynne*, *Uncle Bernac*, by Conan Doyle, and *Auld Licht Idylls*, by J. M. Barrie. The magazines are all more or less full of Coronation matter, but the most popular have been the *Sunday Magazine*, with its narrative of Miss Stone's adventures, and the new monthly issue of Green's *Short History of England*, the latter being in great demand.

The list of the best selling books of the month is as follows:

The Way of Escape. By Graham Travers. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)

Audrey. By Mary Johnston. 6s. (Constable.)

The Web of Empire. By Sir D. M. Wallace. 21s. net. (Macmillan.)

The Uganda Protectorate. By Sir H. Johnston. 2 vols. 42s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Greater Love. By Silas K. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Ward and Lock.)

Mr. Dooley's Opinions. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

The Mechanism of War. By "Linesman." 3s. 6d. (W. Blackwood.)

Lord Milner and South Africa. By E. B. I. Müller. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

Times' History of the War. (Sets only.) (Low.)

The Diary of a Goose Girl. By K. D. Wiggin. 3s. 6d. (Gay and Bird.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

JUNE 10 TO JULY 10, 1902.

NEW YORK.

Alliance Publishing Company:

Natural Philosophy. James Ferguson.

American Book Company:

Das Edel Blut. Edited by Charles A. Egbert.

Elementary Chemistry. Clarke and Dennis.

Grammar School Algebra. Emerson E. White.

Barnes and Company:

The Love Story of Abner Stone. Edwin C. Litsey.

Diston Company:

Harvard University Songs. Compiled by E. F. Dubois.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Character Building. Booker T. Washington.

Belshazzar. William Stearns Davis.

Fenno and Company:

Destruction of St. Pierre. J. Herbert Welsh, H. E. Taylor.

Mistress Dorothy of Haddon Hall. Henry Hastings.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

A Vacation with Nature. Frank De Witt Talmage.

Harper and Brothers:

The King in Yellow. Robert W. Chambers.

Olympian Nights. John K. Bangs.

Abner Daniel. Will N. Harben.

Tales of Destiny. Elizabeth G. Jordan.

Holt and Company:

History of the Roman People. Charles Seignobos.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Golf. William G. Brown.

Lane:

Ode on the Day of the Coronation of King Edward. William Watson.

Lewis, Scribner and Company:

The White World. Collected by R. Kersting.

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Brothers. C. F. Keary.

A Friend of Nelson. Horace G. Hutchinson.

Macmillan Company:

Highways and Byways in Hertfordshire. Herbert W. Tompkins.

Colonial Government. Paul S. Reinsch.

Savings and Savings Institutions. James H. Hamilton.

Racine's Athalie. Edited by F. C. de Sumichrast.

Salmon and Trout. Dean Sage and others.

William Hazlitt. Augustine Birrell.

Ogilvie Publishing Company:

The Sinker Stories. J. J. Goodwin.

Outlook Company:

Folk Tales of Napoleon. George Kennan.

Putnam's Sons:

Lenox and the Berkshire Highlands. R. DeWitt Mallary.

A Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales. Jonathan Nield.

Anthology of Russian Literature. Leo Wiener.
The Rhymes of Ironquill.

Revell Company:

Those Black Diamond Men. W. F. Gibbons.
James Chalmers. Richard Lovett.

Saalfeld Publishing Company:

Told by the Death's Head. Maurus Jokái.

Scribner's Sons:

The One Before. Barry Pain.
Ranson's Folly. Richard Harding Davis.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

First Steps in the History of England. Arthur M. Mowry.
Sketches of Great Painters. Colonna M. Dallin.
Old English Ballads. Edited by James P. Kinard.

Taylor and Company:

Billy Burgundy's Letters.
World's People. Julien Gordon.

Treat and Company:

The Dictum of Reason on Man's Immortality. David Gregg.

Warne and Company:

Unstable as Water. Mrs. J. H. Needell.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Eichelberger:

Around the Throne. Paul Winchester.

INDIANA.

Colonial Press:

A Maid of the Wildwood. George W. Louttit.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Jewish Publication Society of America:

Fifth Jewish Chautauqua Assembly.

University:

The School of Architecture of the University of Pennsylvania.

HAVERHILL, MASS.

Chase Press:

Human Knowledge and Human Conduct.
Robert D. Trask.

BOSTON, MASS.

Ginn and Company:

Under Sunny Skies.
The Common Spiders of the United States.
James H. Emerton.

Lothrop Publishing Company:

Jezebel. Lafayette McLaws.
The Little Citizen. M. E. Waller.

Page and Company:

Ode on the Coronation of King Edward.
Bliss Carman.

Little, Brown and Company:

A Maid of Bar Harbor. Henrietta G. Rowe.
Lafitte of Louisiana. Mary Devereux.
Wharf and Fleet. Clarence M. Falt.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Ellis Publishing Company:

Tam Thomson's Team. J. W. Bryce.

CHICAGO, ILL.

McClurg and Company:

Religion, Agnosticism and Education.
J. L. Spalding.

Conkey Company:

Love Songs. Delia Austrian.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Elder and Shepard:

Songs of the Press. Baily Millard.

A. M. Robertson:

Sonnets and Songs for a House of Days.
Christian Binkley.

Whitaker and Ray Company:

My Trip to the Orient. J. C. Simmons.
Interviews with a Monocle. Leopold Jordan.

LONDON.

Dent and Company:

The Newcomes. Vols. I., II. and III.
William M. Thackeray.

DUBLIN.

Gill and Son:

The Four Winds of Eirinn. Anna MacManus.

OXFORD

Clarendon Press:

A History of the Peninsular War. Charles Oman. Vol. I.
Life and Letters of Thomas Cromwell.
R. B. Merriman. Vols. I. and II.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between June 1 and July 1, 1902.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. Lafitte of Louisiana. Devereux. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. José. Valdes. (Brentano.) \$1.25.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
5. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
6. Facts and Comments. Spencer. (Appleton.) \$1.20 net.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Marion Manning. Eustis. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Madness of Philip. Daskam. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.00.
4. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Napoleon. Watson. (Macmillan.) \$2.25 net.
5. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Girl of Virginia. Thurston. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Marion Manning. Eustis. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Garden of a Commuter's Wife. The Gardener. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

3. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
4. The Onlooker's Notebook. (Harper.) \$2.25.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Strollers. Isham. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. Miss Petticoats. Tilton. (Clarke.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Conquerors. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Bylow Hill. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Eagle's Talons. Stevens. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.

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5. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
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1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
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1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Buell Hampton. Emerson. (Forbes & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

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1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
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4. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Strollers. Isham. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

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2. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

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4. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
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6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

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					POINTS
A book standing 1st on any list receives	1st	"	"	"	10
"	2d	"	"	"	8
"	3d	"	"	"	7
"	4th	"	"	"	6
"	5th	"	"	"	5
"	6th	"	"	"	4

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3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.....	155
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.....	112
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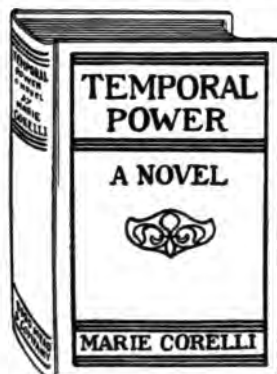
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Vol
II



THE FOUR-TRACK NEWS



No
4



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OF TRAVEL AND EDUCATION

*Published Monthly by the
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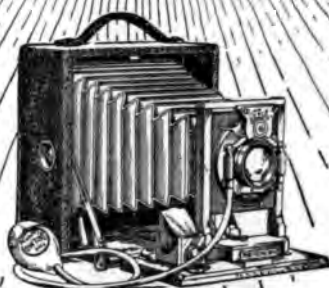
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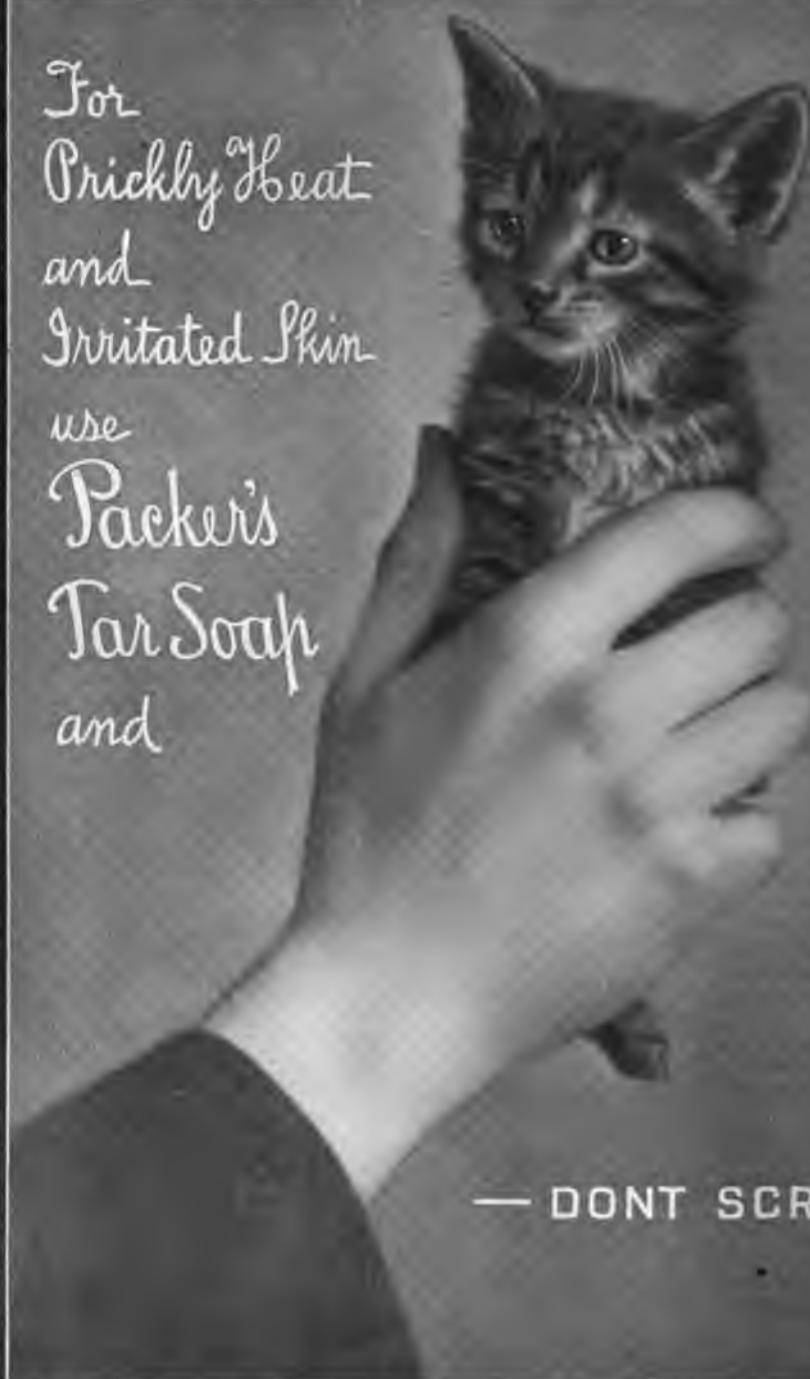
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